



Four Steps to the Top

The opportunities are there, the rewards are great—and so are the demands made on those who wish to qualify

BY L. S. BICKMORE

IN VIEW of the high rewards paid to leaders in every field today, why don't we have *more* people in such positions? I think the answer is, there is a price men must pay to achieve this success and the price is never cheap. There are no bargains at the "leadership" counter. But the effort to achieve it represents the finest genius given to man.

It is said that men become great for three reasons: because of native endowment, great opportunity, and great will to serve. I think a classic example of this "will to serve" was illustrated when the Saviour told apostles quarrelling over leadership positions, "Whoever would be first among you must be slave of all." Yes, there are price tags on leadership. Here are the four major ones.

I. **Painstaking Preparation.**

Many people would like to be successful, to be a leader, to be managing director of their company, but few are willing to make the necessary sacrifices. They won't prepare for it; they won't make themselves qualify. They won't become completely involved.

A successful man is a leader. A leader is a director; a coordinator; a dreamer; a planner. These things presuppose great preparation.

Ben Hogan, the famous golfer, before a tournament, practises a single shot by the hour. Necessary? Yes, very necessary.

Dale Carnegie said, "The greatest qualification a man needs to become a good speaker is thorough preparation of his talk." One hour of

preparation for each minute of speaking time.

I once saw nine drafts of one of President Roosevelt's famous speeches. The first was rough; the second was improved; the third showed still greater improvement. In the eighth draft, only one word had to be changed before the ninth and final draft was run. Tremendous preparation! All great leaders know they have to undergo similar thorough grounding.

2. Helping Others to Grow. Wise is the man who realizes early in life that what he can do in and of himself is small indeed, but what he can do by properly working with and influencing others is almost miraculous. The successful man's destiny is determined, in large measure, by what he is able to get other people to do.

The leader knows people, their motives, ambitions, aspirations; their weaknesses, their strong points. He knows that he must encourage and direct them. It isn't enough to discover talent; it is a leader's responsibility to help this talent grow. The first mark of a leader is that he gets his satisfaction through the efforts of others.

The loyalty of associates is a great factor in success. It cannot be purchased; it must be earned. A leader will get loyalty in direct proportion to the confidence and loyalty he inspires in others.

3. High Aim. A university professor once said, "You lose your

leadership when you cease to lead." How true! Too many times, when men get to a top position, they start to rest on their laurels. They climb a little way, put into effect new and oftentimes much needed reforms or changes. Then they reach a new plateau and level off. They feel so comfortable that they just settle back and say, "Here we go now."

At this point, the three "I" sins usually show up: indifference, ignorance and indecision. Sometimes people settle down so hard, they flatten out.

A comfortable rut! Comfort comes as a guest, lingers to become a host and stays to enslave us.

We must always assume that tomorrow the competition will be stiffer. We must continue to improve, to perfect, to better qualify ourselves. We can never let up.

4. Long Days and Sleepless Nights. If you don't want to pay this price, you had better not shop at the leadership counter. Today we have agitation for shorter working weeks; we see individuals encouraged to assume less responsibility for their own actions, and to seek more security. Yet no man ever became a great leader, or a great success, on an eight-hour day.

So if you want to be comfortable, take an easy job with little or no responsibility. But if you aspire to be a leader, you need to attack the job with all you've got. The glory of life is that it is worth the struggle.

THE WORLD'S MOST THREATENING WEED

By JAMES POLING AND JOHN BARR



*As sinister
as it is beautiful,
the water hyacinth
is clogging vital
waterways and
defying man's efforts
to destroy it*

DECEIVED by its lovely pale-purple flowers, a romanticist once described the water hyacinth as "a lavender symphony wreathing the world in beauty." But the army of scientists who are battling against the ever-encroaching hyacinth in the waterways of Asia, Africa, Australia and America, know the plant more feelingly as "the devil's lilac." For the water hyacinth is not only one of the world's most widely distributed freshwater weeds; it is an aquatic plant whose ugly behaviour is as striking as its unmatched splendour.

The water hyacinth multiplies with unbelievable rapidity. Its quite fantastic "population explosion" is due to its dual methods of reproduction: it spreads seeds and also sends out stolons on which daughter plants appear almost overnight. In the Sudan, Dr. A. C. Evans, of the Commission for Technical Co-operation in Africa, has observed that in only three weeks a pair of parent plants multiply to 31; in four months to 1,200, forming a mat of menacing beauty three feet thick and so buoyant (because

*Adapted from an article
in Shreveport Magazine*

THE READER'S DIGEST

of the air-filled bladders the size of golf balls at the base of each leaf stalk) that it can support a man's weight.

Such a mat grows and spreads until it covers a body of water as a crust covers a pie, sealing it so tight that fish suffocate from lack of oxygen, and clogging it so that boats can't fight their way through. Today, millions of acres of lakes, rivers, canals and swamps throughout the world are encrusted with this sinister weed.

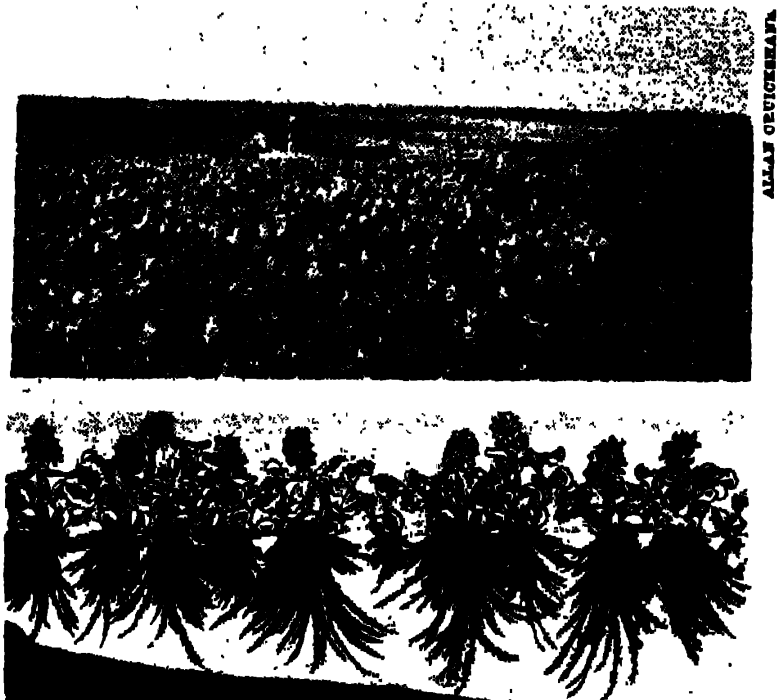
Coupled with its fertility is an astonishing talent for survival. The water hyacinth's seeds can lie dormant for years in the dry mud at the edge of lake and waterway, germinating whenever the water level rises sufficiently. Though a fresh-water inhabitant, the plant can

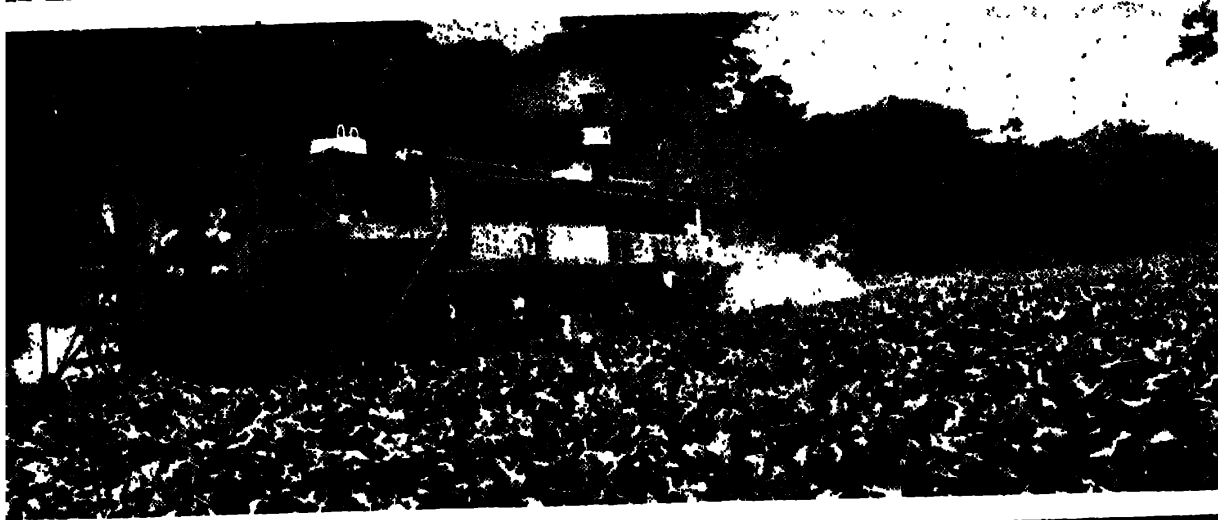
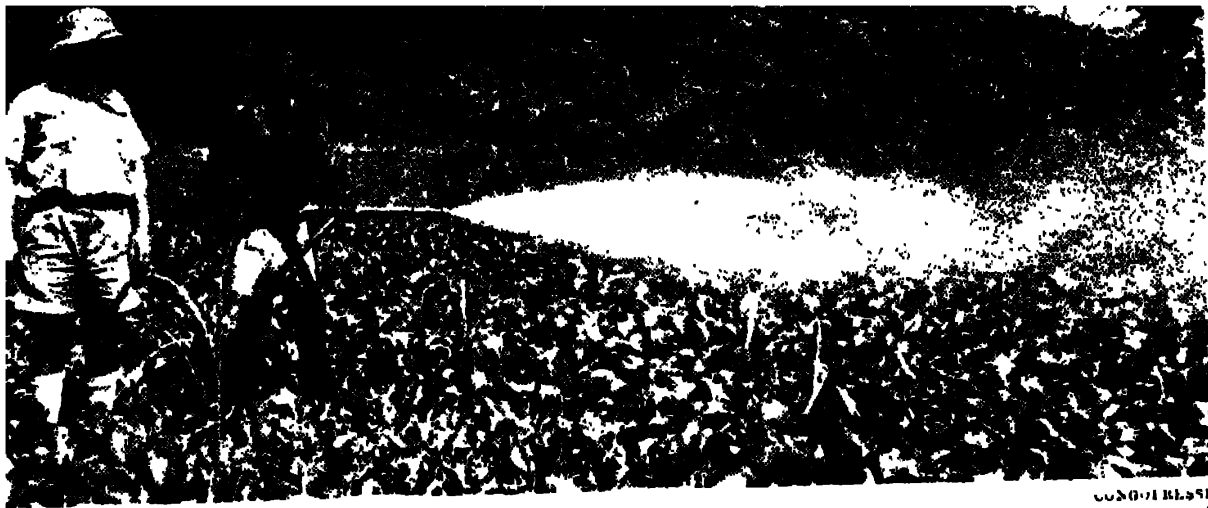
live for days in sea water. It can move with wind and current over vast distances, its tall, sail-like leaves giving it the mobility to travel even *upstream* if the wind is strong and the current sluggish.

The invader causes immense economic waste. On the Congo River alone it reduces river traffic by an estimated ten per cent—equivalent to an annual loss of Rs. 35 crores. An entire hydroelectric system can be paralysed when the weed jams its inlet grids. The toll of human misery is even higher. The mats of the hyacinth are ideal incubators for malarial mosquitoes and perfect breeding grounds for disease-carrying water snails. The fish they stifle are sometimes the sole source of protein for the local people. The obstruction of slow-running channels

THIS PAGE:
Florida's Lake Okeechobee is encrusted with water hyacinths. The tangled roots and stems (below) form a floating mat three feet thick

• OPPOSITE PAGE:
Hormonal herbicide (2,4-D) is sprayed on the multiplying water hyacinths of the Congo River. Below: Navigation on its tributaries is hindered by the choking weeds





may isolate whole communities. The clogging of drainage and irrigation ditches threaten the very existence of farmers in the paddy fields of Assam, Kerala and West Bengal.

Man has only himself to blame for the spread of the water hyacinth. The plant stayed in its native home of Brazil until 1884, when it was sent to a horticultural exhibition in New Orleans. Enchanted by its orchid-like, funnel-shaped flowers, a few gardeners took slips home to their ponds, later tossed surplus plants into near-by streams. Within six years, the hyacinth had spread

from Florida to Texas. By 1895 it had reached Australia, again probably transported by someone infatuated with its beauty. It was present in India by 1902, in Malaya by 1910, in Southern Rhodesia by 1937. In 1952 it was observed near Brazzaville and within three years had blanketed 1,000 miles of the Congo river and its tributaries.

During this 80-year rampage, men have used every kind of mechanical, chemical and biological weapon to repel the water hyacinth. Pitchforks were being tried in the U.S.A. in 1899—but the weeds grew faster than men could move them.

Later, dynamite was used—also without success. One scientist tackled the mats with a flame thrower. The next growing season the burned plants were not only the first to sprout; they also grew nine inches taller than their unsinged neighbours. In British Guiana, groups of scythe-men found that their canoes only had to penetrate the carpets of water hyacinth for three-quarters of their length to get completely stuck.

In Australia mechanical dredges have had more success, dumping the plants on the river banks where they are burnt when dry. But such methods are costly. In Malaysia, where human dredges have tried the same technique by hand, monsoon rains swept the harvested plants back into the water where current carried the heavy mats downstream until they crashed against bridges, weakening or collapsing the piers.

The post-war development of chemical herbicides finally produced an effective anti-hyacinth weapon—2,4-D. From Malaysia, a senior agronomist reports that spraying with 2,4-D “has given satisfactory control . . . and been found to be virtually harmless to fish.” In the Congo—before renewed violence interrupted the anti-hyacinth programme—an 18-month campaign, using 2,4-D knapsack sprayers and water-borne pumps, cleared 5,500 miles of infested streams and rivers. Success with the chemical is also reported from Victoria State in

Australia, where the weed has failed to maintain a foothold. The Government of the Sudan, where a 625-mile stretch of the White Nile became infested between 1958 and 1960, has some 800 spray-equipped hyacinth fighters in the field. So far, they have managed to hold the enemy south of the Jebel Aulia Dam, near Khartoum, and out of the Blue Nile.

Despite its widespread successes, 2,4-D is costly to apply—up to Rs. 100 an acre in strong doses. In 1963 alone, the Sudanese Government's bill for 2,4-D was more than Rs. 20 lakhs, not counting labour. If the dose is too economical the slowly-dying weeds form mats as obstructive as the living plants. Even when enough of the herbicide is sprayed, the check is often only temporary and repeated applications are required. More serious, many crops, particularly cotton, bananas and cassava, are damaged by the 2,4-D mist which inevitably drifts over fields adjacent to the waterways. In the Sudan this problem is critical; cotton crops as distant as 30 miles from the Nile have been destroyed by herbicide drift. As a result, spraying times had to be limited. One solution may be a new “Bi-fluid” spraying technique developed by Shell International Chemical Company and tested in the Sudan last year. The new 2,4-D is mixed in the nozzle of the sprayer and has a mayonnaise-like consistency which dramatically reduces

the risk of spray drifting on to cotton crops.

A cheaper and safer method of halting the spread of the water hyacinth is likely to be found in biological control. In India, Dr. V. P. Rao of the Commonwealth Institute of Biological Control is experimenting with a grasshopper and two species of caterpillars which, he says, may prove to be natural enemies of the water hyacinth. Another ally is the huge manatee, a seven-foot bosomy mammal with a boundless appetite for aquatic plants. The Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations

reports an experiment in British Guiana where two manatees cleared a canal 22 feet wide and 1,600 yards long in 17 weeks. If the manatee can be persuaded to breed in man-made waterways, it may prove invaluable.

Even if man should finally rid the world of the water hyacinth, our rejoicing might be short-lived. For the natural law of plant succession decrees that when one species of plant dies or is destroyed, another shall immediately rise to take its place—with no guarantee that the new plant will not be equally troublesome.



Did You Hear . . .

. . . about the new cookery-book with a recipe for a real sponge cake—you borrow all the ingredients.

—Joe McCarthy

. . . about the billing clerk who went to a psychiatrist—he kept hearing strange invoices.

—Robert Orben

. . . about the Eskimo couple who were saving for their own little igloo—and, eventually, the chatter of little teeth.

—Robert Orben

. . . about the racy new novel—instead of a jacket, the book has a negligé.

—Rip Taylor

* * *

State of Mind

A FELLOW-MEMBER of the U.S. Congress once paid Clare Boothe Luce a compliment on the House floor. "She has the best mind of any woman in the House," he said with a courtly bow. Congresswoman Luce was not having any of that kind of flattery. She said solemnly, "The mind knows no sex."

A Congressman stood up. "If the lady believes that," he said, "she doesn't know the mind of man."

—C. F.

They Won't Let Me Stop Smoking

By RICHARD ARMOUR *Author of "It All Started With Columbus," "Through Darkest Adolescence," etc.*

EVER SINCE the medical report on the dire effects of cigarette smoking, I have redoubled my efforts to give it up. If only I could puff on a cigarette and not inhale, this would be some improvement. But inhaling is precisely what I do—though I never lift a cigarette to my lips.

You see, I go about inhaling other people's smoke. I don't mean I go about *looking* for it. I simply go about, and wherever I go someone is smoking. The only way I can stop inhaling tobacco smoke is to stop breathing—something that even the doctors don't advocate.

I try my best to avoid smokers. If, for instance, I am on a commuters' train, I sit in a No Smoking carriage. But, alas, the sign lacks the authority of, say, a No Parking sign. I have never seen the guard write out a smoking ticket for a

person puffing away unconcernedly under a No Smoking sign.

On planes, where there is no such thing as a No Smoking compartment, I generally find myself wedged between two smokers—in



the middle of a row of three seats. If my row is on the right side of the plane, the smoker by the window is a left blower, blowing out of

Condensed from Empire

THEY WON'T LET ME STOP SMOKING

the left side of his mouth, and the one by the aisle is a right blower, blowing out of the right side of his mouth. The only way I can escape this enfilade is to place my head between my knees and breathe some of the unpolluted air under the seat. More than once a sympathetic smoker has misinterpreted my trouble. "Here, take this," he has said, offering me a paper bag from the pocket on the back of the seat.

Smokers, I have noticed, smoke especially hard when they are thinking. Instead of doodling on a notepad or a tablecloth at moments of intense cerebration, they narrow their eyes, purse their lips, and shoot the smoke out in a long, sustained jet that will reach the face of a non-smoker eight or ten feet away. The moment the non-smoker sees the smoker narrow his eyes, he should narrow his also—not to look shrewd and thoughtful but to keep from being temporarily blinded.

I have encountered these smoker-thinkers most often at meetings. I remember a recent round-table discussion at our church. The topic was "Thinking of Others." There was thinking, sure enough (there had to be, since it was there in the title), and this brought out the matches, cigarettes, pursed lips, and meditative jets of smoke. One of the non-smoking ladies present, who was obviously pregnant, suddenly turned pale and left the room. Since she never came back, she didn't get the helpful list of suggestions drawn

up by our secretary, one of the smokers, on how to be considerate of others in our everyday relationships.

If there is one time I enjoy smoke less than any other, it is when I am eating. In snack bars it is curious how the person next to me is always a chain smoker, and how the draught always wafts the smoke from his mouth right in my direction. Bobbing and weaving in an



effort to get out of the direct line, I have more than once been taken for a common drunk. "And at this time of day, too," some fussy patron is likely to observe, nervously lighting another cigarette.

Sometimes my snack-bar companion tires of his cigarette when there is still an inch to go, and stubs it out in the ashtray—but not completely out. There it lies smouldering, throwing off noxious fumes. I dare not reach over and extinguish the thing; it's still his cigarette butt, and he may decide to take another pull on it. So I let it burn down to the filter, watching it as if it were a fuse. By now the smoker has lit up another, and the fresh smoke mingles with the fumes given off by

the dying cigarette. This makes an interesting combination of odours, and I keep my mind off my queasy stomach by trying to separate the two.

I have thought of ways of getting back at smokers, such as carrying an atomizer full of a mixture of garlic, Limburger cheese, and extract of skunk, and countering each cloud of smoke with a spray of my own. Though this might be as unpleasant to the smoker as his smoke is to me, I don't suppose it would have any lasting effect. Yet to do anything more to him with, say,

poison gas or a pistol, would involve me with the law. •

Indeed, the only law on my side seems to be the Golden Rule. I am not asking smokers to *forsake* something that gives them great pleasure, or to break a habit that they haven't the will power to break. But I wish they would think twice, or even once, before lighting up in a restaurant next to someone who isn't smoking, or in a doctor's waiting-room where everyone looks ill (and probably is), or under other circumstances where courtesy and common sense would suggest restraint.



Democratic Freedom

WE MUST beware of the prevalent and pernicious misconception that democracy implies absolute equality and that any denial of equal worth is undemocratic. Democracy means equal rights before the law and equal opportunity for individual development to the limit of one's potential; democracy emphatically does not imply that everyone has the same potential, that knowledge and experience are not to be valued above ignorance and inexperience, and that every man's judgement is sovereign and that every opinion is as good as every other. In other words, democracy does not deny the principle of authority in the enforcement of rules, so long as everyone has recourse to peaceful methods of changing the rules.

Paradoxical though it may seem, true freedom comes through commitment—commitment to people, to ideas, to causes greater than oneself. Freedom lies in being able to choose an area of engagement and intense interest; it cannot be found in aimless hedonism or irresponsible drift. The joys of freedom reside in using one's powers to the full in the service of some worthy enterprise that commands all one's conviction and devotion. We are happiest when we are fully used. Every enduring achievement of mankind is the product of a disciplined mind and will and imagination.

—John Logan

Russia Tests the Profit System

To revive a sagging, waste-ridden economy, the Kremlin is experimenting with some enterprisingly Western principles

“THE ECONOMY,” said Lenin, “is the main field of battle for communism.” In a fashion the old revolutionary could hardly have intended, the Soviet economy has become today a battlefield of explosive ideas that threaten nearly every economic practice of Russia’s past generation. Whether conservatively adhering to their Marx or boldly advocating such heretical Western-style reforms as the primacy of profits, every important Soviet planner and economist is caught up in communism’s greatest debate since Stalin set the backward U.S.S.R. on its cruel—but successful—forced march into the twentieth century.

Russia’s flirtation with market mechanisms comes at a time of swift and startling economic change across the whole communist bloc. Hotel lobbies from Warsaw to Bucharest are jammed with Western

businessmen scrambling to get into communist markets. Hardly a week goes by without the announcement of a new trade agreement between a Western nation and a member of the Eastern bloc, typically for double the amount of previous trade. Last year, commerce between East and West soared to Rs. 4,275 crores—a 100-per-cent jump in seven years.

As the increasingly independent Eastern European satellites are opening up to the West, so they are boldly opening up their own internal economies to Western techniques. In recent months, Czechoslovakia has inaugurated a massive decentralization programme in which individual factories have wide freedom for their own development. East Germany has relegated planning to groups of enterprises, freed the prices of some raw materials.

Condensed from Time

Hungary has introduced a form of profit-sharing. Poland has permitted three firms to by-pass government offices and deal directly abroad. Yugoslavia long ago created a "socialist market economy"—relatively competitive enterprise under state ownership.

Grim Vista. Russia itself has lagged behind the satellites in the economic shift towards Western ways. At stake is nothing less than Russia's vast "command economy," with its top-heavy bureaucratic fiefdoms regulating every pulse and throb of the nation's economic engine. And though Marx never mentioned central planning and Lenin came to it only late in life, such is Stalin's historical shadow that at stake, too, are a generation of ideological maxims boastfully vaunting the superiority of socialist planning over capitalism, the pervasive power—and perhaps the jobs—of a vast army of planners, and ultimately perhaps the amenities of life for millions of ordinary Russians.

Clearly, such unsettling prospects would not even be countenanced in the Kremlin were it not for the grim vista of a continuing turnabout in the Soviet economic growth rate. As recently as 1961 Khrushchev assured the world that the U.S.S.R. would soon overtake the United States as the world's mightiest economy. It has been slowing down ever since. Last year, according to Moscow, industrial output grew by 7.1 per cent, a sizeable figure for a

mature economy, but the lowest in Russia since 1946. And each year the evidence of waste, mismanagement, inefficiency and planning gone berserk multiplies.

Soviet planning's faults are chiefly two: too many cooks (one engineer has estimated, perhaps half in jest, that by 1980 the planning agencies might well employ every Soviet adult), and more often than not the wrong recipe—in 15 copies.

Since factory-output goals are laid down in quota or weight by the planners, weird things happen. A factory commanded to produce lamp-shades made them all orange, since sticking to one colour kept the assembly line uncomplicated. Tyre production one year was decided without referring to the plan for motor-vehicle output.

The tonnage norms particularly piqued Khrushchev's peasant common sense. His choice complaint concerned a Moscow chandelier factory: the more tons of chandeliers the plant produced, the more workers earned in bonuses. The chandeliers grew heavier and heavier—until they started pulling ceilings down. The workers fulfilled the plan, admitted Khrushchev angrily—adding, "But who needs this plan? To whom does it give light?"

For the first time, the Soviet consumer began to refuse to buy what failed to please him, and to want more of everything from hand cream and weekly hairdos to *haute couture*. As *Izvestia* unabashedly

admitted: "The urge to have one's own car is as compelling as technical progress itself." This was a kind of consumer pressure that the Kremlin planners had never encountered. Khrushchev tried to cope with it by replanning the planners. No fewer than six times in ten years, he scrambled the organization table, veering from decentralization back to recentralization in the vain hope of finding the magic mixture for what he called "better utilization of the country's industrial potential." It eluded him each time.

Last year, in Russia's largest republic alone, deliveries from 257 factories had to be suspended because their goods simply would not be bought. Moreover, state trade organizations returned or marked down 20 per cent of all clothing, ten per cent of hosiery and nine per cent of shoes produced. As a result of the consumer's stiffening standards an incredible Rs. 1,425 crores' worth of unsellable junk has accumulated in Soviet warehouses.

Look Westward. Russia's growing community of highly professional economists and engineers understands clearly what has happened to the Soviet economy. These men are sure, too, that they have the cure—even if much of it has to be borrowed from the capitalists. The crux of their arguments for change is the fact that the nation's economy has grown too complex and sophisticated to be efficiently manipulated by push button from Moscow.

These reformers began rethinking the system nearly ten years ago. But it was only late in 1962, when the economy's deepening malaise could no longer be ignored, that Khrushchev gave their theories a major showcase. On September 9 of that year, *Pravda* published "The Plan, Profits and Bonuses" by Kharkov economics professor Evsei Liberman, and the great debate began.

Profits had long been used in Russia, but only as one among a dozen capriciously applied yardsticks for determining plant efficiency. Liberman urged that profit be made the prime element, arguing that "the higher the profits, the greater the incentive" to quality and efficiency.

One by one, other economists leaped into the fray, blasting the "cult of the plan," and insisting that plant managers be given more autonomy. Except for the cardinal communist principle of state ownership of property, hardly any part of the Soviet economic edifice was spared the reformers' wrecking ball. One editor proposed abolition of Russia's 50-per-cent consumer-goods tax, argued that all Soviet revenues could be derived from a profits tax, once profit was made the universal indicator. Denouncing the fact that under planning today one-fifth of Russia's factories operate at a subsidized loss, he urged that government funds be rechannelled into firms running in the black.

Not only economists spoke out. The manager of a giant construction

concern even used the phrase "supply and demand" in pleading for a free-wheeling open market for consumer goods, admitting that it would necessitate major reliance on that old capitalist technique of market research by firms. Leningrad managers complained that during 1964 they lost 500,000 man-days of work in running to Moscow to get decisions from the central planners.

To the entrenched planners and old-line ideologues, such pre-revolutionary criticisms were a screaming red flag, and soon outraged rebuttals began to fill the Press. "If we give up centralized planning of salaries, work production, production costs, investments," complained the prestigious Academy of Sciences' Kirill Plotnikov, "we give up regulation by the state of the most important parts of the economy—in fact, of economic planning. This path is full of great dangers."

"Selling Like Hot Cakes." About a year ago, Khrushchev moved the debate off the pages of *Pravda* and into the industrial arena by giving the reformers a place to test their theories. Two clothing factories—Moscow's Bolshevichka and Gorky's Mayak—were cut loose to negotiate prices and sell their suits and dresses direct to 22 retail stores. The stores told the two factories what kinds of goods the consumers wanted, and the factories were judged by the profits made on goods sold.

Orders in hand, Bolshevichka and

Mayak set their own production schedules, decided how many workers would be needed. Profits were related only to what their stores could actually sell, and worker piece-rate bonuses were accordingly awarded for quality. To get a better reading of consumer tastes, Bolshevichka set up its own shoppers' bureau. In six months, both profits and quality had soared and, of critical interest to the Kremlin, unsellable stock was sharply reduced.

Today, Bolshevichka gleams with pride. To visiting Party bigwigs, beaming director Petr Noskov reports that Bolshevichka's profit margin has risen to seven per cent, that the average pay is up from about Rs. 450 a month to Rs. 525, that the factory is now making better suits at a cheaper price (Rs. 400 versus Rs. 450), and that the suits are (oh, that capitalist idiom) "selling like hot cakes."

Eloquent Testimony. Many Kremlinologists assumed that the spread and success of the "deviationist" measures contributed to Khrushchev's downfall. Not at all. One of the first acts of Premier Kosygin's new leadership was to extend the experiments. Kosygin, himself a trained economist and widely travelled in Western countries, announced that in gradual stages the new system would be spread throughout the consumer-goods industry. Last January, the first 400 clothing and shoe firms scattered across Russia were authorized for

the change-over—together, significantly, with 78 of their raw-material suppliers, who also had to be freed from the restrictions of the planners if the Kremlin really meant business in the reforms.

Kosygin went even further, asserting that eventually the reforms would be extended to all Soviet industry. As a start, the town of Lvov has been authorized to make the first area (as opposed to industry) test of the supply-and-demand principle. Lvov is of particular interest because the five industries in the test include a coal mine and a mobile-hoist manufacturing plant—the reformers' first venture outside the confines of light industry.

Whatever the outcome of the great debate, the fact that it has taken place at all in such frankness and freedom is remarkable testimony to how far Russia has come

since Stalin. Some Sovietologists think that the enemies of the reform are simply biding their time, confident that sooner or later the experiments are bound to cause economic dislocation that will force a retrenchment.

To make the new system really work, the Kremlin will eventually have to free prices. And then unemployment may result, which no Soviet regime is likely to tolerate.

Meanwhile, there is no escaping the fact that, having in effect put up a suggestion box, the Kremlin has found Pandora's name on it. But the current search for incentives to get the Russian economy moving again is none the less an eloquent testimony to the failure of one of communism's cardinal creeds: that the profit motive is wrong, evil and unnecessary in running a society.



Covered in Confusion

WHEN a young fellow came in to order an engagement ring, the jeweler asked, "What sort of setting do you have in mind?"

The young man looked startled, then flushed and said, "Well, probably her living-room sofa."
—B. K.

A BUSINESSMAN and a pretty secretary who were acquainted with each other met in a crowded lift. He admired her charm bracelet and hadn't finished examining the attachments when she arrived at her floor. "One day when I have time," she blurted out as she left, "I'll show you *all* my charms." At that the door mercifully closed and curtained her audience from her sudden blush.
—N. M.

THAT CHARMING CHEAT, THE CHIPMUNK

BY JEAN GEORGE

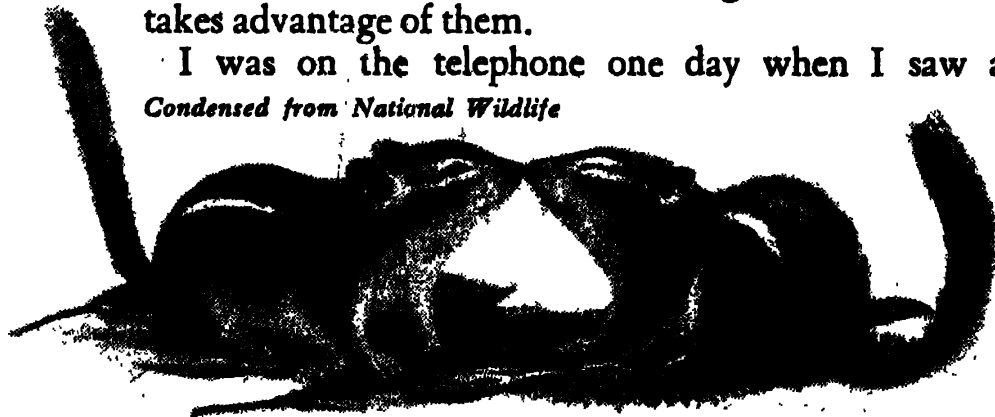
*Strictly speaking, he's a pest—but
this cheeky North American rodent
has many endearing qualities*

A GARDENING friend of mine, whose flower bulbs are often stolen by chipmunks, had just watched one of these beguiling little thieves make off with several of his finest floral prospects. He refused to set a trap. "I know that chipmunks are just rats in striped clothing," he said. "But I love 'em."

Chipmunks get away with a host of petty crimes. Millions of these three- to five-ounce sprites are spread across the United States and Canada, and each one maintains a hoard of about *half a bushel* of maize, nuts, seeds, flower bulbs. On farms they dig up planted grain and vegetables. They constantly steal bird seed. Yet few people seem to mind.

The chipmunk is a rodent, like the rat, with two gnawing teeth above and two below. Specifically, he is a ground-living squirrel, with a striped face and five dark stripes along his tan body. Because he is fun to watch, he can charm human beings even while he takes advantage of them.

I was on the telephone one day when I saw a
Condensed from National Wildlife



THAT CHARMING CHEAT, THE CHIPMUNK

chipmunk come up the cellar steps, dash round a corner and disappear into the back of the upright piano. I had never seen a chipmunk in a house before. I peered behind the piano to see him stuffing seeds between the strings, his eyes glittering with innocence. Had he been a mouse I would have thrown a book at him. But he was a chipmunk, big-eyed and bewitching, and I let him stay three days before I realized that a key was now stuck and three felts had been chewed thin.

The chipmunk's ability to captivate stems from several things: his bright, clean appearance, his bouncy energy, his amusing habits. One of the latter is the way he stuffs a truly astonishing amount of food into his cheek pockets—a habit that can intrigue even hardened men like a farmer friend of mine.

When it comes to protecting his granary, this man has no sympathy for rats, mice, crows or squirrels—he shoots them. One day, however, he discovered a chipmunk stuffing his cheek pockets with grain from a wheat bin, and so forgot himself that he started counting the grain-by-grain intake rather than shooting the culprit. When the count reached 145 grains in the two jowls, the farmer suddenly realized that he was being robbed while he watched. Still he did not shoot. As he told me later, "I just stood there and enjoyed being cheated."

A cousin of mine let a chipmunk

steal a quart of shelled pecan nuts because she was so fascinated by his balancing problem. Every time he stuffed his cheeks he would take a few steps, list to one side, then stop and dart back for still another nut or two to balance the load.

Another reason chipmunks are tolerated is that they make their homes away from houses and barns and have tidy habits. Their burrows, in fact, are quite wonderful. Most chipmunks make their dens in a wood or garden. Their entrances are not messy, like those of foxes. Generally the front door is a small hole aesthetically placed behind a log or under a fern. The entrance goes straight down for a few inches, then slants off for as much as 30 feet, depending on how old the chipmunk is. (Two to four years is the normal life-span for chipmunks, though they have lived up to eight



years in captivity.) Off the main corridor are two or three pantries, sometimes as many as six, each stuffed with food. A few inches beyond the last pantry lies the nursery, a small room neatly lined with roots and leaves. Beyond this, at the end of the main shaft, is the main bedroom. Then, to top off this wonderful plan, beneath the bedroom, and lower than all other rooms, is the toilet!

In these intriguing homes chipmunks divide their time between intense activity—darting down corridors and spewing seeds and nuts into rooms by pressing in their cheeks with their paws—and sleep. Chipmunks both hibernate (sleep in winter) and aestivate (sleep in summer), but neither sleep is complete like that of frogs, for chipmunks' respiration and body temperatures do not drop so low that they can't awaken.

This lighter sleep of the chipmunk was discovered when naturalists studied his main bedroom. There, under the mattress of leaves and grasses, is stored a special hoard of seeds and nuts. In winter and summer, when half-asleep, a chipmunk reaches down from time to time and finds a nut or two to eat.

The courtship of the chipmunk is a twinkling time. The male goes out in February and March to seek, by scent, the den of a female. When he finds one, he sits up on his haunches and literally "sings" to

her. These songs are so clear and bright that they are often mistaken for birdcalls. According to chipmunk protocol, if the female is pleased, she lets Lochinvar enter her den. If he barges in without invitation, however, he is tossed out—with nips on his toes and ears—and his screams are sorrowful to hear. When all goes well, the male visits only long enough to pass on his genetic code, then departs. Chipmunks live separately for the greater part of the year.

The gestation period is 31 days. Three to seven babies are born, each weighing about one-ninth of an ounce. Furless and almost transparent, they look like pink glass. In about a week, they begin to get their distinctive stripes. Their nursery life is rollicking and playful. Some 31 days after birth, when their eyes open, they box, nip and wrestle. They are weaned at about 40 days, whereupon they go to the den entrance and peer out at the world.

As summer advances, they run farther and farther from home. Then, about mid-July, they begin burrows of their own. If the going gets tough, however, mother chipmunks permit their young to return home. The children are not forced into the world until they have a secure place to go.

One notable quality of the chipmunk is the ease with which wild ones can be tamed. It takes only a handful of sunflower seeds, patience, and an hour a day for two or three

days. They can be trained to come to a whistle, which, once learned, they seem never to forget. A woman who spent her summers at the same place had many chipmunks that came to her each June when she called to them, even though she was gone all the winter. Once she was away for a year. On her return she was still able, with a whistle, to bring her chipmunks out of the woodlands.



The ability of chipmunks to be readily tamed, and yet to live their own wild life, led naturalist Kenneth Gordon to investigate their intelligence. He found them amazingly clever in solving maze problems, even opening complicated latches. For one chipmunk Gordon draped a long string over a horizontal cord, with a peanut tied to one end and the other end hanging low. The chipmunk tried jumping for

the nut, unsuccessfully. Then it did something truly astonishing for any animal. It went after the nut *indirectly*, by pulling on the other end of the string. The peanut went up and away from him—an event that would stop most animals. But not this fellow. He kept on pulling until the nut went over the horizontal cord—and fell down to him! And he seemed to know what he was doing, for he repeated the performance.

Sometimes the little rodents seem almost to satirize human behaviour. A photographer put out kernels of grain to attract chipmunks. For days two males came for the food at different hours. Eventually, they arrived simultaneously. Both grew angry, then stood up on their hind legs and strode towards each other, one paw held forward, the other held against the chest, exactly like a boxer. And, like boxers, they feinted with the forward paw and hit with the other. When the dispute was settled, the winner ate while the loser sat and watched.

Chipmunks are heart-winners for a final, warm reason. Who could not enjoy an animal that kisses another of its kind? Chipmunks occasionally do just this. Sometimes when they meet, bouncing over walls and rocks, they press their noses together gently with apparent affection, then leap lightly on their way, tails up. It is a moment that says just about all you need to know about a chipmunk.

Good-bye, My Son

*Childhood is a magical
moment, the briefest
moment of them all*

BY ROBERT WELLS

TO AN ADULT a tree is a tree, a cloud passing before the moon is only a cloud like those that have gone before. But a child is not like that. Things happen for the first time to him. The world is born fresh with each murmuring beat of time.

I remember a July day when John was four. We had left the town flat where we then lived and were spending the week-end in a small village. After dinner, my wife, the boy and I went for a walk. We came to an open field with a clump of oaks behind it. John had been holding my hand, but now he slipped free. He stood quietly for a moment, this town boy, surveying the largest expanse of earth he had ever seen that was entirely devoid of people. And then he was off, running hard.

I can still close my eyes and picture him, this child whom I shall never see again, although he still lives concealed in a tall youth who has his name. Across the grass in the dying sunlight he ran, short legs pumping, under the trees, up a hill, then swooping back towards us, head erect, eyes half-closed. In spirit I was running with him, feeling the things he felt, and I was suddenly aware that the child who had let go of my hand would never return, that in a brief instant his babyhood had ended and his boyhood begun. I could feel time ticking away. My wife, I think, felt it too.

Condensed from *Ladies' Home Journal*

GOOD-BYE, MY SON



"It's such a big field," she said. "And he's such a little boy."

And so we said good-bye to one child named John that day and hallo to another, and, as the years of parenthood have rolled on, the experience of hail and farewell has become a familiar one. I am increasingly conscious of what my mother meant when she told me that a parent has so little time.

"Children are young for such a few years," she said, and she was looking at me but seeing the boy I had been—a boy who had vanished like smoke, leaving only a trace of memory in her mind and mine. Every child is a will-o'-the-wisp whom we clumsy parents try to grasp and hold tight, in vain. The little girl who went upstairs to bed sitting on my shoulders is gone, and in her place there is a pretty young woman. The sons who once held my hand in confidence now walk in places where I cannot follow.

Once each summer my two older sons used to challenge me to a race. It became a sort of ceremony, a primitive rite, a test. The first year I easily outran them, for my legs were so much longer. But the next summer I had to try harder; the following year, harder still. The last year we raced I barely made the finishing line ahead of them.

The next summer the challenge was not issued. Dick's legs were as long as mine by then and John's were growing fast, and we all knew, although we did not admit it to one

another, that they had won at last.

And in a way I was glad, for I am proud of them. And in a way, I think, they were sorry. For in his heart each boy knows he must try to outdistance his father; but when it happens he knows he has lost as well as gained. And now there is Bobby, who shares his boyhood with me but is sometimes brushed by the wing of times to come.

Yesterday we walked in the woods behind the house, scuffling through the fallen leaves, following the trail past a fallen oak and the remnants of a stone wall erected by men now dead. In the fields beyond the woods a single crow flapped silently away. The wind from the west was cold.

"I like it, even at this time of year," he said. He looked up at me, and then away. "Even when I'm big . . ."

I waited. ". . . even when I'm big, we can still come here, can't we, Dad?"

"Yes," I said, and I did not really lie to him. "No matter how big you get, we'll always walk here like this."

For we shall. The boy I love now will change into a youth who bears his name, then into a man who will stroll through scuffled leaves with children of his own. And still, while our memories last, the woods will live in us as they were the day we stood still and listened to the tick of encroaching time.



Out of Bounds

I NEEDED our car after work to get to my dental appointment; so my husband, having made arrangements to go to the golf course with one of his foursome, left the car in the firm's car-park for me. After delivering it, he put on his golf shoes and, carrying his clubs, walked over to the main thoroughfare in front of the factory to wait for his lift.

There he stood in his golfing attire, far from any golf course, when a young executive-type walked up to him and said, "Tell me, was this a hook or a slice?"

—Mrs. W. V. O'Connor

FOR OUR local horticultural show, a woman wanted to use some gone-to-seed dandelions in her flower arrangement. The trick, of course, is to make the pretty grey fluff stay put.

In a vacant site where dandelions abounded, the woman went to work with scissors and a tin of hair spray—that's what you use to keep the fluff intact. As she waited for the spray to dry before cutting the dandelions, she looked up to see a group of spectators, standing there gaping. —P.O.

WONDERS UNDER PRESSURE

Metals resistant to fatigue, abrasives hard as diamond—these are some of the dividends expected from an exciting new field of scientific research

By GEORGE BOEHM

IMAGINE the pressure that would be exerted on the ground beneath if it were somehow possible to stack 80 Cheops, largest of the Great Pyramids, one on top of the other. This would be just about equal to what is attained with machines in scores of laboratories where scientists are engaged in one of the most promising fields of modern research: the study of matter under enormous pressure.

More the handmaiden of scientific discovery than a manufacturing tool, high pressure enables research men to view matter in an extra dimension. By varying both temperature and pressure drastically, experimenters can get a good idea of

Condensed from Fortune



The operator of this tiny high-pressure machine turns the knob on top, which compresses a helix spring and exerts pressure between two diamonds that have facets half a millimetre in diameter. The diamonds serve as windows, enabling the experimenter, with the aid of a microscope, to observe changes in the material under pressure.

the basic properties of a substance.

The men exploring this strange realm find a host of bizarre effects. Gases are compressed to liquids. Hot liquids freeze solid. Rocks behave like metals. Marble extrudes like toothpaste. Sapphire stretches like tough rubber. In short, high pressure is a modern alchemy that creates a whole new catalogue of exotic materials.

One event that helped to increase interest in scientific high-pressure work was the U.S. General Electric Company's dramatic announcement in 1955 that it had synthesized diamonds. The startling news made it apparent that high pressure might be a tool for the creation of many materials that could not be made in any other way. After that, funds for research began to flow from many quarters.

The generation of high pressure involves a variety of problems that tax the ingenuity of the cleverest engineers. In principle it is quite simple: the concentration of a considerable force on a small area. (Pressure is defined as force divided by area—e.g., pounds per square inch.) The greater the force or the smaller the area, the higher the pressure. A thimble pushing on a sewing needle, for example, builds up enough pressure at the sharp point of the needle so that it can penetrate leather. On a large scale, the difficulty of finding materials and of building equipment that can stand up under its own internal

pressures makes the design of apparatus a fascinating research field in itself.

Equipment designers have inherited most of their basic know-how from one man: the late Percy Bridgman of Harvard University, who won the 1946 Nobel Prize in physics. Never in the modern history of science has one man so overwhelmingly dominated an important field for so long. For 40 years, starting in 1908, high-pressure research was his virtually exclusive province. Today some 200 laboratories the world over are doing ultrahigh-pressure research.

Pressures now being generated are much too large to be discussed conveniently in terms of pounds per square inch; the numbers would be almost astronomical. Instead, most research workers deal in kilobars. One kilobar equals roughly 14,500 pounds per square inch, or slightly less than 1,000 times normal atmospheric pressure. The water pressure at the deepest part of the ocean is a little over one kilobar; the impact of a rifle bullet on armour-plating produces 100 kilobars; the pressure at the centre of the earth is estimated to be 3,500 kilobars.

The realm of ultrahigh pressure is considered to begin at above 30 kilobars, where, at room temperature, all liquids are frozen. The limit for pressures that can be produced and maintained for hours at a time in today's machines is about 400 kilobars. With few exceptions

these machines use tons of steel and powerful hydraulic rams to compress an ounce or less of the material under study.

Under pressure, standard materials undergo abrupt transitions. Ice, for example, passes through six distinct crystal forms between about ten and 25 kilobars. The final form is nothing like the substance of an ordinary ice cube. It melts at 260 degrees centigrade; it is so dense that if dropped into water, it would fall like a lead shot; and when pressure is suddenly released, it explodes violently.

Normally, when pressure is released, materials instantly revert to their commonplace forms. For this reason investigators can seldom preserve the fascinating and potentially useful changes in material that they produce in their machines. Scientists are, however, continually seeking and finding ways of locking in high-pressure effects so that they will be more or less stable at atmospheric pressure.

A number of extremely stable high-pressure substances have been "brought back alive," and some of these have great commercial promise. The outstanding success has been the synthesis of diamond from graphite.

Synthetic diamonds are now being manufactured by the thousand, in South Africa, Ireland, Sweden, Japan, the United States and the U.S.S.R. Although no stones of gem quality have yet been

reported, synthetic diamonds are now supplying much of the world demand for superhard abrasives. In the early days, synthetic diamonds were more costly than natural diamonds. In Britain, the basic price of synthetic diamonds is now £1 per carat, the current price for natural industrial diamonds.

Diamond has a new chemical cousin that may rival it as an abrasive: borazon, synthesized a few years ago—a compound of boron and nitrogen. In its low-pressure form—boron nitride—borazon is a soft, white solid like graphite; indeed, it has nearly the same crystal structure. When pressed and heated with a catalyst, boron nitride turns into borazon, which has the crystal structure of diamond. It is the only substance hard enough to scratch diamond, and it holds up at high temperatures where diamond burns away.

Metals formed under high pressure have many promising properties. Such brittle materials as bismuth and beryllium are surprisingly ductile under high pressure and are best formed by extrusion. High-silicon iron, useful for low-loss electrical transformers, is another brittle material that is a candidate for high-pressure extrusion. And a combination of heat and high-pressure treatment makes many metals much less susceptible to failure by fatigue—an important consideration in critical parts for a missile or a supersonic transport.

THE READER'S DIGEST

The most intense pressures, as great as 5,000 kilobars, can be produced for an instant in shock waves from high explosives. Although they last only a few millionths of a second, experiments with "dynamic" high pressure produced by shock waves are often as scientifically valuable as "static" studies with machines. Shock waves generated by up to 50 or 100 pounds of high explosives produce the same sorts of effects as high-pressure

machines, in general. But there are differences, particularly in the pressures at which specific transitions occur. Water under shock becomes slushy but never really freezes, partly because the experiment is over before ice crystals have time to form. The field is just beginning to open up. In the 1,000-kilobar range, theory predicts, some uncommon chemical reactions will occur, giving birth perhaps to a host of exotic materials.

Ways of the World

THE Bagpipe Band of Hong Kong is 100-per-cent Chinese—and modest. Says its leader: "We play the music, we imitate the Scottish style of marching—but we simply cannot wear the kilt. We Chinese are far too shy."

—AP

"ESKIMOS: Place your order now for fresh seals to be delivered next week."

—Advertisement in Anchorage, Alaska, *Times*

A LIST of charitable organizations includes one in Holland for the benefit of jockeys who have increased in size and outgrown their profession.

—*Algemeen Handelsblad*, Amsterdam

THE scales in a women's health salon in Florence have a small panel that lights up when the weight registered is over nine stone. It reads: "With our apologies."

—Nana-WNS

THE Welsh village of Nantymoel hasn't got round to erecting a statue of its favourite son, Lynn Davies, winner of the Olympic long jump, but it has done the next best thing. Painted in the main street are two white lines placed exactly 26 feet 5½ inches apart, the span of Davies' winning jump. All the village children—and even some grown-ups—are having a go at the record, and leaping figures have become commonplace.

—*Sports Illustrated*

A U.S. COURT declined to award damages to a woman who had to go to a psychiatrist for treatment after her washing machine, in its spin cycle, pursued her round her kitchen.

—C. M.

Humour in Uniform

IN SEPTEMBER 1942 the Japanese P.O.W. camp authorities at Selarang Barracks, Singapore, demanded that we prisoners should sign "no-escape" promises; all 50,000 of us refused. But after three days of open-air confinement, without food or shelter and in torrential rain, we gave in and signed.

"It is a strange thing," Japanese interpreter Takahashi remarked to me a few days later, "that out of 50,000 P.O.W. signatures I have counted 10,000 men named Donald Duck."

—E. J. GOSTLING

ANXIOUS to broaden our men's outlook, the Colonel arranged to give them a lecture on Keats. On the night, the Regimental Sergeant-Major took the stage to introduce the subject and the speaker. "It's come to the Colonel's notice," he began, looking around pityingly, "that some of you lot don't know what a *keat* is . . ."

—J. H. THOMAS

BEFORE an operation at an air force hospital, one of my chief anxieties was that they would give me ether as an anaesthetic. I had heard many stories about the unhappy after-effects. When I timidly asked the orderly taking me to the operating theatre, "Will they give me ether?" he replied, "Oh no. If we use ether we can't smoke while we're operating."

—VERNON BOWERS

WE WERE being given a tour of the data-processing installations that handle supply items for the U.S. Marine Corps. Our somewhat nervous guide

did his best to explain the function of the different computers. His most enlightening remark came as we approached a pretty young woman feeding cards into one of the machines. "Gentlemen," he boomed, "here we have the 514 Basic Reproducer!"

—LIEUTENANT J. P. GREEVES

SEVERAL thousand U.S. troops were on the way to England on board the S.S. *Strathallan* early in the war. Abandon-ship drills were held frequently. At the signal we would dash madly for the improvised ladders that led up through the hatches to the decks. At the completion of one drill our lieutenant announced that, based on the past several days' performance, the average time for all hands to boat stations was nine minutes. "Furthermore," he added, "there has never been a transport known to sink in less than 15 minutes."

"Chee, dat's swell," came a voice from the ranks in pure Brooklyn accents. "Six whole minutes wit' nuttin' to do."

—WILLIAM HINES

IN THE army, my husband spent many hours marching and drilling. He worked hard all day and slept very soundly in our married quarters at night. But sleeping on his back produced loud snores. To turn him and stop the snoring was no easy task. Then one night I had an inspiration. I leaned over close to his ear and in my deepest, sternest voice ordered, "Right *turn!*" Over he went, just as nice as you please. —MRS. RUSSELL PLUTA

THE READER'S DIGEST

DURING THE WAR our unit was building a semi-permanent wood-trestle bridge across the River Weser in northern Germany. We needed several truckloads of hard-core before starting construction, so each squad leader dispatched his two-and-a-half ton truck with just a driver to bring back earth and rubble. After the first loads returned, two of the drivers asked for help. But our squad driver said nothing and went for a second load. After the third load and no complaints, I decided to go with him—not complaining was out of character.

His solution? He drove round town until he found a wall of a bombed building still standing. Then he backed into the wall, which promptly toppled into the truck. He had his load in five minutes. —R. F. DOYLE

AT AN air force station, a number of officers were attempting to qualify with the revolver. One of them, due to go overseas on active service, was trying hard but doing progressively worse. After his last and most disappointing string of fire, he asked the instructor, "If I don't qualify with the .38 will it keep me from going overseas?"

"No, sir," replied the instructor. "It's more likely to keep you from coming back." —HARRY COLLOM

BEFORE I WAS sent to the South Pacific during the war, I heard many stories about Americans who had been on the islands so long that they cracked up. After I had been there a few days, I was flown from one island to another in a cargo plane, together with a number of soldiers and one pretty army nurse. Shortly before we landed I saw

the nurse reach into a bag she carried and pull out a gleaming combat knife. "This," I thought in dismay, "is going to be it."

Out of the corner of my eye I watched the nurse bring the knife up in front of her face with her left hand. Then, using the blade as a mirror, she put on fresh lipstick. —C. P. GRAVES

ON A VISIT to a naval officer friend, I noticed a portable tape recorder running on his desk, but no sound was coming out. My friend explained that he and his wife communicated by tapes. In his previous message to her, he had used strong words regarding an accident in which she had slightly damaged their new car. The blank tape she returned was her answer—she wasn't speaking to him!

—COMMANDER R. S. HARWARD

AN OFFICER stationed in the Middle East discovered the hard way that learning the language of the country in which you are stationed is time well spent. The major had engaged a maid, who could not make beds to his satisfaction. He had spoken to his wife about this several times, and she had passed on his comments. The maid's smile and nod indicated complete agreement, but the beds remained the same. The major's wife flew to London for a visit, and after seeing her off, the major returned home to his poorly made bed. Convinced that now was the time to take stern measures, he gruffly ordered the maid into the bedroom and flung back the covers.

When the major turned to start his demonstration on bedmaking, the maid had gone. And she hasn't come back. —CAPTAIN J. L. DENMAN

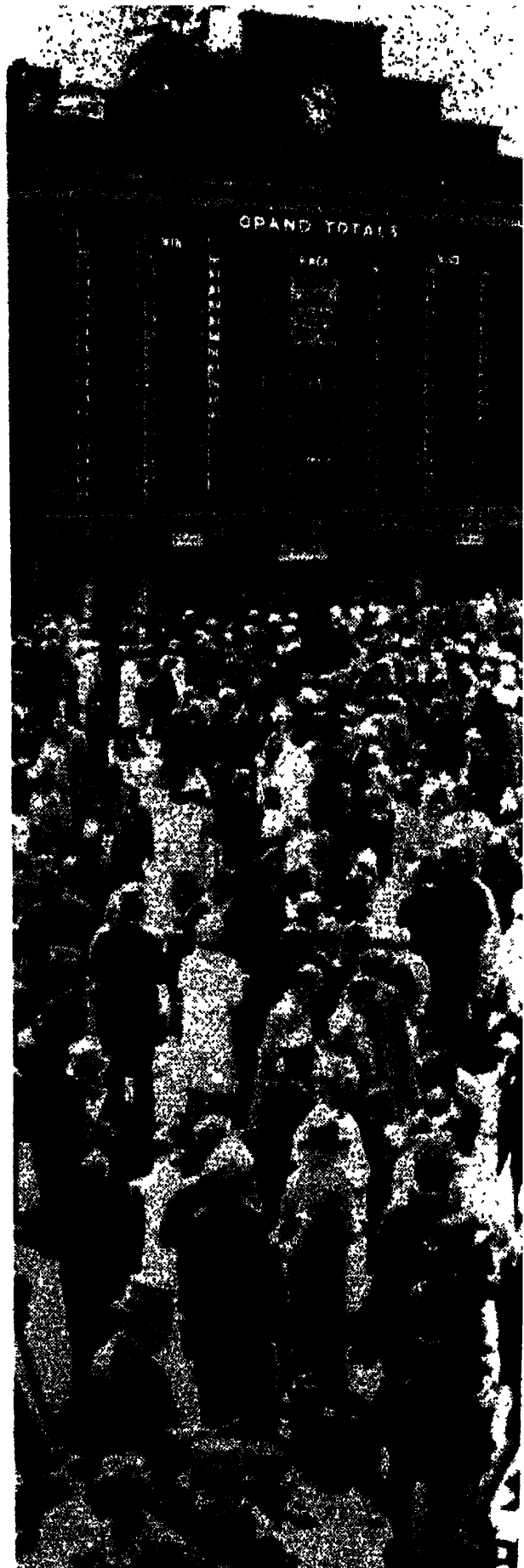
Moss Bros. Suits the British

By JAMES STEWART-GORDON

*The story of the London firm
that has become a national
institution with an
international reputation*

AT THE Ascot race meeting this year, there were 6,000 ticket-holders for the Royal Enclosure. By conservative estimate, more than half the men were fitted out in their formal attire by Moss Bros. of Covent Garden, London. In the words of Harry Moss, grandson of the founder and now managing director of the firm, "The test of where a man got his morning dress is to look at the fit. If it fits him, we got it for him. If it doesn't, he inherited it."

Over 100 years old and the largest clothing-hire firm in the world, Moss Bros. has 1,450 employees, 22 provincial branches and 4,000 country agents. Every month it outfits more than 20,000 customers—brides,



bridegrooms, admirals, field-mars-hals, royal swan-keepers, and people who want to dress for dinner.

Its stock, spread over two acres of floor space in a venerable Victorian fortress, consists of such diverse items as 8,000 grey top hats for weddings, royal garden parties, the Eton and Harrow match; 30,000 pairs of dress, military and striped trousers; 1,000 silk hats for funerals and investitures; 1,000 wedding and evening dresses; glittering tiaras; furs; uniforms that embrace every arm of the services and date back to the Crimean and Napoleonic wars; an armoury of swords, hillocks of saddles, hunting pinks, hairy tweeds for deer-stalking and a collection of over 240 separate ranges of Highland dress.

Without Moss Bros. to supply the costumes, ceremonial occasions wouldn't be the same. At the state funeral of Sir Winston Churchill, the January weather made great-coats a necessity for the troops on the solemn two-mile march. The Guards had their own, but Moss Bros. supplied nearly all the others.

At the Coronation, not only were the services provided with uniforms, swords and decorations, but many peers and peeresses hired the robes and coronets which they wore to the Abbey. As a member of the House of Lords remarked after the ceremony, "Of course the Coronation would have gone on without Moss Bros., but it wouldn't have been nearly as colourful."

The secret weapon of Moss Bros. is its enormous stock. Alterations are never made: if hired clothes don't fit, the assistants simply move up or down half a size and produce something that does. The firm is considered one of the world's greatest authorities on male anatomy. Several months ago, London Transport inaugurated a scheme which permits Underground ticket-holders to pass through a turnstile. Puzzled how to make the turnstiles big enough to allow an outsize passenger through, without making it possible for two thin ones to get past on one ticket, they called in Moss Bros. In no time the firm was able to give them the dimensions—a 50-inch chest and 48-inch hips.

The hiring of clothes is only one facet of the firm's activities. They are also general tailors, second-hand-clothing merchants, sporting goods and luggage dealers, saddlers, and the world's largest military outfitters. In the last war they kitted-out nearly 60,000 officers of all services in all the Allied nations.

After Dunkirk, Moss Bros. had to re-kit hundreds of evacuated officers. One June day in the still London twilight a battered, smoke-blackened man in a torn shirt and lacerated trousers came into the military department. "I have just landed from Dunkirk," he said. "I am a major-general. Can you outfit me immediately?" They did.

Many Frenchmen who escaped after the fall of France made their

way to London to join de Gaulle. They needed uniforms and for weeks could be heard asking policemen, "*Où est le Mossbross?*"

Shortly thereafter Moss Bros. were called on by British Intelligence to supply special clothing for agents dropped into enemy territory. These suits had to be made secretly and cut in styles not identifiable as British.

To keep everyone informed on what to wear on formal occasions, the firm has produced a veritable library of free booklets on subjects ranging from tying the hunting stock to "How to Enjoy the Horse Show." During "The Season," which runs from April to July and includes royal garden parties, fashionable weddings, the Derby and Ascot, many occasions call for morning dress, and Moss Bros. provides most of it. After that comes The Eating Season—a series of semi-public banquets from October until March. This round of gustation calls for tails, white shirt-fronts and spot removers. (Moss Bros. launders some 1,500 dress shirts a week.)

The firm maintains a card-index system which ensures that each customer gets his proper fit. Once you hire a suit and its number is entered, they can trot out the right size for you when you come in again. Several years ago a police officer rang up to say that a man had been found wandering about with loss of memory, wearing a

Moss Bros. suit. When given the suit number, the firm reported that the man had hired the suit at their Southsea branch, which would supply his name and address. The officer was impressed. "You chaps should be doing our job," he said.

Because of the special relationship Moss Bros. has with its customers, its files are loaded with correspondence covering everything from thank-you's to requests for information on how much punch to make for a wedding party of 50.

There are also other letters reflecting the chummy atmosphere which they seem to inspire with their customers, such as the one from a retired R.A.F. officer:

Dear Sirs,

I am sending you a Mess Jacket which I bought from you about ten years ago. I have had trouble with the buttons, and if you examine them you will see that the insignia birds are loose here and there.

Whilst becoming enmeshed with the bosom of one's partner at dances has its moments, I am getting a bit old for that kind of thing and find the ladies are getting increasingly annoyed. They used not to care so much before I retired.

It was remiss of me not to get you to fix these buttons years ago, but I am driven to do so now by a remark of a lady at my last party who referred to my "rather drastic but very effective technique." Now I come to think of it, I

remember getting caught up with my A.O.C.'s wife. Had it not been for your buttons I might have been an Air Commodore now and still serving.

Would you kindly let me have the jacket back by 20th July if possible?

Moss Bros. repaired the buttons.

Nearly everything that has happened to Moss Bros. in the last century (it was founded in 1860) has come about by seemingly happy accident. The original Moss was Moses Moses, a bearded patriarch who sold second-hand clothing from a cart near King's Cross, one of London's big main-line stations. Later he took a shop in Covent Garden. As he prospered, Moses added misfit clothing—suits ordered from Savile Row tailors and unclaimed—to his stock.

Moses was succeeded in 1894 by his sons, Alfred and George, who became Moss Bros. They inaugurated the hiring business quite by chance. A stockbroker named Charles Pond had gone broke and been reduced to earning his living by singing comic songs at private parties. During a particularly thin time, Pond was forced to pawn his dress suit; then, realizing that without his suit he could not earn a living, he asked Alfred to lend him one when he needed it. Alfred agreed, and charged him 10s. 6d. Word got round among Pond's theatrical cronies, who took to the idea.

The two brothers specialized in



The Moss Bros., Alfred (top) and George, sons of founder Moses Moses

buying up entire lots of clothing from deceased persons' estates; and as many of these were of former military officers, Moss Bros. found themselves with a stock of uniforms and saddlery, swords, guns and luggage. Young officers needing uniforms began to come to them, and a tradition was born.

In 1914 Moss Bros. went to war, and in the next four years they kitted-out thousands of officers. After the Armistice, demobilized soldiers needing civilian clothes burst in on them like a tidal wave. It was still an era of formality and, in addition to buying mufti, young men without formal attire began borrowing suits from Moss Bros.

The women's department, too, was born out of wartime necessity. During the last war women in the services who married did so in uniform unless they were fortunate enough to have a wedding dress. One woman officer who did not, however, tried Moss Bros. Impressed with the sense of occasion, they managed to get a wedding dress. The girl was married, the dress returned; she told her friends, and the firm was launched in another line.

The women's department today has more than 1,000 bridal gowns. The staff always makes a fuss over prospective brides; takes instant Polaroid photographs of them in their finery. As a result the brides often send the department their

wedding photographs—and also slices of wedding cake.

In addition to bridal gowns, the firm hires out evening dresses. One girl came in and took a blue dress. It was returned, and later there was a frantic phone call from the girl. She had to have the same blue dress again. Her boy friend, home from the East, wanted her to wear the same dress as when they first met. The girls in the department made a wild search, rounded up the dress and sent it on. Almost a month passed, and the girl was on the phone again. "Do you want the blue dress?" she was asked. "No," the girl replied. "It worked; this time I'm ringing up about a wedding dress."

Moss Bros.' vast stock is not used only in Britain. Possessors of the largest collection of uniforms in the world, they send military dress all over the globe. In Honolulu an organization wanting to stage a different kind of charity fashion show got Moss Bros. to send out a collection of their uniforms. Using young officers from the local garrison as models, they put on a male peacock parade at 70 dollars a ticket.

One of the strangest requests the firm has had embraces an order for 50 bowler hats from a Copenhagen department store. "What sizes do you want?" queried Moss Bros. "Any size," Copenhagen replied. "We plan to turn them upside down and put geraniums in them for a window display."

DEATH TRAP OF THE SINKING SANDS

Facts about a gruesome snare and the techniques for escaping from it

BY MAX GUNTHER

THE LOW, swampy land south of Florida's huge Lake Okeechobee teems with exotic sub-tropical wildlife—a naturalist's paradise. One summer morning two university students, Jack Pickett and Fred Stahl, shouldered heavy packs and headed into the dense growth in search of parasitic plants. As they were walking along the sandy bank of a small, nearly dry stream, Pickett, who was in the lead, suddenly cried out, "It's soft up here! Stay back!"

He had stepped on to what looked like dry, sun-baked sand. But the caked surface crumbled oddly beneath his boots, and he sank up to his ankles. He floundered forward a

few more steps, trying to get up on to firm ground. But with each step he sank deeper, and the strange marshmallowy sand soon rose to his knees.

"It's quicksand!" he shouted in horror. "Help me!"

Stahl knew it would do no good to plunge into the quicksand and try to rescue his friend. Both would then be trapped, and there was nobody for miles around to help them. He ran into the brush to find a long tree branch.

Pickett continued to struggle. With a tremendous effort he managed to pull one leg out of the ghastly trap. His other leg, however, sank up to the thigh. The sand

Condensed from True, the Map's Magazine

DEATH TRAP OF THE SINKING SANDS

round him was quaking now like a monstrous bowl of jelly. He lost his balance and slowly toppled forward on his chest.

Stahl, who had raced back to the stream with a fallen branch, yelled, "Take your pack off."

The heavy pack was forcing Pickett down inexorably into the quaking sand. But the snap hook was on his chest, submerged, and he couldn't move his hands through the mire to get to it. He strained to hold his head up, but the sand rose swiftly to his chin. He gave a last terrified cry as the sand rose to cover his mouth and nose. Only his panic-stricken eyes showed.

"Grab the branch!" Stahl shouted. Pickett tried to lift his hands from the sucking mire, but this only forced his head deeper. Frantically Stahl, using a rock as a fulcrum, pushed the branch into the quaking sand and under Pickett's chest and tried to prise him upright. But the branch snapped.

All that showed of the victim now was the sole of one boot and his pack, both rapidly sinking. Fred Stahl sat down on the rock and buried his face in his hands. When he looked up again there was nothing left to see except a stretch of level, dry-looking sand.

A hunting party, hiking along the Ouachita River in Arkansas, broke out of some dense brush and stopped cold. On a level stretch of sand in front was a man's head, apparently lying disembodied on the ground,

the eyes staring at the sky. Members of the party started forward and then halted, suddenly realizing what the situation was. They were looking at a bed of quicksand. The man in it had sunk to his head and starved to death.

Quicksand is one of man's oldest and weirdest nightmares. To be sucked down into it seems a peculiarly horrible way to die, and fiction writers and films have exploited its gruesome fascination with relish. In fact, quicksand has played so big a part in tall stories that it is hard to know where the line stands between fact and imagination.

What are the facts?

Though quicksand is common and exists in many parts of the world, little was known about it until the last war. The most popular theory was that quicksand was made up of rounded sand grains. Unlike the jagged grains of ordinary sand, the theory went, the rounded grains acted like miniature ball bearings, rolling against each other so that any weight, such as a man, would sink rapidly. Another theory held that quicksand grains were lubricated with slime or some other slippery substance that made them slide out from under a weight. But no one *knew*.

Then, during the 1944-45 invasion of Germany, where some four per cent of the land is low, boggy country, it was discovered that a lot more knowledge was needed of how to move troops over unstable soils.

An adventure in April 1945 illustrates the problems. When a supply convoy near Weimar was attacked by Nazi bombers, the lead driver, Corporal Roger Jonas, immediately turned off the road into what looked like a sandy meadow. He felt his truck lurch and tried to open his door, but found it jammed shut. Then he stuck his head out of the window and saw to his horror that the truck was slowly settling into the meadow like a sinking ship. The sand was already half-way up the door.

Jonas climbed out of the window and up on to the cab roof. In a few minutes the sand was climbing up the windscreen. In quiet intervals between bomb bursts the corporal could hear a weird sucking noise, as of a man noisily drinking soup. The sand reached the roof and Jonas climbed on to the canvas-covered cargo. In quiet terror he watched the cab of the truck disappear and the sand climb towards him.

Eventually, he leaped for the roadway, sank to the knees, pitched forward and frantically grabbed a tuft of grass on the road embankment. The grass held, and he pulled himself from the sucking trap. When the attack ended, his truck had vanished.

Military interest sparked off a number of scientific quicksand studies. One was by Dr. Ernest Rice Smith, a geology professor, who spent days studying a quicksand bed

in a field not far from the university where he taught. The bed was near a small stream, and its surface was a mottled yellow-green from the pond slime growing on it. When he threw a stone into it, the sand quivered unpleasantly and seemed almost alive.

What made this sand different from any other? Smith scooped up a bucketful and later examined samples of the sand under a microscope. The grains turned out to be the same as any other sand grains—some were round, but most were jagged. So the round-grain theory was out. The lubricated-grain theory didn't seem to hold up, either. Though Smith kept his bucket of sand moist and the green algae continued to thrive, it wasn't quick any longer. It was just as firm as beach sand.

Back in the field, Smith talked to the owner of the farm. "Funny thing about that stuff," the farmer said. "Sometimes it's quick, sometimes it's firm. Come back in August and you'll be able to dance on it."

August—the dry month. Could water be the answer then? But ordinary wet sand supports weight as well as dry sand. Perhaps the answer, Smith reasoned, lay not in the *amount* of water but in the *flow*. If water is just sitting in sand, the sand is not quick. But if water is flowing through it in some peculiar way . . .

Smith canvassed other geologists

and found that many had been wondering about the same thing. To settle the question, Smith and several other scientists built experimental devices in which water could be made to flow through sand in various ways.

One of the most sophisticated models was built by Professor Jorj Osterberg. His device was a large tank filled with ordinary sand and equipped with hose connexions so that water could be made to flow in at the top and out at the bottom, or vice versa. To complete the experiment there was a plastic doll, "Willie," filled with gunshot so that his specific gravity was roughly the same as a man's—that is, he could float in water with the top of his head above the surface.

When the sand in Professor Osterberg's tank was dry, Willie could stand or lie on the surface, barely making a dent. When water was poured in from the top, Willie still would not sink. But when water was forced in from the bottom, flowing up through the sand, Willie sank to his neck (had he been loaded with gear, he would have gone under).

Upwelling water, as from a spring, forces the grains apart slightly, the researchers discovered, and makes the sand mass swell. Each grain then rests, or floats partly, on a cushion of water instead of on other grains.

Some kinds of quicksand are quicker than others. The finer the

sand, the less water flow is needed to make it quick. With fine sand and a fast upward flow of water, the result is what soil engineers call a "super-quick" condition. You cannot take even one step in it, though it may look as firm as concrete. Where the water flow is slow, or the sand grains are coarse, the result is slow quicksand. You can take a few steps in it, sometimes enough to get out.

If you keep your head, you can float in quicksand as you do in water. Since quicksand obeys the laws of liquids, a body will sink in the stuff only until it displaces its own weight of liquid; then it begins to float. And since quicksand is heavier than water, you can float higher in it than in water.

But you must know the right things to do.

"Anybody who ever walks off the beaten track should learn about quicksand," advised Gerard Matthes, a leading quicksand expert of the U.S. Geological Survey. He was walking proof that it is possible to escape from the quaking trap. Once, while exploring a river in Colorado, he fell into a quicksand bed shortly before noon. The sun was setting by the time he eventually hauled himself out on to firm ground. He had moved a distance of about ten feet in eight hours. Matthes was able to extricate himself because he knew what quicksand is and how to behave in it.

Here is the best advice on how

to get out of quicksand alive, from men who have actually had experience with it:

1. Try to run. Some kinds of quicksand are just firm enough to allow this—if you act fast. The impact of your feet will splash the mud away from your legs, and each foot will pull out of its hole before your legs sink too deep. If you sink too fast to run—

2. Throw yourself flat on your back. You will float on the quicksand surface instead of being encased in it, and movement will be easier.

3. Get rid of extra weight. Drop whatever you're carrying. Take off your coat if you have time.

4. Don't try to hold your arms up in the air. Victims always

of pulling your head under.

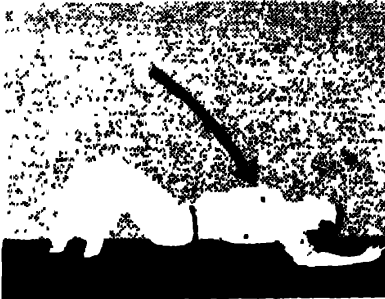
At a time when people are visiting out-of-the-way places and unfamiliar shores, such knowledge could save many lives. One of them might be yours.

make this mistake in films. You need the buoyancy provided by your arms. Let them rest on the quicksand surface.

5. Shout for help. While it is coming, lie still.

6. If help does not come, **slowly roll your way to firm ground**, or turn on to your stomach and do a slow breast stroke.

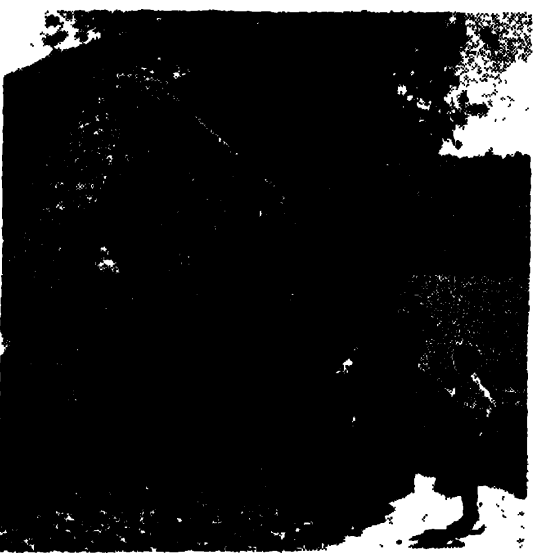
7. Make all movements slow and deliberate. The mud must have time to flow round your body. Panicky movements create pockets of vacuum, and these could have the effect



The Quiet Truth

SELF-RESPECT cannot be hunted. It cannot be purchased. It is never for sale. It cannot be fabricated out of public relations. It comes to us when we are alone, in quiet moments, in quiet places, when we suddenly realize that, knowing the good, we have done it; knowing the beautiful, we have served it; knowing the truth, we have spoken it.

—A. W. Griswold



Do you know: Who scored the Greatest Number of Centuries? Which is the Smallest Pub in the United Kingdom?

This encyclopedia holds all the records in superlatives—and settles any argument that goes to extremes

LAST WORD IN BOOKS

By J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

IT HAD BEEN raw and windy in the hides on the Irish coast that day in 1954. A small flock of golden plover had come streaking past, to be gone almost before they arrived. That evening, as the shooting party sat by the convivial fire, they reviewed the day's events.

"Those plover, my goodness, they do move," said Sir Hugh Beaver, managing director of Guinness, the brewers. "Do a hundred, I should say."

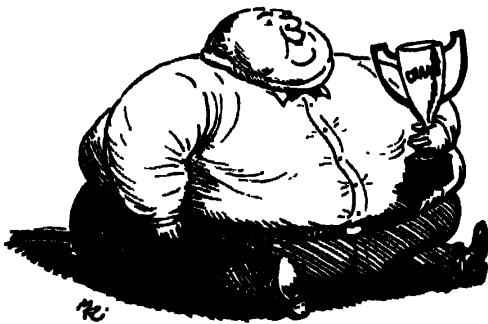
"But surely not as fast as a driven grouse downwind?" suggested someone else.

"Oh, yes, far faster. Must be the fastest game bird we've got. In fact . . ."

The argument developed nicely, and to no immediate resolution—as is the case with most such sporting discussions. But this one was going to have a remarkable result.

Sir Hugh had to let the matter of bird speed wait until he returned to London. There he consulted encyclopedias and reference books. He searched under Ornithology, Birds, Speed, Velocity, Shooting and other likely headings; there was no mention of a simple thing like the speed of the fastest game bird.

Why *isn't* there such a book? thought Sir Hugh. A book telling people about the fastest, longest, tallest, oldest anything—a book of records. And why didn't Guinness, the largest brewery in Europe, publish it? For records and extremes are the grist of many of the arguments that break out in Britain's



68,000 pubs. And if Guinness could produce a book that would arbitrate such disputations, grateful drinkers who had been proved right would subliminally connect their success with Guinness and would drink more of the company's products.

Sir Hugh asked one of his young executives who might put such a book together. "Why," replied the young man, "the McWhirter twins."

Now it is a recognized non-fact

of human nature that nine-tenths of the world's population care little if a race has been won in 46.3 seconds or 46 flat. The remainder, however, care intensely. They will spend hours verifying such details; they will cut short interesting discussions by Looking It Up in books of reference; they will cite numbers from charts and tables while the wine gets warm and the *soufflé* gets cold. It is to this school that Norris and Ross McWhirter emphatically belong.

As the McWhirter twins, now 39, were growing up, their mother was appalled at the number of questions they asked. Her husband, then editor of London's *Daily Mail*, said, "Don't give them the answer. Tell them to look it up for themselves."

The twins began looking things up—everything—and have not stopped yet. After the war, they set up a business—supplying newspapers, writers and encyclopedia editors with the answers to queries. Such queries as the World's Heaviest Living Man (a peak 63 stone), the Smallest Pub in the United Kingdom (The Smith's Arms, Godmanstone, Dorset), the Greatest Number of Cricket Centuries (197, Sir John Hobbs) were no trouble for the twins.

The McWhirters agreed to undertake *The Guinness Book of Records*, and within a few months they had written thousands of letters to museums, libraries and men of eminence in more than 110 countries.

The McWhirters assembled all their collected facts in time for the Christmas market of 1955. By New Year's Day, small boys from the age of eight to 80 were amazing themselves and boring their friends with the information that the Land Speed Record was 632 m.p.h. in a rocket sled, or that Mrs. Fedor Vassilet, who died in 1872, had given birth to 69 little Vassilets (16 pairs of twins, seven sets of triplets and four sets of quads).

Librarians quickly classed the book in the basic reference category. One even unbent so far as to call it "the least inaccurate of reference books." Soon it was Britain's top best-seller in non-fiction.

The McWhirters have since brought the book up to date in 11 editions, and have sold more than a million copies. Special editions have been put out for American readers, and the book is now published in French and German.

As could be expected, sports records take up a significant part of the Guinness book—80 of its 316 pages—and there are numerous entries in the chapter on Human Achievement that might more properly be considered sporting, such as that of Kenneth Baily, of Bournemouth, whose hobby is running, often at night. He has covered a record 132,992 miles in 44 years. He has never been run down by a car, but twice, the book notes, he has suffered vicious attacks by owls enraged at his luminous track outfit.

Naturally the task of revision is immense. Take the case of the Remotest Tree. This single palm, at the Sahara oasis of Tenere, had no neighbour within 1,000 miles and well merited a place in the book. But, despite the fair amount of space round it, the tree was rammed and damaged by a French truck driver in February 1960. "We were anxious about that tree," says Norris, "because the record was rather nice. But, much to our regret, we have learnt that it died, so we pruned it from the 1964 edition."

The McWhirter brothers are assisted by a small staff and by their several million readers, who like to send in entries to rival the fact that the *South Pacific Post* is the World's Most Smoked Newspaper and fetches up to 6d. (33 np.) a pound for this purpose; or that the Oldest Living



Thing is a bristlecone pine in the White Mountains of California that started as a seedling in 2640 B.C.; or that the Longest Recorded Drive (445 yards) was achieved by E. C. Bliss in 1913 at the ninth hole of the Old Course, Herne Bay, Kent.

"We refuse to include road-speed records, like Oxford to London and Oxford to Cambridge," says Norris. "If we made car speeding a challenge, we could be implicated in people being killed. The only damage we have caused so far, we suspect, is the destruction of a number of pianos. In one edition we gave the record for Smashing an Upright Piano and Passing the Entire Wreckage through a Nine-inch Ring as 14 minutes three seconds, set by two students at the Derby College of Technology. This brought on a worldwide epidemic of piano-smashing, mostly in universities. The present record, which we think is unlikely to be broken soon, is four minutes 51 seconds. It was set on February 22, 1963, by two chaps at Wayne State University in Detroit.

"Another record that is not likely to fall is the 21 minutes for Climbing the Stairs of the Empire State Building. This was done in 1932 by the Polish Olympic ski team."

Every now and then a touch of editorial emphasis, a slight outcry of awe creeps into the book. For example, under Insects, Most Acute Sense of Smell: "The most acute sense of smell exhibited in nature is that of the male silkworm moth (*Bombyx mori*), which, according to German experiments in 1961, can detect sex attractant of the female at the almost unbelievable range of 6.8 miles."

When taxed with this highly unscientific outburst, a shamefaced Norris claimed that he had only used the word "unbelievable" to keep readers from writing in and protesting that the 6.8-mile figure was a typographical error. But no amazement whatsoever was expressed in relaying the news that Cynthia Yuellie's record for Passing Under a Bar in the Limbo Dance was recently lowered by another and even more supple West Indian girl from nine inches to six and a half.

In all, the record book is a most remarkable work. Any time Sir Hugh Beaver wants to know about the fastest game bird he need only turn to page 24 of the current edition and read that it is the spurwing goose (88 m.p.h.). What about the golden plover? Sorry, no mention.



THE REMARK has been made that dangerous things exercise a fatal fascination for men—alcohol, drugs and cars. The omission of women from the list is going to irritate every woman who reads this.

—W. N.

Who Shall Be the Judge?

By DR. FREDERIC LOOMIS

HOWEVER they may feel about it in individual instances, doctors rightly resent and resist the persistent effort to make them the judges of life and death. Our load of responsibility is enough without that. As far as I am concerned, my duty, as I see it, is to preserve life, to fight for a patient's life with every resource at my command, remembering always that "a man's never licked till he's licked." But, like other doctors, I have not escaped the problem—or the temptation.

There came to my surgery one day a fragile young woman, expecting her first baby. Her emotional history was not good, though she came from a fine family. I built her up as well as I could and, as time

went on, I could not but admire the effort she made to be calm and patient and to keep her nervous reactions under control.

One month before her baby was due, her routine examination showed that it was in a breech position. As a rule, the baby's head is in the lower part of the uterus for months before delivery. The occasional baby found in a breech position in the last month not infrequently changes to the normal position with the head down by the time it is ready to be born, so that only about one baby in 25 is born in the breech position.

This is fortunate, as the death rate of breech babies is higher than normal because of the difficulty in delivering the aftercoming head, and

*Condensed from "Reminiscences of a Woman's Doctor," by Frederic Loomis, M.D.,
© 1939 and published by Dent, London*

the imperative need of delivering it quickly after the body is born. At that moment the cord becomes compressed between the baby's hard little head and the mother's bony pelvis. When no oxygen reaches the baby's bloodstream, it inevitably dies in a few short minutes. And if it is a first baby, the difficulty is even greater.

In this case, as I discovered when the mother was in labour in the hospital, it was a "complete" breech—the baby's legs and feet being folded under it, tailor-fashion.

The hardest thing for the doctor in breech delivery is to keep his hands away until the natural forces of expulsion have thoroughly dilated the firm maternal structures which delay progress.

I waited as patiently as I could, sending frequent messages to the excited family in the corridor outside.

At last the time had come, and I gently drew down one little foot. I grasped the other but, for some reason I could not understand, it would not come down beside the first one. I pulled again, gently, with light pressure on the abdomen from above by my assisting nurse; the baby's body moved down a little and, to my consternation, I saw the other foot would *never* be beside the first one. The entire thigh from hip to knee was missing, and the foot never could reach below the opposite knee. And a baby girl was to suffer this, a curious defect that I

had never seen before, nor have I since!

There followed the hardest struggle I have ever had with myself. I knew what a dreadful effect it would have upon the unstable nervous system of the mother. I felt sure that the family would impoverish itself in taking the child to every famous orthopaedist whose achievements might offer a ray of hope.

Most of all, I saw this little girl sitting sadly by herself, while other girls laughed and danced and ran and played—and I suddenly realized that there was something that would save every pang but one, and that thing was in my power to do.

A breech baby may die in delivery if it is not delivered rapidly enough, and now—if only I did not hurry! If I could slow my hand, if I could make myself delay those few short moments. It would not be an easy delivery, anyway. No one would ever know. The mother, after the first shock of grief, would probably be glad she had lost a child so sadly handicapped.

"Don't bring this suffering upon them," the small voice within me said. "This baby has never taken a breath—don't let her ever take one . . . you probably can't get it out in time anyway . . . *don't hurry!*"

I motioned to the nurse for the warm sterile towel—always ready for me in a breech delivery to wrap round the baby's body, so that the

stimulation of the cold air may not induce a sudden expansion of the baby's chest, causing the breathing in of fluid or mucus which might bring death.

But this time the towel was only to conceal that which my eyes alone had seen. My decision was made.

I glanced at the clock. Three of the allotted seven or eight minutes had already gone. Every eye in the room was upon me. These nurses had seen me deliver dozens of breech babies successfully—yes, and they had seen me fail, too. Now they were going to see me fail again. For the first time in my medical life, I was deliberately discarding what I had been taught was right for something that I felt sure was better.

I slipped my hand beneath the towel to feel the pulsations of the baby's cord, a certain index of its condition. Two or three minutes more would be enough. So that I might seem to be doing something, I drew the baby down a little lower to "splint out" the arms, the usual next step, and as I did so, the little pink foot on the good side bobbed out from its protecting towel and pressed firmly against my hand, the hand into whose keeping the safety of the mother and baby had been entrusted. There was a sudden convulsive movement of the baby's body, an actual feeling of strength and life.

It was too much. I couldn't do it. I delivered the baby with her pitiful little leg. I told the family, and the

next day, with a catch in my voice, I told the mother.

Every foreboding came true. The mother was in hospital for several weeks. She looked like a wraith. After that, I heard of the family indirectly from time to time. They had been to one specialist after another. At last I lost track of them.

As the years went on, I blamed myself bitterly for not having had the strength to yield to my temptation.

FOR MANY years our hospital has staged an elaborate Christmas party for the employees, nurses and doctors of the staff. This past year the service was unusually impressive.

As the organ began the opening notes of an ancient carol, slowly down the aisle, from the back of the hall, came 20 nurses in full uniform, each holding high a lighted candle, and singing softly the familiar strains of "Silent Night."

And then a great blue floodlight was turned on the stage, gradually covering the silvered tree with increasing splendour—brighter and brighter, until every ornament was aflame. On the opposite side of the stage a curtain was drawn, and we saw three lovely young musicians, all in shimmering white. They played softly, in unison with the organ—a harp, a cello and a violin. I am sure I was not the only one there whose eyes filled with tears.

I have always liked the harp, and I love to watch the grace of a skilful

player. I was especially fascinated by this young harpist. She played extraordinarily well, as if she loved it. Her slender fingers flickered across the strings, and, while the nurses sang, her face, made beautiful by a mass of auburn hair, was upturned as if the world at that moment were a wonderful and holy place.

I waited, when the short programme was over, to congratulate the senior nurse on its effectiveness. And as I sat alone, down the aisle came a woman whom I did not know. She ran to me with arms outstretched.

"Oh, you saw her," she cried. "You must have recognized your baby. That was my daughter who played the harp, and I saw you watching her. Don't you remember me? Don't you remember the little girl who was born with only one good leg 17 years ago? We tried everything else first, but now she has an artificial leg on that side—you would never know it, would you? She can walk, she can swim, and she can almost dance.

"But, best of all, through all the years when she couldn't do those things, she learned to use her hands so wonderfully. She is going to be a great harpist. She enters the university this year. She is my whole life, and now she is so happy."

As we spoke, this sweet young girl had quietly approached, her eyes glowing.

"This is your first doctor, my dear—our doctor," her mother said. Her voice trembled. I could see her literally swept back, as I was, through all the years of heartache to the day when I told her what she had to face.

Impulsively, I took the child in my arms. Across her warm young shoulder I saw the creeping clock of the delivery room of 17 years before. I lived again those awful moments when her life was in my hands, when I had decided on deliberate infanticide.

I held her away from me and looked at her. "You never will know, my dear," I said, "nor will anyone else in all the world, just what tonight has meant to me. Go back to your harp for a moment, please—and play "Silent Night" for me alone. I have a load on my shoulders that no one has ever seen, a load that only you can take away."

Her mother sat beside me and quietly took my hand as her daughter played. Perhaps she knew what was in my mind. And, as the last strains of "Silent Night" faded, I think I found the answer, and the comfort, I had waited for so long.

As PART of their training, spacemen are lifted gloriously into the air and then plunged into rough and ice-cold waters—which is pretty much the story of the average man's life.

—B. V.

*Modern mechanization
launches a new line in merchant ships*

Automation Goes to Sea

BY JAMES WINCHESTER

IN THE early-morning drizzle the ordinary-looking cargo vessel eased into the river channel and headed towards open water. Her captain's orders — "Slow astern!" "Half ahead!" — were common enough. The way they were executed, though, was extraordinary. *One man*, on the bridge, executed the captain's orders—directly controlling the main engines and propeller himself. It was the same as operating the throttle on a steam locomotive.

The ship was the *Mormacargo*, a merchantman of America's Moore-McCormack Lines. Her 150 once-manual engine-room operations are now automated. Push-button deck innovations cut the work load for

cargo and docking by 60 per cent, allowing the ship to make faster turn-rounds in port. Improved boilers, engines, controls and hull design give the 12,100-ton vessel a top speed of more than 25 knots, making it the fastest cargo ship in the world. Fuel costs are cut six per cent, and the reduction in the ship's crew results in a saving of about Rs. 4.75 lakhs a year in wages. This alone, over the expected 25-year life of the vessel, will pay for 25 per cent of the original Rs. 475 lakhs construction costs.

In the wheelhouse of the *Mormacargo* as she began her pioneering tests, I watched the captain's orders being carried out by a mate standing at a small electronic console. As he

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

pulled levers and pushed buttons, fuel was fed to the boilers, flames were lit and regulated, throttles set for manoeuvring. The ship reversed, stopped, went smoothly ahead

21 years at sea," First Mate Frank Corveleyn told me. He seemed particularly proud of the ship's 75-ton cargo boom. "It's the same as a construction crane," he explained.



S.S. Mormacargo, first of a new breed of ships

again. Meanwhile, in the engine-room below—where, on a conventional ship, oilers and stokers rush about opening and closing throttles and valves by hand to carry out the bridge's orders—the *Mormacargo's* test engineer monitored only a panel of dials; his lone assistant sat on a tool-box with nothing to do.

The revolution on deck is almost as great. For example: working manually, six stevedores, coming aboard a ship after it has docked, normally need half an hour to open each hatch cover. On the *Mormacargo*, it is done by three men before the ship ties up. I looked on as a sailor pressed a button on a central control panel near the bow. Hidden hydraulic machinery hummed. As two seamen walked round making sure that everything was clear, the ship's 12 main-deck hatch covers, each weighing seven tons, folded back automatically. In only 15 minutes, all the holds were open.

"On this ship I see more precedents being broken than in all my

"One man in the cab works all the controls and pulleys, swivels it round from one hold to another." Normally, a ship's unloading boom is in a fixed position, and new lines are rigged for each hold. "One man can now do, in a fraction of the time, what it took six or seven to do before," Corveleyn said. "It saves us at least a full day loading and unloading in every port."

Is all this automation and crew reduction safe?

Admiral C. P. Murphy, chief of the U.S. Coast Guard's Office of Merchant Marine Safety, wanted to decide for himself. Roaming the *Mormacargo* in a pair of oil-stained overalls, showing no signs of his rank, he inspected these automated innovations:

- *Engine-room Console.* At this one panel, which serves the entire power plant, the engineer keeps an experienced eye on the dials, which give him a complete picture of the ship's performance at all times. He seldom moves from in front of it.

Typically, to blow out the boiler tubes, the engineer once climbed down one deck to the fires, then pulled a number of chains and turned many valves—a 90-minute job at least. Now, a button is pressed at the central control, and the tubes are blown automatically. If anything goes wrong with the circuitry, every automated job on the vessel can be handled manually.

- *Automatic Scanner.* Every five minutes, 108 separate points in the engine-room, along the propeller shaft and in the holds are electronically scanned for temperature readings. The results show up on dials at the central control, and an automatic tracer records them for future reference.

If something is wrong, a siren-alarm sounds immediately, and a red light on the board pin-points the exact location of the trouble.

- *Bell Logger.* Every half-minute this machine automatically records information on engine revolutions per minute, throttle position and movements, and whether the bridge or engine-room has control. Normally all this is written down by hand. Now the data is punched out in words and symbols on tape.

- *Flame Scanner.* This ultraviolet device monitors the presence of the boiler burner flames. In case of fire failure, the fuel supply is cut off automatically, eliminating the danger of explosion.

At the end of the sea trials, Admiral Murphy gave the Coast Guard's approval for a minimum of two men to be on duty in the engine-room during each watch, as against three men required on similar-sized non-automated ships. After a few months' trial, it may be reduced to a one-man watch.



For Better, for Worse

A YOUNG married man had read all the psychoanalytic and religious self-help books on how to adjust to life, to marriage and to other difficulties. His young wife, who had tried to live up to the precepts in all these books, one day rebelled. "Now that we've found real happiness," she said, "couldn't we have some fun, too?"

—Gerald Kennedy, *A Reader's Notebook*

IN COVENTRY, a man called at the Citizens' Advice Bureau and asked how to have his wife traced. It transpired that they had parted three days after their wedding nearly 25 years before, and hadn't seen each other since. Asked whether he was thinking of a divorce, the man replied, "Oh, no. I was just thinking it would be nice to get together to celebrate our silver wedding anniversary."

—*Weekly News*

Edward Whymper



A Man and a Mountain

By JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

*Author of "Island Below the Wind,"
"Where the Bong Tree Grows," etc.*



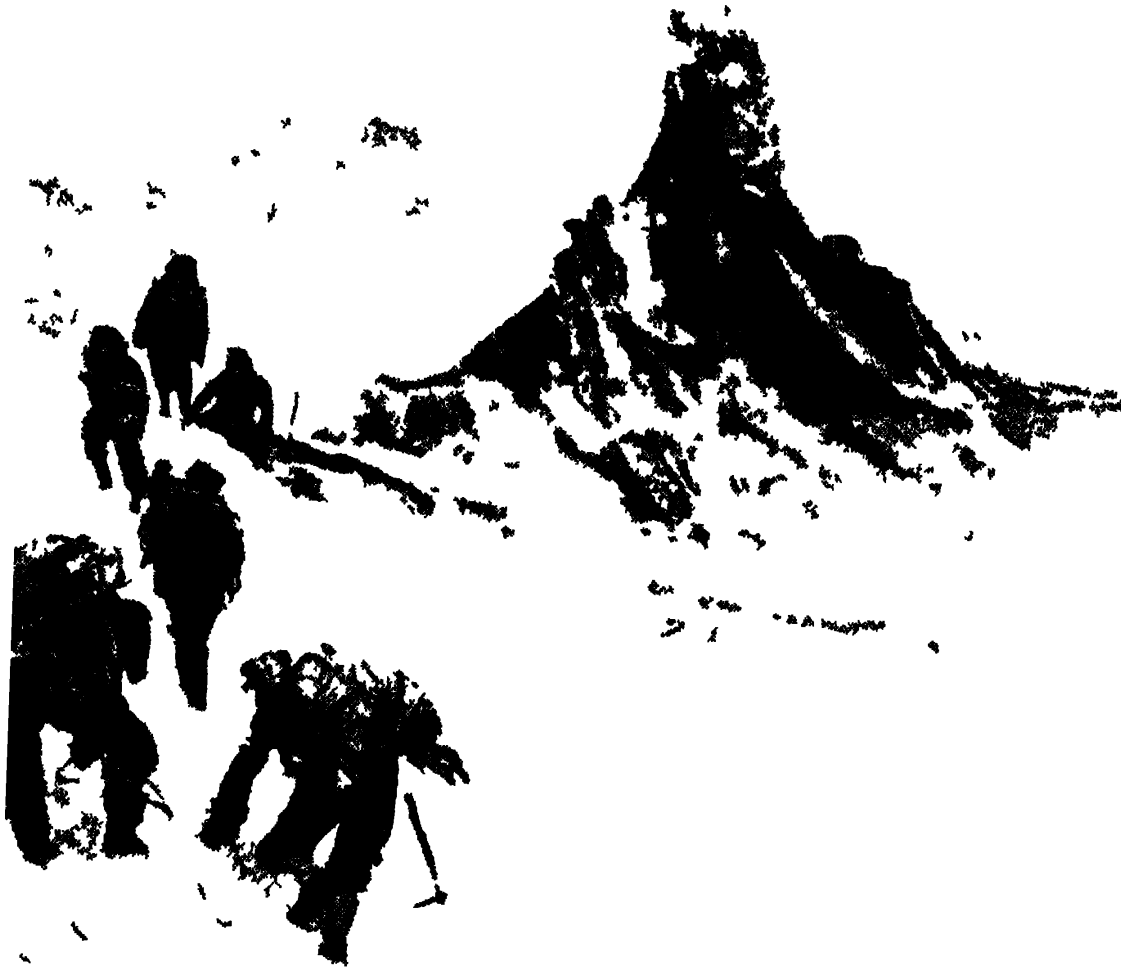
SPECIAL REQUEST FEATURE

Sir John Hunt, Leader of the British Expedition that made the first ascent of Everest, has asked for this article to be reprinted to mark the Centenary of the conquest of the Matterhorn. It originally appeared in The Reader's Digest for March 1942

78

LATE in the morning of July 15, 1865, three dazed, exhausted men stumbled into the Swiss village of Zermatt. They were returning from the conquest of the most famous mountain in Europe, but there was no light of victory in their faces.

Swiftly the villagers gathered round them, their eyes asking one mute question:



"Where are the other four?"

It was then that Edward Whymper told the story of the climbing of the Matterhorn. Today, a century later, it is still one of the great tragic adventure tales of the world.

There are hundreds of mountains higher than the Matterhorn, hundreds harder to climb. But none, anywhere, has so consistently stirred

the imagination. Rising in an immense isolated pyramid to an altitude of 14,782 feet on the frontier between Switzerland and Italy, it possesses not only the dimensions but the stark simplicity of greatness.

By the early 1860's virtually all the peaks of Central Europe had been scaled. But the Matterhorn still towered unconquered. The peasants

Condensed from "High Conquest," © 1941 by James Ramsey Ullman and published by Gollancz, London. The book is now out of print.

of the surrounding valleys regarded its cloud-hung battlements with superstitious awe. The Matterhorn, men agreed, was unconquerable.

In the summer of 1860 Edward Whymper paid his first visit to the Alps. He was then only 20, an artist and illustrator who had come from England for a few weeks' sketching. The great peaks cast their spell upon him, and brought the fever to climb and conquer. He soon made many notable ascents, but once he gazed on the fabulous Matterhorn, all else became of secondary interest.

Seven times in five years Whymper attacked the Matterhorn, and seven times he was beaten back. The obstacles that confronted him were enough to have broken the spirit—not to mention the neck—of a lesser man.

The colossal pyramid, with four principal faces, thrust skyward in precipice upon precipice some 5,000 feet above its skirt of glaciers. Across this vertical mile the wind howled with unchecked fury, and down its chimneys and gullies roared sudden avalanches of rock and ice, threatening death to all who ventured into that savage, slanting world.

On one occasion—following three attempts with guides who gave up—Whymper had an object lesson in the perils of solitary climbing. He had turned back after reaching a height of 13,400 feet, confident that he had at last found the key to the summit. With the worst hazards of the mountain behind him, he was

rapidly descending a snow slope, his thoughts on a warm bath and bed—when suddenly he slipped and fell.

He pitched first into a mass of rocks, then on to ice, flying head over heels down a gully and spinning through the air in great bounds of 30 and 40 feet. But the gods of the mountain were with him. At the very lip of a 1,000-foot precipice he was brought up against a pile of rocks. Dazed and bleeding he clung there for a minute, until he was able to crawl to a place of safety. Then he fainted. Night had fallen when he regained consciousness. He summoned his last reserves of strength, and staggered down the rest of the descent to the village of Breuil.

Whymper had been trying out the various faces of the mountain, working round from south-west to south-east. Now, in July 1865, he resolved to attempt the east face and north-east, or Zermatt, ridge. This face looked much the steepest from the valley below, but he had observed that it was less steep when seen in profile. Furthermore, the rock strata of the peak sloped from north-east to south-west, and he calculated that the rocks on the north-east side must tilt inward and up, making a huge natural staircase.

Whymper enlisted the services of Jean-Antoine Carrel, a guide and climber of unsurpassed skill, and prepared to make the assault on the first fine day. But before a suitable

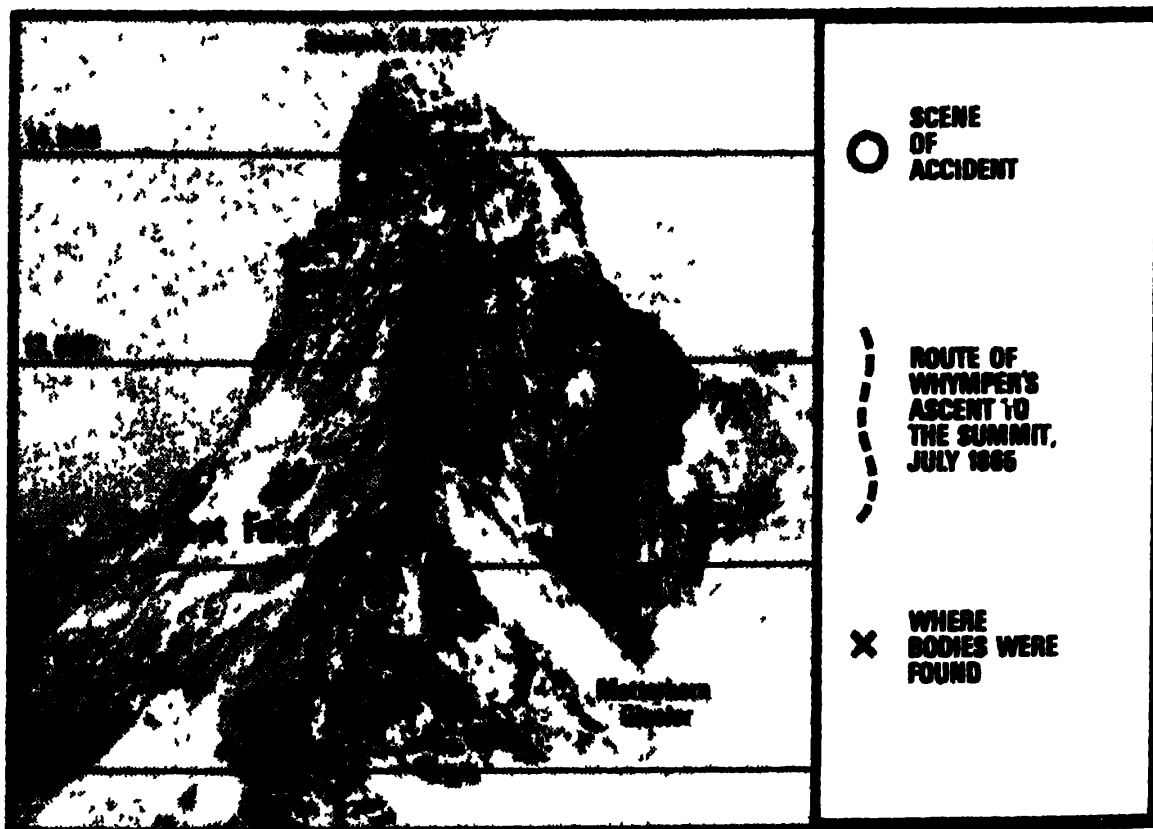
day came, a party of Italians arrived in Breuil intent on scaling the Matterhorn from the south-west, or Italian, side. Carrel thereupon pleaded "a previous engagement" and joined Whymper's rivals; as an Italian he felt that his first duty was to his fellow countrymen. And he was not the only Italian patriot in the valley; not a man could be found to climb with the Englishman.

Whymper saw himself about to be cheated of his prize. But in that dark moment there arrived in Breuil an adventurous young Englishman, Lord Francis Douglas, who had recently distinguished himself by several difficult Alpine ascents. With him was young Peter Taugwalder, son of one of the foremost

guides of Zermatt. Douglas agreed to go with Whymper, and also persuaded the elder Taugwalder to accompany them. The Italians, burdened with ponderous equipment were climbing very slowly. There was still time to beat them.

At Zermatt, their proposed point of departure, they fell in with the famous clergyman-mountaineer, Charles Hudson, a young companion named Hadow, and Croz, their guide, who were preparing to attempt the Matterhorn. Whymper and Hudson joined forces.

Of the seven men who set out for the mountain the following morning, only Whymper had ever been on the Matterhorn before. But the others were all strong, able



men, and Whymper was satisfied with them—and full of hope.

Ascending steadily, they reached the foot of the north-east ridge before noon and a few hours later made camp on a ledge at about 11,000 feet. The route thus far had been incredibly easy, and the seven mountaineers who huddled that night on their dizzy perch were a lighted-hearted group.

The morning of July 14 dawned clear and still, and as soon as it was light the adventurers continued their ascent. The appalling precipices of the east face towered 3,000 feet above them, but Whymper had been right. The upward slope of the rocks made this side of the mountain a giant staircase.

They gained altitude rapidly. At ten o'clock they had reached 14,000 feet. Above that point the last few hundred feet of the east face shot up in an almost vertical wall, obviously unclimbable. They crossed the ridge and crept upward on the northern face. Here the climbing called for all their mountaineering skill, for the north wall—though less precipitous than the east—was covered with a film of ice. Four thousand feet below was the Matterhorn Glacier. Using the rope, they advanced one by one, Croz, Whymper and Hudson leading and bracing themselves against a possible slip by their less experienced companions.

Eventually only one obstacle remained—a shoulder of rock that

jutted out into space at the uppermost extremity of the ridge. Carefully they edged round it: two or three short sliding steps—one long step over an abyss. An upward glance, and their hearts were suddenly pounding with wild excitement. Above them was only a gentle snow slope and beyond it the empty blue dome of the sky.

Whymper and Croz raced for the top and reached it together. The Matterhorn was conquered.

But one great fear was in their minds: Were they the first? Or had Carrel and the Italians beaten them to their prize? Whymper anxiously searched the narrow snow-ridged summit for footprints. There were none. Then from the extreme southern end, staring down, he saw a cluster of tiny moving dots far below. The victors shouted until they were hoarse; at last the Italians gazed upward and, seeing they were beaten, soon began to descend.

Secure in their victory, Whymper and his companions set a pole in the snow and Croz tied his shirt to it as a flag.

Nature herself seemed to share in the celebration. The sun shone brilliantly, and the seven exuberant conquerors looked out upon a vast panorama of summits, snow-fields and valleys. That hour of triumph when they stood, the first of all men, on the summit of the Matterhorn, was the most glorious of their lives.

They had reached the summit at

1.40. At 2.40 they roped up and began the descent. When they reached the short "difficult section" on the north face they paused to work out the order of descent. Croz went first, Hadow second, then Hudson and after him Douglas, Old Taugwalder, Whymper and young Taugwalder, in a second group, brought up the rear. The two parties were linked by a third rope. In such a sequence the stronger climbers were in a position to help the weaker—Hadow and Douglas—if they should encounter difficulties. Or so they thought.

They rounded the jutting shoulder of rock and worked cautiously down the steep slabs on the other side. Only one man was moving at a time. A moment later—this is Whymper's account—

"Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Hadow greater security was taking hold of his legs and putting his feet into their proper positions. They were partially hidden by an intervening rock, but I believe Croz was turning round to go down a step or two himself when Hadow slipped, fell against him, and knocked him over."

There was a sharp cry from Croz, and he and Hadow went flying downward, dragging Hudson and Douglas after them. Whymper and the two Taugwalders braced themselves, clinging to the rocks. The connecting rope spun out between Douglas and the elder Taugwalder,

went taut with a violent jerk—
And broke.

"For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavouring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, but fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn Glacier nearly 4,000 feet below."

Thus the Matterhorn adventure ended—in victory and appalling tragedy. Whymper's descent of the mountain with the two Taugwalders was a waking nightmare instead of a triumphant return.

The bodies of Croz, Hudson and Hadow were discovered lying on the glacier. The body of Lord Francis Douglas was never found.

Zermatt, now one of the most popular Alpine resorts, has never forgotten the tragic triumph of the Matterhorn's first ascent. In the local museum lie the relics of that historic climb—Charles Hudson's prayerbook, the hat and rosary of the guide Croz, the alpenstocks, ice-axes and, most moving of all, the frayed rope which sent four men to their death.

To mark this centenary year, special celebrations are being held in Zermatt, culminating in a memorial week from July 10 to 18. An elaborate ascent of the Matterhorn, over the Hörnli-Italian ridge and the north face, is planned for July 15 and 16.

Why Get Married?

*Addressing university students,
an American woman professor
deplores the fact that the merits
of spinsterhood and bachelordom
have almost been forgotten*

BY DR. LESLIE KOEMPEL
*Professor of Sociology and Chairman
of the Department of Economics,
Sociology and Anthropology,
Vassar College, New York*

WITHOUT quite realizing what we are doing, we are trying to outlaw single people. If we succeed, the future will be duller for everyone. For, by preaching compulsory marriage, we frequently deprive ourselves of the talent and contributions and, yes, the eccentric amusements that spinsters and bachelors are best qualified to provide.

We make the benevolent assumption that what is good for some must be extended to all, and insist that everyone—every artist, writer and scholar, every athlete, soldier and scientist—must join the procession and enter into domesticity on cue.

The Standard Marriage of today must be strenuous, happy, creative, the focus of life—an end in itself. Innumerable demands and complications are injected. A marriage that does not “grow” is considered intolerable. Everyone

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

WHY GET MARRIED?

must create a marriage which, like the great love affairs of history, is a personal achievement. Today many a husband can have no close friends or leisure activities that he does not share with his wife.

But this "ideal" standard of mutuality, communication and uninterrupted companionship is impossible to reach in real life. Some of the unhappiness in marriage is, of course, the result of trying to achieve such impossible standards. Yet those whose marriages are unhappy simply imagine that they could do better with another mate.

I sometimes wonder what would have happened if the Standard Marriage of today had been enforced in the past. Men and women who have gone it alone or with mates to whom they paid little heed have made an enormous share of history. Medieval monks, for instance, kept the heritage of classical times from disappearing during the Dark Ages.

Single men played a vital role in staking out the American West and in spearheading the waves of immigration. As recently as a generation ago, spinsters dedicated themselves without demur to school-teaching, social work, nursing, literature and reform. Bachelors could choose among many attractive roles: explorer, adventurer, playboy, revolutionary, scholar, sportsman or Bohemian. Florence Nightingale could have founded nursing as a married woman, but it is hard to

imagine a Victorian husband or a modern one standing for her dangerous excursions to the war in the Crimea. Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, was an old maid.

A university staff poll once named the ten biggest contributors to the advancement of human knowledge. Of the ten, Plato, Newton and Leonardo da Vinci never married; Socrates couldn't make a go of it; Aristotle and Darwin married long after embarking on their work; and domesticity does not seem to have made many demands on Galileo, Shakespeare, Pasteur or Einstein.

When I decided to get a Ph.D. in sociology over 30 years ago, I joined a fairly small but well-defined company of women who deliberately chose a career instead of marriage. As I listen to my students today, I realize that they feel no such freedom to choose. They feel they must be quick about snapping up a husband before all the marriageable timber for their age group is taken. The sensitive feel that they are auctioning themselves off as ruthlessly as girls were formerly disposed of in arranged marriages, and those who put husband-hunting below a serious concern for learning are somewhat fearful.

My students are troubled when I explain to them that there is a choice, to marry or not to marry, and that, for some, much energy spent on marriage could be used

THE READER'S DIGEST

more productively in science, art, exploration, politics and social service. They have been conditioned. They do not want the choice. They want to feel that it is better in every way for everyone to work all the time at creating and sustaining the Standard Marriage.

We must stop and reckon the destructive, inhibiting course on to which we have blundered. Compulsory, universal and standardized marriage is encouraging our young

people, including specially talented young people who really should not marry, to value themselves exclusively in terms of their marital rating and "adjustment." Thus is energy misspent that is needed for science, art, politics. Unless some of our gifted young people are allowed, indeed encouraged, to create their own life patterns, the attention and concern needed to make society work better may be sacrificed to the quest for domesticity.



Small World

REMEMBERING all the fun I had as a child kicking a pebble down the street, I sadly watched mechanization take all the healthy exercise out of this game. A little boy was standing at the top of an upbound escalator, kicking a bottle cap down the stairs and then waiting for it to come up so that he could kick it again.

—Laura Belsky

WE WERE having lunch in an airport restaurant when a little boy at the next table started misbehaving.

"Johnny," his mother said sternly, "unless you stop that immediately, I shall send you out to the plane to sit."

—Mrs. Donald Voss

* * *

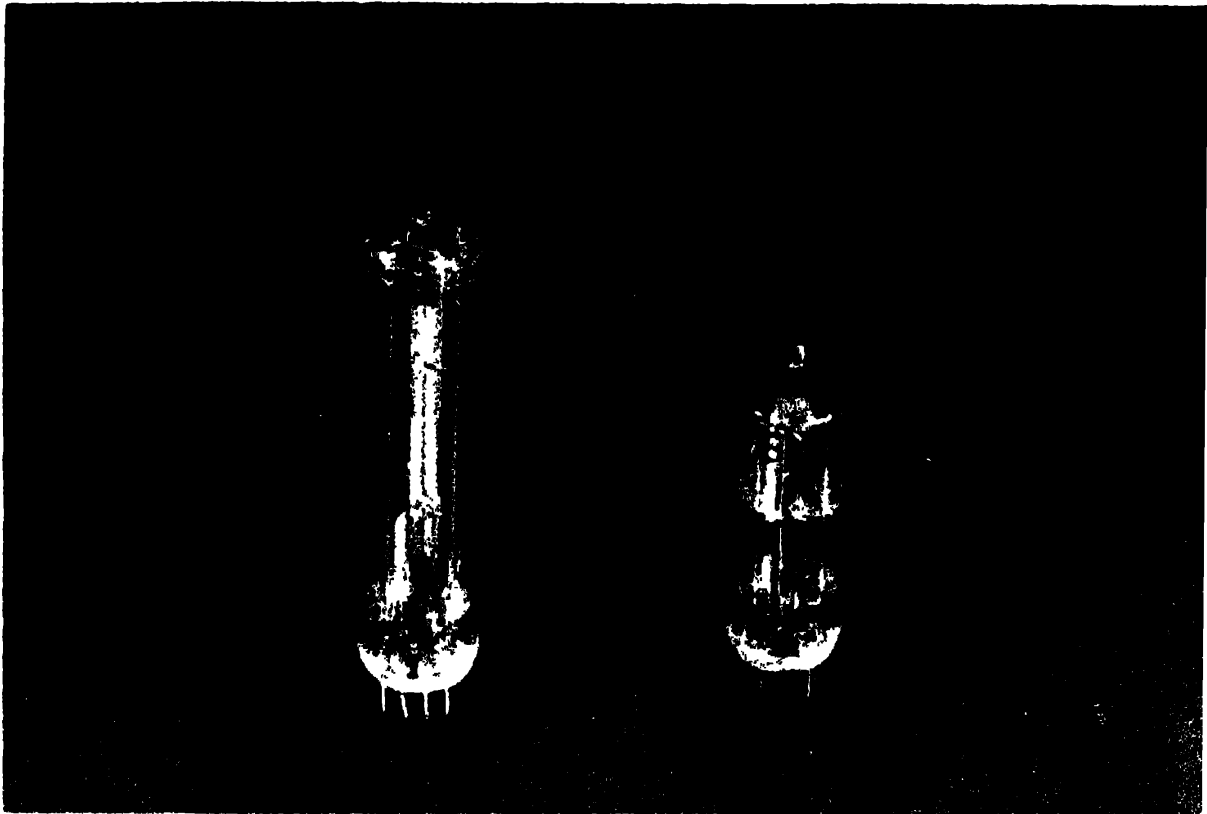
Vain Expectations

AT A LARGE BANQUET Nancy, Lady Astor once remarked that men were vainer than women and, meeting with stormy opposition, declared herself ready to substantiate her statement. Steering the conversation to men's fashions, she suddenly said in a loud voice :

"It's a pity that the most intelligent and learned men attach least importance to the way they dress. Why, right at this table the most cultivated man is wearing the most clumsily knotted tie !"

As if on a given signal, every man in the room immediately put his hand to his tie to straighten it.

—*L'Humour*, Paris



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Production
*** News Service**
BANGALORE, April 6: A record production of watches worth Rs. 1.8 crores has been registered by the Hindustan Machine Tools Co. for the year ended March 31. The year's production totalled Rs. 10.3 crores.
 The machine tools factories at Bangalore, Pinjore, Ludhiana, the Punjab, and Kalamassery, in Kerala, accounted for a total production of Rs. 11.2 crores with a combined output of 2,170 machines. The HMT watch factory accounted for the balance of the production. It produced watches worth Rs. 1.8 crores.
 The two Bangalore factories produced 2,070 machines. A new addition to HMT's production line was the special purpose machines.
 Sixty all-electric winding machines were turned out at the Pinjore plant. Production of such machines has been introduced for the first time in India.
 The Kalamassery factory, which began production in 1954, accounted for an output of 1,100 machines.
 The watches turned out 195,048 watches during the year, against 121,600 in the previous year.



The Whale that Won a City's Heart

How the people of Vancouver reacted in sympathy to Moby Doll in her sad predicament

By DAVID MACDONALD

ON JULY 16 last year, at the eastern tip of British Columbia's Saturna Island, Samuel Burich hunched over a harpoon gun, while 13 huge dorsal fins knifed towards him through the dark water. Burich, a bearded sculptor of 38, had been commissioned to kill a killer whale—the fiercest thing that swims—and to make a model of it for the Public Aquarium in Vancouver. Easier said than done. The killer (*Orcinus orca*) is a mammal as clever as his playful cousin, the

porpoise, and far more elusive. But Sam was lucky. As the black-and-white hulks slid by, spouting high, he fired. Then, pulling in his nylon rope, he found a whale on the end of it—alive.

Burich and a helper, Joe Bauer, quickly set out in a light boat to finish the job. As the killer pack circled, uttering high-pitched bleeps, the captive leaped out of the sea. It was a sleek 15-footer with a hole where the harpoon cut through its shoulder. When Burich aimed a

rifle at the whale, the 3,000-pound beast looked him straight in the eye. "I just couldn't do it," Sam later confessed. "It would have been an execution."

Instead, he radioed Vancouver and suggested trying to save the killer's life. Thus began one of the most improbable sagas since Jonah. It made headlines all over the world, revealed many unexpected things about the ocean's champion predator, and perhaps even more about people.

Burich's radio call was to the curator of the Vancouver Public Aquarium, Dr. Murray Newman, who at once flew to Saturna Island. Newman was as excited as a child at Christmas. Small wonder. Only one other killer whale had ever been captured, and it had died in 18 hours. This killer could be a living laboratory for scientific research.

En route to Saturna, Newman worried about the whale *and* its captors; angry killers had been known to overturn sizeable boats. But this killer surprised him. Newman found it swimming quietly around on its 600-foot lead, so docile that Burich had dubbed it "Hound Dog." So Newman told Burich to tow "Hound Dog" to Vancouver, 40 miles away.

"And where do we put it?" Sam enquired.

"Never mind," replied Newman. "I'll think of something."

That night he phoned David Wallace, manager of the Burrard

Dry Dock Company, and asked to use the dry dock as a swimming pool for his leviathan. "Of course," he added, "we can't pay." Wallace, surprisingly, agreed.

Before starting for Vancouver, Burich spliced a rubber tyre into the harpoon line as a shock absorber, so that the towboat's heaving would not hurt the whale's wound. On the 17-hour journey, Burich timed the whale's spouts and stopped whenever it tired and started blowing too fast. "Right from the start," he says, "I wanted that animal to get well."

He was not alone. When the curious convoy entered the 200-foot dry dock in Vancouver harbour amid cheers from thousands on shore, Dr. Newman had a medical team standing by. Chief physician was Dr. Pat McGeer, a neurochemist. He was assisted by several biologists, a heart specialist, a bacteriologist, a mammalogist, a dermatologist, a pathologist and a veterinary surgeon. "We called in everyone but a psychiatrist," says McGeer. "And no one was too busy to help."

Lowered into the dry dock in a box, two biologists removed the harpoon and injected a massive dose of penicillin with a hypodermic syringe mounted on a 12-foot pole. McGeer thought that the whale was a female, so she was immediately dubbed Moby Doll. However, some of the scientists, not so certain of the whale's sex, called her Moby Maybe.

Her capture roused wide interest.

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THE WHALE THAT WON A CITY'S HEART

From London, New York, Los Angeles, Boston and Philadelphia, scientists questioned Newman about his unique pet. Some flew to Vancouver, hoping to test her intelligence, her voice and the uncanny built-in sonar with which killers are thought to home in on their prey by bouncing echoes off it. Vancouverites themselves were so taken with Moby Doll that, when the dry dock was opened to the public for one day, more than 15,000 queued in the rain to see her.

Ironically, the first human being Moby warmed to was the man who had harpooned her. Day after day, Burich went to her pen at 6 a.m. and stayed until dark, sitting on a flimsy float that she could have smashed with one flip of her tail. "Killer whales aren't used to being alone," he explained, "and I want her to know that she has a friend." But though he offered her chunks of meat and fish, Moby Doll would not eat a bite.

Meanwhile, in searching for a place to improvise a seapen, Newman found an old dry dock across Vancouver harbour at the Jericho army base. He quickly won over the chief of staff, Lieutenant-Colonel William Matthews. While defence officials in Ottawa pondered the curious request—wharf, one, Moby Doll, for the use of—Matthews sought troops to work on the pen after hours. "Eighty men volunteered. "To us," says Matthews, "she wasn't just a whale. She was

our whale." Her Majesty's Royal Canadian Navy assigned six frogmen to Operation Whalepen. The army donated wire fencing and steel panels. Various Vancouver firms supplied timber, cargo nets, and labour, all free of charge. One company provided five tugs to haul the dry dock across the harbour, while another sent a power scow to raise and lower it.

But the biggest benefactor was Burrard Dry Dock Company, which housed Moby Doll for eight days, at a cost in forgone contracts of about Rs. 70,000. Said manager

Dr. Pat McGeer gives Moby Doll a penicillin injection, using a syringe on the end of a pole





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THE WHALE THAT WON A CITY'S HEART

David Wallace, "It was the least we could do for a lady in distress." When the move was completed, the Vancouver City Council sent thank-you notes to all who had helped.

Though her wound healed, Moby still wouldn't eat. Through weeks of mounting suspense the Vancouver Press ran daily reports on her health, while thousands of people phoned television and radio stations for further news.

To get her to eat, Newman offered her horsemeat, salmon, lingcod, flounder, octopus. Yet, despite vitamin injections to perk up her appetite, she refused them all.

As the weeks wore on, scientists flocked to her pen. From as far away as Florida came dolphin-expert David Brown, formerly of the London Zoo. Another visitor was William Schevill of Harvard University, the foremost authority on whale "talk." From his recordings of Moby's beeps, grunts and squeals for a dictionary of the deep, he suspected that she could scan a vast tract of ocean with her clicking sonar—better than any devised by man—or even beam it like a torch.

A caller on September 9 was Edward Griffin, director of the Seattle aquarium. "While I was talking to Dr. Newman," Griffin later recalled, "Moby Doll began flapping her tail as if to attract our attention. So we threw her a fish, and she ate it!" While the onlookers cheered, she wolfed down three more, her first meal in 55 days.

The event was front-page news. "When that whale finally began eating," says Stuart Keate, publisher of the Vancouver *Sun*, "the whole city seemed to heave a sigh of relief."

Once she was dining regularly—100 pounds of fish a day—a remarkable change came over Moby Doll. Shy and lethargic before, she now leaped and frolicked in her pen and drew closer to her keepers. On one occasion, assistant curator Vincent Penfold summoned her to lunch by slapping the water with a Pacific cod. Three times Moby glided up, opened her great toothy jaws and gently took it from him. Next time, Penfold held the fish high, inviting her to jump. Instead, Moby dived, came up in the middle of her pen and flapped her tail flukes indignantly.

Then, after serving more cod in the approved way, Penfold substituted an orange rockfish. When Moby Doll saw it, she again smacked her tail with obvious annoyance. But as soon as Penfold cut off the rockfish's sharp fins, Moby ate it. "By gosh," he cried, "she's training *me!*"

Moby turned out to be a very clever whale indeed. When recordings of other killers' calls were piped into her pen, she squeaked excitedly. Yet she coldly ignored the playback of one voice—her own. But the most amazing thing about Moby Doll was her tame way with man. Once, for example, Penfold

donned an aqualung and went down in a wire cage to observe her under water. When his back was turned, Moby playfully nudged the cage, then darted away with a squeal.

Terry McLeod, one of the whale's feeders, spent many hours on a float beside her and actually taught her to roll over while he scratched her stomach with a brush. "At times," he said, "she seems like a great big cocker spaniel."

Her fame spread far. On a special radio programme, Moby's voice was heard by millions across Canada, while the National Film Board released a film about her in 44 countries. She was visited by reporters from Texas to Toronto, and by two Canadian cabinet ministers.

In Vancouver, an alderman proposed making her the city's official emblem, teachers set essays on her, and several shops used her picture to advertise "A Whale of a Sale." Although, for safety reasons, the public was not admitted on to the old army wharf, Vancouverites were determined to see their whale. Some climbed over six-foot fences, some floated past the open end of the pen in boats and on rubber rafts, a few even swam up.

In time, Dr. Newman began to worry about Moby's health again. Because of low salinity in that part of the harbour, a fungous infection was turning her glossy black skin to grey.

"We've got to get her into saltier

water," he told the aquarium board.

But on October 9, before a floating pen could be built, Moby Doll took a sudden turn for the worse. Newman found her swimming erratically. After barely nibbling at her 3 p.m. feed, she rolled over to have her tummy scratched, then dived below. She never came up again. The first person to be told the sad news was Burich, who was then preparing a life-size model of Moby Doll.

Moby's death was announced in the *Vancouver Province* next day, and *The Times* in London gave the news a two-column heading—the same size as that given to the outbreak of war.

A post-mortem showed that Moby Doll died chiefly from exhaustion, resulting from the harbour water's low buoyancy. In death, the killer revealed one parting surprise: it was really a two-year-old male.

In 85 days of captivity, Moby received almost Rs. 5 lakhs' worth of volunteer care. Was it worth it? Dr. Newman thinks so, and hopes to net another killer when Vancouver has a proper pen for it. "Moby made a definite contribution to human knowledge," he says.

Dr. H. D. Fisher, a University of British Columbia zoologist, feels that the whale's greatest value went beyond the scientific. "For a little while," he says, "people found something better to worry about than the cold war, the bomb and themselves. It was very refreshing."



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SCIENCE

Activation analysis, a new scientific technique, solves every kind of mystery: it pinpoints murders, examines evidence, helps manufacturers and crime fighters

By JAMES ROPER, DONALD ROBINSON
AND GEOFFREY LUCY

IN THE early-morning darkness of May 14, 1958, a corporal of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police knelt beside the body of Gaetanne Bouchard, a pretty, 16-year-old schoolgirl. She was lying in a gravel pit near Edmundston, New Brunswick, and had been beaten and stabbed. Clutched in her hand was a single strand of dark hair.

That strand of hair set the stage for the first successful legal test of a remarkable new method of criminal identification. The process, which involves the use of atomic radiation, is called activation analysis; according to criminologists it

promises to prove to be the most effective weapon against crime since the fingerprinting system was perfected. Furthermore, in the fields of industry, science and medicine, this technique promises to become a detective of incalculable value to mankind.

In Gaetanne Bouchard's case, activation analysis pinpointed her murderer. A friend told the police she thought she had seen Gaetanne in a car with a stranger on the evening of her death. Neighbours suspected John Vollmann, a 20-year-old American with whom Gaetanne sometimes went out. He lived across

Adapted from an article in The Lion

ATOMIC ENERGY—SUPER SLEUTH

the border in near-by Madawaska, Maine. When the police picked him up the next day, Vollmann readily admitted that he had been in Edmundston the previous evening, but no one had recognized him with the girl. The murder weapon was never found, and there were no significant fingerprints. The principal clue was that strand of dark hair. It dominated Vollmann's 16-day trial.

An expert in the conventional microscope method of hair examination testified that, while the single hair found in the girl's hand was quite similar to Vollmann's, he could not swear that it came from the head of the accused man. Before the trial, however, the hair had been sent to Canada's laboratory of atomic energy, where it was tested by activation analysis. Mrs. Alma Crowder, the technician who performed the test, described the process to the court.

She explained that the substance to be examined is placed in a nuclear reactor and bombarded with neutrons, thus becoming temporarily radioactive. It is then shifted to a recording device, and the gamma rays it emits are measured and identified. Because of variations in the chemical composition of almost everything that man or nature produces, the gamma-ray picture is different for almost every material.

A hair clipped from Vollmann's head and the strand found in the dead girl's hand were analysed atomically. The readings were

identical, reported Mrs. Crowder. The odds against making a mistake, she added, were about the same as those against finding two identical fingerprints—a million to one.

The testimony was so devastating that Vollmann admitted he had driven Gaetanne to the lover's-lane gravel pit. When she resisted his advances there was a struggle. After that, he said, he couldn't remember what happened. The jury found Vollmann guilty, and he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The sensitivity of activation analysis is almost incredible. In a speck of material the size of a pinhead, the process can identify up to 70 micro-constituents. It can determine an element weighing as little as one ten-thousand-millionth of a gramme. It can identify a teaspoonful of arsenic diluted in 12 tank-wagons of water.

Activation analysis has another great advantage over conventional chemical analysis. The material examined is not necessarily destroyed or mutilated, as frequently happens in chemical analysis, and its basic composition remains unchanged. This is important in cases where only a tiny fragment of the substance to be analysed has been found. If the readings are challenged, the atomic test can be repeated.

Applications of this new technique in the field of crime detection are almost endless. In the United

THE READER'S DIGEST

States it scored a spectacular victory in its first court test in March 1964. U.S. Treasury agents had arrested two men as they drove into New York with a lorry-load of illicit whisky. The prosecution needed to prove that the moonshine came from a suspected back yard in Georgia. Samples of clay from the yard were tested by activation analysis together with particles scraped from the underside of the lorry. They were shown to be identical, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

At the atomic laboratories of the General Dynamics Corporation in California, Dr. Vincent Guinn has discovered a method whereby activation analysis can determine far more accurately than the conventional paraffin-wax test whether a suspect has fired a gun recently. In the old test, melted wax is poured over a suspect's hands and cheeks; when hardened, it is peeled off and bathed in a chemical liquid. Any nitrates on the skin stick to the wax and show up as blue specks in the chemical bath. The snag is that the suspect could have picked up the nitrates not only from a gun blast but from an innocent source such as fertilizer.

Activation analysis ignores nitrates, but detects any deposits of antimony and barium. These elements, used in the primers of all cartridges, are deposited on any person who fires a gun. Unlike nitrates, antimony and barium rarely

adhere to the skin of a person who has *not* fired a gun. Dr. Guinn's tests have already cleared several suspects.

When President Kennedy was assassinated, Dr. Guinn promptly urged the Federal Bureau of Investigation to have activation analysis tests made on casts obtained from Lee Harvey Oswald. The Dallas police, however, insisted on applying the old wax test. Eventually, federal authorities obtained pieces of the wax used on Oswald, and carried out activation analysis with them. The results, which included the discovery of antimony traces, were given to the Warren Commission investigating the assassination.

British scientists of the Atomic Energy Authority are working with Scotland Yard and the Home Office to perfect new ways of using activation analysis to fight crime. Aldermaston scientists have shown that an almost invisible sliver of glass found in a suspect's trouser turn-up can be proved to be chemically identical with glass from a broken window in a burgled house. They can tell whether a hole in a coat was made by a cupro-nickel or a lead bullet, whether the traces of antimony on a man's hand came from a revolver he had himself used, or whether he merely picked the weapon up after it had been fired by somebody else.

Hairs are often found at the scene of a crime ("It's difficult to enter a room, let alone rifle a safe, without



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shedding a hair or two," says an expert) and detective-scientists are learning new facts about the precise composition of human hair: activation analysis has revealed that it contains at least ten trace elements, including gold, mercury, copper, zinc, chromium and iodine. Researchers are now trying to discover how the proportions of these elements vary among the population. Recently they asked 1,000 men and women, selected at random from all over Britain, for samples of their hair, together with basic personal details.

The samples are now being tested by activation analysis and the results correlated by computer. If the method is put into operation after the survey is completed this year, forensic laboratories will have a powerful new weapon against criminals. It may be possible, for example, to track down a bank robber from a single hair found in the nylon stocking he used as a mask; the hair might reveal the owner's sex, racial group, habitual diet, occupation, and even approximate age.

Activation analysis has been used to delve into the unsolved mysteries of history. For nearly 400 years Swedes have argued about the death of their sixteenth-century King Erik XIV. Was he murdered, or did he die naturally in prison? In 1958, scientists at Sweden's Royal Institute of Technology put samples from the king's remains into a

Stockholm reactor—and found evidence of a lethal dose of arsenic. Historians now have little doubt that Erik *was* murdered—possibly by Johan III, the brother who had deposed him.

Did the British poison Napoleon Bonaparte? Before he died on St. Helena in 1821, the Emperor accused his English jailers of trying to kill him; although his post-mortem certificate seemed to indicate stomach cancer, controversy has raged ever since. In 1961 two Swedish doctors, Sten Forshufvud and Anders Wassen, sent a few hairs from Napoleon's head to Dr. Hamilton Smith, of Glasgow University's department of forensic medicine. The hairs were "cooked" for a day in a reactor and found to contain 13 times the expected percentage of arsenic. Another sample of Napoleon's hair, shaved off immediately after his death by his valet, was also taken to Dr. Smith by Clifford Frey, a Swiss textile manufacturer; similar tests confirmed that Napoleon had been in some way exposed to arsenic during the last four months of his life.

It looked as though the accusations were true—until the scientists tested other samples of Napoleon's hair. One lock, cut within a few weeks of his arrival at St. Helena, showed a higher proportion of arsenic than any of the others. As the rate at which hair grows is known, it was obvious the arsenic must have been administered

before Napoleon was exiled—perhaps even before the Battle of Waterloo.

Crime detection is not the only field in which atomic identification is proving itself valuable. I.C.I. Fibres use the process to detect minute amounts of metal in nylon yarn; as few as ten parts in a million can spoil a batch. Vauxhall Motors put rear-axle gears into an atomic pile for six weeks, then fit them on test vehicles. Particles worn from the gears are revealed by analysis of the lubricating oil, so that an accurate graph of wear over mileage can be made without dismantling the gearbox.

Many British companies rely on activation analysis to ferret out impurities in the silicon that goes into radio transistors—one part of phosphorus in a thousand million parts of silicon can stir up serious trouble. Oceanographers are using the process to study the bottom of the sea, and plans are being made to put equipment into a spacecraft to analyse the surface of the moon—before man lands there.

Medical science has long suspected that certain trace elements play a significant role in disease. The first step in correcting an imbalance of any such element is to know how much of it is present in the patient's body. Most trace elements appear in the body in such

minute amounts that, hitherto, it has been virtually impossible to measure them accurately. Now, however, activation analysis shows promise of making the information available to the doctor. Italian scientists working for the European Atomic Energy Community at Ispra are currently comparing analyses of healthy and cancerous tissues to find out whether some trace elements promote cancer. Swedish scientists are tracking down the elements in human blood, teeth, and liver and heart tissue.

People of many nationalities have helped to develop activation analysis. It was made possible by the discovery of neutrons in 1932 by Britain's Sir James Chadwick; the technique was suggested by George de Hevesy, a Hungarian working in Germany and Denmark, in 1936; he was awarded a Nobel prize and is now a professor at Stockholm University. British scientists at Harwell have done much to refine and apply the process, working hand-in-hand with industry and medicine. Prominent among American scientists are Dr. Guinn and Dr. George Leddicotte. They recently received well-deserved recognition—the American Nuclear Society's 1964 award for developing “a unique and proven tool to assist the law, clear the innocent and convict the guilty.”

CULTURE,” said Lord Raglan, author and anthropologist, “is, roughly, everything we do and the monkeys don’t.”

—Reuters

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

TOLD THAT her luggage was overweight, my friend asked the airline booking clerk if she could write him a cheque for the extra amount. He said yes—providing she had identification, such as a driving licence.

Her face clouded. "I haven't got a driving licence," she mumbled. "But wait! Here's a summons I got for driving without one!"

The clerk accepted the cheque.

—MRS. RICHARD CHARNOCK

MY WIFE's friend, the mother of five active young children, was explaining that the only way she could maintain her sanity was to make them play outside most of the day.

"What do you do on rainy days?" my wife asked.

"Give them umbrellas," she replied.

—RICHARD PELLICANE

I OVERHEARD a man asking for cigarettes in a tobacconist's. "Would you mind making up a parcel of mixed brands?" he asked apologetically. "You see, I want to stop smoking, and I'm trying to find a kind I don't like."

—MRS. C. E. HENDRIX

THE NEW YORK traffic was moving briskly along, when the policeman in the middle of the crossing suddenly raised a white-gloved hand. By slamming on his brakes, an oncoming motorist managed to stop. But then, to his surprise, the officer beckoned

him to approach. Apprehensively, the driver moved forward, only to be stopped again in the middle of the crossing—where the policeman, without a glance at him, put one foot up on the car's bumper, leaned over and tied his shoelace. That accomplished, he stepped aside and waved the car on.

—IDA WASHINGTON

AFTER undergoing heart surgery, with an incision from the top of my chest almost to my waist, I jokingly asked the doctor why he hadn't started the incision below my suntan mark.

With a twinkle in his eye he replied, "You know we're quite conservative here. We decided just how low your neckline should plunge, and started there."

—JEANNE PERRY

THE TWO garage mechanics swarmed over my car. One bustled about, checking the oil and water, cleaning the windscreen and side windows, checking tyre pressures. Then he picked up a broom and energetically began to sweep round the pumps.

His partner, still putting petrol into the tank, nodded towards the man with the broom. "I can't slow that fellow down," he commented. "He keeps going all the time."

"Good," I said. "He's the kind of employee a manager likes to have."

"I'm not the manager," he said ruefully.

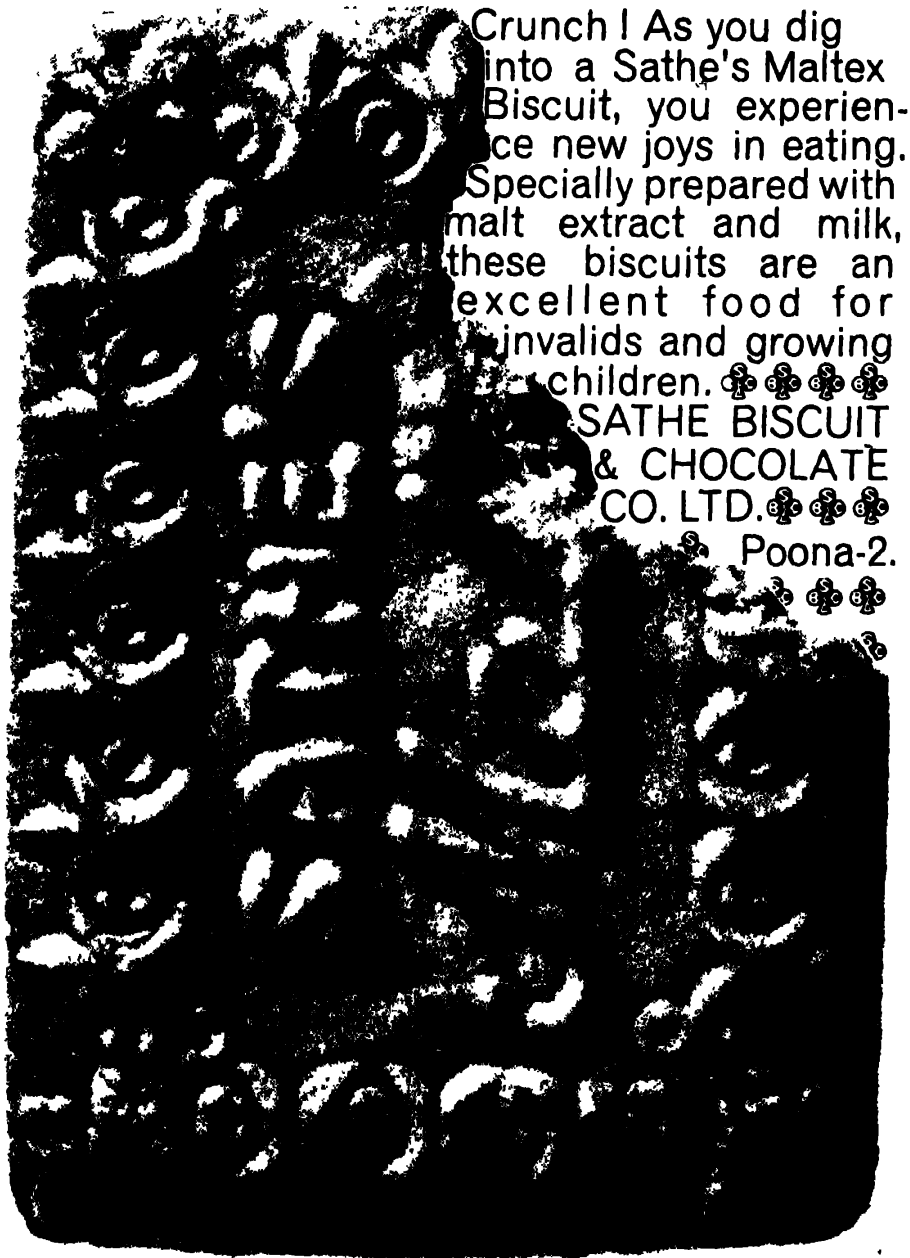
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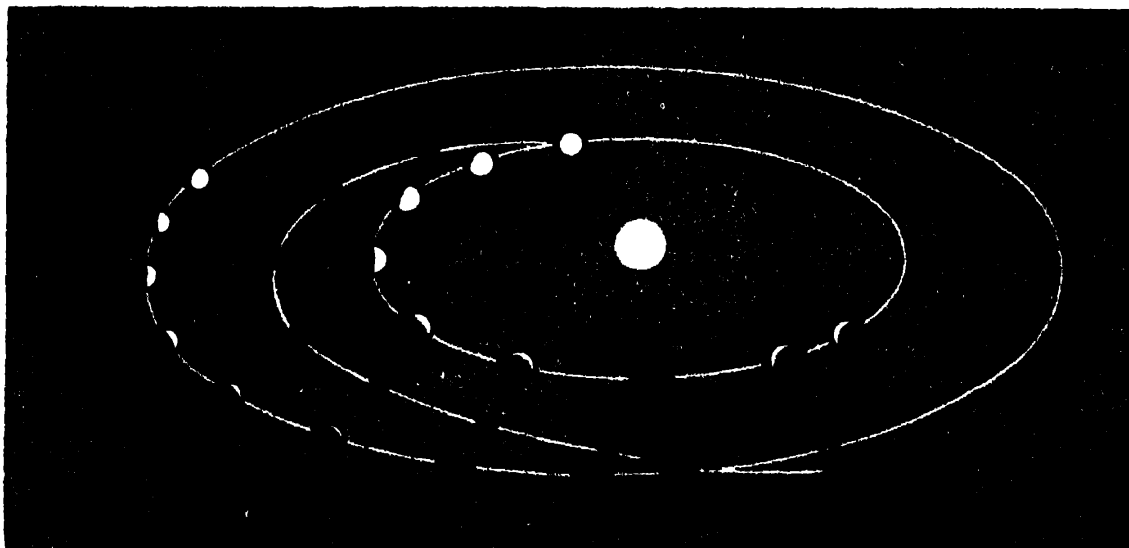
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This month, if all goes well, a spacecraft under human control will sail past the coast of Mars. And man may see the first close-up pictures of the world's sister planet



With Mariner to Mars

BY IRA WOLFERT

AT 9.22 a.m. on November 28, 1964, an unmanned spacecraft, Mariner IV, roared off from Cape Kennedy on what can now be seen as the start of an immortal voyage. It was a test of how far man can extend his will into the universe.

Now, on the last leg of an incredible 325-million-mile, 228-day journey into the unknown, Mariner IV is steadily opening new vistas in space. In July, when she sweeps within 5,600 miles of the surface of Mars, she will have travelled almost

twice as far as Mariner II, which in December 1962 made a brief rendezvous with Venus and sent back data on that cloud-hidden planet. All through this amazing voyage Mariner IV will have been subject to human control!

I like to think of children being taught some day to memorize the date of July 14, 1965: the first passage to the coast of Mars by a ship from Earth. (The vessel is being deliberately steered away from Mars to prevent contamination of the planet with Earth's life forms.)

Only nine and a half feet long, Mariner IV weighs 575 pounds, contains more than 138,000 parts. Each sub-assembly was inspected under a 40-power microscope. If a part broke under test, it was not replaced; it was redesigned. The project was carried out for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of Pasadena, California. Everything the spaceship observes and experiences on the journey is being reported back to the laboratory by the instruments on the ship, as the events occur. And if all goes well, the television camera aboard will give man his first close-up look at Mars.

The red planet comes within range of Earth only once every 25 months because of the different orbital speeds of the two planets. At Cape Kennedy last November there was therefore a furious race—against time and against the Russians,* who were trying to get a spacecraft of their own off to Mars. The Americans won.

By November 30, when the Russian spacecraft was launched, Mariner IV was two days on her way—a case of the untried braving the unknown, a bundle of theories flying into eternity on a calculated

risk and a prayer. Here is the log of her historic journey.

November 28, 10.04 a.m. Mariner is more than 122 miles above the Indian Ocean off the island of Madagascar. Her Agena rocket is speeding her away from Earth at 25,598 m.p.h.

10.07 a.m. Mariner casts loose from Agena. She is now on a heading that will take her within 151,000 miles of Mars. But she carries a motor and enough fuel to change her course by about 1.5 million miles. If the motor works, it will be literally: *Mars or bust!*

But now, as throughout the journey, there are forces at work all round her that could not be measured from Earth, and there is plenty on board which these forces could bust: for example, about 35,000 electronic components. Counting on success for Mariner at this point would be like turning on 175 television sets and expecting every one of them to work night and day for seven and a half months without requiring a single adjustment of a single "vertical hold" dial!

10.15 a.m. Mariner pulls pins holding four solar panels against her sides; the panels swing out, are held like outstretched arms to catch the sun's rays. Each panel weighs a mere 18.7 pounds. Made of a new material the weight and thickness of kitchen aluminium foil, each has 7,056 cells covered with protective glass filters to let in the energy and

* The Russian probe, Zond 2, is due to fly past Mars on August 6 — about three weeks after Mariner IV. It has had a communication breakdown and is no longer transmitting data to Earth. Thus, according to U.S. space watchers, Soviet engineers have now had a series of at least 11 failures, since 1961, in shots at Venus and Mars.

keep out the heat. Now Mariner starts generating electricity from solar energy.

10.31 a.m. For the last 16 minutes, sensors in each solar panel have been opening and closing valves to squirt jets of nitrogen gas into space. A hand could not feel such a puff from eight inches away, but in space it is enough power to tilt Mariner back and forth and fix the craft into a position in which her solar panels can catch the sun's rays full on. Now Mariner's battery can be turned off.

More than 13 busy hours pass. The ship makes some 325,000 measurements a day of what is happening, and tracking stations in Johannesburg, Goldstone in California, and Woomera in Australia, take turns tuning in on them.

For the mechanisms on board, Mariner keeps her interior space at room temperature. Since Mars is farther out in space from the sun than Earth, Mariner IV is moving away from the sun into colder and colder regions never before explored, and something new had to be devised to achieve interior temperature control. What the experts came up with was: venetian blinds hung in the ship's windows! Insulating blankets keep the heat given off by the equipment from going out of doors. The hotter it gets, the wider the thermostat opens the slats in the blinds, closing them when it gets too cold. The system is working so perfectly that the temperature

inside never goes above 80 degrees or falls far below 50.

Mariner is not developing the speed she should have. The reason? Mariner carries four auxiliary sails, two-by-three-foot aluminium vanes hinged to the ends of the solar panels. Two of them, jammed in the wrong position when unreefed, are catching solar radiation only obliquely.

But this is not fatal. The solar radiation exerts a pressure on the sails, a pressure of about a millionth of a pound. This mispositioning of two sails is therefore calculated to make a difference over the voyage of only about 600 miles—hardly noticeable.

November 29, 1.59 a.m. At last Mariner is far enough out in space to begin a delicate, incredible operation. The ship's navigation sensor is turned on, so that Mariner will find and lock on to Canopus, a star in the southern sky selected for her to orientate herself with—so that she will eventually reach the tiny pre-selected speck of space and focus her cameras directly on Mars. Never before has there been an electric eye on a spacecraft as sensitive as the sensor on Mariner. It can distinguish one star from all others merely by the difference in intensity of the light. The sensor has had to wait until the scatter of the light from Earth in the background of the stars has faded. Now it is turned on.

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slowly until a nail in the heel of one shoe comes to rest squarely on a particular blade of grass. *That* is what the electric eye is doing, gently rolling Mariner round on her long axis, searching for that one blade of grass. But something goes wrong! Mariner does not reach Canopus, hesitates at Markab, then heads for Alderamin in the northern sky.

8.13 a.m. A puzzling night has passed. Mariner, obeying the law of inertia discovered by Newton 300 years ago, continues to roll.

It is a drama within a drama. According to this law, if you give a cart in space—where there is no friction—a push in any direction it will roll on for ever in that direction. An opposing force can stop the cart, but only by shoving it backward. And if you shove the tiniest bit too hard then the cart must roll *backward* for ever, unless pushed forward again. That is how Mariner has been going ever since she left the atmosphere. The gas jets have had to counteract every minute push they give her to keep her in position in this strange sea of nothingness, and she keeps pitching up and down, yawing from side to side, rolling back and forth—very slowly, very gently.

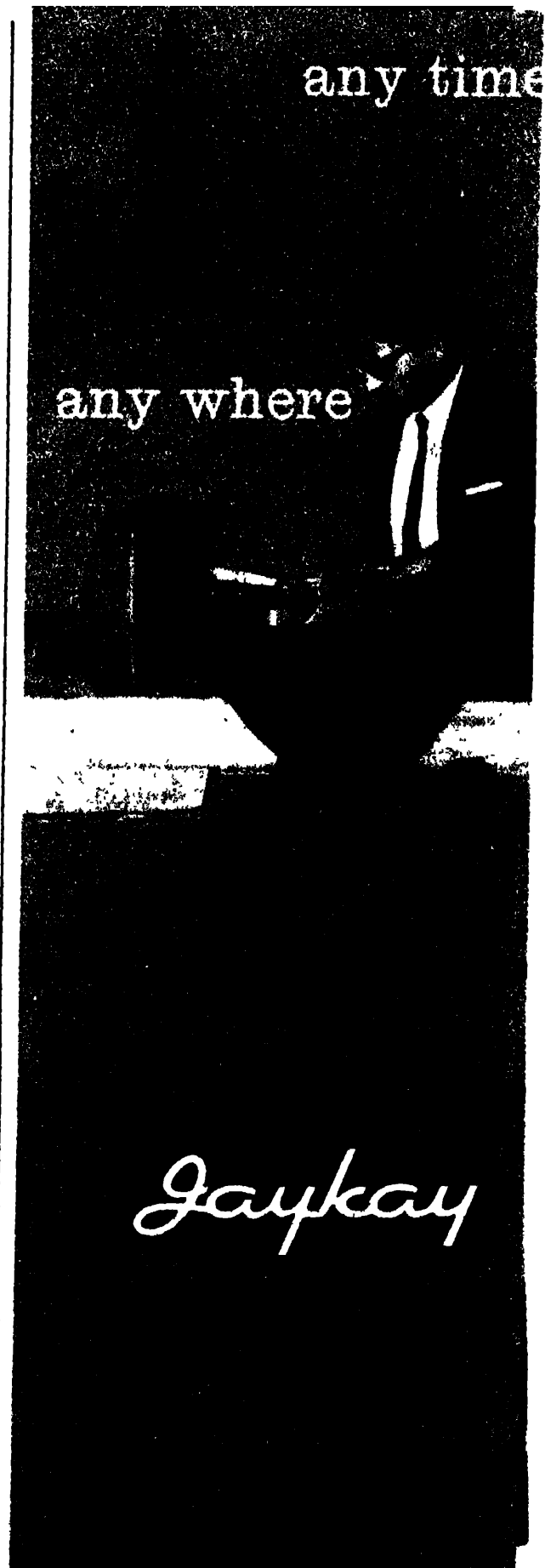
To teach the sensor to recognize Canopus, astronomers in the Southern Hemisphere, where the best view of this star can be had, made the most accurate possible measurement of its intensity. Because it had

1965

to be studied through the atmosphere, this was like measuring light through 35 feet of water, and the figure arrived at was useful only as an approximation. So they tuned the electric eye to respond to a *range* of intensities around the figure, marking off the range with electronic "gates" at its high and low points. After that, they deprived the eye of peripheral vision. In that way, if Mariner did lock on to a wrong star, one whose intensity was either too high or too low, the sensor would direct the gas jets to fire. Under the law of inertia, Mariner would then roll farther until, seeing Canopus, the sensor would stop her by firing the gas jets in the opposite direction.

8.29 a.m. Something is still wrong. Although Mariner has rolled off Alderamin, she has not gone on to Canopus but has locked on Regulus, a star just on the edge of the southern sky. Mariner's computer can be commanded from the ground to continue searching for Canopus until it succeeds, but if these antics mean something is out of order in the sensor, the trouble is serious.

December 4, 9.36 a.m. During the past week, a series of commands has directed Mariner past a number of stars and has at last locked her on to Canopus. The time has come to begin the manoeuvres preliminary to starting her motor and correcting her course. But now an appalling thing has happened out there



1.1 million miles beyond Earth. As the motor was about to fire, Mariner started to roll off Canopus!

7 p.m. The day has gone by like a nightmare. The midcourse manoeuvre has had to be abandoned. Command after command has been necessary to get Mariner past first one star, then another. Now, she locks on Canopus again.

December 5, 11.58 a.m. So well has everything else performed that Mariner needs to increase her speed by only a hair more than 28 m.p.h. to put her in the bull's-eye of the point in space which is being aimed at. The motor will have to fire for precisely 20.06 seconds.

The command is given. The motor fires. Everybody holds his breath, but the motor shuts off on the dot and the sensor performs flawlessly.

The equipment developed to receive photographs from space is uncanny. Mariner's pictures of Mars should be 50 to 100 times better than those which the largest telescope on Earth can take. For something so priceless, they have divided the greys that lie between pure black and pure white into 32 shades and given each shade a number. Mariner will not have to transmit pictures, just numbers. A computer on the ground will read out the shades they represent and a convertor will reproduce them as pictures.

The ship's television camera must point directly at Mars. Should Mariner start yawing or rolling again,

aiming the camera away from Mars, it will take $12\frac{1}{2}$ minutes for news of it to reach men on Earth and $12\frac{1}{2}$ more minutes for their counter-manding orders to reach Mariner. In those 25 minutes the ship will have got beyond Mars, and in the meantime her camera will have been snapping photographs of emptiness.

December 17, 11 a.m. Days of intense work have resulted in a discovery. The sensor has been confused. The troublemakers are probably dust particles, unwanted passengers from Earth. Every now and then one is shaken loose and, floating by the sensor, the mote of dust flashes in the sun with a light that is just intense enough to irritate the electric eye into following it. The dust cannot be removed from 16 million miles away, but the electronic "gate" that tells the eye to be irritated by flashes of that magnitude can be taken away.

The order to do this is sent out to Mariner—and back to Woomera come the numbers that add up to the spaceship computer's equivalent of: *Thank you!*

And so the voyage continues, with Mariner averaging 1.4 million miles a day on her 325-million-mile journey towards her rendezvous with history.

One day in April, I went out to the Goldstone tracking station in the Mojave Desert to listen to Mariner IV telling her own story—from 55 million miles away. She was facing the other side of the world

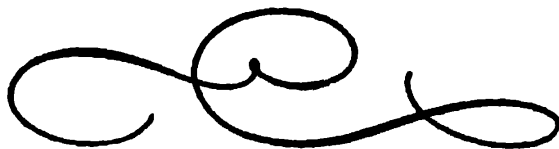
when I arrived, and I waited for Earth to bring California under her.

Every detail of this voyage confronts you with extraordinary human accomplishment. Where it takes 1,000 watts to operate a toaster, Mariner's radio, because of weight limitations, has only ten watts.

To compensate for this, Mariner's tiny voice is enlarged on the ground, with an amplifier so powerful that when it was turned on for me, I could hear the molecules in it knocking against one another! To muffle this sound, the amplifier is placed in a box which is cooled by liquid helium to a temperature of minus 452.13 degrees Fahrenheit. Cooling

the molecules slows them down, makes them knock against one another more gently. They were still audible, but Mariner's voice soared above—a throbbing, profoundly affecting note.

The great explorations of the past brought home news of other people, other ways of life. Mariner IV brings home a sense of new possibilities in our own life. This ship is no bigger than a rowing-boat. But like the humble ships in which Columbus first sailed the Atlantic, it is charting an immortal path. It tells mankind that a new world is out there waiting, and that a journey to it is possible.



Signs of Life

PRINTED notice in a New York taxicab: "Please do not discuss politics with me. My speciality is astrophysics."
—H. A.

IN THE Civil Rights section of the U.S. Justice Department: "Blessed are the peacemakers for they catch hell from both sides."
—P. K.

WARNING above a display of tomatoes: "The management reserves the right to pinch back."
—Pennytauer

ON CHURCH notice board: "You aren't too bad to come in. You aren't too good to stay out."
—L. N.

THE BEDROOM in an American house has three cupboards, to which the following signs are attached: "His," "Hers" and "Probably Also Hers."
—E. N.

RADIO Free Europe reports that, when Warsaw was plastered with posters reading "Polish-Soviet Friendship Week," an unknown wit scribbled under one sign: "O.K.—but not one second longer,"
—America



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***BSA* BELONGS IN YOUR HOME**

Epilepsy Makes My Life a Lie

*We must overcome
the ignorance and
prejudice that
force this mother
to conceal the facts
about her illness*

ANONYMOUS

I HAVE never robbed a bank, committed murder or been to prison, yet I cannot sign this article. The concealment of my name typifies the many falsehoods with which I must live. For, together with millions of others, I am an epileptic.

The exact number of epileptics is unknown, since some of us "go underground," keeping our illness a secret. But it is known that about one person in every hundred has

epilepsy. It afflicts more people than cancer, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy and polio combined. My problem is a universal problem.

I am one of the lucky ones. I was 31 when I had my first seizure almost five years ago. I had been married for 12 years. I didn't have to worry whether I would be legally permitted to become Dan's wife, or whether the law might compel me to be sterilized. I was already the

Condensed from Good Housekeeping

THE READER'S DIGEST

mother of three. Actually, the odds against epileptics passing the disease on to their children are favourable.

Every human being is capable of having an epileptic seizure if there is enough stimulus to goad the brain cells into overactivity. A seizure is nothing more than a sudden, violent discharge of electricity from overactive brain cells. An epileptic's susceptibility to such overactivity may be caused by a head injury, an infection, a tumour or a clot. In most cases the specific reason is unknown. But with the help of modern drugs, half of all epileptics are completely seizure-free, and another 30 to 35 per cent can be almost as well controlled. Doctors can now control epilepsy as effectively as they control diabetes.

I'll never forget July 1, 1960, the day I left your world and entered mine. I was giving a party for my future sister-in-law. The guests were clustered round tables in my garden. Suddenly I felt faint. I wanted to reach for my glass of water, but my hand refused to obey my command. I wanted to ask for help, but my mouth locked into a crooked position and only guttural moans came out. The last thing I remember was the smell of roses and the sensation of falling. Our family doctor was miraculously at my side when I came to; he had been on a house call two doors away.

I learned later that I had had a *grand mal* seizure. There are

a number of other kinds (some authorities think as many as 14), but the most common are *grand mal* and *petit mal*, in which loss of consciousness is so brief that the bystander may not even be aware of it.

Dan and I lived through a ten-day nightmare of tests. Each one pointed to the need for still another. It was with relief that we learned I had *only* epilepsy. After all, one doesn't die from epilepsy. But I soon began to wonder whether I was really so fortunate.

"Surely you're not going to tell anyone," my brother cautioned.

Dan's three sisters were equally ashamed. "I can't imagine how you ever got this—this—thing," said one. "I just hope it doesn't pass on to my nephews and niece!"

My mother referred to my "neurological condition."

I insisted, "You mean epilepsy. Please don't back away from it. You wouldn't call a broken leg an 'orthopaedic condition,' would you?"

At first I fought against this secrecy. Eventually I fell into line. They convinced me that silence is golden, after all. In fact, I absorbed the general attitude so well that for 14 months I couldn't even insert a card in my wallet beginning, "I have epilepsy." But the evasions, the half-truths and the outright lies that are an uneasy part of my daily life exact a heavy toll.

I am afraid to tell my own children that I have epilepsy. If I did, and included a firm warning,

WHEN YOU SETTLE
FOR COMFORT

Dunlopillo

COMFORTS MOST



THE READER'S DIGEST

"Don't ever tell anyone," I would be doing what I most deplore: making epilepsy seem secretive and shameful. But if I included no warning, I would run the risk of Kenny innocently telling a friend, "My mother can't call for us because she's got epilepsy and can't drive." Two days later he might come home in tears. "Jimmy's not allowed to play here any more. Why, Mummy? I didn't do anything."

Does this sound far-fetched? It isn't. A fifth of the parents interviewed in a recent poll objected to their children being near an epileptic child in school or at play. So, for my children's sake, I have concocted a story of being temporarily unable to drive because of a "condition" in my right arm.

I graduated from a university with high honours and went on to obtain a master's degree. I had been a teacher until my first seizure, and I plan to return to teaching soon. My doctor tells me that it's perfectly safe for me to teach after I've been seizure-free for two years. I wish my superintendent of schools agreed. If I had told the whole truth when I took my leave of absence it would have cost me my career.

Even so, I'm lucky. I dearly love teaching, but Dan is the wage-earner for our family. The epileptic who has to support himself and his family is in a very different position. Employers are seldom willing to

give him a chance, *regardless of how well his seizures are controlled. The record clearly shows that there is no reason for this. Epileptic workers, when properly placed, have no higher accident rate than any other group. But the vast majority of employers don't know—or can't accept—this. Consequently, epileptics often face the twin problems of unemployment and poverty.

Driving, mixing socially, working, marrying, childbearing are parts of life that the normal person takes for granted. For epileptics, all of them are full of threats and problems. No wonder some people think epilepsy affects the personality! Seeing the public's attitude towards epileptics, many of us find it safer to withdraw than to venture forth, safer to seek solitude than companionship, safer to try to blend into the background.

As one expert rightly said, "Epilepsy is the only disorder where the sufferer is more handicapped by the attitude of society than by his disability."

I think I speak for all of us when I say that we want neither your pity nor your sympathy. But is it so much to ask that I be able to tell my children that I have epilepsy without fear of the consequences? I should like to speak the truth again, to my children, to my employer, to the community at large. I am tired of living a lie.

*A*BOUT the only thing lost by politeness is a seat on a crowded bus,—T.I.D.

*An escaped political
prisoner describes his
shocking experiences
in a Cuban jail*



Imprisoned by Castro

I AM A Cuban who has survived four years in Castro's prisons. I am lucky to be alive and in the United States. Yet I am sick at heart. At this very moment at least 60,000 of my countrymen are rotting in those same unbelievably foul hell-holes. It is imperative that the world wake up to the raw truth.

Cuba has at least 48 prisons, detention centres and concentration camps specifically for those men and women who have dared to defy Castro. All are overcrowded, disease-ridden—and run with iron fists. On swamp-surrounded islands off the Cuban coast, for instance, prisoners huddle in crude huts. Anyone who breaks the rules—perhaps by falling asleep during an indoctrination lecture—is dragged into the open and tied to a stake. Swarms of mosquitoes sweep down on him. “After a night of this,” a prisoner told me, “a man is driven into a delirium of torture-crazed babbling.”

For a Cuban today, the slightest signs of “counter-revolutionary”

BY GUSTAVO DE LOS REYES

attitudes, such as avoiding "voluntary" sugar-cane cutting at weekends, can bring imprisonment. An elaborate neighbourhood spy system keeps a flood of accusations rolling in, with children encouraged by the authorities to inform on their parents. As food shortages and economic conditions worsen, the regimentation and repressions must be stepped up to keep the population under control.

I was among the first to experience this organized terror system. But my own ordeal is merely a sample of what thousands are undergoing *right now*. In the late 1950's, I supplied funds and food from my cattle ranch in Oriente Province to help the anti-Batista guerrillas. Three months after Castro took power in 1959, however, I became convinced that he was a traitor, and joined the underground.

On the night of August 6, 1959, an uprising was planned. At 9.30 p.m., eight of us held a secret meeting in Havana. When the last man arrived, one of our group pointed his sub-machine gun straight at my temple. "You're under arrest," he said. He and three others in our organization had betrayed us.

Learning the "Wonders." We were driven to a near-by army camp, locked up and subjected to round-the-clock questioning. After 15 days we were transferred to La Cabaña fortress overlooking Havana

harbour. Here thousands of Cubans and many Americans* have learnt about the "wonders" of Castro's revolution. I was put in Galera 13, one of the tunnel-shaped dungeons that lead, like spokes in a wheel, to a centre courtyard. In pre-Castro days 30 men were put in each 90-by-20-foot *galera*. Now there are 200!

All of those caught with me were convinced that we would end up in Galera 14, the dungeon for those condemned to death. But, probably because of the then-rising international outcry against executions in Cuba, the regime put on a front of "leniency." After a 13-day mass trial, a five-man tribunal gave us prison sentences of from five to 30 years. My own was for nine years.

Now we began to get a real taste of communist captivity, in the form of the *requisa*, or search. About 11 o'clock one night, scores of guards stormed into our *galera*. Brandishing bayonets, they forced us to strip and assemble naked in the courtyard. We stood shivering in the cold for over four hours, more numbed by indignity than anything else. Meanwhile, our meagre personal belongings—from photographs of loved ones to such small luxuries as a bar of soap—were taken. At another *requisa*, we had to duck and dodge the probing points of bayonets wielded by about 100 soldiers. Fortunately, I was cut and knocked unconscious early and removed from the courtyard, thus avoiding three hours of abuse.

* See "My Five Months in Castro's Dungeons," The Reader's Digest, July 1962.

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THE READER'S DIGEST

On a grey morning late in April 1960, guards shouted out 200 names. Soon we found ourselves packed into old army transport planes, handcuffed to our seats. Our destination: the penitentiary on the Isle of Pines. Ironically, this infamous prison is set amid beautiful green hills overlooking the sun-soaked sea. Its main section consists of four round brick buildings six storeys high, called circulars. Each floor has 80 cells designed for one person; up to four men were frequently put in each of the cells.

The buzzing of hundreds of voices in these human beehives was stunning to a new-comer. Then our nostrils were attacked by the stench of excrement and urine from the exposed privies, which are impossible to keep clean for lack of running water.

From the outset it was obvious that the authorities were determined to break us, emotionally and physically. One weapon: starvation. At 6.30 a.m. came what was called breakfast—a 50-gallon drum of warm water with some coffee flavouring or just sugar for the hundreds of men in each circular. At ten a.m. came a drum of foul-smelling slop described as “soup” because it had a few rotten vegetables in it. At 2.30 p.m. more soup—this time with a little iron-hard stale bread, and perhaps boiled macaroni or rice with a strange kind of Chinese bean in it. We soon learned the consequences of this diet; malnutrition

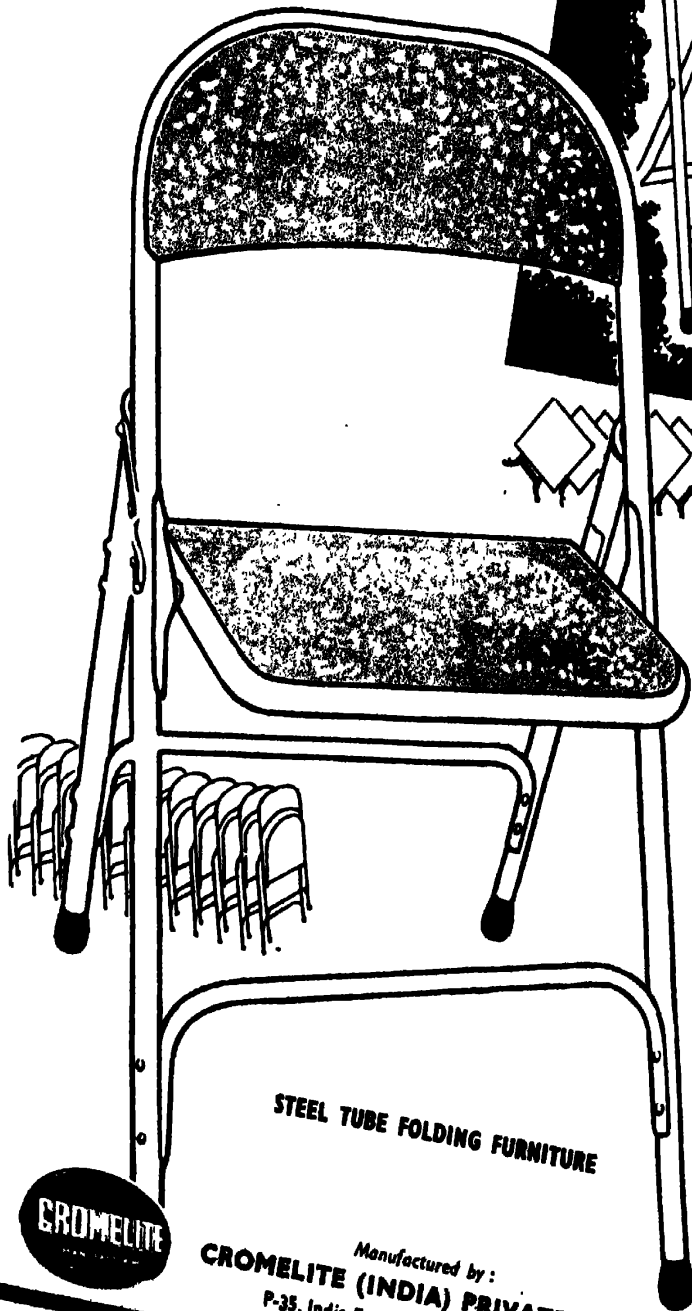
has no mercy. Tuberculosis was common. Dysentery ran wild. No one except those close to death was allowed in the prison hospital.

One night Nicholas B., a quiet 28-year-old engineer, whispered to me, “Gustavo, I’ve been having terrible toothache. I don’t think I can stand it any more.” The next day a prisoner who had had dental training found what was a common ailment among us—rotting teeth. He dug out most of the decay with a set of finely pointed nails, but half of Nicholas’s teeth had to go. Two of us held him while our dentist extracted one bad tooth after another, leaving this young man, like so many others, aged by grotesquely gaping holes in his mouth.

Water was our scarcest commodity. Drinking water was hauled by truck from a near-by lagoon. Each morning we lined up with buckets for a meagre daily ration. It was yellowish, and few new-comers could drink it without incurring the wrath of their intestines. And, because we could so seldom wash and then only with brackish water, skin infections broke out all over our sweaty, dirty bodies.

We always had to be on the alert for sneak inspections. At any time of day or night, 200 to 300 guards with fixed bayonets might suddenly rush in. We kept sentinels who would cry “Raid!” Everyone frantically attempted to hide any valuable belongings he might still possess before we were herded

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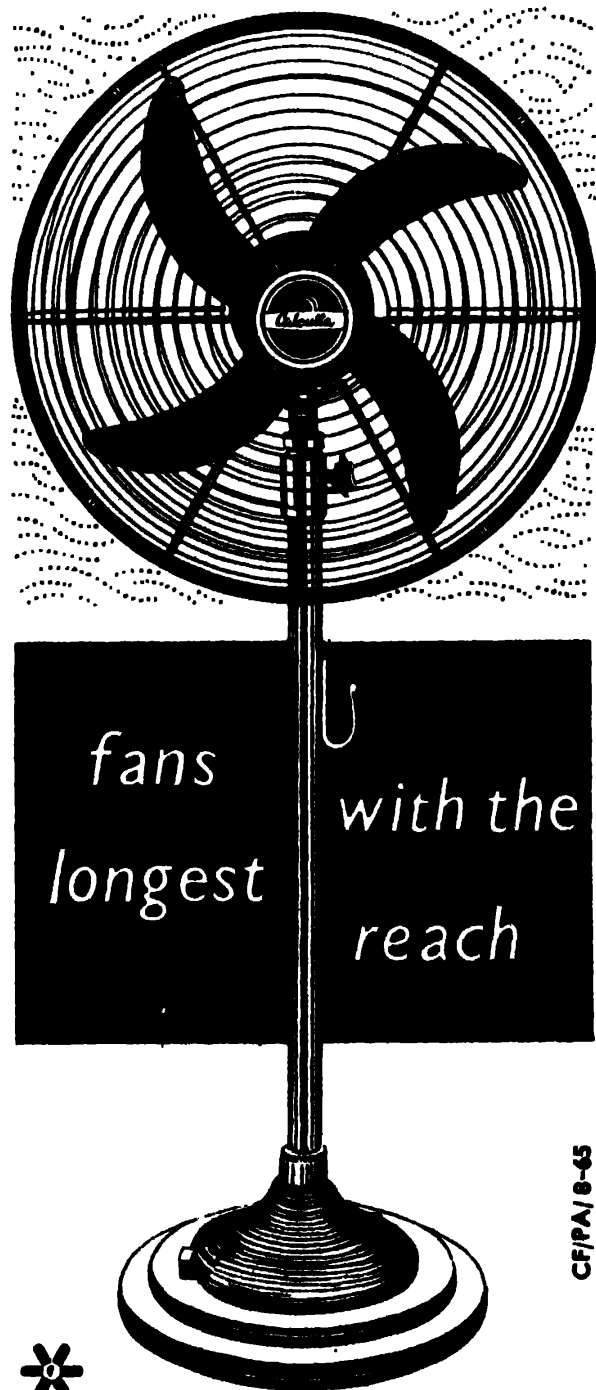
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July

naked to the ground floor while the soldiers searched the cells to destroy or steal everything in sight.

We had to stand in absolute silence. Any sound or movement was punished by kicking the prisoner to the ground. Often an older man could bear it no longer and would start to scream hysterically. He would be dragged out and never heard from again. When articles not allowed were found, their owners were led away, under a rain of blows, to the punishment cells.

These cells are small stone compartments with an iron door and a slot through which buckets of water are regularly thrown to keep the floors wet. Men are flung in naked for periods ranging from a month to more than a year, depending on the whim of the prison boss. I have seen what prisoners look like when they get out of there—living skeletons with incurable lung injuries and paralysis of the limbs.

Polite Visitor. Such was the pattern of life at what we called Devil's Island. After 18 months, during which I lost more than two stone, an indoctrinator paid me a visit, as he does to almost everyone there. He was polite, friendly. He offered me cigarettes, even a drink of good strong coffee. He knew everything about me.

"We're not asking you to become a communist," he said silkily. "We just want to help you. What good is it to sit about in this terrible place, your health going to ruin? Why

1965

don't you join one of our rehabilitation programmes? You'll be able to visit your relatives and live in much nicer conditions."

Lastly, the favourite sales gimmick: "You've been completely forgotten, *amigo*. We're the only ones who really care about your future. If your American friends are real, where are they?"

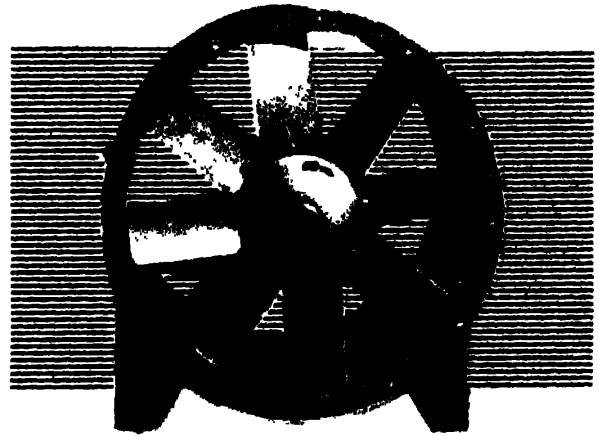
For hours during half a dozen visits I argued, and soon the authorities gave up. But, like vultures, they watch closely for prisoners to weaken under the constant strain of sickness, deprivation and despair. They never let up on the line, "The Yankee imperialists have forgotten about you."

Most of us knew the meaning of "rehabilitation." One prisoner on our floor, desperate to see his family, agreed to join such a programme, but later refused to co-operate and was returned to the Isle of Pines.

"All you have to do at first is listen to lectures on Marxism," he told us. "But that's all right, because now the awful prison life is behind you, and you have a few luxuries. I was allowed to see my wife and children once a week. Then comes the catch. To stay, you must give lectures to others. It's one thing to listen to communist indoctrination, and perhaps even scorn it to yourself, but if you have to stand up and try to convince others, you're completely destroyed morally. Friends and family no longer respect you, and you can't respect

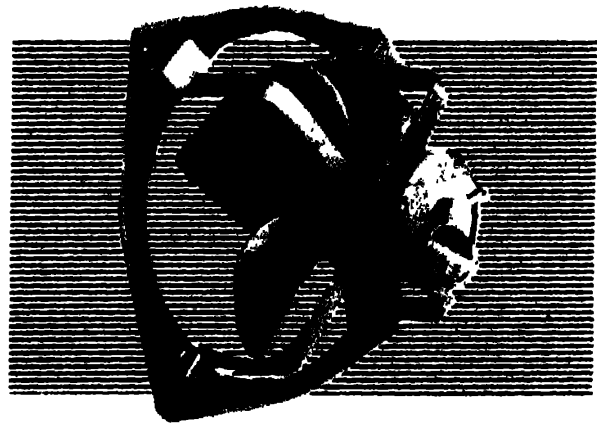
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yourself. But it's emotionally impossible for most to face returning to prison life. The communists have you where they want you. You're a pawn."

There is only one other way to get out. By mid-1963 an eye ailment caused by malnutrition had become so bad that I was virtually blind. I was transferred to El Principe prison hospital in Havana. There an anti-Castro doctor and friend told the authorities I was critically ill and about to die. Suddenly I was released from prison "on probation," and in March 1964 I was able to obtain a visa to fly to Mexico.

How Long? This is the end of my own story. Some may think my memory has become muddled or that I am exaggerating for the sake of propaganda. After all, I *am* just one more Cuban refugee. But not long ago the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, an arm of the Organization of American States, interviewed scores of Cubans like myself and issued a report. Doubters should read it. Here are a few of the cases cited:

- A 60-year-old district attorney was held incommunicado for a month and a half. A family member who finally managed to see him briefly found to her horror that his wrists were blood-torn furrows. He

* The International Commission of Jurists, based in Geneva, obtained personal interviews with 124 people who have suffered or witnessed suffering in Cuban prisons—from peasants to businessmen to industrial workers to fishermen. This authoritative body declared: "Conditions in Cuban prisons under the Castro regime are utterly incompatible with human self-respect."

explained that he had been strung up like a ham by his wrists for singing the national anthem.

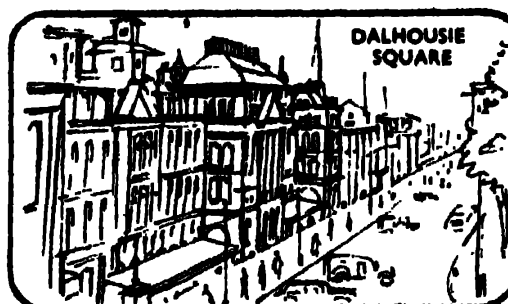
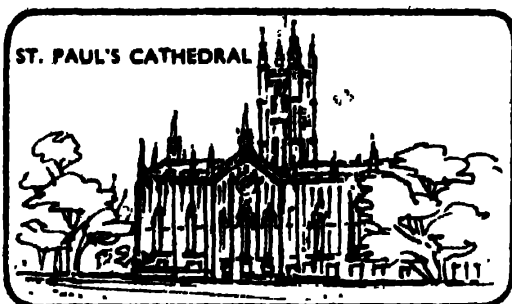
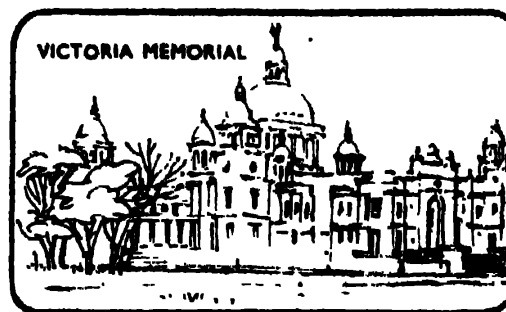
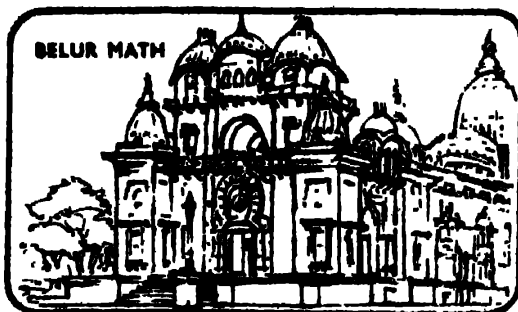
- A young man was isolated for four months while psychologists toyed with him as they would with a mouse in a box. They brought a plate of food and then took it away in half a minute, saying, "An hour has gone by and you haven't eaten." Ten minutes later they would give him breakfast, explaining that he had slept all night. Day after day this went on. When released, he cried out to a fellow prisoner, "Is it true that my children are 15 years old? Is it true that I have already served 15 years of my sentence and that Fidel is still here and that we are still here?"

- A young woman reported: "Seventeen of us were crowded together with no beds, no soap. We sat and slept on the dirt-covered floor day after day with no knowledge of what was going on outside. All we could hear was continual screaming by a demented woman in a room near us. It was horrible."

For every one of these accounts there are scores more.* They have been checked, cross-checked and authenticated. How long will this be tolerated? Is it too much to ask that the story of the Cuban prisoners be repeated to the world until it cannot be forgotten or brushed off? Is it too much to expect that the free nations be rallied in an unceasing, uncompromising demand for an end to this infamy in Cuba's prisons?

WELCOME TO CALCUTTA

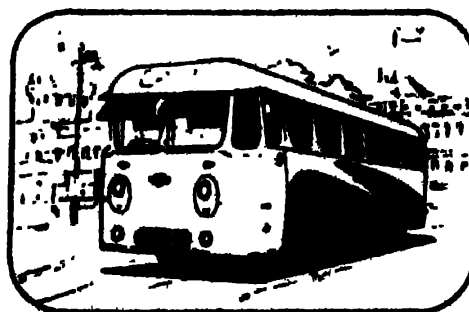
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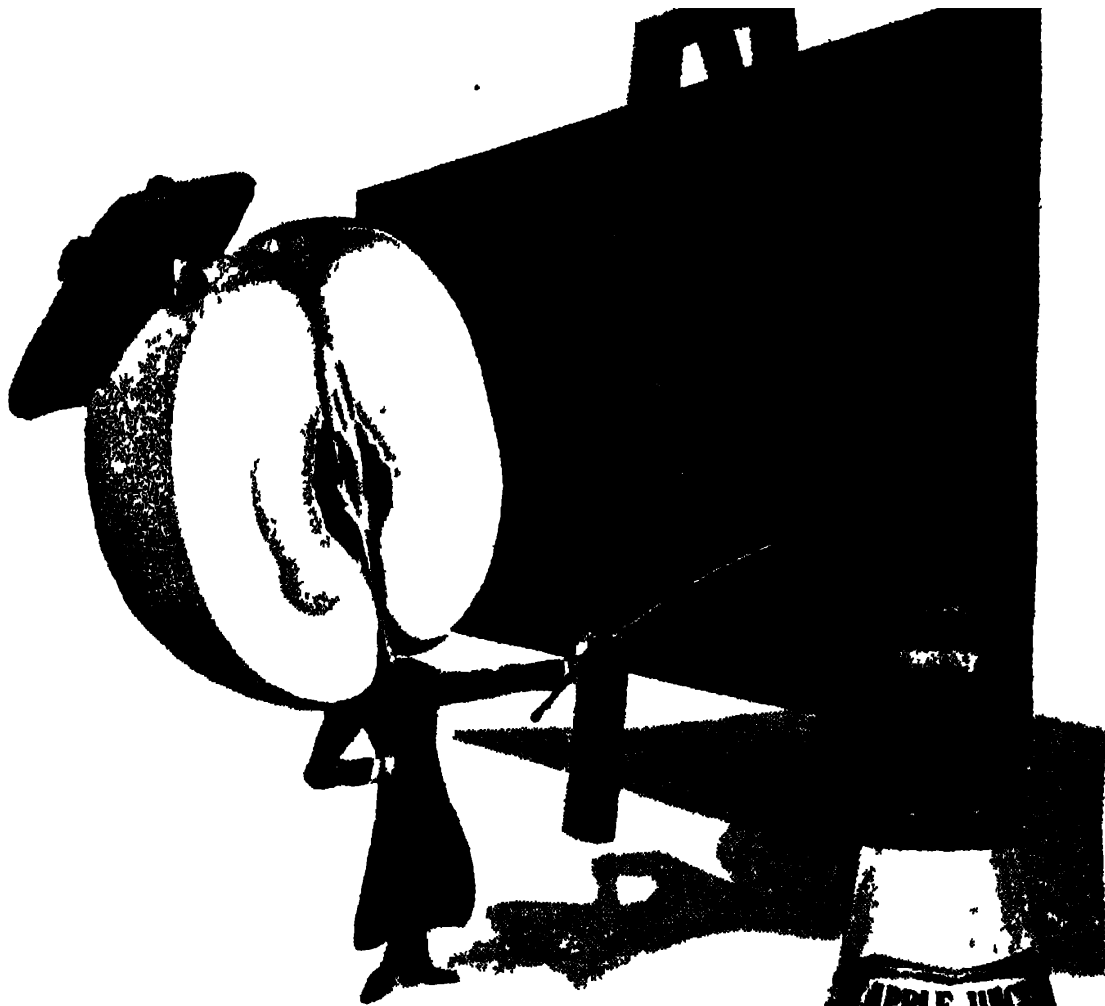


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ON THE CONTRARY

By SYDNEY HARRIS

The Courage of His Convictions

"WELL, I always admired him," said a friend of mine about a locally prominent man who had just died. "Whatever else you might say, he had the courage of his convictions."

I often wonder why people so much admire a man with "the courage of his convictions," while they totally ignore a much higher and rarer kind of courage—the courage to *examine* one's convictions, and to revise or abandon them in the light of such scrutiny. Convictions are dear to us; they are comfortable and reassuring; and it takes a genuinely courageous person to change them when they should be changed.

The Risk of Loving

As I stood at the airport, waiting for the plane to bring my family back from holiday, I thought of the frightful risk involved in loving. If the plane had crashed, most of

myself would have gone down with it.

And yet, there is no way to love without risk. When you commit yourself to another, when that other becomes an integral part of yourself, you have made yourself infinitely more vulnerable to the cold hand of fate. Those who cannot love are those who are afraid, or unable, to run the risks involved. They want to keep themselves safe and protected. They fear that their love may be rejected, or betrayed, or weakly returned.

Yet, unless we are willing to take such chances, to accept the fact that in loving we leave ourselves wide open to disappointment or disaster, we cannot escape from the web of our own selfish egos.

Good Judgement

THERE ARE those who maintain that democracy in a large society is unworkable and self-defeating.

Selections from "On the Contrary," © 1964 by Sydney J. Harris

Such critics reckon without that quality known as "judgement." For instance, it has been proved by extensive tests that the larger the group, the better the judgement. If you ask a dozen people to estimate the weight of a telephone, the answers will vary widely, and the median answer is likely to be inaccurate. But by the time you have asked 1,000 people, the excesses will cancel each other out—and the median answer will be uncannily accurate.

So, while the collective intelligence of a large group is only average, the collective judgement is quite high—often much better than the individual judgements of the most intelligent people within the group. When democracy does not work, or works badly, it is because native judgement is impeded by lack of information, or by the cumbersome machinery of administering a democratic society. It is not a lack in the people themselves.

Spotlight on Sex

THE PENDULUM of popular opinion swings from one extreme to the other. Recently I heard an outspoken girl student say, "Sex is a natural activity, just like eating or sleeping. Why should we surround it with mystery and taboos?"

The modern cult of "freedom" in sex is as unrealistic as the Victorian cult of "repression." The Victorians thought that sex was never to be discussed; the moderns think that

hardly anything else is worth discussing. Both are perverted views.

Sex may be a "natural" activity, but in a quite different way from all other personal functions. Eating and sleeping and the rest are individual actions; sex, by its very nature, is an inter-personal, social action, and everything social must be governed by conventions, or society would fall apart.

It is healthy that we have cast off many of the veils that shrouded sex in the Victorian age; the subject needed daylight let in. But there is a difference between letting in daylight and throwing a spotlight upon it. To cast out the darkness, it is not necessary or desirable to cast out decency and decorum.

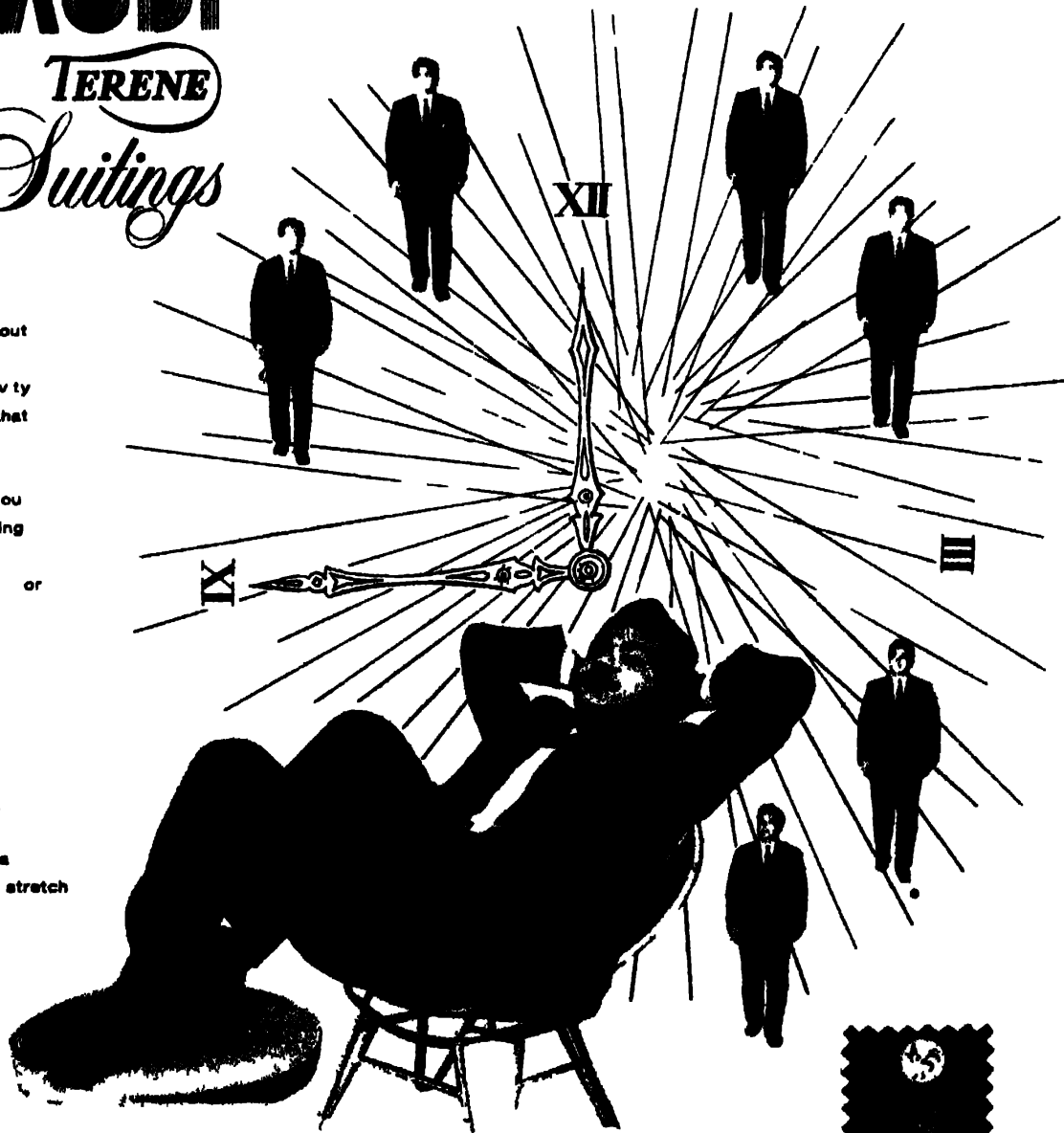
"Why Thieves Fall Out"

WHAT KEEPS the world from falling wholly into crime and corruption is the psychological fact that evil is a *separatist* thing, while goodness is a *unifying* thing. By its very nature evil separates itself, not merely from the good, but from other evil as well. Thieves fall out. Thieves *must* fall out, for it is the essence of their character. What is anti-social in them in the beginning turns into anti-one-another in the end. Hitlers and Stalins cannot maintain "non-aggression pacts" for long. Tyrants are assassinated by their own lieutenants. Evil in its very nature is self-defeating; in dark days, this truth is sometimes all that good men have to cling to.

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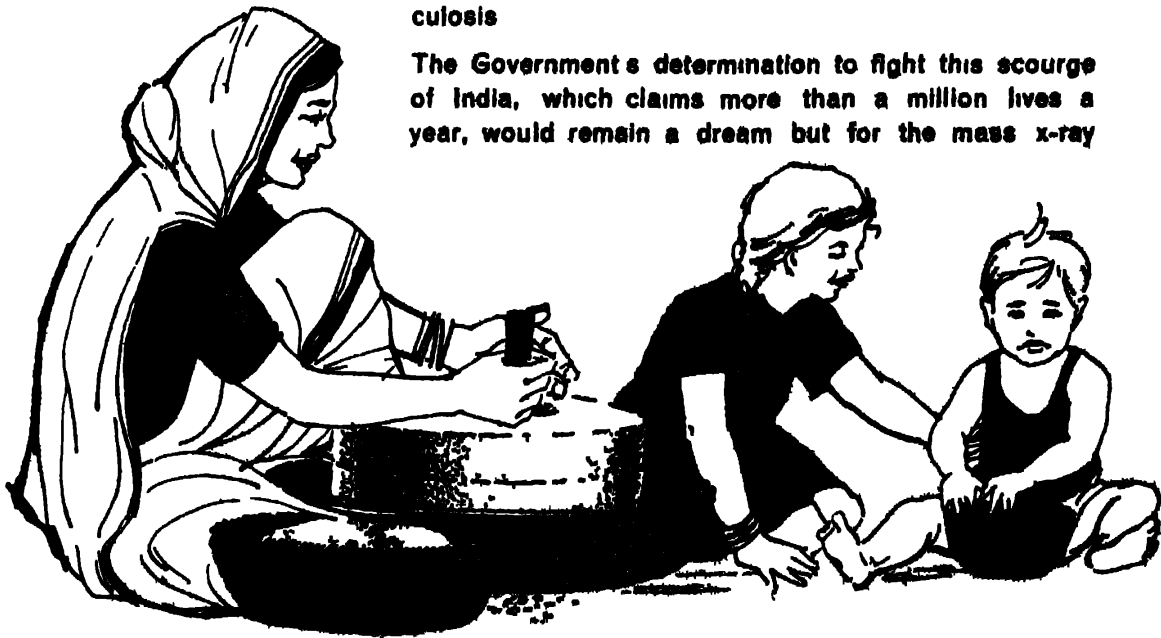
Illustration: 100-1

a million die a year...

This young mother is fond of her two kids. Her only concern is their welfare. No sacrifice is too great for her for their sake.

As ill luck would have it, poor nourishment and strenuous work to supplement the family income told upon her health. Her weakness and above-normal temperature were ignored — as these are generally ignored by the sufferer in the beginning — but the specialist after x-ray and other tests found her to be suffering from tuberculosis.

The Government's determination to fight this scourge of India, which claims more than a million lives a year, would remain a dream but for the mass x-ray



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WHENEVER I encounter one of life's little frustrations, like ball-point pens that don't start writing when I do or taxicabs that dissolve in the rain, I think of my friend Robert Benchley and usually wind up laughing at the situation and myself. Benchley had a rare ability to extract humour from his own encounters with the minor disasters and major banalities of life. Like most of us, he was confused by such everyday perils as income

Robert
Benchley,
My Most

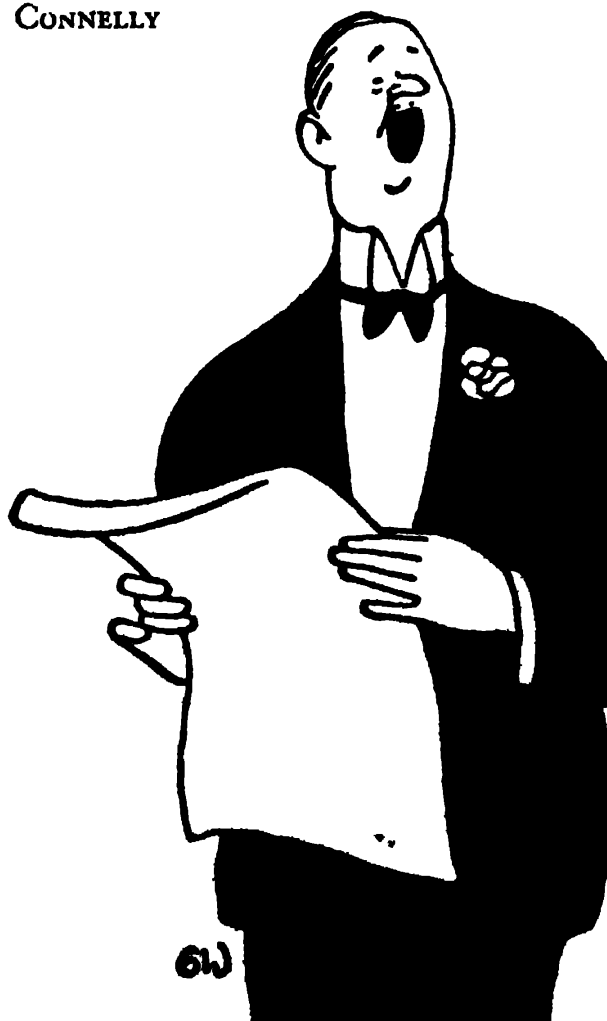
Unforgettable Character

tax, after-dinner speakers and financial transactions. Yet his reactions were so gay and wry that he could transform a frustration into an essay or a film that would make millions of people laugh.

I first met Benchley through a common bond: we were both unemployed and broke. It was in New York at the onset of the 1920's, and he had lately left *Vanity Fair* magazine in a burst of indignation because the magazine had fired his friend Dorothy Parker. They took working quarters together in a cluttered cubicle in the Metropolitan Opera House and were occupied with desultory literary odd jobs. On the door was a sign saying "Utica Drop Forge and Tool Company." Originally Mrs. Parker had suggested the simple legend: "Gents." Their cable address was PARKBENCH.

"We had considered taking

BY MARC
CONNELLY



smaller quarters, but Mrs. Parker vetoed the idea," Benchley said on my first visit. "She's right. Anything smaller than this would be adulterous."

Folderol with Finesse. Benchley did not look the part of a merry andrew. He had a moon face, a toothbrush moustache and a well-upholstered figure. He commuted to the New York suburb where he had a wife and two sons, and was active in social-welfare work. Yet he was the blithest spirit of all the group that gathered at the Algonquin Hotel in those years.

All of us were occupied in some fashion with the arts. Benchley was soon rescued from the ranks of the unemployed by being taken on as drama critic by the original *Life* magazine. He was admirably suited to the task, for he loved the theatre and was always as much performer as writer.

One day at lunch a disgruntled actor, his ego bruised by abrasive reviews from Benchley, Mrs. Parker and Alexander Woollcott, suggested that our raffish literary group put on a show and let the actors criticize *us*. We accepted the challenge forthwith, and began whipping up a show called *No Sirreel*, in which we would not only write the songs and acts but perform them as well.

Recalling the aplomb with which I had seen Benchley orally satirize human foibles, I urged him to do something for the show.

The solitary performance of *No Sirreel* was presented on April 30, 1922. In a taxi en route to the theatre, Benchley jotted down some notes for his performance. Then, at an unplanned point in the show, he wandered uncertainly on stage. "I shall take but a few minutes of your time this evening," he said, smiling nervously, "for I realize that you would much rather be listening to interesting entertainment than to a dry financial statement."

The audience stirred restlessly, and several people eyed the exits.

"But I *am* reminded of a story," he persisted, "which all of you have probably heard." Benchley, it developed, was pretending to be an assistant treasurer of a club, delivering a hopelessly unbusinesslike report to the members. As he bumbled along in a mixture of confusion and bravado, interrupting himself with false chuckles, getting tangled up in his meandering syntax, it began to dawn on the audience that his apparently fumbling performance was actually a classic parody of the inexperienced public speaker caught between terror and the love of the sound of his own voice. When he exited, bumping into the proscenium, he brought the house down.

This inspired bit of folderol, "The Treasurer's Report," was to transform Benchley's life. Irving Berlin saw it and promptly hired him for his *Music Box Revue*. Benchley received film offers. Later came his syndicated column, a radio show



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STATE BANK OF INDIA INDIA'S BIGGEST BANK

and a steady stream of books. His performance had revealed to the public what his friends already knew—that Benchley was one of the funniest men alive.

"Just to meet him was a tonic," humorist Frank Sullivan once said. "Spending an evening with him was a boon. That was his cross. There just wasn't enough of him to go round."

He was not only funny himself; he was also the ideal audience for *your* story or joke. He would listen with a look of eager glee, chuckling in anticipation of your point. And when you had finished, he would explode in a booming, infectious laugh—"a New Year's horn of a laugh," playwright Ben Hecht called it—that made you feel you were the wittiest person in the world. "Because he was so interested in you," a friend said, "you seemed to become more interesting."

It was impossible to settle the dinner bill when you were with Benchley. Even if you got your hands on it, he would slip the waiter a large note and murmur, "Don't pay any attention to my nephew. He spent his allowance last night at the skating rink."

Basically, he believed that all financial transactions were booby traps for the unwary. Once I spent a night with him and his wife Gertrude at their home. The normally gay and witty Benchley seemed unusually pensive. "That bank of

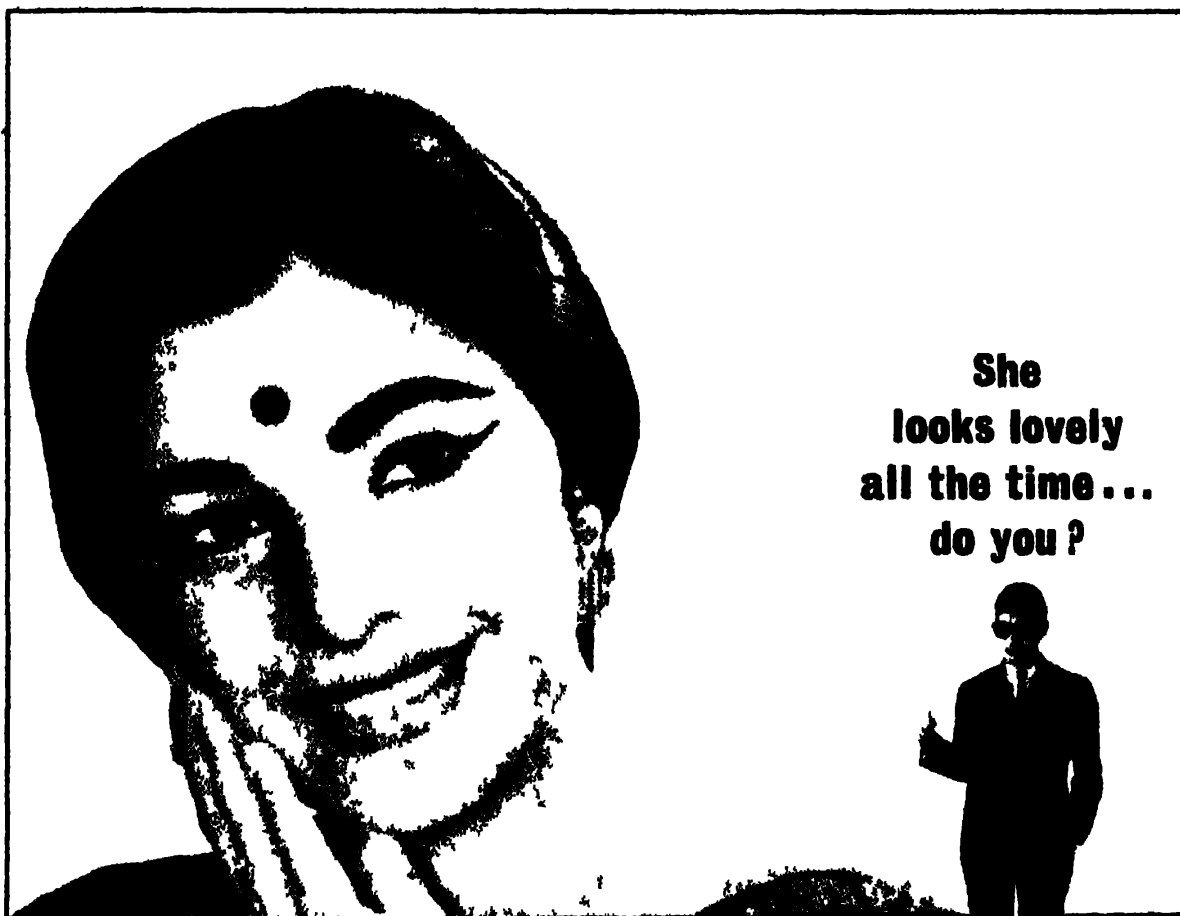
mine is very strange," he said, at last. "I went there this morning because I needed a loan. And do you know something? They gave it to me just like that."

The next day he went to the bank and withdrew his account. "I don't trust a bank," he muttered, "that would lend money to such a poor risk."

His erratic financial methods made him the despair of banks, but he was so cheerful about it all that the bankers could never stay angry for long. When endorsing cheques he would add friendly little messages. Once, while out on the town, he cashed a cheque, first writing on the back, "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here."

Low Resistance. Benchley moved into the Algonquin Hotel, but soon found that his friends made it almost impossible for him to get any work done. When he announced that he was moving to a new hide-away, the manager of the Algonquin protested that he would take measures to keep friends from coming up to bother Benchley. "You might keep them from coming up," Robert sighed, "but you wouldn't be able to keep me from coming down." Actually, he had little desire to work in seclusion.

He would put off writing as long as possible if there were congenial company at hand. Once he wrote a magazine article entitled "I Like to Loaf." The editor received it two weeks late with the explanation, "I



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Selections from Benchley

"I DO most of my work sitting down," he said. "That's where I shine."

THERE ARE several ways in which to apportion the family income, all of them unsatisfactory.

ANYONE can do any amount of work, provided it isn't the work he is supposed to be doing at that moment.

A DOG teaches a boy fidelity, perseverance and to turn round three times before lying down.

THE ADVANTAGE of keeping family accounts is clear. If you do not keep them, you are uneasily aware of the fact that you are spending more than you are earning. If you do keep them, you *know* it.

THERE ARE two classes of travel—first class, and with children.—Quoted by Rudolf Flech in *The Book of Unusual Quotations* (Cassell, London)

was loafing." Another time Robert sat down to write a magazine piece, he pecked out the word "The." Then he got stuck. Disgustedly, he went downstairs, where he met some pals and spent a cheery hour or so. When he returned to his typewriter, the solitary "The" still

stared accusingly at him. He sat disconsolately trying to think of something more, then suddenly added, "... hell with it"—and went back to rejoin his friends.

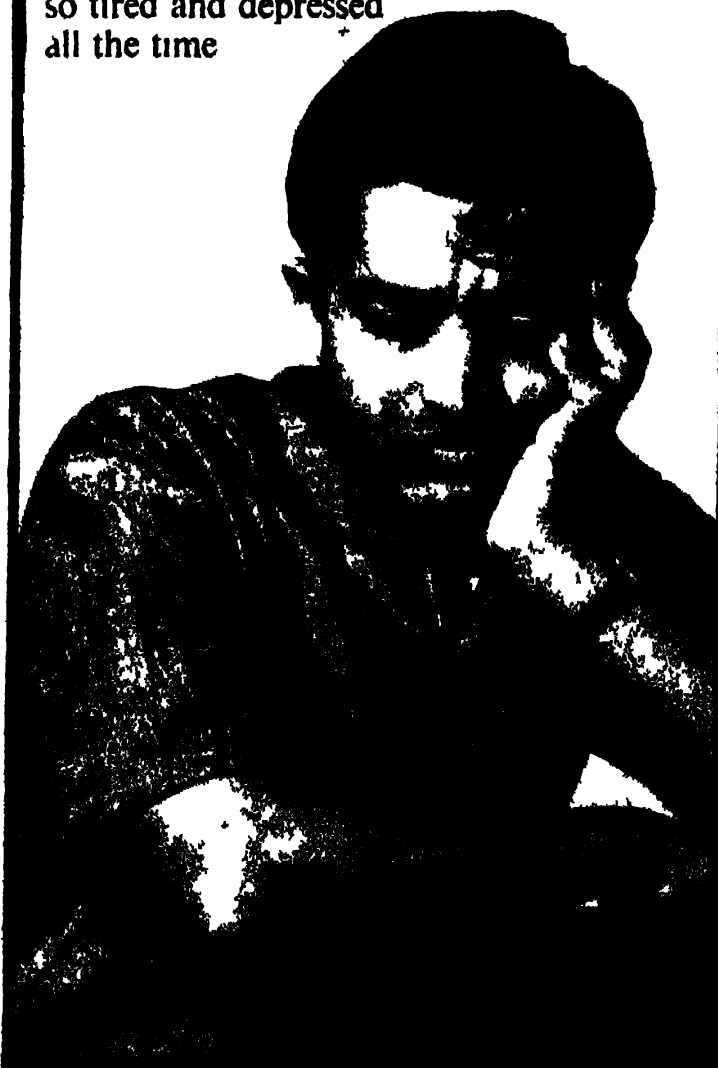
I doubt if there ever was a flat like Benchley's retreat at the Royalton, opposite the Algonquin. Magazines, books and other impedimenta were strewn everywhere in grand disarray. There was also a sagging sofa which Benchley called "The Track." When he felt like a snooze he would say, "Well, guess I'll take a couple of laps round the track"—and lie down on it. Although designed as a hideaway, the place was soon filled, as James Thurber said, "with men who wanted to get his ear, hear his laughter and his talk, and cry on his shoulder."

Fifteen Adjectives. Benchley always had a low regard for his own talents. "It took me 15 years to find out that I had no gift for writing," he once grumbled. "But I couldn't give it up because by that time I was too famous." When someone complimented him on his style he said, "I don't know enough to have a style. I know, at the most, 15 adjectives."

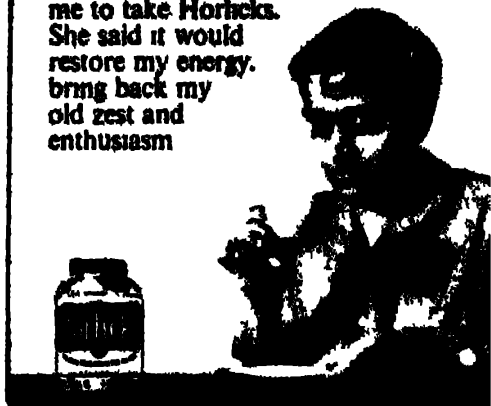
Actually, his combination of nonsense, *non sequiturs* and inside-out logic gave him a style unique among humorists. In books like *My Ten Years in a Quandary and How They Grew*; *After 1903 What?*; and *From Bed to Worse*, he wrote some of the funniest things ever written in the English language. "The

They all said I was to blame!

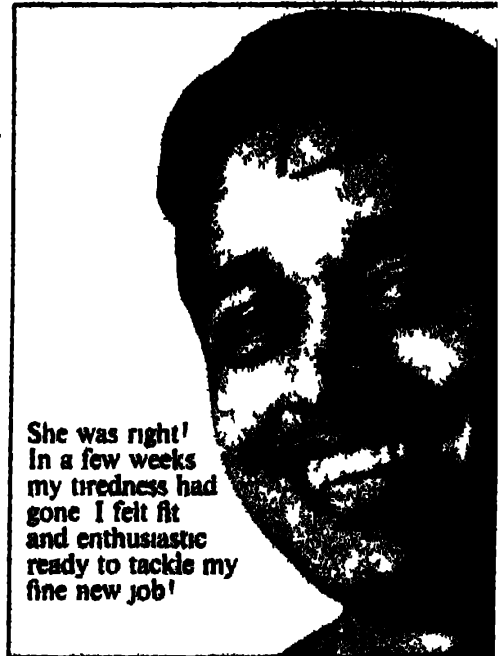
The fault was mine for
losing my job, complained
the family. But how could
I help it when I felt
so tired and depressed
all the time.



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and enthusiastic
ready to tackle my
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value of fish, cream,
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extracted of wheat
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ROBERT BENCHLEY was known to tip handsomely whenever services were rendered him. During a brief stay at a fashionable resort hotel, however, he found the simple courtesies lacking, and decided not to tip at all. On his departure he thought he had got by all those who might expect tips, when he encountered a doorman holding open the door of his waiting car.

"You're not going to forget me, sir?" the doorman enquired anxiously, thrusting out his palm.

Benchley grasped the outstretched hand and shook it. "No," he said in a voice charged with emotion, "I'll write to you."

ONE FEMININE member of the Hotel Algonquin's famous Round Table group made a practice of trying to do away with herself because of her complicated affairs of the heart. The fifth or sixth time this romanticist had been rushed to a hospital and returned pale and shaken, Benchley offered her a word of advice. "You want to go easy on this suicide stuff," he said kindly. "First thing you know, you'll ruin your health."

—Margaret Case Harriman, *The Vicious Circle*

BENCHLEY heartily disliked the outdoors. He went to great pains to avoid fresh air. One sunny day in Hollywood a friend called on him and found him under a sun lamp. "Why are you sitting under that?" the friend demanded. He pointed to the sun-drenched lawn. "Why don't you sit out there?"

Said Benchley, recoiling, "And get hit by a meteor?"

—E. E. Edgar

FEELING indisposed, Benchley went to a doctor. After thumping him for an hour, the doctor confessed, "I can't find anything wrong with you."

Benchley plan is to knock you over with a feather," says playwright Jean Kerr.

Despite his admitted dislike of buckling down, Benchley produced an amazing amount of work. Besides writing a dozen books, countless columns and magazine articles, he wrote or appeared in 47 films and 48 shorts, including the Oscar-winning apotheosis of insomnia, *How to Sleep*.

Much of Benchley's humour was

a case of art imitating life—Benchley's life. Some of his most amusing remarks were impromptu. Once, coming out of a Hollywood restaurant slightly befuddled, he asked a uniformed man to call him a taxi. "I'm sorry," the man said coldly. "I happen to be a Rear-Admiral in the Navy." "All right, then," Benchley said cheerfully, "get us a battleship."

He loved practical jokes—never cruel jokes, but fey, nonsensical

As Benchley heaved a sigh of relief, the doctor added quickly, "But you take these pills, and I'll call at your house tomorrow to see if anything has developed."

Benchley dragged his weary body home. Next day, the doctor found him in bed, his tongue hanging out. "Doctor," Benchley moaned, "are you sure those pills were all right? I feel mighty peculiar."

The frightened doctor threw back the sheets, and gasped. Benchley had glued feathers to every portion of his body from the neck down and looked like a giant bird in repose.

—E. E. Edgar

ASKED if he knew Robert Sherwood, the distinguished author-playwright who rose to the spectacular height of six feet seven inches, Benchley leaped on to a chair, extended his hand over an imaginary head and said, "Know him! I've known him since he was this high!"

—Collie Small

WHEN BENCHLEY was a student at Harvard a final exam confronted him with a question something like this: "Discuss the arbitration of the international fisheries problem in respect to hatcheries protocol and dragnet and trawl procedure as it affects (a) the point of view of the United States, and (b) the point of view of Great Britain."

Benchley was frank, as well as somewhat desperate, and wrote as follows: "I know nothing about the point of view of Great Britain in the arbitration of the international fisheries problem, and nothing about the point of view of the United States. Therefore I shall discuss the question from the point of view of the fish."

—Edward Blewett and John Holmes

pranks. Once he left an envelope at the door of Grant's Tomb. A passer-by who found it was startled to discover inside a note reading, "Please leave one quart Grade A and one pint whipping cream." On a trip to Venice he cabled a friend, "Streets flooded. Please advise."

"I Might Have Been Having a Baby." Benchley was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, and had a solid, conservative New England upbringing. From his earliest years,

however, he had a cockeyed outlook on life. At school, when he had to write an essay on how to do something practical, he wrote "How to Embalm a Corpse."

Later, at Harvard University, he wrote a weighty treatise on the Newfoundland fishing industry—from the viewpoint of the fish. Also while at Harvard, he and a friend were walking one day through an exclusive square. Smitten by inspiration, he went up to a house and

knocked on the door. A maid answered. "We've come for the davenport," Robert said briskly. The confused maid let them in; they picked up a davenport and carried it across the square to another house. Again they knocked and were greeted by a maid. "We've brought the davenport," Robert announced. "Where shall we put it?" The bewildered maid indicated a place in the living-room. Benchley and his friend deposited it there and went happily on their way.

After university, Benchley had a dreary procession of jobs, including one organizing picnics for a paper company. Yet he never lost his determination to be a writer. When he was trying unsuccessfully to get started, he worked as a volunteer, investigating housing conditions in Harlem, and as leader of a boy's club. Later, when he was famous and occupied with many things, he also constantly tried to help people who were down on their luck.

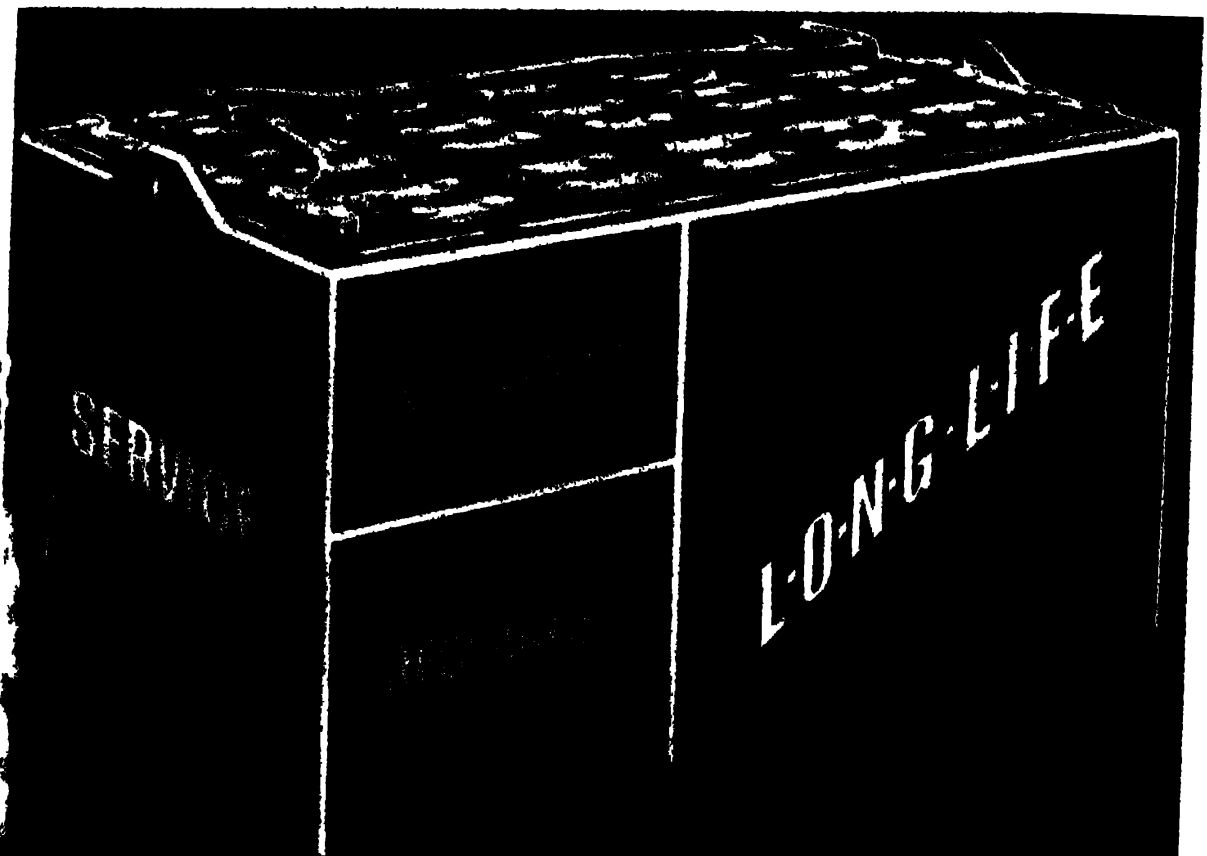
He always retained his New England conscience, and a flinty sense of integrity—and, for all his love of fun, he could get angry. He resigned from the Harvard Club of New York because it rejected a man for writing a book about socialism. He moved out of a Hollywood hotel when it refused to let a Negro musician friend of his visit him in his room.

But even Benchley's anger could take a whimsical turn. During his time in Hollywood, we once had

adjoining bungalows at a place called the Garden of Allah. One night, trying to make a long-distance call, he couldn't contact the switchboard operator. Whereupon he stalked into the lobby and turned all the furniture upside down. Then he left a note for the sleeping operator. "Let this be a lesson to you," it said. "I might have been having a baby."

The Lights Go Out. In November 1945, Benchley suffered a series of haemorrhages and was taken to hospital. Scores of his friends rallied round to give blood, but he lapsed into a coma and died. Suddenly the world seemed a duller place. "There's nobody like that around any more," John O'Hara said. "There's nobody who even comes close." Someone recalled what Robert had said after a friend's death: "When a great humorist dies, everybody should go to a place where there is laughter, and drink to his memory until the lights go out."

Those of us who loved Robert decided to do exactly that. Groups gathered at two restaurants he was devoted to, the 21 in New York and Romanoff's in Beverly Hills. We reminisced about him and the funny and kind things he said and did. Those of us in New York telephoned the group at Romanoff's, and everybody had a favourite Benchley story, gay or outrageous, to exchange. Eventually, it was time to turn off the lights and go home. The night seemed darker.



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OUR WAY TO DO IT AGAIN. Since the country needs better iron, more steel and more diversified end products—we are ready with another two-phase expansion programme. Under the new first phase we intend to take advantage of the latest tech-



challenge of expansion

nology to increase production from the existing units, ideally balanced and supplemented by new equipment at a comparatively low investment cost—to make integration more thorough and yield 13 million tonnes of ingot steel. The introduction of continuous casting will convert the additionally available molten steel into blooms or slabs which the existing secondary mills will deal with satisfactorily with minor improvements here and there.

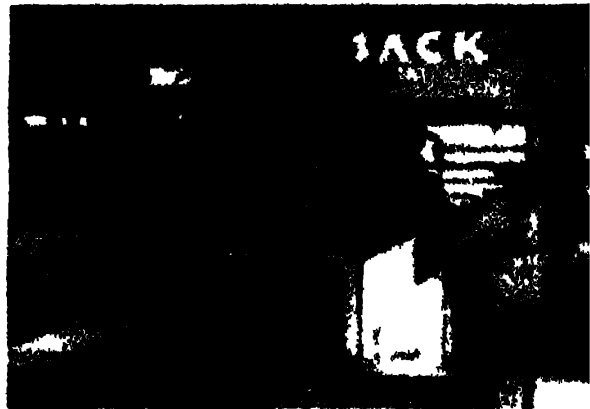
We have intensified our research for the better grading and preparation of blast furnace burden materials, to improve output and lower costs. Our colliery development project will soon make us self-sufficient in coking coal of a consistent quality. The final shape of the new phase II is yet to be decided, assuredly it will be a logical projection on phase I with no redundancy in between.

WHAT IS HAPPENING AT KULTI

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Land's End: the sun sets behind Longships Lighthouse

Beyond England

BY PAUL FRIGGENS

THRUST like the toe of a boot into the open Atlantic, Cornwall is the westernmost and one of the loveliest parts of England. Here lived the bold buccaneers who inspired Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*. And still to be seen is romantic Camelot, where legend says that King Arthur reigned with his Knights of the Round Table.

But Cornwall is *not* really English. Isolated from the rest of the country for centuries, and infused with the blood of sea-going adventurers from afar (no point in the Duchy is more than 20 miles from the sea), the people of Cornwall retained their own distinctive language and culture.

Until about 100 years ago, says distinguished Cornish author and chronicler, A. K. Hamilton Jenkin, "there were Cornish people who would tell you they had never been to England!" Their cobbled-street villages, tucked away in coves and harbours along the wild coast, bear such un-English names as Bojewyan and Mawgan-in-Meneage, and Mousehole (pronounced *Mouzel*).

My wife and I timed our visit to Cornwall for spring, when the whole countryside is in bloom. In our small car we followed corkscrew roads bordered by 1,000-year-old rock walls and estates first recorded 880 years

*That wild
and lovely region
of myths and
mermaids, smuggler
coves and Camelot*

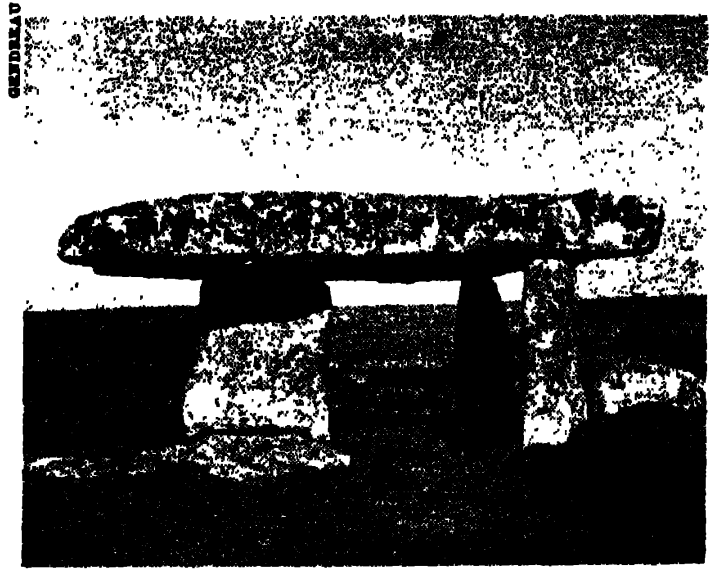
Condensed from Travel

ago in the Domesday Book.

Suddenly on the rugged moorlands we glimpsed the great stone Lanyon Quoit, a striking prehistoric monument. Here, 1,500 years before the birth of Christ, some unknown people erected three enormous granite slabs double a man's height and topped by a giant 17-foot capstone. These rock-hewn dolmens—or *quoits* as the Cornishmen call them—were probably the tombs of tribal chieftains, and they must have been set in position with no more than a Stone Age lever and rawhide ropes.

Throughout Cornwall, the traveller finds a curious combination of pagan and Christian landmarks. Stone circles and crosses, cairns and "holy wells," earthworks and burial places, were left by people of the Bronze and Iron Ages, and Celtic and Roman saints, in turn. The countryside is rich in relics of Stone Age worship and fertility rites. On the wind-swept moor near Madron village stands the *Men-an-Tol*, or Holed Stone, through which it is said children were passed "nine times against the sun," as a cure for rickets. Near

.....
For local historical background in this article, Paul Friggens is indebted to A. K. Hamilton Jenkin, author of "The Story of Cornwall"; "Cornwall and Its People"; "The Cornish Miner," etc.



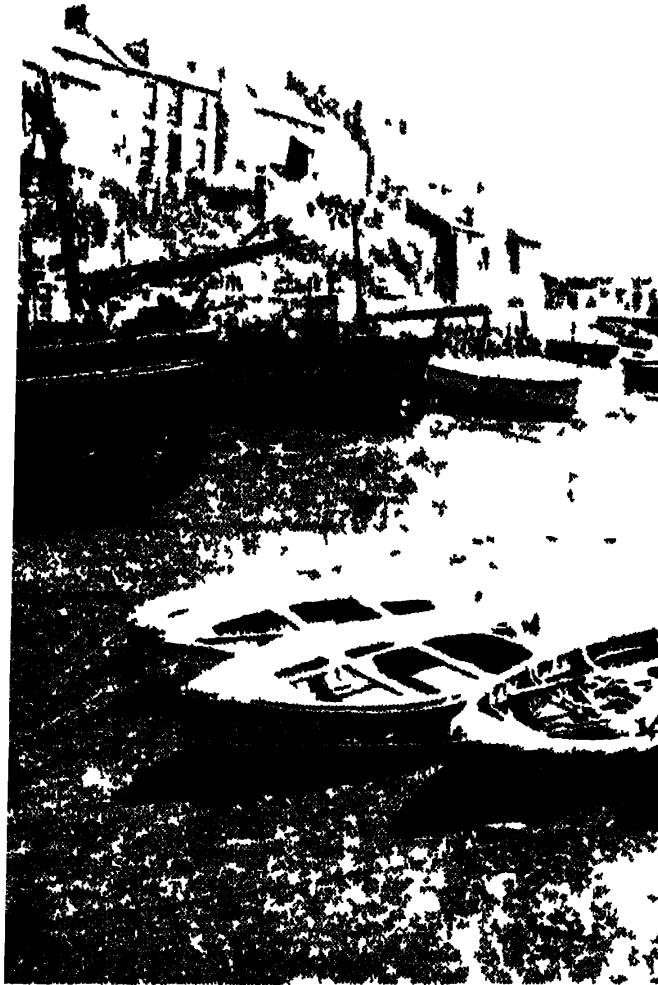
Above: Lanyon Quoit, probably the tomb of a chieftain of 3,500 years ago

Below: The Harbour at Boscastle

Opposite: The fishing village of Mevagissey

Opposite below: St. Michael's Mount, crowned by its castle





‡ Lamorna are the "Merry Maidens," a circle of 19 stones representing the fate of foolish maidens who made merry on Sunday.

Pirates and Smugglers. The earliest adventurers to reach Cornwall were probably Mediterranean—some say the merchants of Tyre and Sidon, bartering their silks, saffron and spices for tin. Following them came the invading Celts, the Romans and lastly the English. But even the English never fully conquered Cornwall, which remained fiercely proud and independent, retaining its peculiar language, customs and worship. When James II granted special toleration to Catholics, a fiery Cornish churchman, Bishop Jonathan Trelawny, angrily protested and in 1688 was imprisoned in the Tower of London. Rebellious Cornishmen marched to his rescue, obtained his acquittal and returned home to sing what later became a kind of Cornish national anthem, "Trelawny."

And have they fixed the where
and when?

And shall Trelawny die?

Here's twenty thousand Cornish
men

Will know the reason why!

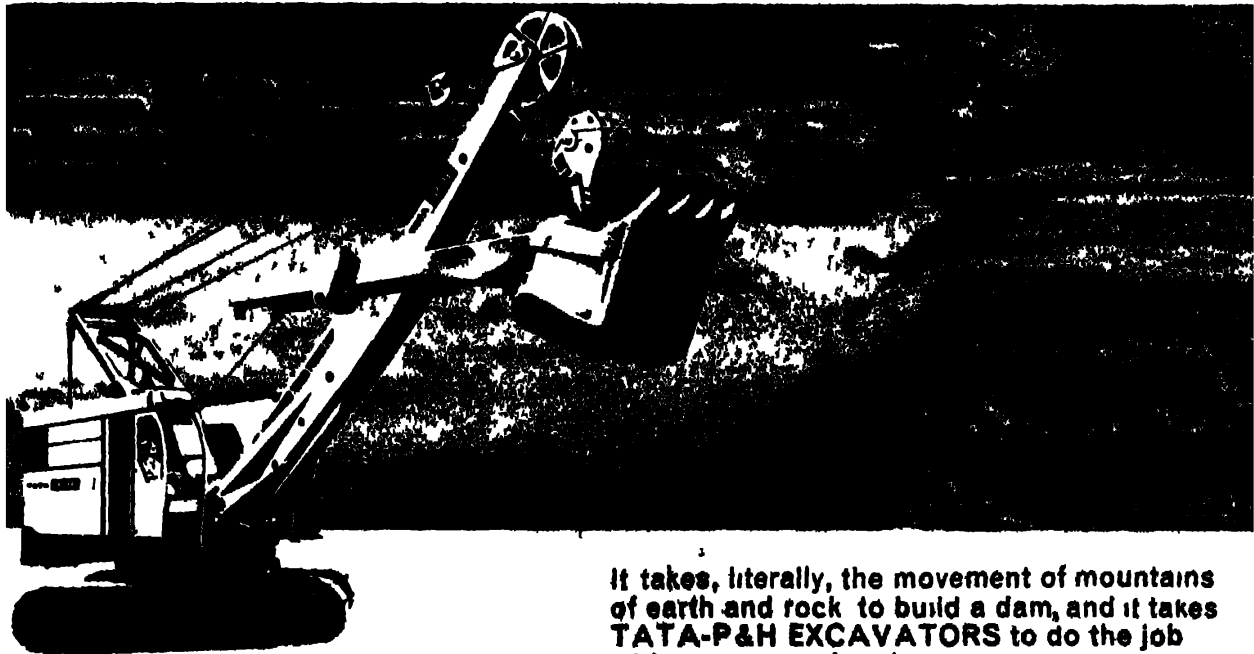
Cornwall was long the hide-
out of smugglers and pirates
Lady Mary Killigrew's pirate
band boldly boarded a Spanish

ship in Falmouth harbour one stormy night, drowned the crew and seized the cargo. Prussia Cove, near Cudden Point, was the hide-out of "Fair Trader John" Carter, or "King of Prussia," who between 1770 and 1807 dispatched his smuggling ships across the Channel to France in pursuit of a thriving trade in spirits, tea, silks, muslin, lace and tobacco. The coast here is honey-combed with caves, some of which are connected by secret passages to a lookout house above.

To the Cornish people, smuggling was a kind of legitimate "free trade." Says Hamilton Jenkin, "Smuggling and Methodism long went hand in hand."

Also active were the "wreckers." From ancient times, gales and mountainous seas have driven ships onto that treacherous headland, The Lizard. Here the Cornish people plundered them. Indeed, the early ruling families staked out their wrecking "rights" to precise areas of the coast. Later, the poor asserted their rights, too, and a preacher on the Scilly Isles, off Land's End, closed his prayers with the supplication: "We pray Thee, O Lord, not that wrecks should happen, but that if wrecks do happen, Thou wilt guide them to the Scilly Isles, for the benefit of the poor inhabitants."

Historians also record, however, that the Cornish repeatedly risked



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their lives to rescue thousands of the shipwrecked. Moreover, one of the great life-saving inventions of all time, the rocket and breeches buoy, was the product of a sea disaster off Cornwall. In the early 1800's the frigate *Anson* was driven on the rocks near The Lizard, and the captain and more than 100 men were dashed to pieces in the boiling surf. Among those standing helpless on the shore was Henry Trengrouse, who vowed that day to find a way to help the people aboard these foundering ships.

Later, Trengrouse, with others, perfected the rocket gun to shoot a "line" to ships at sea and thus gave the world an invention that

has since saved thousands of lives.

The coast is the glory of Cornwall, and the best way to see it is to walk its paths and explore its delightful towns and villages. Eagerly, we turned to St. Ives, founded, according to legend, in the fifth century, and nestled in a great curving bay of sapphire-blue water. With its jumble of grey stone cottages and pastel-painted shops perched several flights above or below the level of the narrow, twisting lanes and streets, it is surely one of the most delightful spots on earth.

Half an hour's walk from St. Ives is the quaint, almost deserted village of Zennor, with its mermaid carved on a seat in the village church. The



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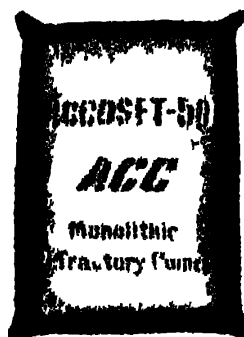
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CORNWALL LAND BEYOND ENGLAND

beautiful figure holds a mirror, and is combing seaweed from her tangled tresses. She is at least 500 years old, for she was there when the church was rebuilt in the fifteenth century. Legend asserts that a mermaid was attracted to the church by the singing, fell in love with the squire's son, and lured him into the depths of the sea.

In a swirling morning mist we got our first glimpse of another Cornish attraction, St. Michael's Mount. A rocky eminence, once the site of a twelfth-century Benedictine monastery, the Mount is now crowned by a fairy-tale castle. At high tide, St. Michael's is an island; at low tide you can walk to it by a stone causeway. Here, according to legend, the Archangel Michael appeared as a hermit. Edward the Confessor allowed the Benedictines to build the castellated abbey, a stronghold and sanctuary down the centuries. Today the Mount is the home of Lord St. Levan, and a growing tourist attraction.

Tasty Pasty. The original Cornishmen were horfty-handed, hardy folk—miners, farmers and fishermen—who ate a coarse, heavy diet. Today they still delight in "herby" (herbs and bacon) pie, hogs-pudding, scalded or "clotted" cream and—favourite and indispensable—the pasty.

Some say that the pasty originated with a Cornish housewife who for years had been providing her miner-husband with stale, unappetizing

lunches to be eaten underground. One day, under duress, she hit on a tasty replacement in a perfect package. She rolled her beef and tetty (potato) into a piecrust, folded it over and crimped the edges, making a tightly sealed and nutritious meal which fitted conveniently into a miner's coat pocket. If she lacked beef and tetty, she would make a pasty of fish or anything else available—and it was said that the Devil never dared visit Cornwall for fear of being put into a pasty.

Did He or Didn't He? Driving to north Cornwall, you come first to



Ruins of King Arthur's Tintagel Castle

the quiet town of Camelford, Tennyson's "Camelot." At Slaughter Bridge, says the legend, the armies of Arthur and the usurper, Modred, met in the year 542.

Four miles from Camelford is Dozmary Pool, the site of the passing of Arthur and the lake into

which Sir Bedivere was commanded to cast the invincible sword, Excalibur. And beyond that is crumbling Tintagel Castle, legendary home of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The ruins rise a sheer 300 feet above a wild and rugged headland. Below, in the cliffs beside the roaring breakers you can glimpse the magician Merlin's cave. Enchanted, I stood here, recalling Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

"And on the night when Uther in
Tintagel past away . . .
Down the wave and in the flame
was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Mer-
lin's feet,
Who stooped and caught the babe,
and cried, 'The King!'"

The real King Arthur was probably a Celtic chieftain who led his countrymen against the invading Saxons in the fifth century. Even today Cornish clans swear on the "Sword of King Arthur" and keep alive his memory. But proof that he ever held court at Tintagel is lacking. In fact, after extensive excavations there in the 1930's, the Ministry of Works theorized that very likely Tintagel was begun as a sixth-century Celtic monastery, and later fortified, but it doubts if the massive ruin has any connexion with Arthur. A guide commented during our visit: "I wouldn't say that 'e lived 'ere at all, and I caan't say that 'e dedn't."

At Tintagel, it's somehow easier to believe that he did.



Cartoon Quips

WIFE to husband relaxing on terrace: "The trouble with suburban living is no matter where you sit you're always looking at something you should be doing."
—F. F.

ONE American woman to another at World's Fair: "Do you think it's safe to drink the water in the foreign pavilions?"
—Censoni

BOSS to executive assistant: "Benson, must you concentrate all your imagination, initiative and daring on your expense account?"
—M. Blanchard

WOMAN to friend as husband sleeps on sofa: "Frankly, I don't care if there is life on another planet. I just wish there were a little more on *this* one!"
—W. Hoest

TOURIST to waiter: "Slow down! *Je parle* French-language records."
—M. Blanchard

ONE UNEMPLOYED man to another: "What hurts was that I wasn't replaced by a whole computer—just a transistor."
—D. M.

Book of
the
Month

**THE
GENERAL
NEXT TO
GOD**

from the book by
Richard Collier



"Go for souls," was General William Booth's motto, "and go for the worst!" With impassioned oratory and blaring brass bands, the militant faith of the founder of the Salvation Army penetrated the shameful slums of Victorian England, bringing a message of hope and salvation to the downtrodden and poverty-stricken, drunkards, prostitutes and starving children.

Celebrating its centenary this month, the Army now has 75,500 officers dedicated to an enormous programme of work in 69 countries and 162 languages throughout the world. In "The General Next to God" a Book Society Choice—Richard Collier recounts the beginnings of this great crusade with the sharp eye for dramatic incident and rich anecdote which made best-sellers of his earlier books, "The City That Would Not Die" and "The Sands of Dunkirk."



THE GENERAL NEXT TO GOD

HE CAME up the Mile End Road, in London's East End, a tall, bearded man in frock-coat and wide brimmed hat. Outside the brick façade of The Blind Beggar public house he halted and drew a book from beneath his arm.

"There is a heaven in the East End for everyone," he declared, "—for everyone who will stop and think and look to Christ as a personal Saviour."

From the pub a volley of jeers and oaths arose, but others in the ragged, unwashed throng which had pressed round him listened despite

themselves. The Reverend William Booth spoke in an unfamiliar Midlands accent, yet infusing his voice was a ring of conviction, and his grey eyes flashed compellingly.

Then, from the crowd, an egg came whizzing to find its mark, and the subtle spell was broken. With yolk trickling down his face, Booth paused and prayed, then strode on through the stinking slum.

The 36-year-old itinerant evangelist had recently come to London. It was July 1865. Britain, under Queen Victoria, was the richest and most powerful nation on earth, and

*Condensed from "The General Next to God," © 1965 by Richard Collier
and published by Collins, London*

yet her capital had spawned incredible slums. The East End was one of the worst, a squalid labyrinth with half a million people, crammed 290 to the acre—"a great large muck-heap," said one bitter pauper, "what the rich grows their mushrooms on."

Shoulders stooped, long arms swinging, Booth marched through the filthy, shrieking population. Outside pub after pub he saw silent, savage men lunge and strike at one another; match-sellers and orange-women blocked his path; Irish flower girls, bare feet marbled with dirt, whined and cajoled; and in the gutters children with wolfish faces foraged for food.

He saw five-year-olds blind drunk at tap-room doorways. Every fifth shop was a gin shop, and most had special steps to help even the tiniest mites to reach the counter. All featured penny glasses of gin. The city stank of cattle hides, chimney smoke, stagnant water, leaking gas, and dung. The Thames itself was nicknamed "The Great Stink." More than 350 sewers flushed into its yellow-grey waters, and for two miles between Westminster and London Bridge, a sticky black bank of sewage, six feet deep, stretched 100 feet into the main channel. Disease was everywhere, and death was an old familiar. Indeed, cholera had struck three times since 1832.

The plight of the poor had always weighed on Booth's conscience. Now, as he tramped

through this human inferno, he was convinced that he had been made witness to the East End's raw jungle for a purpose. It was midnight, his wife Catherine later recalled, when his key grated in the lock of their lodgings. Then Booth, his eyes ablaze, strode into the living-room, and, with the horrors of the Mile End Road still burning in his thoughts, he burst out:

"Darling, I have found my destiny!"

Hearing these words, Catherine Booth might well have felt the cold hand of uncertainty. Upstairs slept six children, and she was even then pregnant with a seventh. It was difficult enough to make ends meet, and if her husband now meant to spend his life among the poverty-stricken East Enders, the future would be precarious indeed. But Catherine was as zealous as William, and eagerly shared his vision. "We have trusted in the Lord before," she said, "and we can trust Him again."

Both of these young people had long taken to heart the example of John Wesley, Methodism's founder, a fragile little minister who, a century earlier, had preached in the streets to the poor and degraded—men and women who never entered a church. "Go not only to those who need you," he had told his followers, "but to those who need you most."

The advice appealed to Booth. Apprenticed to a Nottingham,

pawnbroker as a boy, he had seen degradation and misery. At 15, he had joined the Methodists and begun to carry the word to the local riff-raff and ne'er-do-wells. Two years later, mustering a shabby contingent from "The Bottoms," Nottingham's cruellest slum, he shocked the congregation of the Wesleyan Chapel on Broad Street by bringing them to morning worship.

The poor, if they came to chapel at all, were expected to enter by a side door and sit on hard benches behind a partition where they could not be seen. But, oblivious to the stony stares of mill-managers, shopkeepers and their well-dressed wives, "Wilful Will," as Booth was called, was herding his charges into the best seats.

When he was 20, Booth journeyed to Walworth in South London to work at his trade of pawnbroking. But he spent most of his time preaching, living on scant savings and selling his furniture to make ends meet. It was there that he met and fell in love with Catherine Mumford, the dark, petite daughter of a local coach builder and occasional Methodist lay-preacher. Mercurial and emotional, given to great elation—and black despair—Booth found in this gentle and level-headed girl the perfect helpmate.

Encouraged by Catherine, Booth enrolled as a theological student in a school run by a breakaway sect of the Methodist Church, known as

the New Connexion. On the day of his enrolment, preaching in a nearby chapel, he made 15 converts. His sermons were charged with thunderous fervour; once picturing the world's sinners as shipwrecked men whom only Christ could save, he leaped on to the pulpit seat, wildly waving his handkerchief as a distress signal.

Soon he was going too fast and too far even for the New Connexion. As a travelling campaigner, he made 1,700 converts in the space of a few months, but his methods were too lusty for Victorian England. The Connexion cut short his travels and gave him a fixed post.

In 1858, not yet 30, he became a fully ordained minister, but, contrary to his hopes, he was given another routine appointment. At last, in 1861, his heart and mind drawn irresistibly to the unchurched masses of the big cities, Booth resigned his position in the ministry altogether, and set out on the trail which would lead him to the slums of the Mile End Road. •

THE BATTLE BEGINS

NO MAN less dedicated could have survived the first years in the East End.

Afterwards, remembering this period, Catherine would say how William stumbled home night after night, haggard with fatigue. Often his clothes were torn, and bloody bandages swathed his head where a

stone had struck, or where he had been hurled against a kerb while preaching.

Denied access to the chapels, he hired a dance hall and had chairs brought in at 4 a.m. on Sundays after the fiddles ceased scraping. Evening meetings were held in an old warehouse where urchins threw stones, mud and fireworks through the high windows. For a time he even preached in a hayloft so cramped that his top hat almost touched the ceiling.

For assistants in the Christian Mission, as Booth had named his work, he turned to his children. It was William Bramwell Booth, the eldest son, who initially bore the brunt of the task. A tall, pale boy, made solitary and withdrawn by partial deafness, he was derided at school as "Holy Willie," and bullies once smashed him repeatedly against a tree trunk "to bang religion out of him." But even as a lad Bramwell seemed to sense his calling, and while still in his teens, he was toiling from morning until night over the accounts of what he and his father called "The Concern."

Slowly Booth's mission began to grow; he established outposts in other areas, and in time attracted a small cadre of converts. Yet these were wilderness years for Booth—12 in all would pass with discouraging results. The Christian Mission lacked the magic to catch the eye of the world. In the East End there

were already more than 500 societies distributing alms and working with the poor. Booth's group was but another.

Then early one morning in May 1878, Bramwell and George Railton, an indefatigable Mission helper, were summoned to Booth's bedroom. Booth, recovering from flu, paced the floor in a long yellow dressing-gown, giving out the day's instructions. As Railton listened, he scanned proofs of the Mission's annual report, about to be printed. Its preliminary statement was bold and succinct, and Railton read it aloud:

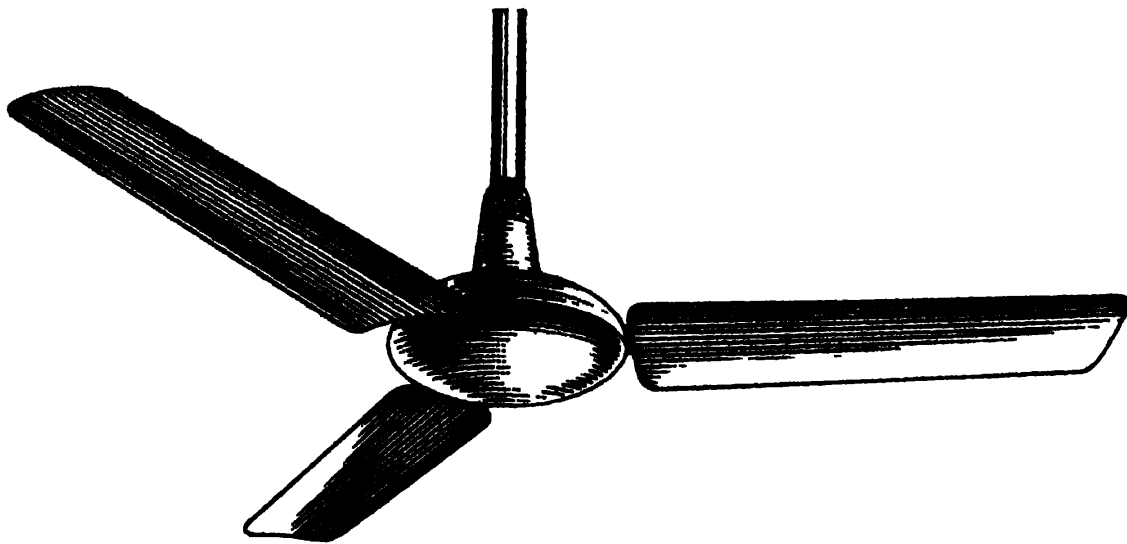
"The Christian Mission is a Volunteer Army recruited from amongst the multitudes who are without God and without hope in the world."

At this time there was a group of citizens, known as the "Volunteers," who had formed a part-time army. They had come in for a good bit of raillery in the Press, and Bramwell, aged 22, was stung by the imputation.

"Volunteer!" he cried. "I'm no volunteer. I'm a regular or nothing!"

Booth stopped dead, and for a long time his eyes were fixed on his son without expression.

Abruptly he seized a pen, and for a moment held it poised over the phrase "Volunteer Army." Then he struck decisively through the word "Volunteer" and wrote in "Salvation." Thus, fortuitously,



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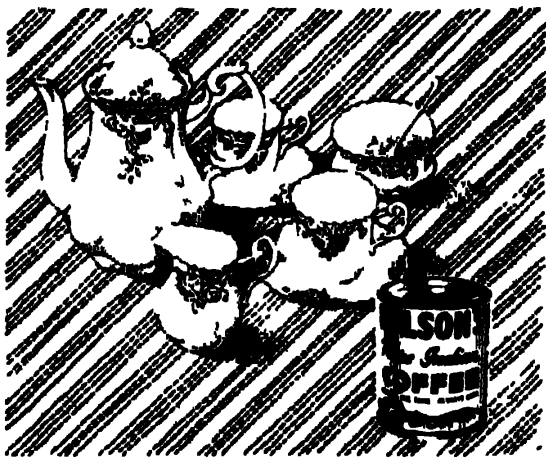
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the Salvation Army was born. It was then exactly 88 strong.

BOOTH STEALS A MARCH ON THE DEVIL

THE NEW NAME suited Booth's followers perfectly. In recent years they had become increasingly militant. Now the military spirit spread. The Army's newspaper became the *War Cry*. A Salvation "soldier" did not genuflect in prayer, he performed "knee-drill." A shout of "Fire a volley" was the signal for a rousing "Hallelujah!" Since heaven was the ultimate goal, Salvationists did not die, they were "promoted to glory." Some converts referred to themselves as Booth's "lieutenants" or "captains," and one of his ardent adherents proclaimed Booth a "general."

The organization was still ruled by a 34-man committee, however, a cumbersome and most unmilitary system which frustrated strong leadership. "If there had been committees in the days of Moses," Booth fumed, "the children of Israel would never have got across the Red Sea." The growing militancy triumphed in 1878; at the annual conference, now called a War Congress, the Mission abolished the committee system and vested absolute power in Booth alone, thus making him a general in fact as well as in name.

Soon the methods of the Army were provoking nationwide comment. Booth was the only preacher to deal out handbills reading,

1965

"Come drunk or sober." Indeed, many of Booth's initial followers were former drunkards, and his work with them presaged the effective methods later developed by Alcoholics Anonymous.

The fervour of his sermons, and the sharp imagery that drove home his message, seemed to mesmerize people. "Look at that man going down the river," he commanded, "going down in a boat with Niagara Falls beyond. He has got out into the stream . . . the rapids have got hold of the boat . . . he is going, going—my God!—he is gone over . . . and he never pulled an oar! That is the way people are damned; they go on; they have no time; they don't think; they neglect salvation—and they are lost."

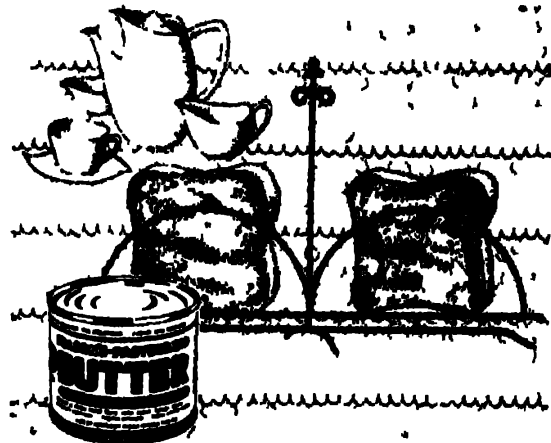
When inspiration failed him he found other ways to win a crowd. Once, despairing of a lackadaisical audience, he had called upon an old gipsy pedlar, recently converted. As the man began his simple, faltering testimony, an unnatural quiet fell upon the meeting and Booth saw the lesson at once.

To Bramwell he said, "I shall have to burn all those sermons of mine and go in for the gipsy's."

Originally Booth's aim was to turn his converts over to the churches. But he found most of them would not go. The poor saw the old stone shrines like St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey as strictly the provinces of the well-to-do. Many a churchwarden looked

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askance at worshippers without Sunday suits, but only one man in 30 at Booth's meetings even owned a collar. Now Booth decided he would no longer strive to send his converted men and women to chapels that did not want them. He would marshal them for the redemption of their own kind.

Yet the Army still lacked some essential magnetism that even Booth could not define. As it happened, the solution was found by pure chance, in Salisbury. Troubled by the rough handling which Salvationists received from hooligans, Charles Fry, a local builder, offered Booth the services of himself and his three sons as bodyguards. The fact that Fry played the cornet and his sons other brass instruments was at first purely incidental. But as an afterthought they brought the instruments along to accompany the songs, and in this unwitting fashion the first Salvation Army band was born.

Booth approved of the effect and soon there were other Army bands. Most men chose a likely instrument, and learned to play it as best they could, though they often lost more chords than they found. Concertinas and tambourines were all the rage. Bramwell played a flutina, forerunner of today's accordion; others rang dustmen's bells, blew hunting-horns or strummed on banjos. Whatever the early bandsmen lacked it was not stamina. They marched endlessly and tooted their

cornets and beat their drums like men possessed.

Next, Fred, the eldest Fry brother, and 17-year-old Herbert Booth, the evangelist's third son, began putting new words to familiar tunes. If a man knew the lilt of "La Marseillaise," he could swiftly learn "Ye Sons of God, Awake to Glory." Given Christian lyrics, "Way Down Upon the Swance River" was re-born as "Joy, Freedom, Peace and Ceaseless • Blessing." Scots could rarely resist "Storm the Forts of Darkness," because they had known it once as "Here's to Good Old Whisky."

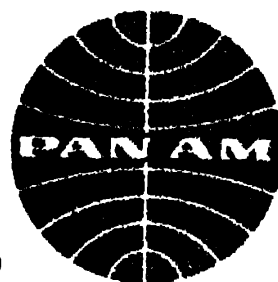
GODLY DAREDEVILS

CRITICS MIGHT attack Booth for reducing religion to a music-hall level, but his musicians met the devil on his own ground. Soon there were 400 Salvation Army bands crashing into a repertoire of 88 "hit" tunes.

It was as if a clarion call had sounded. Men and women flocked to enlist under Booth's banner. These were not people who would thereafter tread the middle road in life. Much might preface a conversion, but, when it came, the converts renounced the world and took up the cross of Christ, ready to press His claims in season and out.

From the north came Billy Herdman, an escape artist, whose stunts enlivened a sermon, "Trap Doors to Hell." In Leicester, Sarah McMinnies, the Saved Barmaid, "opened

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fire," in the new Army phrase. There were Happy Hannah, the Reformed Smoker; the Hallelujah Fishmongers; and "Fiery Elijah, the Saved Sweep from Rugby," who had memorized long passages from the Bible, though he could not read it, and often held it upside down.

All of them were sworn to one indomitable purpose: the redemption of mankind. And if superior souls poked fun at their vulgarity and ignorance, their very lack of book learning, when combined with great sincerity, gave them a common touch which people loved.

By the spring of 1880 Booth's followers were beginning to wear uniforms, a privilege earned by the most Spartan training. Today's Salvation Army cadets, passing out after a two-year course from one of 42 training colleges, lead a hard and disciplined life, but it pales beside the rigours of those early days. What they learned was "scrubology"—rising at crack of dawn to scour the stone steps of their barracks, brighten boots and windows, and make their beds. Their course was practical from first to last. It included facing up to heckling and hurled eggs in open-air meetings, and the bearding of abusive publicans in their own bars. It would be tougher still in the field, Booth advised them. "I sentence you all to hard labour," he jested grimly to one graduating class, "for the rest of your natural lives"

When money was available, modest salaries were paid, but at the historic War Congress which gave Booth supreme power, he decreed that all the Army's other expenses were to be met before salaries. If these were hard rules, they did guarantee Booth a task force to triumph over all opposition: an army of zealots, determined to win people from the darkness of drink and debauchery and to make their presence felt. Booth wanted what he called "Godly go-ahead daredevils," and that is what he got.

"To save souls," Catherine Booth avowed, "I would gladly be a fool in the eyes of the world." The soldiers took the injunction to heart.

Lieutenant Theodore Kitching, a mild-mannered Quaker, had begun life as a schoolteacher, but to catch the eye of the masses he cheerfully rode into Scarborough perched on a crimson-draped donkey. To sell his copies of *War Cry*, he borrowed a dinner bell and jangled it through the streets. Another man addressed all meetings in a red jersey, its front carrying the Salvation Army crest, its back inscribed "The Devil is a Liar."

East End lassies drew record crowds by parading the streets—at Booth's suggestion—wearing nightgowns over their uniforms.

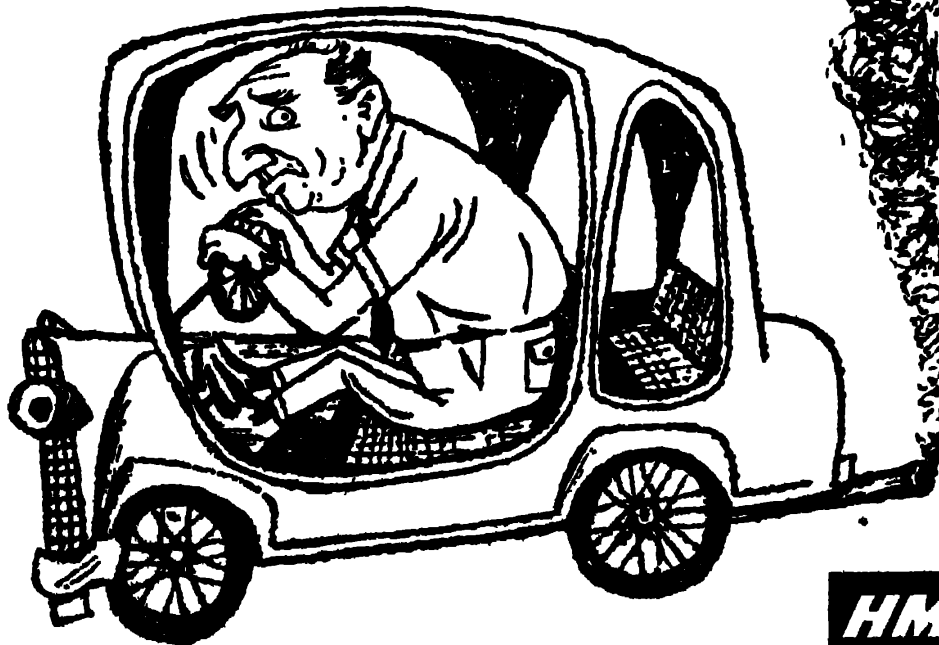
Even Bramwell, conquering his shyness, drew crowds by preaching to his hat in dumb show, or he rose from a coffin borne by six men to pronounce St. Paul's famous line:



Toil and trouble—in plenty !
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GR KD G 48

THE GENERAL NEXT TO GOD

'O death, where is thy sting?'

These were no mere sensationalists wedded to ballyhoo for its own sake. Once they had drawn a crowd with their circus tactics, all became passionate pleaders for righteousness and reconciliation to God.

"GET INTO THEIR SKINS"

Booth's missionary zeal soon carried the Salvation Army overseas. Outposts were established in Canada, Australia and the United States. And Kate, Booth's eldest daughter, personally "opened fire" in France, where the differences of culture and outlook offered many pitfalls. Anxious to launch a French *War Cry*, for example, Kate decided that the Army's love for the poor was perfectly summed up by the title *Amour*. In the nick of time she was dissuaded. A comely lass such as she, crying, "*Amour, un sou*," along the boulevards would certainly give rise to misunderstandings. Hastily the name of the paper was changed to *En Avant*.

Eventually the Army was established in nearly every country on the Continent and in the Western Hemisphere—but these were already Christian nations. The true test of its effectiveness came with the decision in 1882 to wage Salvation war even among the Moslems and Hindus of India.

"Remember that you are likely to be absolutely alone," reads a memo circulated to volunteers. "In the villages you must expect to have no

furniture at all. You will have to learn to cook as Indians do and wash your clothes at the stream with them. You must leave behind you for ever all your English ideas and habits." Booth put it even more succinctly in his final instructions to Major Frederick Tucker, leader of the Indian mission. "Get into their skins, Tucker," he said firmly.

But it was not the Indians who first resisted Booth. The Governor of Bombay was fanatically opposed to the Army's avowed intention of living like Indians. Blurred caste lines would jeopardize British dominion, he believed, and he had sworn to harass Tucker into leaving the city.

Open-air meetings and street processions were outlawed. When Tucker refused to desist, he was jailed. For five months a state of virtual civil war existed between the government and the Salvation Army. In the end, the India Office in London had to step in and order the persecution of the Salvationists to be halted.

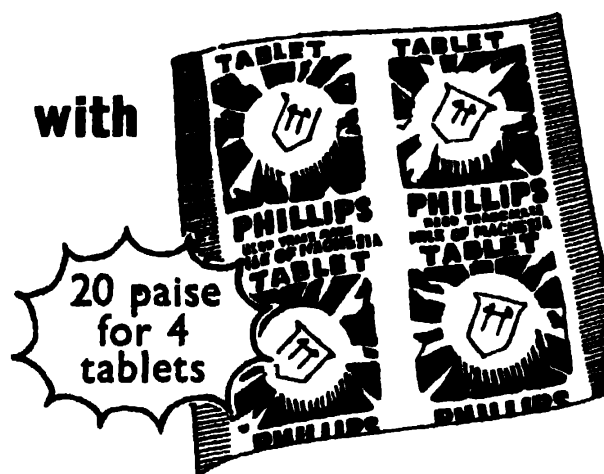
To Tucker's soldiers, soon reinforced from England, any sacrifice was acceptable if it meant winning souls. "Hallelujah!" one new arrival in India wrote home. "I haven't been in bed since coming here but sleep on the ground. My feet are swollen and ulcerated with the first week's work, but to see the happy faces of the converts makes up for everything."

In Indian fashion they wore

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PXDW-E1

July

fakir's saffron robes of renunciation and went barefoot or in sandals. To reach the Tamils of southern India the men shaved their heads, leaving only a round patch of hair coiled in a queue. Their foreheads bore a special Salvation Army caste mark of red, yellow and blue. When working with "Untouchables," they became Untouchables themselves and suffered revilement and ostracism.

They won through by sheer Christian example. A typical case was that of Elizabeth Geikie, a handsome blue-eyed girl from Dundee. To her tiny hut in the jungle—its sole touch of home, pictures clipped from *War Cry* and pasted on mud walls—villagers brought a man almost crazed with pain. Bending close, Elizabeth saw that a huge thorn had been driven like a nail into his foot, and only a pinpoint was now visible. She had no surgical instrument, but she had strong teeth. Kneeling, she clamped them round the thorn and wrenched it free.

Next day the man and his wife became Salvationists. They never fully comprehended Elizabeth's sermons, but they understood that to heal a wound a white woman had placed her lips, the most sacred part of the body, upon the foot, the most despised.

From this groundwork, Elizabeth later scored a spectacular triumph. Undaunted by warnings not to interfere, she hid in the temple of

1965

Ganesh, the elephant-headed god, on the night of the annual autumn festival. Drums pulsed in the village; she heard whoops of high-pitched, drunken laughter; and presently a mob of howling men and women burst into the moonlit clearing, laden with offerings. To their astonishment they saw Elizabeth poised over them at the very apex of the shrine, dramatically clad in a salmon-pink sari, her arms outspread.

"You are now followers of the living God," she rebuked them. "Kneel down, for we are going to pray."

Amid the crowd were many she had nursed through cholera or childbirth, needy people she had fed and comforted. Never had they known her to seek anything but their welfare. And so, putting aside their offerings, they knelt in prayer—the first of many on a site which today still holds a Salvation Army hall.

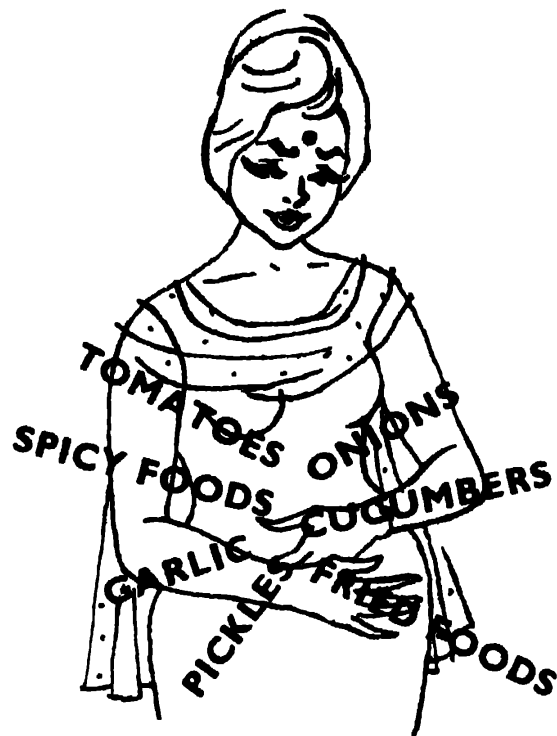
Why did Salvationists willingly accept danger, poverty and degradation? When asked, Booth would confess: "I can't stop them. *They will do it.*"

From such devotion came the 26 hospitals and dispensaries and two leper colonies now run by the Salvation Army in India.

GROWING PAINS

THE ARMY's success and growing influence brought it bitter enemies. Publicans and brothel owners were particularly incensed by the inroads

173



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PILOW E2

Booth was making into their profits, and by the mid-1880's were helping to stage an all-out counter-attack.

All over England Salvation soldiers faced mob violence. Hooligans showered marching troops with tar and burning sulphur. In White-chapel, Army lasses were roped together like cattle and pelted with live coals. At Hucknall, a cadet was beaten so savagely that he lay unconscious for three days. At Plymouth, 40 men armed with brimming chamber pots stormed the Army building and drenched James Dowdle, "The Saved Railway Guard," with urine. Time and again meetings closed down in wild confusion.

Concerned for the safety of his followers, and particularly shaken by the peril to the women officers, Booth at first advised caution. They were to hold all meetings indoors, leaving the streets to the hooligans. But the tradition of the Army was not rooted in prudence, and the pressure to carry the gospel into the streets was irresistible.

"If the devil doesn't attack us," declared Captain Ada Smith, one of the smallest lasses ever to graduate from training college, "we ought to attack him."

Her fiery words carried the day, and Booth agreed that the opposition was to be met head on. It meant endless, heartbreaking, struggles, but finally, after many months, public opinion forced the police to provide protection for the

Army; and when this occurred the vicious opposition melted away.

Such troubles, and other pressures of a growing organization, began to tell on Booth. He was now hardly ever free from dyspepsia, and his assistants often found him irritable, even harsh-tempered. He breakfasted meagrely on a boiled egg, toast and unsweetened tea, and he would thunder that he liked his tea as he liked his religion: H-O-T! But he ate rapidly, his stomach always in pain.

Catherine was his main comfort. Returning home weary beyond belief, he would take her hand as he entered the hall and say simply: "Kate, let me pray with you." Afterwards, he would rise from his knees armed with fresh courage.

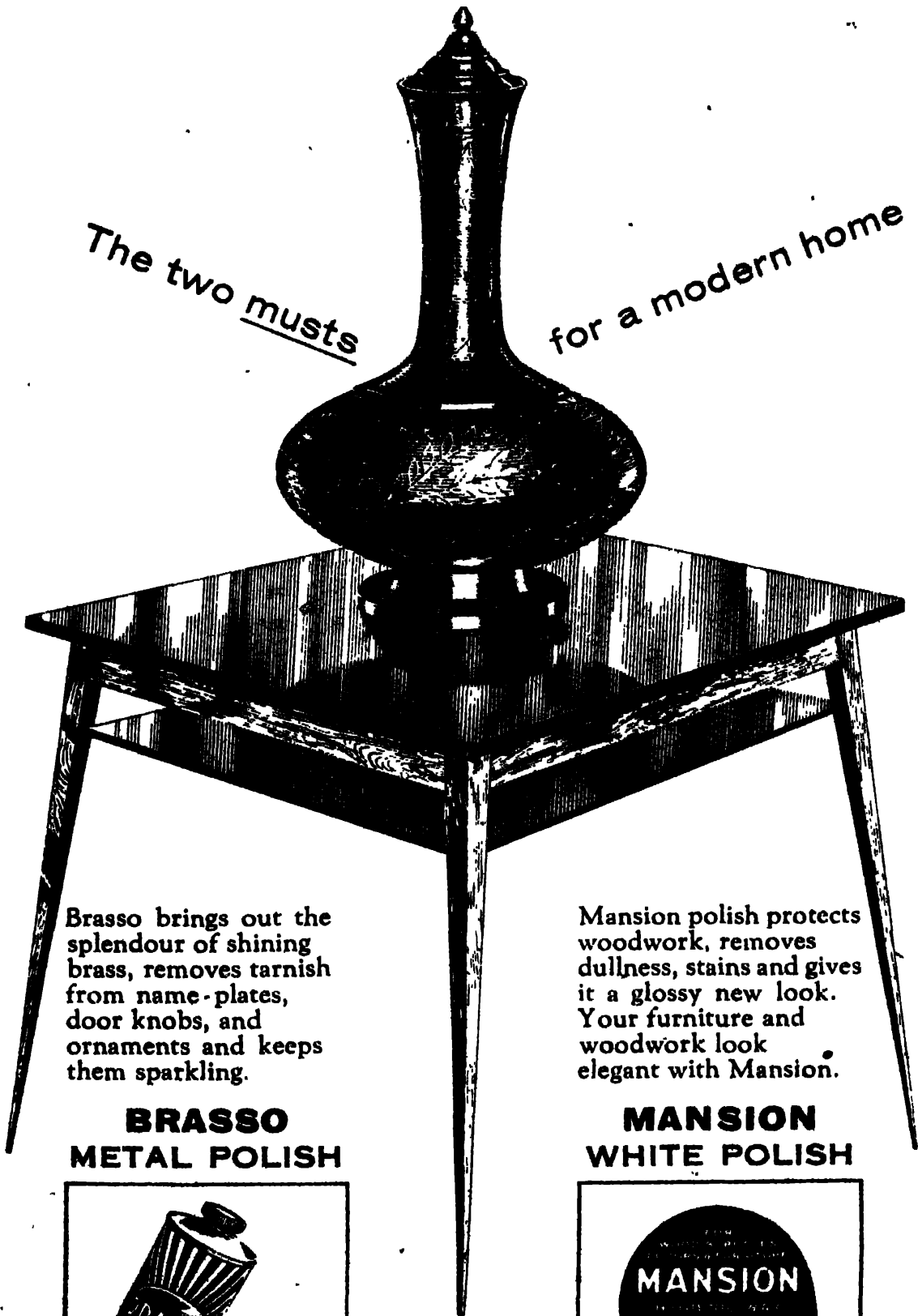
Young Theodore Kitching, the former Quaker schoolteacher, always recalled an afternoon spent having tea with Catherine while she placidly darned the General's socks. Suddenly a carriage drew up outside, and Catherine sprang up like a bride, hastening to the door.

"Oh, William," Kitching heard her cry, "how good it is to see you!" At once she was at his side, handing him the woollen slippers she herself had made, stroking his hand and smoothing his hair as he took his seat beside her. Deeply touched, Kitching tiptoed from the room. These lovers were now 55 years old; soon they would celebrate their thirtieth wedding anniversary.

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THE GENERAL NEXT TO GOD

his children, who had given their lives to God. The sight of them clustered in the kitchen after an evening's meeting, talking excitedly of new converts and recruits, never failed to stir him. Bramwell, at 28, was still his father's chief of staff, but others also filled key posts. Kate and Herbert were in France; Emma was about to depart for India. Ballington headed the men's training home, and Evangeline, with her fiery red hair and fierier oratory, promised great things. Lucy, who was born three years after Booth began his crusade in London, bringing the total of Booth offspring to eight was now 16, but within ten years she would go off to India. Only Marian, aged 20, was too delicate to play an active warrior's role in the battle for salvation.

By 1884 the Army was made up of 900 corps, more than 260 of them abroad. Of 500 overseas officers, only 90 had been posted from Britain; the rest were recruited in their native countries. The headquarters was a six-storey building, a former billiards club, in Queen Victoria Street, London, and here a hard-pressed staff of 80 received and dispatched some 2,000 communications a day. Salvation was now a £30,000-a-year concern.

Other clergy had already begun to court Booth. There were people, admitted the Archbishop of York, whom the Church of England was powerless to reach; one week-day evening survey of London in this

era tallied 17,000 people worshipping in Army barracks against 11,000 in ordinary churches. The Archbishop even proposed amalgamating the Salvation Army with the Church of England. But Booth would not hear of it since he was unwilling to relinquish one iota of his iron control; the Army had spanned the globe for the very reasons that it was mobile, single-minded and defiant of convention.

"You see," explained Booth, "we have no reputation to lose."

"LOATHSOME MALADY"

NO BATTLE the Army waged was quite so dramatic as its struggle to redeem the prostitutes and to put down a vicious trade in girls scarcely into their teens. Since 1881 Booth had operated a refuge for reformed streetwalkers in London, and over a three-year period some 800 girls had passed through it. Yet this by itself did little to affect the enormous traffic in white slaves.

Then in the spring of 1885, 17-year-old Annie Swarf turned up on the doorstep of Army headquarters. Clad in a vivid scarlet dress—symbol of the harlot's trade—she was incongruously clutching a Salvation Army songbook and demanding to see the General.

Bramwell, as his father's deputy, heard out her story. A village girl from Sussex, Annie had come to London to work as a domestic servant—and had walked into a cleverly laid trap. The service called not

for cap and ribbons, but for the red silk dress, and the "house" was a brothel whose inmates were captive young girls like herself.

After corroborating her story, Bramwell decided to seek out an influential ally, William Stead, crusading editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Stead was incredulous until he heard three wan prostitutes, all under 16, describe the anguish and remorse of their lives. That was enough. At once he formed a secret commission and began an intensive investigation of white slavery.

He found that out of 100 consecutive cases investigated, a third had been trapped into harlotry before they were 16. London alone housed 80,000 prostitutes. The traffic netted £8 million a year.

One large source of profit, he learned, came from virgins, in trade parlance "fresh girls." Most common bait was that which had trapped Annie Swan: advertisements seeking country lasses for London domestic service. But whatever the ruse, a girl's fate did not vary. She was drugged, raped and kept prisoner in a brothel until she complied with the madam's wishes.

As the law stood, girls over 13—the age of "consent"—had no legal recourse. But even younger ones were drawn into the business, for without a writ of habeas corpus, policemen could not enter a brothel to search for them, and such writs were difficult to obtain. Thousands

of girls were shipped like cattle to the state-regulated houses of Brussels and Antwerp. The more recalcitrant were doped, then ferried in nailed-down coffins vented with air holes. Sometimes a victim awoke in mid-voyage and knew the unspeakable horror of clawing at unyielding wood.

Stead's investigation lasted six weeks. Then on July 6, 1885, his first article appeared. The edition sold out immediately, and old copies changed hands at half a crown apiece. George Bernard Shaw, one of Stead's reviewers, himself took a quire of *Gazettes* into the Strand and sold every one. Reaction was violent, many people believing Stead a plain pornographer, and on the following day, in response to public outcry, the Home Secretary asked him to suppress the rest of the story.

Stead refused. But by the third day of the series, the success of his crusade seemed threatened. A huge crowd massed outside the offices of the *Gazette*, not men thirsting for justice, but a mob of thugs recruited by white slavers, bent on storming the building. Stones and bricks were hurled; the dusty windows shattered into daggers of glass before the mob could be dispersed.

Stead believed the situation was desperate. That very afternoon there had been a motion in the House of Commons to resume debate on a Bill which would raise the legal age of consent. The third instalment



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THE GENERAL NEXT TO GOD

must reach the public. "I'll send a message to General Booth," he decided. "He may be able to help us."

At Queen Victoria Street, Stead's messenger was swiftly ushered into the General's presence. Booth listened in silence, slumped in his swivel chair, then declared: "Tell Mr. Stead we'll do everything in our power to help him."

And in his own hand he wrote: "Go on! Every blow tells. Multitudes are filled with horror and cry out with agonizing entreaty for the Bill. We shall get the loathsome malady looked at now."

All over Britain, Booth's Army worked to keep public indignation at boiling point; the General himself led mass meetings in several cities.

In 17 non-stop days the Salvation Army obtained 393,000 signatures to a petition for raising the age of consent—a huge scroll which, unfolded, measured more than two and a half miles. It was presented to Parliament at the end of July, and within a matter of days, a five-man committee, after carefully checking Stead's findings, reported them "substantially true." The Government could do nothing but act. The Bill raising the age of consent to 16 and giving the police the right to raid suspected brothels was passed overwhelmingly.

"We thank God," exulted Booth in *War Cry*, "for the success He has given to the first effort of the

Salvation Army to improve the laws of the nation."

Indeed, the prestige of the Salvation Army soared to its highest peak. One longstanding benefactor pressed £2,000 on Catherine Booth for the rescue of fallen girls. Within five years Booth had 13 homes, housing over 300 girls in the United Kingdom alone, and a further 17 abroad, foreshadowing the mid-twentieth-century total of 119 homes, caring for 4,000 girls a year.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE...

ONE EVENING in the winter of 1887, General Booth opened a new corps hall in Kent and did not start home until midnight. As his cab rattled across the Thames at London Bridge, an appalling sight met his eyes: scores of homeless men were huddled in niches of the bridge, shielded from the cold only by ragged clothes and scraps of newspaper.

The spectacle agitated him, and when Bramwell reported the next morning, Booth demanded, "Did you know that men slept out all night on the bridges?"

Bramwell admitted that this came as no surprise, but he was stung by the General's implication that he ought to be ashamed of himself for doing nothing. After all, he said, the Salvation Army couldn't tackle every social evil.

With one angry sweep of his hand Booth silenced this argument, and his command was destined to alter the Army's entire future. "Go and

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THE GENERAL NEXT TO GOD

do something! Get hold of a warehouse and warm it. Find something to cover them. But mind, Bramwell, no coddling!"

Soon reports from Booth's scattered lieutenants revealed that the scene on London Bridge was no isolated case.

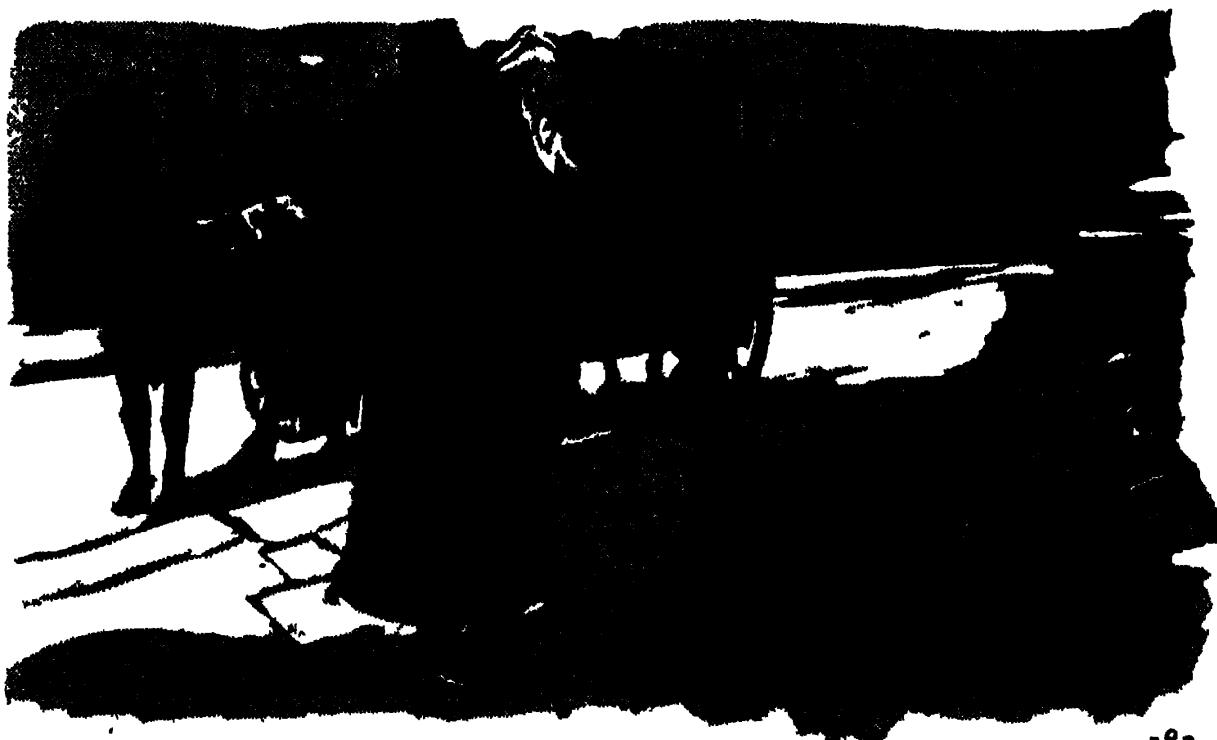
Nearly three million people in Britain were dragging out their lives below subsistence level, and for all of them Booth laid claim to a "cab-horse charter"—the same right to food, shelter and work enjoyed by every London nag.

Bramwell's warehouse for derelicts was only the initial step. In 1888 came the Army's first "cheap-food depot." This was not the random charity of a soup kitchen, which Booth distrusted, but an eating house which sold food at rock-bottom prices; meat pudding and

potatoes for threepence, a baked jamroll for a halfpenny were typical items. Shelter was also offered: fourpence bought soap, towels, washroom facilities and a bed in a heated dormitory.

These first efforts, demanding more and more of Booth's time, were carried out under excruciating circumstances. Early in 1888, just as the Army's social schemes were being born, it was discovered that Catherine had cancer. An operation was performed, but the progress of the disease could not be halted.

A man always profoundly stirred by suffering, Booth felt Catherine's pain as keenly as if it were his own. Yet no amount of personal trouble could deflect him from the problems of others. So that the whole country might know the shocking conditions in the slums, he was now



engaged in assembling an exposé based on his own notes and the dossiers of his officers. Often, coming from Catherine's room, he would break down utterly—and yet somehow manage to resume his labours. Day and night he scribbled and revised, interrupting his work only to



pray, "Oh God, help just now, help my darling."

Catherine herself would ruefully complain that she was dying in a house "like a railway station," but she knew better than most that there simply was no escaping the business of Salvation. Senior officers came and went at all hours; messengers jangled the doorbell with

urgent telegrams; and Catherine's bedroom now became the meeting place where the Army's expanding social policy was argued out and shaped. In sickness as in health, she was still "The Army Mother."

Her ordeal stretched out for two years, but her faith remained unshaken. "Don't be concerned about your dying," she wrote to friends. "Only go on living well, and the dying will be all right." Her one worry, she confessed to William, was "that I should not be here to nurse you at your last hour."

On October 2, 1890, she began to sink. William sat beside her, his hand in hers, and felt her ease the thin gold wedding ring from her finger and slip it on his own. "By this token we were united for all time," she said, "and by it now we are united for eternity." Silently Booth acquiesced. He would love no other woman this side of Paradise.

Two days later Catherine died in Booth's arms, a call for him upon her lips. At the funeral white streamers fluttered from standards, and a white badge gleamed on every soldier's arm. For this was the Army way; they did not mourn in black. Catherine was in heaven, and white was the sign of rejoicing, a symbol of her promotion to glory.

DARKEST ENGLAND

SHORTLY AFTER Catherine's death, Booth published a volume on the slums, calling it *In Darkest England*—an ironical twist on a recent

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best-seller, *In Darkest Africa*, by the explorer Stanley. The book, which was actually put together by his old ally in the war against white slavery, William Stead, presented a plan which was nothing less than Booth's attempt to apply the Christian ethic to industrial civilization. For the first time many people who had continued to view the General as simply one more eccentric evangelist learned of his slum work, his food shops, his shelters. And they learned that these were just the first elements in a broad programme.

Because workers and businesses lacked a common ground, Booth opened Britain's first "labour exchange," a service which would

eventually place countless unemployed in jobs.

Discovering that some 9,000 people dropped from sight in London each year, he established a missing-persons bureau, with his 10,000 officers as potential sleuths.

He dreamed of a farm colony where, given honest labour and pleasant surroundings, derelicts could take a giant stride towards redemption.

He wanted to establish a poor man's bank; he offered legal aid to the destitute; and he envisaged an emigration scheme which would develop a new overseas colony peopled by families with fresh reasons for living.

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To carry out this work he asked for a £100,000 fund subscribed by the public, and a steady £30,000 a year to maintain the programme.

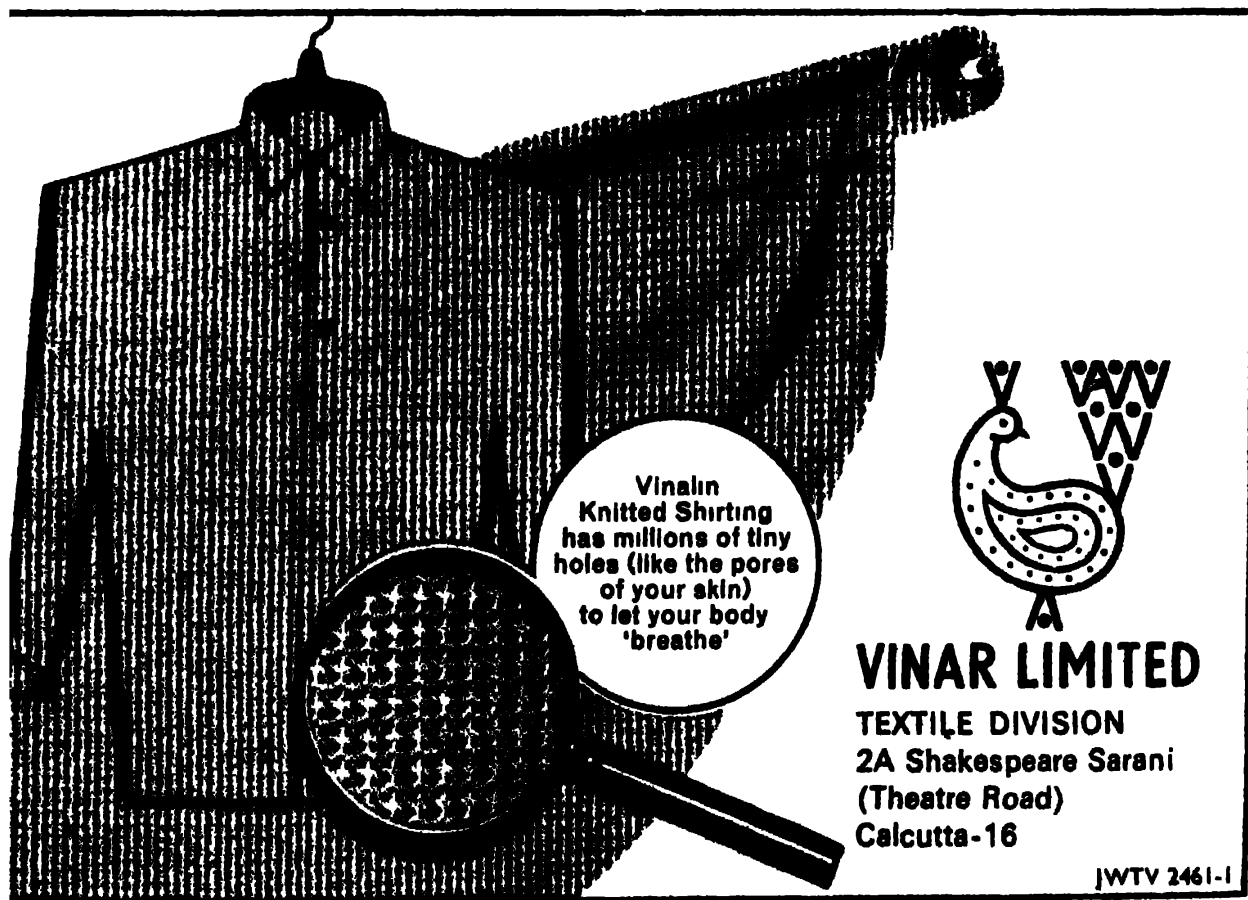
His daring blueprint made him the most talked-about man in the land. Within a month *In Darkest England* sold 90,000 copies; a year later, 200,000. The pot of controversy seethed. Critics scoffed that this plan was a "childish impracticable Utopia." No one, they contended, had ever changed a loafer into a useful member of society. Booth was ignoring the fluctuation of business cycles. He would hamper the free flow of labour, cripple personal rights and usher in socialism. Nor did his detractors stop

with his book. He himself was a "charlatan," "a pious rogue," "a sensual, dishonest, sanctimonious scoundrel."

Bramwell grew angry over such personal attacks, but his father shrugged them off.

"Fifty years hence," he said, "it will matter very little how these people treated us. It will matter a great deal how we dealt with the work of God." He never believed his programme was the only answer, but somewhere a start must be made. "When the sky falls," he answered his critics, "we shall catch larks, no doubt. But in the meantime?"

All through the 1890's there was a



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need to find work for the workless, and the Army created jobs by venturing into business itself. Booth explored many avenues: brick making, paper sorting, a cabinet factory.

When there were abuses, he attacked them. Research revealed, for example, that many match manufacturers treated their employees like slaves. In one case, investigated by the Salvation Army, a mother and her two children under nine worked a 16-hour day to take home two shillings. Unable to pause even for meals, they gobbled bread as they laboured.

Worse, most manufacturers used yellow phosphorus to tip the match heads. So toxic were the fumes from this chemical that the Army found scores of women plagued by severe toothache. Unknown to them the phosphorus was attacking their jaws. Soon the whole side of the face turned green, then black, discharging a foul pus. This was "Phossy Jaw"—necrosis of the bone—and its only outcome was death.

To combat such practices the Army opened an airy, well-lit match factory of its own. Its "Lights in Darkest England" were tipped with harmless red phosphorus, and at peak the factory was turning out six million boxes annually. After a ten-year campaign, the match industry was forced to discontinue using yellow phosphorus, and the Army's factory closed down, its mission accomplished.

**"I'LL FIGHT TO THE
VERY END"**

THE MAN whose parish had once been the East End slums was now seen all over the world, following trails his soldiers had blazed for him. He visited Germany, Palestine, Australia, New Zealand, the United States, and only regretted that he could not inspect the Army pioneering in Alaska and Java. "Go for souls," he had told his recruits, "and go for the worst"—and no country was too remote, no people too barbarous.

Statesmen and crowned heads now vied with one another to honour Booth. In 1904 he was received at Buckingham Palace, with Edward VII shaking him by the hand and avowing, "You are doing a good work, a great work, General Booth." How, the King wanted to know, did the churches view his Army now?

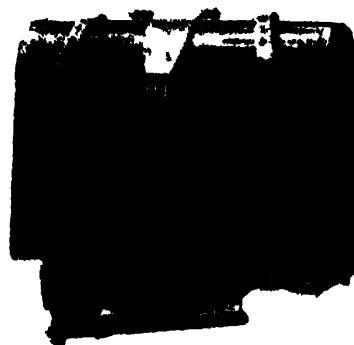
"Sir," replied Booth, "they imitate me."

The King asked him to write in his autograph album, and Booth noted :

Some men's ambition is art :
Some men's ambition is fame :
Some men's ambition is gold :
My ambition is the souls of men.

He never lost the common touch. In October 1905, when the City of London conferred its freedom on him, he refused to ride in triumph to the Mansion House through streets where he and his officers had

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succoured the poor. Instead, he walked.

A group of his soldiers marched beside him until Bramwell, struck by the symbolism of the scene, ordered: "Fall back, fall back, and let him walk alone."

Suddenly Booth swept off his top hat, and the watching crowds saw an autumn breeze ruffle his fine white hair. Scores of people, touched by the sight of the stately old gentleman, wept without shame.

At 75 Booth still drove himself tirelessly. His day began at 6 a.m. and went on at a frantic pace until midnight or later. There was never time enough. His assistants might be wakened even during the night

to perform some errand, or take 4 a.m. dictation.

Intrigued by the possibilities of the motor-car, he set out on a 29-day tour of Britain, and in eight years conducted seven such trips, covering thousands of miles and speaking at hundreds of meetings. In his dark-green, ankle-length motoring coat, a peaked cap replacing his usual silk topper, he became a national institution. All over England crowds lined the streets as Booth's red-wheeled white Napier wheezed into town.

He was obsessed by all the work still undone. Bramwell would find him pacing distractedly at night, arms folded, a wet towel coiled

BOROLINE

SO SMOOTH, SO SATISFYING, SO DURABLE

round his forehead, worrying about the poor, the sick and the sinful.

"I want to do more for the homeless," he urged his son repeatedly. "Not of this country only, but of *all* lands. Look after the homeless, Bramwell. Promise me."

And Bramwell would promise, but Booth must have the last word: "Mind—if you don't, I shall come back and haunt you."

Game to the last, he stubbornly fought the idea that his race was run. At 81, visiting Germany, he scornfully rejected a comfortable armchair offered him, saying, "That is meant for an old man."

But now his health was failing rapidly. He suffered from cataracts

and was nearly blind. Late in January 1912, Bramwell was horrified to see him stumble and fall headlong downstairs, striking his head. Miraculously he was unhurt, but in May that same year, to the 7,000 Salvationists packing London's Royal Albert Hall, he confessed he was "going into dry dock for repairs."

It would be only a temporary interruption. "While women weep as they do now," he told the crowd, "I'll fight; while little children go hungry as they do now, I'll fight; while men go to prison, in and out, in and out, I'll fight; while there yet remains one dark soul without the light of God, I'll fight—I'll fight to the very end!"

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It was his last speech, perhaps his greatest. Three months later, on August 20, 1912, he died at the age of 83. Staff Officers arriving at International Headquarters the following morning saw a simple message in the window: "The General Has Laid Down His Sword."

**"HE CARED FOR THE
LIKES OF US"**

IN 60 YEARS as an evangelist, Booth had travelled five million miles and delivered almost 60,000 sermons. His hypnotic spirit had drawn 16,000 officers to follow his flag in 58 countries and to preach the gospel in 34 languages. Everywhere his passing was mourned.

At a three-day lying-in-state 150,000 people filed past the old warrior's coffin, and on the day of his funeral city offices were dark and shuttered. The flags of all nations dipped to salute him. Round his grave lay wreaths from the King and Queen and from titled heads-of-state throughout the world.

His funeral service was attended by 40,000 people. Salvation Army officers on leave from all parts of the globe knelt beside the coffin to rededicate themselves to God and

the Army. Along with them knelt thieves, tramps, harlots, the lost and outcast to whom Booth had given his heart.

Unknown to most, royalty was there, too. Far to the rear of the hall, almost unrecognized, sat Queen Mary, a staunch admirer of Booth. She had elected to come at the last moment without warning.

Beside her by the aisle was a shabby but neatly dressed woman, who confessed her secret to the Queen. Once she had been a prostitute, and the Salvation Army had saved her. Years afterwards at a meeting, General Booth had heard her story and told her gently: "My girl, when you get to heaven, Mary Magdalene will give you one of the best places."

The woman had come early to claim an aisle seat, she said, guessing that the coffin would pass close to her. As it did, she had unobtrusively placed three faded carnations on the lid, and all through the service they were the only flowers on the coffin.

Queen Mary was deeply moved when the woman turned to her and said simply, in words which could stand as William Booth's epitaph: "He cared for the likes of us."

THE END

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—Howard Franklin

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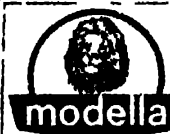
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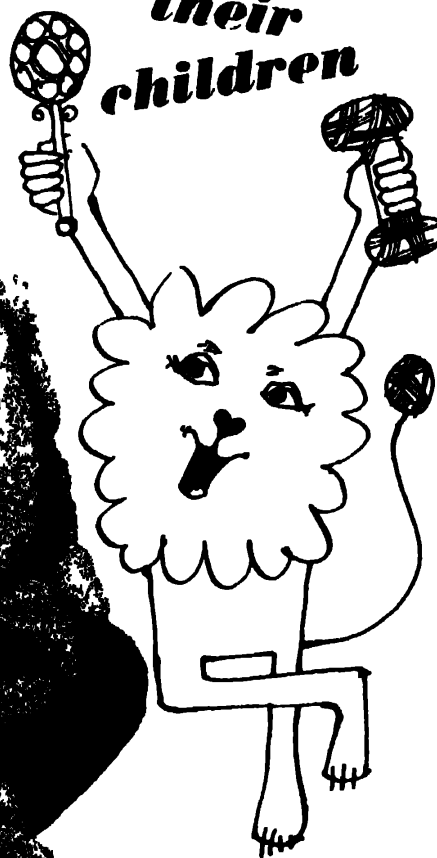
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It Pays to Increase Your WORD POWER

BY WILFRED FUNK

THE WORDS in this test have appeared in recent issues of *The Reader's Digest*. Tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **marauder** (ma rawd' er)—A: rebel. B: bully. C: invader. D: conqueror.
- (2) **impeccable** (im pĕk' a b'l)—A: faultless. B: coolheaded. C: obstructive. D: unbreakable.
- (3) **primordial** (pri mor' di al)—A: deathlike. B: primeval. C: innocent. D: evil-smelling.
- (4) **scion** (si' un)—A: symbol. B: head of family. C: wise man. D: child or descendant.
- (5) **stringent** (strin' jent)—A: shrinking. B: prolonged. C: sarcastic. D: severe.
- (6) **savoury** (say' ver i)—A: pleasant. B: knowledgeable. C: tasty. D: delicate.
- (7) **hinterland** (hin' ter land)—A: prairie. B: remote region. C: deep forest. D: desert.
- (8) **sallow** (sal' ō)—A: of an unhealthy colour. B: haggard. C: immature. D: glum.
- (9) **censure** (sen' shur)—A: approval. B: humiliation. C: condemnation. D: prevention.
- (10) **advent** (äd' vent)—A: venture. B: process of being developed. C: occurrence. D: approach or arrival.
- (11) **pithy** (pith' i)—A: irritated. B: full of meaning. C: spiteful. D: wordy.
- (12) **skulduggery** (skul dug' er i)—A: bewilderment. B: slovenliness. C: underhandedness. D: utter nonsense.
- (13) **brazen** (bray' z'n)—A: shameless. B: reckless. C: careless. D: callous.
- (14) **expedite** (eks' pe dite)—A: to agree to. B: speed up. C: begin. D: experiment.
- (15) **incoherent** (in kō hear' ent)—A: incapable of telling the truth. B: consistent. C: speechless. D: confused.
- (16) **unpretentious** (un prĕ ten' shus)—A: modest. B: factual. C: without feeling. D: dull.
- (17) **transitory** (tran' si teri)—A: of lightning speed. B: easily seen through. C: of short duration. D: high up.
- (18) **culpable** (kül' pä b'l)—A: corrupt. B: capable of being tilled. C: responsible. D: blameworthy.
- (19) **echelon** (ĕsh' ĕ lon)—A: part of a uniform. B: steplike formation. C: straight line. D: cavalry unit.
- (20) **podium** (pō' di um)—A: platform. B: bean, native to Brazil. C: ecclesiastical chair. D: official building.

(Now turn to the next page)

ANSWERS TO

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

- (1) **marauder**—C: Invader in quest of loot; pillager; plunderer; as, jungle outposts threatened by bands of *marauders*. French *marauder*, from *maraud*, "rogue."
- (2) **impeccable**—A: Faultless; free from blemish or error; as, *impeccable* evening dress. Latin *impeccabilis*, "without sin."
- (3) **primordial**—B: Primeval; first created or developed; as, the *primordial* world. Latin *primordium*, "beginning."
- (4) **scion**—D: Child or descendant; as, *scion* of a wealthy or noble family. Old French *cion*.
- (5) **stringent**—D: Severe; rigid; strict; as, *stringent* security measures. Latin *stringere*, "to draw tight."
- (6) **savoury**—C: Tasty; appetizing; as, a *savoury* dish. Old French *savourer*, "to taste."
- (7) **hinterland**—B: Region remote from towns; interior beyond a coast; as, a vast, sparsely settled *hinterland*. German *binter*, "behind," and *land*.
- (8) **sallow**—A: Of an unhealthy yellow colour, suggesting sickness; as, a *sallow* complexion. Old English *salo*.
- (9) **censure**—C: Condemnation or stern disapproval; official reprimand; as, judicial *censure* of the riot leaders. Latin *censura*, from *censere*, "to give an opinion."
- (10) **advent**—D: Approach or arrival; as, the *advent* of summer. Latin *adventus*, from *advenire*, "to come to."
- (11) **pithy**—B: Full of meaning; expressing the gist of the matter in few words; as, *pithy* headlines. Old English *pipa*, "pith, marrow."
- (12) **skulduggery**—C: Underhandedness; deception; trickery; as, the *skulduggery* of a card sharper.
- (13) **brazen**—A: Shameless; impudent; as, a *brazen* manner. Old English *braesen*, from *braes*, "brass."
- (14) **expedite**—B: To speed up; facilitate; as, to *expedite* the flow of materials. Latin *expedire*, "to free the feet from fetters."
- (15) **incoherent**—D: Confused; inconsistent; lacking order and continuity; as, an *incoherent* plea. Latin *in-*, "not," and *coharere*, "to cling together."
- (16) **unpretentious**—A: Modest; unassuming; free from ostentation or elegance; as, an *unpretentious* car. *Un-*, "not," and Latin *praetentus*, from *praetendere*, "to stretch."
- (17) **transitory**—C: Of short duration; fleeting; as, *transitory* joy. Latin *transitorius*, from *transire*, "to go across, pass."
- (18) **culpable**—D: Blameworthy; deserving censure; as, a *culpable* cheat. Latin *culpa*, "fault, error."
- (19) **echelon**—B: Steplike formation; one of a series of levels or grades in civilian organization; as, outspoken dissent among the company's lower *echelons*. French *échelon*, "ladder rung."
- (20) **podium**—A: Platform or dais, as for an orchestra conductor or a speaker. Latin, from Greek *podion*, "foot."

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20-19 correct	excellent
18-16 correct	good
15-13 correct	fair

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 been...**ough...**when this...**CC**
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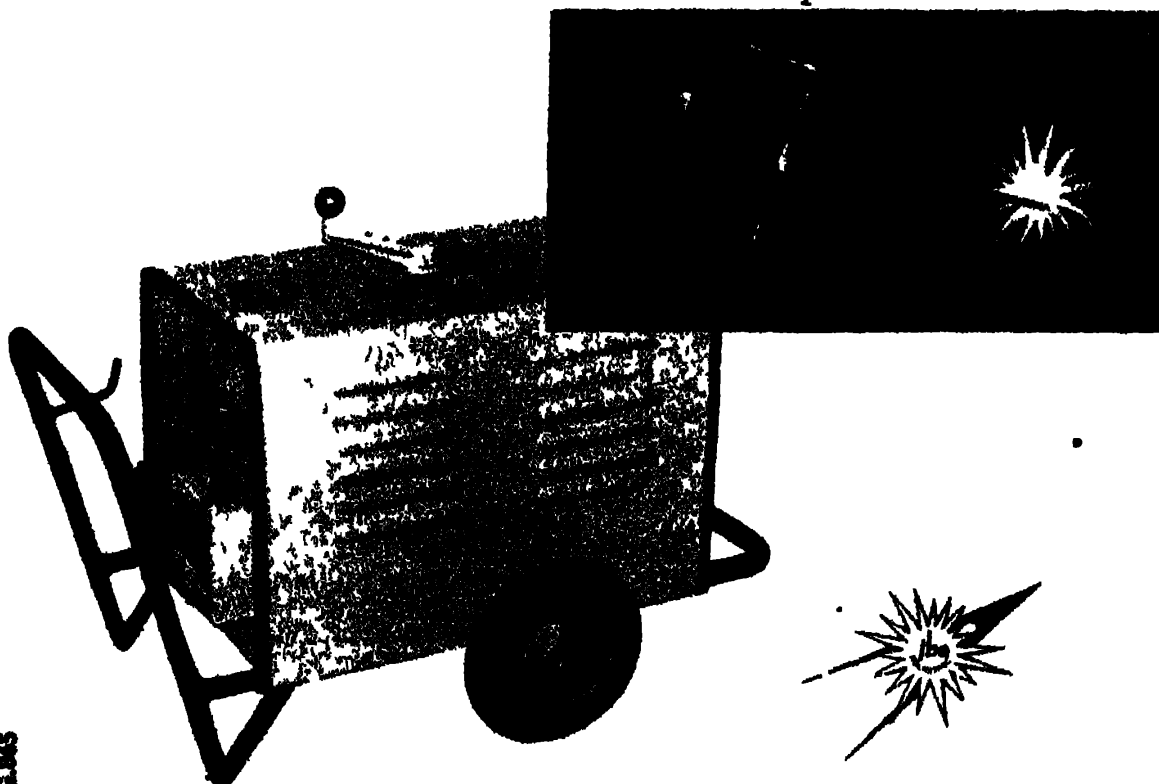
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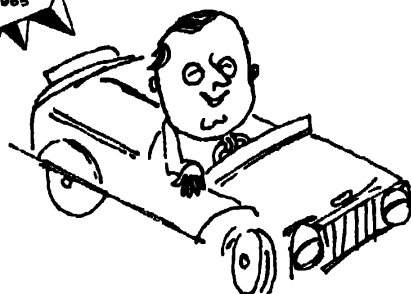


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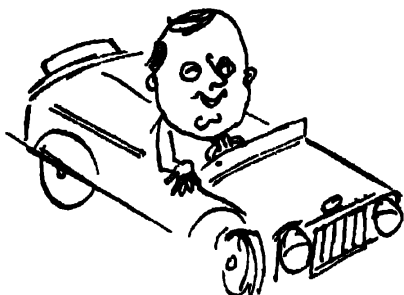
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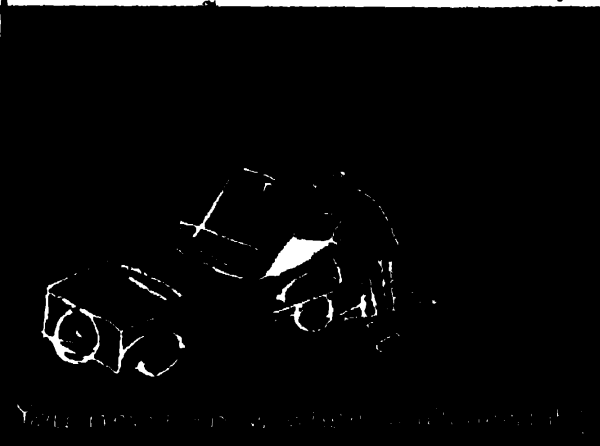
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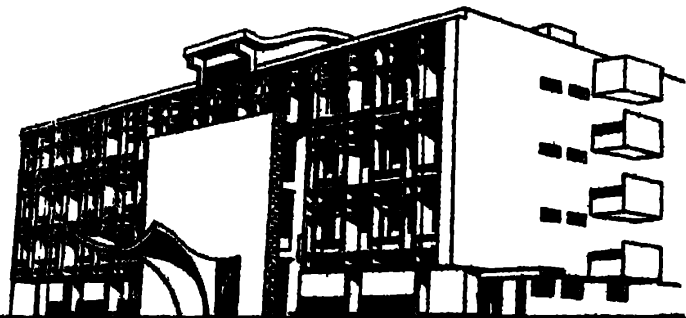
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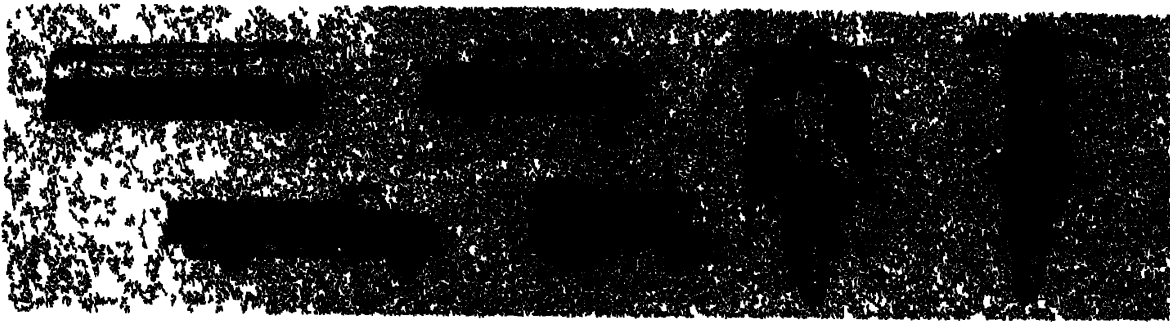
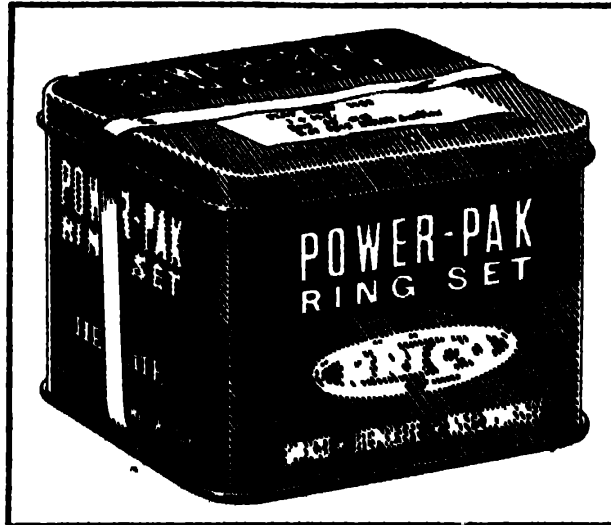
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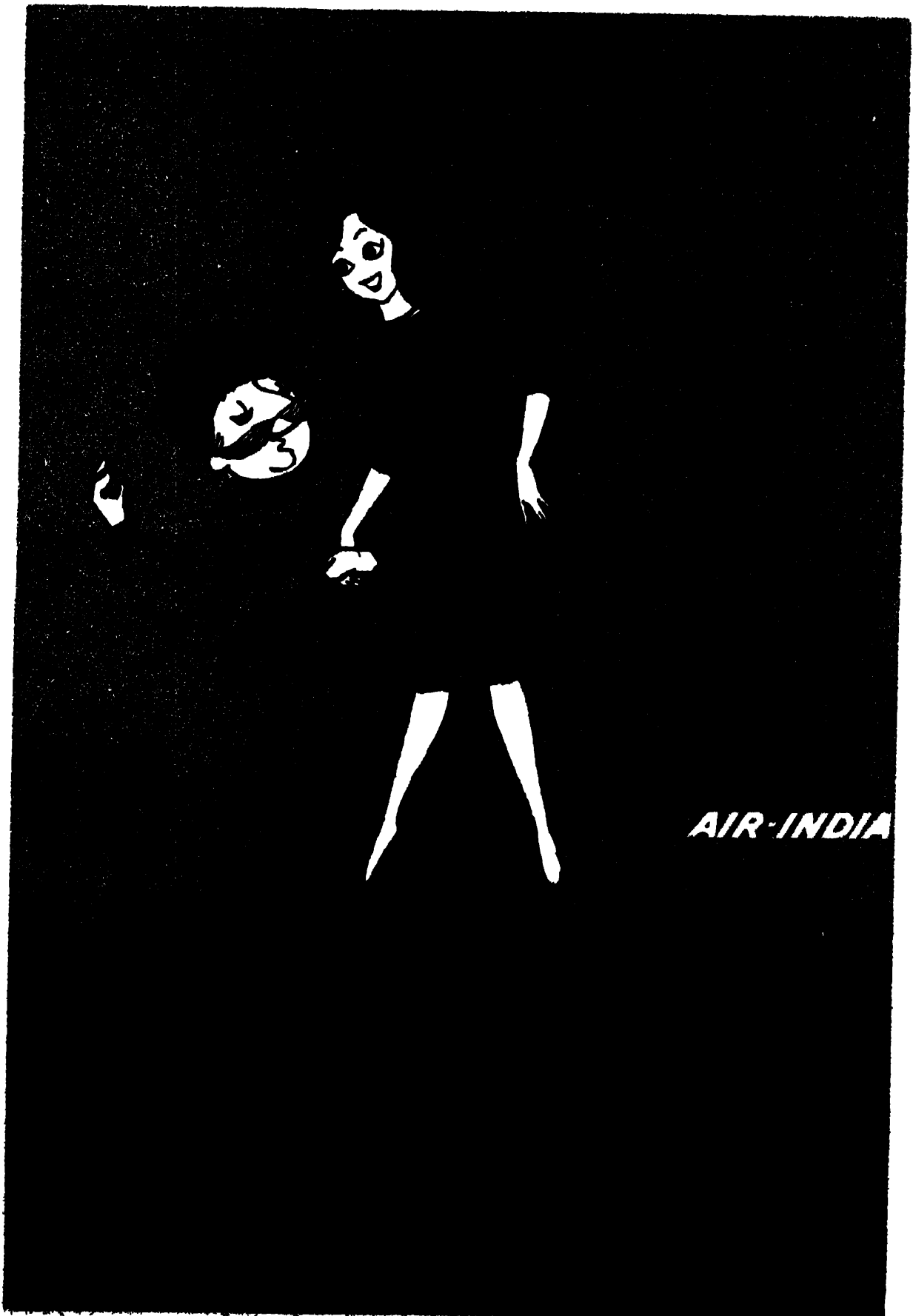
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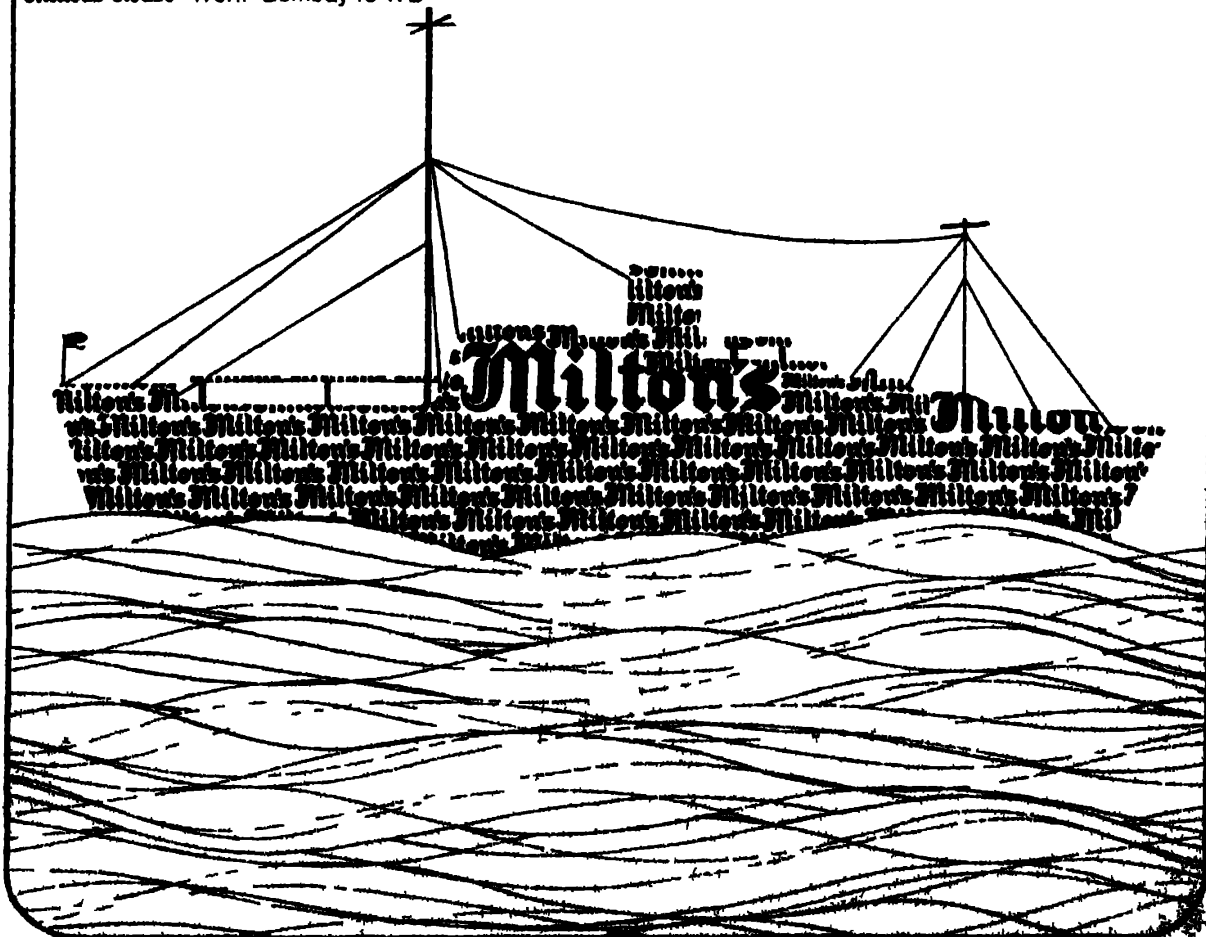
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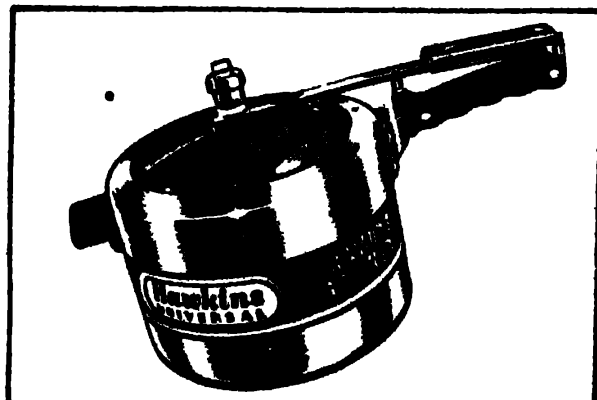


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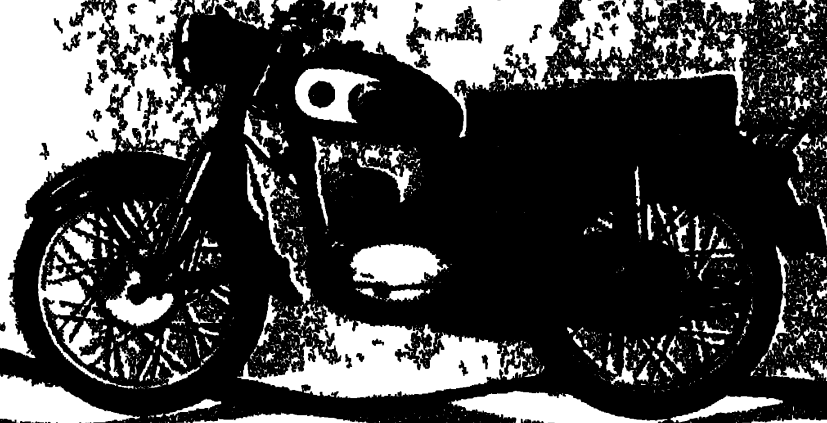
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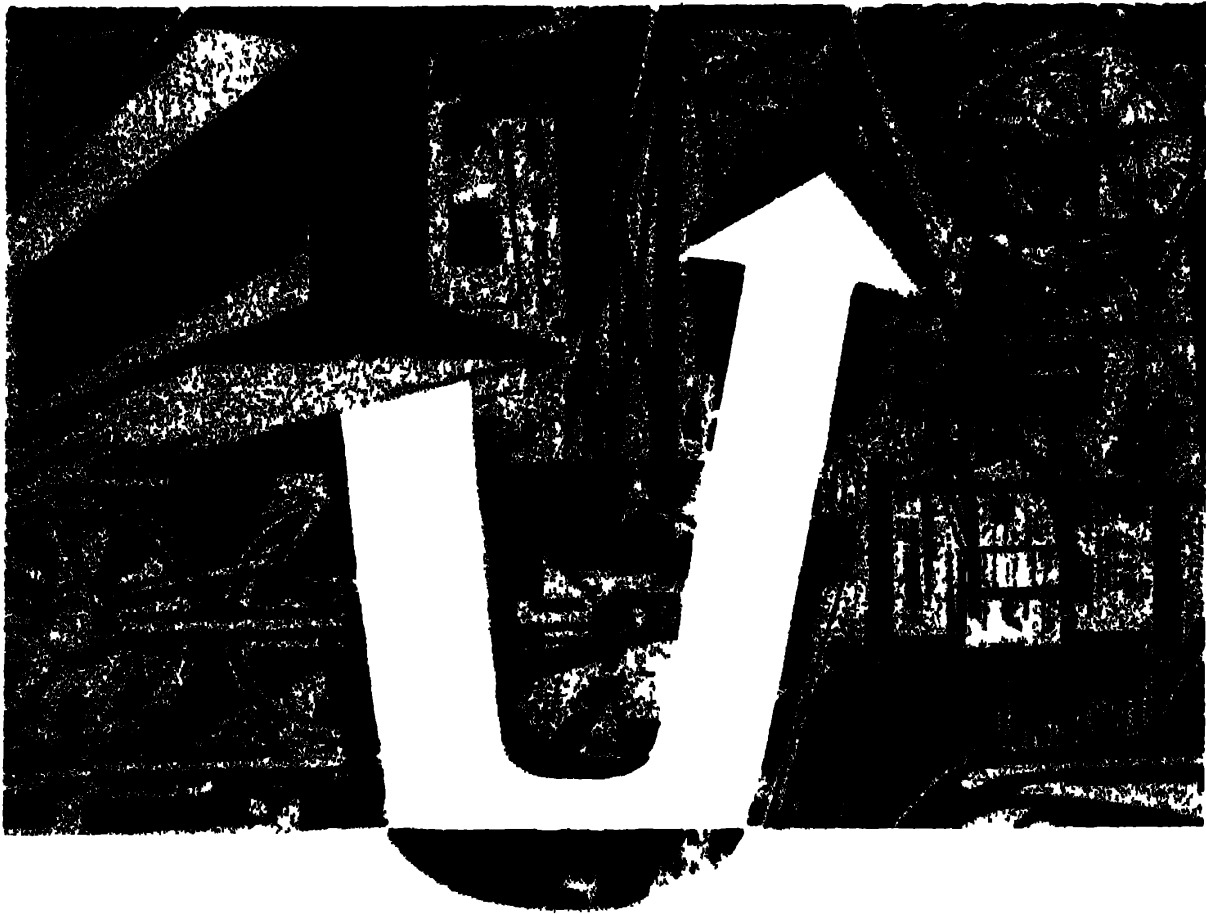


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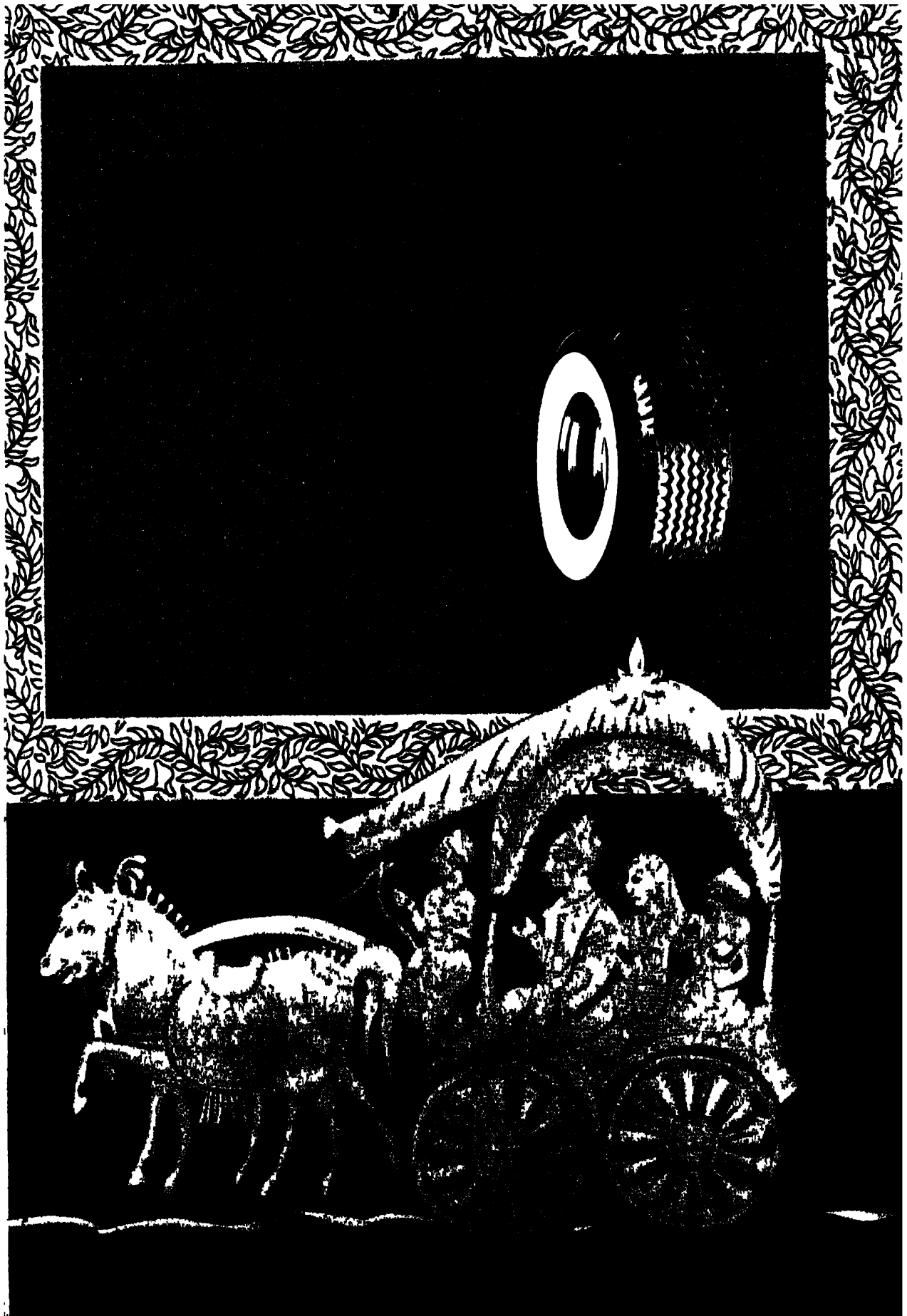
geot and a Maxwell—until the Maxwell was forced to drop out. With only five cars finishing, Resta captured first place, with a flawless driving performance under the most appalling conditions. □

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Life on Earth

In their search for the origins of life on earth, scientists have taken the first steps towards producing a living organism in the laboratory

BY RUTHERFORD PLATT

DURING RECENT years scientists have carried on a wave of unprecedented laboratory experiments to test their theories of how life on earth began. The results have been amazing. Retracing the probable steps by which the raw, lifeless elements of space became organic matter, they have now produced primitive cell-like structures that have many of the properties of living cells. Here is the dramatic story:

When Planet Earth was born it slowly cooled to form a hardened crust of black volcanic rock. In time, masses of silicon mixed with mineral elements were squeezed to

the surface by the pressures of internal fires, and crystallized as big islands of granite which formed the foundations of continents. The whole crust heaved and buckled, cloudbursts drenched the rocks, and sterile water collected in wide depressions to form the earth's first seas. Countless volcanoes and fissures continuously gushed methane, steam, ammonia and perhaps carbon dioxide, to give the earth its first atmosphere. That "air" contained the four chief elements of life—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen. But they were in the form of gases deadly to present-day life. Moreover, the atmosphere was

flooded with ultra-violet radiation and stabbed by incessant lightning.

Hot Soup. How, in this elemental turmoil, did life on earth begin? Many have tried to supply the answer. Among the first was Anaxagoras of Greece, who in the fifth century B.C. declared that life comes down to earth in raindrops, in the form of spermata (little seeds). Came the twentieth century, and the origin of life was still a mystery.

Then in 1924 the Russian scientist A. I. Oparin stated that life might have arisen out of inanimate matter in a prolonged process of "pre-organic evolution." He showed how, in theory, atoms of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen could have formed molecules basic to life, even under the raw, inhospitable conditions of the primordial earth—and how self-reproducing clusters of these molecules might have adhered together and then evolved towards more complex forms.

Three years later Professor J. B. S. Haldane, the biochemist, wrote that although such substances would be destroyed by micro-organisms, "before the origin of life they must have accumulated till the primitive oceans reached the consistency of hot, dilute soup." And when the surface of this soup was radiated by ultra-violet light, inorganic compounds would have been converted into organic molecules—molecules containing carbon. At one time scientists believed that organic

molecules could be produced only by living things.

By the 1950's the scene was shifting from the theorist's armchair to the laboratory, where scientists were striving to demonstrate that the molecular constituents of life *could* have emerged under primordial conditions.

Fierce, Elemental Times. Using a cyclotron to create high-energy particles to represent cosmic rays, Dr. Melvin Calvin of the University of California bombarded a mixture of carbon dioxide and water vapour, ingredients he thought likely to have been present in the earth's ancient atmosphere. Some organic compounds were formed.

Dr. Harold Urey, atomic scientist then at the University of Chicago, reasoned that methane, ammonia and hydrogen were probable constituents of the original atmosphere. What would happen, he wondered, if these raw lifeless substances were placed in a flask and then stabbed repeatedly by electric flashes to represent lightning? In 1953 his student Stanley Miller performed this now classic experiment. To their delight, they found that amino acids had been formed.

Amino acids are the building bricks of protein and hence of all life. They are also believed to have been involved in the first stage of the evolution towards life. The theory is this:

The colossal retort of the primordial earth must have yielded myriads

of molecules as ephemeral as bubbles. But, because of their peculiar molecular structure, the molecules of amino acids are especially stable. The four elements of life—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen—are assembled in every amino-acid molecule into two opposing groups so well matched in their electrical charges that they are stabilized like wrestlers locked in equal combat. Thus the tenacious amino acids could have survived in the chaos to become an early link between no-life and life.

In experiments that followed, a surprising fact emerged. The basic molecules of life could also have been produced by many other forces in those fierce, elemental times, including X-rays, cosmic rays, ultra-violet light and volcanic heat.

Primitive Protein. After the creation of amino acids, two even larger problems remained. Giant protein molecules, discovered everywhere in living things, are made of long chains of amino acids. How did the amino acids get hooked up into these long chains? And then how did these twisted protein giants turn into living cells?

Giant proteins are fantastically elegant structures—"the noblest piece of architecture produced by nature" in the opinion of biologists. One molecule of the vital protein of blood, haemoglobin, for example, has 8,954 atoms fitted together in a dazzling pattern.

The problem is that all the

complicated proteins in life around us—those which make flesh, blood, bone, hair, eggs, milk, seeds, feathers—are created by *living cells*. Those living cells in turn are made of protein. How could protein be created in the first place, when there were no living cells?

This question is puzzling many scientists all over the world. No one has yet developed a foolproof theory that explains which steps came first or what triggered them. One line of reasoning, first put forward by Dr. George Wald of Harvard, is that there may be conditions occurring in nature in which amino acids might themselves supply the answer. And so they did—quickly and beautifully—when the stage was set for them by Dr. Sidney Fox, now of the Institute of Molecular Evolution in Miami, Florida. The "miracle" occurred when amino acids were permitted to dry out. The thinking was that solutions of amino acids, billions of years ago, had puddled in warm, dry spots. What would happen to such solutions today if the water were allowed to evaporate? The scientists who watched this experiment saw a marvellous event.

As the wet spot on the warm test-tube dried, its amino acids formed long, submicroscopic thread-like structures. These turned out to be chains, some with hundreds of little molecules joined end to end. They were named proteinoids. The sum of their electric energies endowed

these protein-like chains with power to bend and fold!

There are 20 kinds of amino acids common to the proteins of life, and the precise order in which these are lined up in the chains spells what their protein creates—flesh or bone, hair or feather. The scientists have been able to manufacture all these amino acids under presumed primordial conditions. Dr. Kaoru Harada, the Japanese-born colleague of Dr. Fox at the Institute, was able to synthesize 14 in one experiment.

So the answer to one question is found. Amino acids *by themselves* can produce primitive protein-like material under certain conditions—no need for a cell to help them.

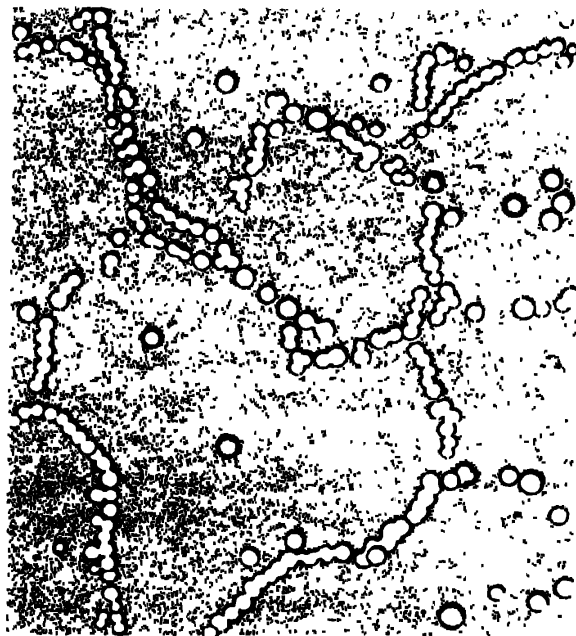
Still, the final question remains. How could these proteins form themselves into a living cell, with its millions of atoms and molecules carefully arranged in a precise pattern?

Great Leap. The primitive proteins came long before living cells appeared. The precisely ordered proteins of present-day plants and animals would have acquired their amino-acid arrangements in the course of many millions of years of evolution. Dr. Calvin estimates that molecular life must have evolved for 2,000 million years *before* the first living cell appeared.

Duplicating this great leap, making a whole living cell in the laboratory, may take a while. But it now appears that we have begun. The most striking experiment,

which has produced crude cell-like spheres that maintain their identity and are capable of dividing themselves, is truly fantastic and has taken us a giant step along the pathway towards understanding the origin of life.

Again, the experiment was run by Dr. Fox. To reconfirm his laboratory findings, he climbed up the broad slope of a cinder cone in Hawaii, looking for spots where



Chainlike formation of microspheres

conditions might have permitted primitive proteins to form in the pre-life world. He was surprised to discover that large areas of the cone were oven-hot just beneath the surface. Might not this warm primitive earth have been the womb for the molecules of life—where they could bake and boil, before being washed through the loose lava by rain and

so into the sea? What would this have done to the elemental amino acids?

Dr. Fox took hunks of lava back to the laboratory and placed on them amino acids coined from methane, ammonia and water. With everything sterilized to avoid contamination, he baked this concoction for a few hours in a glass oven at 338 degrees F. (170 degrees C.), the temperature he found four inches under the surface of the cinder cone. When the materials cooled, a brown, sticky residue was left clinging to the lava. He then deluged the lava with sterile water, and a brown soupy liquid resulted.

This unpromising stuff turned out to be very exciting. As seen through an ordinary optical microscope a wonderful galaxy of spheres swarmed across the field of vision. The amino acids had first united to make proteinoids—and then these had combined to form little spheres! Dr. Fox named these fascinating strangers *microspheres*. They looked like, in many ways behaved like, and were the same size as certain

simple bacteria, and they clung together in chains as do the one-celled blue-green algae. Bacteria and blue-green algae are two of the most elementary forms of life on earth.

Although these spheres are not true cells—they have no DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) genes* and they are simpler than any contemporary life—they do possess many cellular properties. They have stability: they keep their shapes indefinitely. They stain in the same way as the present-day protein in cells, an important chemical test. But the real significance of these microspheres is that scientists did not *synthesize* them piece by piece; they simply set up the right *conditions*—and microspheres produced themselves.

In the meantime, scientists working independently in other laboratories are making substantial progress in the search for ways in which DNA and other essential constituents of the living cell could have formed. It becomes hard to avoid the premise that life is inherent in matter, and that life will exist on other planets whenever the conditions are right.

* See "They've Found the Key of Life," The Reader's Digest, December 1962.



Visibly Shaken

A FRIEND of mine tells me about the trouble he's had driving to and from work lately. It used to be easy. No traffic problem, not even much traffic. But now—wow! Cars coming from all directions. "And it's been like that," he says, "ever since I got my new glasses."

—J. B.

TEENAGERS AND DRINK: A Parent's Viewpoint

By SLOAN WILSON

*A father's forthright
opinion on a problem
that disturbs many
families*

WHEN you give a party for teenagers in your home, should spirits be served? My own answer is a firm ringing *No*.

I know that already I have started an argument with many people. But let's turn the question round. Why on earth should adults serve spirits to teenagers?

"Because all my friends drink," many teenagers say. "Because a mystery shouldn't be made of alcohol, and children should be allowed to experiment with it under supervision," a thoughtful father explains. "Because it's better for children to learn to drink at home," scores of parents chorus.

All of this seems utter rubbish to me.

Common sense, as well as a lot of ponderous research, tells us that parents *should* set rules and should enforce them, in their own homes at least. Children expect parents to

TEENAGERS AND DRINK: A PARENT'S VIEWPOINT

have strong ideas on important subjects, and they have little respect for parents who exercise no control.

The argument that "all my friends drink" is easy to answer. In the first place, it's probably not true. And even if it is, a boy or girl has to learn not always to follow the gang.

The argument that children who are allowed to experiment with alcohol at an early age won't over-drink later on has been disproved thousands of times. Adolescent alcoholism is a rising problem in many countries in Europe where even small children have commonly been allowed to drink wine.

The argument that it is better for the child to learn to drink at home is no more valid than the argument that experimentation with pep pills is "better in the living-room than in the coffee bar. One's hope is to teach the child at home how to behave outside the home. By serving spirits to teenagers in the home, the parent seems to be giving his blessing to it everywhere, no matter what he says about it.

Of course, a resounding *No* about teenage drinking won't be enough, unless good explanations go with it. What arguments, then, can be used to convince teenagers that they should not experiment with alcohol?

First of all there are the facts about alcohol itself. To some people, especially adolescents, it is a symbol of maturity—children can't drink

but adults can, and therefore anyone with a glass in his hand must be pretty grown-up. To other people, alcohol is a sign of virility—the he-man on the screen can toss down one whisky after another, while the effeminate weed sips ginger beer. Actually, of course, the facts are the other way round. It's the man unsure of himself who seeks frequent solace in the bottle, as countless studies have shown.

The desire to testify to his maturity and virility may start a boy drinking, and a desire to be a "sophisticated" member of the gang may start a girl, but other reasons keep them at it. Youngsters, like adults, commonly use alcohol as an antidote for tension. As a doctor recently said, if alcohol had just been discovered it would be proclaimed as a great new tranquillizer—until the side-effects were studied. It has the power to act most disastrously on disturbed people, individuals who are seething with emotions they find difficult to explain or control. Alcohol removes restraints, takes off the brakes, and allows a person to behave as he really wants to behave, without regard to his own future or to others.

And here is the nub of the whole question concerning alcohol for teenagers. For most people, adolescence is a disturbed time of life. Not only are there glandular and other massive physical changes to reckon with, but there is the strain of working out a personal code of sex

morality in an era when few stereotyped codes are passed intact from one generation to another.

As if this were not enough, many young people are under great pressure at school nowadays. The competition for good marks and for admission to university has never been so intense. Adolescence is the time when choices must be made which will affect lifelong careers. It is also the time when children begin to see their parents in some perspective, when the godlike images of mother and father fade, to be replaced by awareness of fallible human beings. No wonder so many teenagers show signs of tension, and no wonder so many become unruly when they get drunk.

Doctors say that certain adults are under so much pressure of one kind or another that they never should drink because they don't know how to stop. Teenagers share an element of strain with that group. If they wait until they are older before experimenting, they have a much better chance of avoiding dangerous episodes. They will then be able to enjoy the pleasures of moderate drinking—relaxation and sociability—without disruptive overtones.

Parents of different kinds will find it necessary to discuss alcohol in different ways with their children. The key word here is *discuss*, not order or ignore. Parents who are teetotallers may find it all too

easy to say, "Do as we do." They should explain fully why they choose to abstain, taking into account a child's natural curiosity about everything, including alcohol. Hard drinkers who can't help themselves should not imagine that they are concealing their problem from their children. Doctors say that, in families where alcoholism exists, there should be no fear of discussing this illness frankly with teenage children.

The youngster who drinks against his parents' will may have problems which should be talked out with a doctor if stubborn silence sets in when the parents approach the subject. Parents have the difficult job of proving that they are always on the youngster's side in the battle for happiness and serenity, as well as for good behaviour.

If the lines of communication between parents and children can be kept humming warmly, the problem of how to give parties for teenagers without spirits can turn out to be surprisingly manageable. One of the endearing peculiarities of teenagers is their quest for truth, their disdain for hypocrisy of all kinds. The father who explains the dangers of alcohol for teenagers, and who bluntly refuses to serve it to them in his home, is likely to earn more respect from his children than the weak-willed parent who vacillates or refuses to discuss the matter at all.

You can take the day off, but you can't put it back.—G.F.C.



BY FRANK HOWLEY

Condensed from *The American Legion Magazine*

Under President Nyerere's leadership, this new African nation, by its own efforts, seemed well on its way to establishing true independence. What changed its course?

IN 1963 I visited Tanganyika—a newly independent nation, where the African leadership was really trying to help the people, and for the most part the people seemed to be helping themselves.

I had already visited other independent nations of Africa, and had written my views on the left-leaning President Nkrumah, the self-styled "Redeemer" of Ghana, who insists that the rest of the world owes him everything; on Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta, the former

Mau Mau leader; on the then President Ben Bella of Algeria, gun-runner for the Congo; and on others.

The Ring of Greatness. Tanganyika promised an entirely different picture. It had an extraordinary president, Julius Nyerere, whose words on almost every aspect of what an African nation must do with independence had in them the ring of greatness.

Nyerere, a slender, wistful-looking man, the son of a polygamous tribal chieftain, had struggled for an education, became a teacher, studied at Edinburgh University, then returned home and formed a political party to take over

Tanganyika through the peaceful elective process. His party, the Tanganyika African National Union (or TANU), had gently and non-violently pressed the British Government into moving forward the day of independence.

Freedom came on December 9, 1961, and a year later Nyerere's TANU party swept the elections and installed Nyerere as president. He put together an earnest cabinet, and proclaimed that the way for the infant republic to succeed was for everyone to work hard. He warned his people not to turn to black nationalism, but to treat white and black alike in a nation 95 per cent black.

Nyerere urged political union of Tanganyika with neighbouring Kenya and Uganda, to form a more stable and capable East African Federation—though that would submerge his own Tanganyika in something larger.

When events in Kenya and Uganda made immediate union impractical, he nevertheless continued Tanganyika's participation with them in the East Africa Common Services Organization, which enables them to have joint postal, rail and air services.

Nyerere's writing and speeches on how to weld a nation out of primitive tribal people are plain, direct, reasoned specimens of statesmanship. If anyone deserved confidence, if any of the new African leaders made sense, if any of them

realized that political independence did not automatically give instant wealth, instant economic independence, instant modernization, it was Julius Nyerere and the loyal, devoted staff members of his republic.

Freedom and Work. This was in my mind as my plane circled to land at Dar-es-Salaam, major port and capital of Tanganyika on the Indian Ocean. And from start to finish, my visit to Tanganyika, was a pleasure. Here was the rational twentieth century combined with Bantu emotional kindness and happiness.

Nyerere's slogan was *Uhuru na kazi*, which is Swahili for "Freedom and work." Note well that word "work." Few African leaders use such a word as part of their slogans for their own countrymen. Many of them are busy telling their followers that the rest of the world owes them everything they want, and that they, the leaders, will get it for them by demanding it in the United Nations, by raising hell, encouraging violence, creating incidents. To these ends they are supported with arms, organizing skills, training and advice from both of the rival communist powers—the Soviet Union and China.

But there was not a word of this demoralizing, do-nothing philosophy in Dar-es-Salaam. From the Indian Ocean to the lakes and mountains in the west of Tanganyika, Nyerere's hard-working

ministers sent representatives to the tribes.

"This is how to improve your crops," said one representative.

"What sort of roads and bridges do you want to build?" asked another.

"Where do you want to put the new school building?"

Nyerere himself made public appearances swinging a pickaxe. And, with Nyerere setting the example, huge gangs followed his lead and swung tools to dig roads. New industry and new jobs came into being.

By Our Own Efforts. "We know we need help, but we do not mean charity," Nyerere had said. "We intend to help ourselves and build Tanganyika by our own efforts." His Minister for Commerce and Industry, C. G. Kahama, invited outside capital, and Nyerere cautioned against acts that would discourage foreign investment, such as unwarranted seizure of existing investments, or limiting the profit on investment to the point where nobody would risk putting outside money into Tanganyika's development.

Kahama reported the beginning of a Rs. 7-crore oil refinery, a Rs. 1.9-crore cement factory to help house building, a shirt factory, textile works, chemical plants.

S. N. Eliufoo, Minister of Education, welcomed UNESCO help and succeeded in establishing classes for adults, training for teachers and

many practical systems for overcoming illiteracy and ignorance. And in 1963, Tanganyika received a long-term loan for the development of a university.

Nyerere warned over and over again against "white hating" excesses and against blaming white people "for all the evils which oppress us." He argued that Africanization of Tanganyika should be accomplished by all the residents of the country, regardless of colour. Whites and blacks were welcome to co-operate in working towards his vision of a better society.

In front of my hotel in Dar-es-Salaam, I watched a British sergeant instructing a dozen black constables in the tricks of directing traffic. In the brand-new buildings of the University of Dar-es-Salaam, I admiringly watched newly-graduated black teachers learning from experienced whites. Everywhere was harmony. Even the word "gradualism," which is a bad word to the new nations, was freely used by Nyerere. "Gradualism" admits that progress takes time and work.

Enter Zanzibar. In 1963, Tanganyika was a nation that made sense, that gave great promise. Then Zanzibar, 22 miles off the coast of Tanganyika, entered the picture.

In December 1963, Zanzibar came into full independence. A month later, the island erupted in a blood bath led by John Okello, an African trained in Cuba to be a communist fanatic. He was backed by the

guns of the Chinese, and by a small group of revolutionaries who immediately grabbed power. Within hours Zanzibar was completely in the hands of communist leadership. Soon Russian-, Chinese- and Cuban-trained Africans in Zanzibar were preparing a witches' brew for Nyerere.

- Nyerere was well aware of this. He had warned his countrymen that the communist countries would seek to arm Africans against one another. The Western colonial nations had done just that in the past, he said, and now the communist countries were doing it.

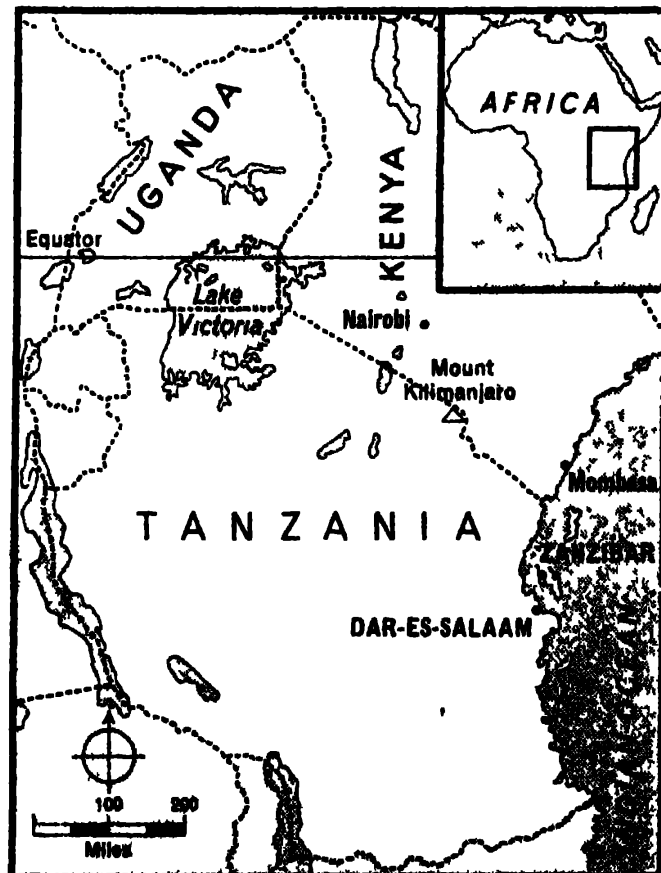
As Nyerere had predicted, Okello, the self-styled marshal, once communist power was secure in Zanzibar, rushed across the water to Dar-es-Salaam. An uprising of Tanganyikan military and police forces quickly ensued. While soldier-led mobs rioted in the streets, Nyerere hid for three days. All his moderate dreams and those of the rational people of Tanganyika would have gone up in flames then and there had it not been for his calling back the Royal Marines to rescue him and his elected government.

Playing the Communist Game. With the rebellious soldiers subdued, Nyerere reassumed command. But he was trapped. Already a puppet, from now on, he would have to play the communist game of his Zanzibar neighbours and scream at the West, rail at "capitalist

imperialists," and make all the other noises that would excuse his people from lifting themselves up by their own bootstraps.

How was Nyerere destroyed so easily?

The communists had only to organize mutterings of dissatisfaction at Nyerere's outspoken desire to get along with everyone, white and black; at his invitations to foreign capital; above all, at his notion that his people must work. Against the siren song of the communist agitators and of other African leaders, which encouraged the people to yell, scream and pity themselves instead of work, what chance had Nyerere?



In April 1964, Tanganyika and Zanzibar—which were as opposite as the poles at the moment of the take-over in Zanzibar—became one nation, called Tanzania. Tanzania is now a militant, West-abusing member of the U.N. Julius Nyerere is the figurehead president of Tanzania. And into the Tanzanian Government went: (1) Moscow-leaning Abeid Karume as first vice-president (and the boss of Zanzibar); (2) “Babu” Abdul Rahman Mohammed (trained in Peking) as Minister of Planning; (3) Abdullah Kassim Hanga (a Moscow-trained agitator with a Russian wife) as Minister of Industries, Mines and Power; (4) Hassan Nassir Moyo as Minister of Justice; and (5) Idris Wakil as Minister of Information. Key positions all, they are held by these communist-orientated revolutionaries of Zanzibar.

Nyerere's own Tanganyika Army is now being “assisted” by the Chinese. Russians run the Zanzibar harbour and command its two coastal ships. East Germans run its radio. The Chinese are organizing collective farms on the island. The only internal conflict on Zanzibar appears to be a struggle between pro-Soviet and pro-Chinese gangs.

Alien Words. And what has happened to Nyerere's hopeful vision of a Tanganyika lifting itself by its own bootstraps, of building a team of hardworking whites and blacks together in the nation of harmony that I visited in 1963?

Now, from Nyerere's mouth come words that have been alien to him all his life. Last year, Nyerere accused the United States of plotting to overthrow his government. On January 15, he accused U.S. diplomats Robert Gordon, of the Dar-es-Salaam Embassy, and Frank Carlucci, the Swahili-speaking consul in Zanzibar, of subversion and spying against Tanzania, and ordered them out of the country at 24-hours' notice. He condemns his friends because it is what his powerful cabinet leaders and vice-president want, and it is the thing to do to get on with his people. For when the primitive people of a backward country can so easily be led by clever, communist-trained leaders, Nyerere must present a scapegoat to blame for what are basically the weaknesses and the misconceptions of the people themselves.

Were it not for the intrusion of worldwide communism into Tanganyika's affairs, Julius Nyerere, former statesman, might have succeeded. And Africa would have had an example of how, successfully, to bring into modern civilization a backward, primitive people.

It is not enough just to say that the communists turned Nyerere's own people against his ideas of self-help—though that was their strategy. The United States made it easy for them to do that, because over the years it has nurtured the belief in all the undeveloped countries that America owes them a

living, and that it will give them what they want if they yell and scream and make trouble and threaten to turn communist.

With every dollar given to a land that burned its libraries, wrecked its consulates, overturned its diplomats' cars, the United States has made it easy for the communist line, and terribly difficult for any moderate African leader who hopes to inspire

his people to help themselves.

How can any Nyerere lead his people to hard work when raising hell is so much easier, and proves profitable?

Until the United States stops this foolish practice, it will continue to contribute to the moral corruption of people like the Tanganyikans and the political destruction of people like the Julius Nyerere that was.



Hot Off the Press

THERE was a time when the only way you could get a pornographic book was to smuggle it in from Paris. But in recent years the paperback book industry in the United States has been outdoing Paris. The publishers are making non-pornographic books pornographic by putting half-naked women on the covers and printing strange descriptions of the contents.

If the trend continues, some books familiar to all of us will be described like this:

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs—The story of a ravishing blonde virgin who was held captive by seven deformed men, all with different lusts.

Cinderella—A beautiful passionate woman bares her naked foot to the man she loves while her stepmother and stepsisters plot to cheat her out of the one memorable night of her life.

Alice in Wonderland—A young girl's search for happiness in a weird depraved world of animal desires. Can she ever return to a normal happy life after falling so far?

Little Women—Four teenagers, wise beyond their years, are caught up in the throbbing tumult of the American Civil War. Read what happens to them when a rich old gentleman and his greedy grandson take rooms as boarders in a house without men.

Treasure Island—The crew of a ship bent on rape and plunder land on an island inhabited by sex-crazed cannibals. An innocent boy finds the secret of growing up.

Tom Sawyer—A gang of sub-teenage hooligans paint the town white, and commit atrocities and murder to satisfy their desires.

Babar the Elephant—Life in the raw.

—Art Buchwald



*A thousand years
of history lure
pilgrims and
tourists to this
island abbey-fortress
off the northern
coast of France*

MONT-SAINT-MICHEL: Fairy Castle in the Sea

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

ONE OF THE few good reasons for getting up before sunrise is to stand on a spit of land where Brittany meets Normandy on the Emerald Coast of France. As black turns to grey and the goblin pageant of mist flees the Channel breezes, dim outlines of an incredible dreamland castle slowly emerge above the sea. The eye picks out

massive walls, battlements and buttresses; it sweeps up powerful, graceful flanks of masonry to a dominating Gothic spire topped by a sword-raising archangel. There before you stands the island abbey-fortress of Mont-Saint-Michel, one of man's triumphs of architecture and for centuries a radiant shrine of the Western world.

PAINTING BY EARL TROLANDER, REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF TERENCE FLYNN

Then, if you have rightly timed your visit, you will witness the stirring spectacle of one of the world's greatest tidal invasions. Straddling the humpbacked northern islet, sweeping over great wastes of pock-marked sand, a long, serrated crest of silver foam charges shoreward. The giant tide meets the outward flowing streams of the three rivers which pour into the bay, and defeats them in a brief encounter. Rising to a maximum of 51 feet, it surrounds the Mont and smashes angrily against its rocky base. The modern causeway leading to the Mont, passable when the sea is low, is now cut off by the same turbulent waters which for centuries doomed many an enemy knight or archer.

Seen from the shore, this soaring citadel may create a mild vertigo in the viewer; but once he enters the gate he is soothed by the sure magic of the master builders. Much of the Mont is a shell of habitations surrounding a cone of solid rock. The great walls, wide stairways, crypts, dungeons and guardhouses are moored in primeval granite.

The visitor enters the Mont through three battle-scarred gates separated for military security by small courtyards. After climbing the "High Street," which has room only for pedestrians, one reaches the great outside stairway which winds round the ramparts and rises 190 steps to the Abbey at the summit. Every landing has its legend, and every stone its memories; tales cling

to Mont-Saint-Michel as barnacles to a beached schooner.

The grim, hypnotic rock once lured the Druids, it is said, and they used it for sacrificial rites when it was still a part of the mainland, surrounded by dense forests. The Romans named it Mount Jove and built a crude temple. Then came Christian hermits, to whom a trained donkey brought supplies. When a wolf ate the donkey, they converted him, and the devout wolf took over the donkey's chores. At some time along the way, a great tidal wave cut the Mont off from the mainland, and it was named Mont-Saint-Michel-in-Peril-of-the-Sea.

Tales began to merge into history when, in the eighth century, Bishop (later Saint) Aubert of Avranches reported that St. Michael, militant Prince of the Heavenly Hosts and Conqueror of Satan, had appeared to him in a vision and commanded him to build an oratory on the rock. The Mont became a holy place throughout Christendom, but in later years innkeepers and souvenir-sellers often seem to supplant the fabled wolf.

Although the abbey itself, a vast, rambling structure, is no longer used regularly for worship and is open to the public throughout the year, there will be many special services, celebrations and pilgrimages this year and next because France has proclaimed September 1965 to October 1966 the Mont-Saint-Michel Thousandth Anniversary Year. It

was in 966, just 100 years before William the Conqueror landed in England, that 30 Benedictine monks from Italy's Monte Cassino took up residence on the Mont to found a very powerful and prosperous monastery, active until the French Revolution.

Abbot Hildebert conceived the present colossal building in the year 1020, and for five centuries successive teams of designers and artisans, each group following the lights of its era, brought his dream to its magnificent conclusion. The result is a marriage of the serene, solid Romanesque, characterized by its heavy columns and rounded arches, with the later ornate, breathtaking beauty of flamboyant Gothic. In his classic *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, Henry Adams, an American historian, saw in the Mont the quiet strength of an elderly man living in harmony with the capricious charm of a beautiful woman.

Every year an estimated 500,000 visitors come to the Mont, with British and Belgian tourists predominating. The best way to enjoy the Abbey is to get lost in its labyrinth of halls, alcoves and worn, winding stairways, which lead one from dizzy towers to mouldy subterranean cells. What seems like a decorative fringe on top of a thick flying buttress outside the Gothic chancel turns out to be the famous "lace stairway" of perforated stonework leading to the roof. The sculptor of this masterpiece was a

deranged political prisoner named Gauthier, who in 1547, after completing it, jumped to his death from one of the topmost platforms. (It has since been called *Saut Gauthier*—Gauthier's Leap.)

Then, too, all visitors are inspired by the cloister, one of the earliest jewels of French Gothic design. Around a rectangular garden area runs an arcade once paced by the monks for meditation and exercise. It is flanked by a double row of polished granite columns topped by exquisitely carved foliage designs.

Behind the Mont's alternately stern and sparkling beauty there are practical living arrangements, for here thousands of people have spent their lives. Early engineers built rainwater cisterns and cut lavatories into stone walls. A dumbwaiter brought food to the refectory from the kitchens. There were workrooms where monks patiently copied and illuminated parchment volumes that won for the Mont the name "City of Books." Immense fireplaces, which could hold ten-foot logs, eased the damp chill.

In a rough, pillared cellar far below the cloister there was a great wheel-shaped wooden treadmill, once turned by prisoners who walked inside it. By winding up a heavy cable, the plodding men pulled up a primitive lift loaded with food and casks of water from a spring at the base of the mountain.

The indomitable Mont has survived centuries of sieges, disasters

and neglect. In 1203 the Bretons burned the town and accidentally set fire to the Abbey. Later, British invaders were repulsed in a bloody battle on the sands, and two cannons captured from them are now on display. A Huguenot attack was repulsed in 1591. The Abbey was sacked during the Revolution.

Mont-Saint-Michel has also been called "The Bastille of the Sea." For centuries it was a prison. First, war prisoners were confined there, and, later, thousands of criminals and political dissidents. A macabre wax-works museum in the village depicts celebrated prisoners in their grim little cells, and has a reproduction of Louis XI's infamous "iron cage" in which they were once confined. The five-foot-square cage, built of iron-strapped beams, was suspended by a chain so that the occupant's every movement made it rotate. Many prisoners lost their minds.

Oddly enough, one of the Mont's most famous names was earned for it by Madame Annette Poulard—for it was she who made the precipitous little village the "omelette capital of the world." Almost every visitor eats a delicious fluffy omelette in one of the 14 restaurants in the crowded street. Ninety years ago the late Madame Poulard, a diligent and robust country girl, came to the Mont as a servant, married the baker's son, sized up the tourist trade and launched her lucrative career. Years later someone wrote in her guest book:

Joan of Arc at point of lance
Drove the English out of France;
Madame Poulard, better yet,
Brought them back with an
omelette.

The "Montois," as the village dwellers are called, form a tight little community of about 120 people. Many of them can trace their Mont ancestry for centuries, and most are shopkeepers, innkeepers, guides and civil servants. But this year's anniversary celebrations concentrate on the faith which founded the abbey-fortress. They commence on September 9 when a group of Benedictines once again take up residence on the Mont for a month. On St. Michael's feast day, September 29, the annual pilgrimage will be celebrated with special pomp, with visitors expected from all over the world. In May 1966, the monks will return again and remain until the end of the anniversary year.

All the while, far above the heads of worshippers and visitors, St. Michael will continue to hold his sword aloft. "The Archangel loved heights," Henry Adams wrote more than half a century ago. "So he stood for centuries on his Mount-in-Peril-of-the-Sea, watching across the tremor of the immense ocean—*immensi tremor oceani*—as Louis XI inscribed on the collar of the Order of Saint Michael which he created. So soldiers, nobles and monarchs went on pilgrimage to his shrine; so the common people followed, and still follow, like ourselves."

Baden-Powell, My Most Unforgettable Character



*No other man in history has had
such lasting worldwide influence upon boys as
Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts*

By WILLIAM HILLCOURT

Author of "Baden-Powell: The Two Lives of a Hero"

I KNEW a remarkably brave man: Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell. During the South African War at the turn of the century he was the "Hero of Mafeking," but what I observed in him had nothing to do with battles. From him I learned that courage is not something a man summons up for the performance of a single act: it is something he lives his entire life by.

The founder and worldwide chief of the Boy Scout movement, Baden-Powell had been my boyhood hero. I saw him in London in 1920 at the first world gathering of Scouts, and

later at other "jamborees." But it was during the summer of 1935, when he was 78, that I really came to know the man.

Man in Uniform. My wife and I were roughing it in a converted barn at a U.S. Boy Scout leader-training centre. I was a national Scout official and was conducting an experimental programme to determine just what kind of Scoutcraft and nature projects would result in the best individual Scout participation. A phone call from our headquarters informed us that Lord and Lady Baden-Powell, who were

then on a world tour, would make an inspection of our training centre.

Next morning half a dozen cars arrived. Out of the first climbed Baden-Powell wearing his Scout uniform. At the jamborees, he had always looked very stern and military. But close up, I saw that round his blue eyes, in a square, freckled face, were quizzical little crinkles, and beneath a short-clipped white moustache was a warm smile of greeting. Lady Baden-Powell was a tall handsome woman in her 40's.

I accompanied the guests on a two-hour tour of the camp. Then came luncheon, more inspection, and dinner. In the evening, round a blazing camp-fire, Baden-Powell told us stories of his adventurous life in India and Africa. Inevitably, the leaders wanted to hear about his exploits as the Hero of Mafeking.

Improvised Weapons. Mafeking had been an obscure village and railway junction in South Africa until Baden-Powell thrust it into the history books. For some time there had been trouble between the British and the Boers and in October 1899 war broke out. Because of its strategic importance, the Boers attacked Mafeking at once, throwing 9,000 men into the battle. Colonel Baden-Powell, commanding a garrison of only 1,000 men, was ordered to hold out until the main body of the British Army could break through.

If the Boers ever learned of the

disparity in strength they would launch an all-out attack. So with energy and ingenuity Baden-Powell set about making them think that he commanded a force equal to theirs. He moved his troops from place to place on the perimeter of the village, each time setting up a lively fire. He sneaked into "no-man's-land," planted a stick of dynamite in the ground, detonated it and thus gave the Boers the impression that the whole area was dangerously mined.

He constructed a crude but powerful acetylene-gas searchlight. On a single night he rushed the light to a dozen different positions to illuminate, briefly, sections of the enemy trenches 200 yards away. The Boers concluded that he had a dozen lights to turn on if they should undertake a night attack. They never attempted one.

Eventually Baden-Powell had to improvise even on ammunition. He made hand grenades out of meat tins, a howitzer out of the steam pipe of an ancient locomotive. But it was the high morale of the troops that enabled the garrison to hold out. They developed a fierce personal loyalty to their commander, who always took on the most dangerous jobs himself and who trusted and respected them.

He had orders posted which read: "Do not wait for an order, if you see the situation demands action . . . Don't be afraid to act for fear of making a mistake. A man who

never made a mistake never made anything . . . Pluck and dash have often changed a mistake into a success."

As the Boers brought up big siege guns to bombard the village, the world watched and wondered how long the British could hold out. When at last the relief column arrived, the siege had lasted 217 days. The news reached England and, wrote Winston Churchill, "the streets of London became impassable, and the floods of sterling cockney patriotism were released in such a deluge of unbridled, delirious, childish joy as was never witnessed again till Armistice Night, 1918."

A grateful government showered Baden-Powell with honours.

Colonel Baden-Powell photographed during the siege of Mafeking



At 43, he was the youngest major-general in the British Army. Then, within reach of a field-marshal's baton, he left the army. He had seen something that needed doing, and he turned his back on security, rank and privilege to do it.

"On My Honour." On his triumphant return home, he had become deeply aware that many of the younger generation in Britain did not complete their schooling, but hung about on street corners, idle and eager for mischief. Baden-Powell declared that these youths were ready and able to be good citizens, if provided with a programme of activity and adult leadership. Using his fame as a national hero, he determined to give them both.

In the summer of 1907 he recruited 22 boys and took them to an island off the south coast of England. He taught them to cook out of doors; to go exploring; to track and stalk; to engage in rough-and-tumble combat with good sportsmanship. The boys had never known such adventure! Baden-Powell devised a code of conduct based on that first experience. For a slogan he picked, "Be Prepared," which, years before, his regiment had formed from his initials "B-P." He wrote a simple oath: *On my honour I promise that I will do my duty to God and the King; I will do my best to help others, whatever it costs me; I know the Scout Law and will obey it.* The Scout Law he

based on precepts he had been taught as a boy: trustworthiness and loyalty, helpfulness and courtesy, cheerfulness, thrift and other human values.

He designed a simple uniform of khaki shorts and shirt, topped by a broad-brimmed hat such as he had worn at Mafeking. The uniform was inexpensive enough for any boy to afford, yet glamorous enough to give the Scout an air of dash and courage.

His book describing his ideas, *Scouting for Boys*, appeared during the early months of 1908. Immediately, boys by the tens of thousands became Scouts.

As Boy Scouting grew, girls began to demand a similar movement. Baden-Powell's sister, Agnes, and later his wife led the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides, with a programme of service to the community and with special emphasis on housekeeping skills.

Over the decades Scouting experienced a spectacular growth not only in Britain but all over the world. Today there are nine million Boy Scouts and six million Girl Guides in 84 countries.

Breakfast in the Barn. As the campfire sank into embers, Baden-Powell and his party retired for the night. "They're coming to have breakfast with us tomorrow," my wife told me. "Lady Baden-Powell said that her husband had found it impossible to really learn what you are doing, in such a crowd."

The Baden-Powells proved to be perfect guests, undemanding of personal comfort, interested in everything at camp. There was one special thing that made them attractive. They were in love. After 23 years of marriage they still found it great fun to be with each other.

Olave St. Clair Soames and Robert Baden-Powell first met in 1912 aboard a ship sailing to the Caribbean. She was a beautiful young girl of 23 and he a bachelor of 55, but they fell in love. Now, 23 years later, he took no pains to conceal his feelings for her.

At breakfast that morning, he said to me, "Bill, I think you're on the right track here. With the small patrol unit, you are making the boys themselves learn the techniques and skills of outdoor living. Scout training should not be too soft.

"Scouting experience should help prepare these boys to meet life with courage. Ovid wrote: 'The burden which is well borne becomes light.'"

He fell silent, then spoke again, slowly and thoughtfully: "No man should be passive about life; he should commit himself, he should care very much about a number of things. He lays himself open to the pain of loss, but it's worth it. Nothing is quite so empty and meaningless as a life without motion."

Extra Hour's Advantage. Two years later, after a World Scout Jamboree in 1937 at Vogelenzang, Holland, we spent a week with the Baden-Powells at Pax Hill, their

country home in Surrey, England. On our first morning there my wife and I rose early for a walk before breakfast. As we quietly passed the door of Baden-Powell's study, we heard his cheerful voice. "Hope I didn't waken you."

"Not at all," I replied. "But what are you doing up at such an hour?"

"Oh, I get up at five every morning. By taking an extra hour each day I collect 365 hours *per annum*, or several weeks' advantage. I reckon that I get 13 months of life each year instead of 12."

The first four hours of his day were spent in adding chapters to his books on Scouting and nature. Then, after breakfast at nine, he devoted the rest of the morning to his rose garden or painting.

I wrote a regular feature for *Boys' Life* magazine, and it was my custom to end each column with some philosophy that the Scouts could apply to their own lives. At Pax Hill one day I had brooded over the typewriter for almost an hour when Baden-Powell sauntered by and asked, "What's the problem?" I explained. He went into his study, and a few minutes later returned, gave me a card and said, "Might this do?"

On the card he had written, "Some think that happiness comes

from getting; others know that it comes from giving." In that single sentence he had revealed the secret of his own happiness.

Final Salute. The time came to say good-bye. As we were driven off, I turned for a last look at Baden-Powell as he stood on the steps and waved farewell. A frail but gallant old man, he held himself erect, shoulders squared, chin high.

About a year later, I received a letter saying that he was returning to Africa to live. Baden-Powell and his wife settled in a cottage that commanded a view of snow-capped Mount Kenya. In January 1941, just before his 84th birthday, he died. He had prepared for death with typical foresight, and left a number of farewell letters. To the Boy Scouts he wrote: "I want to send you a parting word of good-bye. Because I have had a most happy life, I want each of you to have as happy a life, too. Try and leave this world a little better than you found it, and when your turn comes, you can die happy in the feeling that you have done your best."

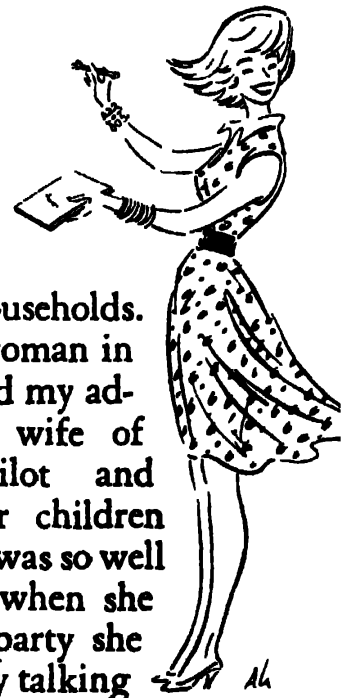
As I read the letter, I remembered what he had said at breakfast that day. "Every man should commit himself; he should care very much about a number of things." Baden-Powell had committed himself.

COMMENTING on the political scene in the Argentine after a trip to Buenos Aires, a foreign visitor observed: "The people there feel they are maturing politically. During the last revolution, the tanks stopped for all the traffic signals."

—N.O.T.

Set your small worries outside yourself—on your desk calendar or in a pocket notebook—and leave your mind free to put its personal signature on life

BY BETH DAY



ACH NIGHT before my father went to bed, he took out a small black notebook and methodically listed the things he should do the following day: from business obligations to putting a new washer on the kitchen tap. Then he slept soundly, his troublesome responsibilities confined to his waistcoat pocket.

It was a precise little habit that I privately considered a bit fuddy-duddy—until I had a household of my own. Then I found myself appalled by the million-and-one disconnected things one must keep in mind if family life is to run smoothly: dental appointments, new acquaintances' names, which friend won't eat cheese. I envied more experienced wives who seemed miraculously to have evolved order out of

their hectic households.

One young woman in particular roused my admiration. The wife of an airline pilot and mother of four children under nine, she was so well organized that when she gave a dinner party she could sit serenely talking to her guests only half an hour before she had to serve the meal. Convinced that she must have a Houdini hidden in the kitchen, I followed her one night and found nothing more mysterious than a detailed list of dinner preparations in the order in which they must be executed. "It's like my husband's checklist in a plane," she explained. "I've found that if I have everything written down so that I can

Condensed from Guideposts

JOT IT DOWN

refer to it and know what needs to be done next, I can relax."

I thought of my father's undisturbed sleep—and decided that I, too, would start listing the things I should remember. Jotting down responsibilities and ticking them off as they were discharged eliminated some of the confusion of daily life and thus reduced nagging worries. And once I got the hang of the pencil and paper habit, I began to use it to record any thoughts worth saving from the passing stream of consciousness.

As I looked at my neighbours and friends, it seemed to me that the people who were extracting the most from their lives, and themselves, were the ones who had mastered the trick of trapping and organizing their thoughts. They were staying on top of their lives. Panic, guilt, humiliation—our most unbecoming emotions—often generate from disorder, from being the victims of our lives rather than the masters. Serenity and peace of mind grow out of the comforting knowledge that we are doing what we should—at the time it should be done.

As I got ever deeper into the note-taking habit, it even occurred to me, when noting an appointment, also to estimate the time required to get there and the best mode of transport. It might not matter to the person I call upon if I am five or 20 minutes late. But for me it makes the difference between feeling ill at

ease and apologetic—or composed.

My neighbour, an expert gardener and housekeeper as well as a schoolmistress, discharges her multiple duties with the aid of notes and records both at home and at school. "I never leave the classroom without making a list of exactly what I intend to cover the following day," she tells me. "It's surprising how ideas and plans can simply disappear from mind through distractions. Having a record at hand reassures me in my own work. And if I fall ill, a substitute can take over efficiently."

When I was working on my first book, excited and enmeshed by the project, I couldn't believe that I might actually forget from one day to the next what I intended to say. Yet, when this did indeed happen, I learned never to leave my desk without a memo of my current thoughts about the book and what should follow that day's work. Thoughts are highly elusive; let one escape and you may never recapture it, so many are the variables involved in producing it. People whose fleeting thoughts are their stock-in-trade—inventors, philosophers, composers, poets and the like—carry notebooks with them at all times.

Thoughts are sly as well as fleeting, and apt to slip up on you at inopportune moments. A local dentist, who is also something of an inventor, told me, "I think of my mind as an IBM machine. I feed

THE READER'S DIGEST

it a problem and then wait for an answer. I never know when the answer will pop out; all I know is that I must catch it when it appears or I'll forget it." He keeps pad and pencil on his bedside table in case the elusive concept should choose to arrive when he is about to fall asleep. He also keeps a note pad on the workstand in his surgery.

A young business executive who commutes to his job discovered that his best ideas seemed to crop up in the half hour he spent on the train. Now he keeps a notebook in his pocket and scribbles down his thoughts as they arrive.

The most rewarding by-product of the note-taking habit, I find, is the refreshed sense of identity it inspires. One of the constant problems in today's pell-mell tempo is to foster our individuality, the special part of us that is not interchangeable or identifiable with others. But it is only after dealing with the necessary mechanics of life, the mounds of daily chores and concerns, that we can indulge in such an invitation to our larger selves.

The notebook habit helps to dominate the daily clutter. It helps you to run your life instead of letting it run you.

Leg Show

WOMEN'S fashions give them an unfair advantage. Did you hear about the poor fish who was caught by a pair of net stockings? —Sean Doyle

"IF SKIRTS get any shorter," comedian Phyllis Diller complains, "I'm going to have to get my legs adjusted. They don't go all the way up."

—Hank Grant

* * *

Well Saved!

SUCCESSFUL money savers often resort to childish devices to wrench a little money out of the pay envelope. A reader tells about a scheme which he says puts about Rs. 13,000 in his savings account each year. Whenever he writes a cheque, he deducts a little extra from his balance. "I seem to have just as much and spend just as much as I did before," he confesses. "I don't know whether I am fooling myself or trying to fool the bank, but I get over Rs. 13,000 ahead each year without conscious pain." —W.F.M.

ONE OF the more interesting methods of saving money is practised by an acquaintance who rolls spare notes together, puts them in a plastic tumbler, pours water in the middle, then places the whole thing in the refrigerator. When he thinks he wants to buy something special, he takes the tumbler out for defrosting. The hour and a half it takes the money to thaw is time to reconsider, and, nine times out of ten, he returns the frozen assets to the ice box.

—A. R.

LAUGHTER THE BEST MEDICINE

A FELLOW still suffering from his adventures of the night before walked into his favourite club the next day. "Two aspirin," he said to the bartender, "and don't slam the lid on the box."

—Bill Gold

SENT to interview Picasso, a girl reporter asked him why mature men generally look younger than mature women, Picasso thought for a minute, then explained, "It's because a woman of 40 is usually 50."

—Parade

A WAITER in a big restaurant was suddenly taken ill and rushed to hospital. On the operating-table, in great pain, waiting for attention, he saw a houseman passing by, and pleaded, "Doctor, I'm ill. Can't you do something?"

"Sorry," the doctor said. "This isn't my table."

—Paul Anka

IN A little parish church in Scotland one Sunday, many years ago, a parishioner was horrified to discover that he had accidentally dropped a sovereign into the collection plate, instead of the shilling he had intended.

After the service he explained what

had happened and tried to get his money back.

"Not on your life!" was the sidesman's firm reply. "Money paid to the Lord is not returnable."

"Well," said the man, after reflection, "at least I'll get a sovereign's worth o' credit in heaven."

"That you weel not," announced the other. "You'll get the shilling's worth you meant to drap in. The balance is just velvet for the Lord."

—Onward

A GOLFER tried to induce a friend to join his foursome one day.

"I'd love to," said the friend, "but I promised my wife . . ."

"Ah, come on," the golfer persisted, "forget your wife. Are you a man or a mouse?"

"I'm a man," the friend replied. "My wife is afraid of mice."

—Merlo Pusey

RECENTLY a ten-year-old French girl wrote a composition on babies which clarifies the mystery. She stated: "In France, girl babies are found in roses and boy babies are found in cabbages. In England, the stork brings babies. In all other countries, they are born normally."

—Charles McHarry

FOR MANY years he was a confirmed bachelor, and his friends never believed he would marry. But eventually he did—and about three months afterwards was complaining vehemently about married life.

"What's the trouble?" a friend asked.

"She's always getting in my way when I try to cook the dinner," the ex-bachelor moaned.

—Family Weekly

ITALY'S SUNSHINE HIGHWAY

BY ERNEST HAUSER

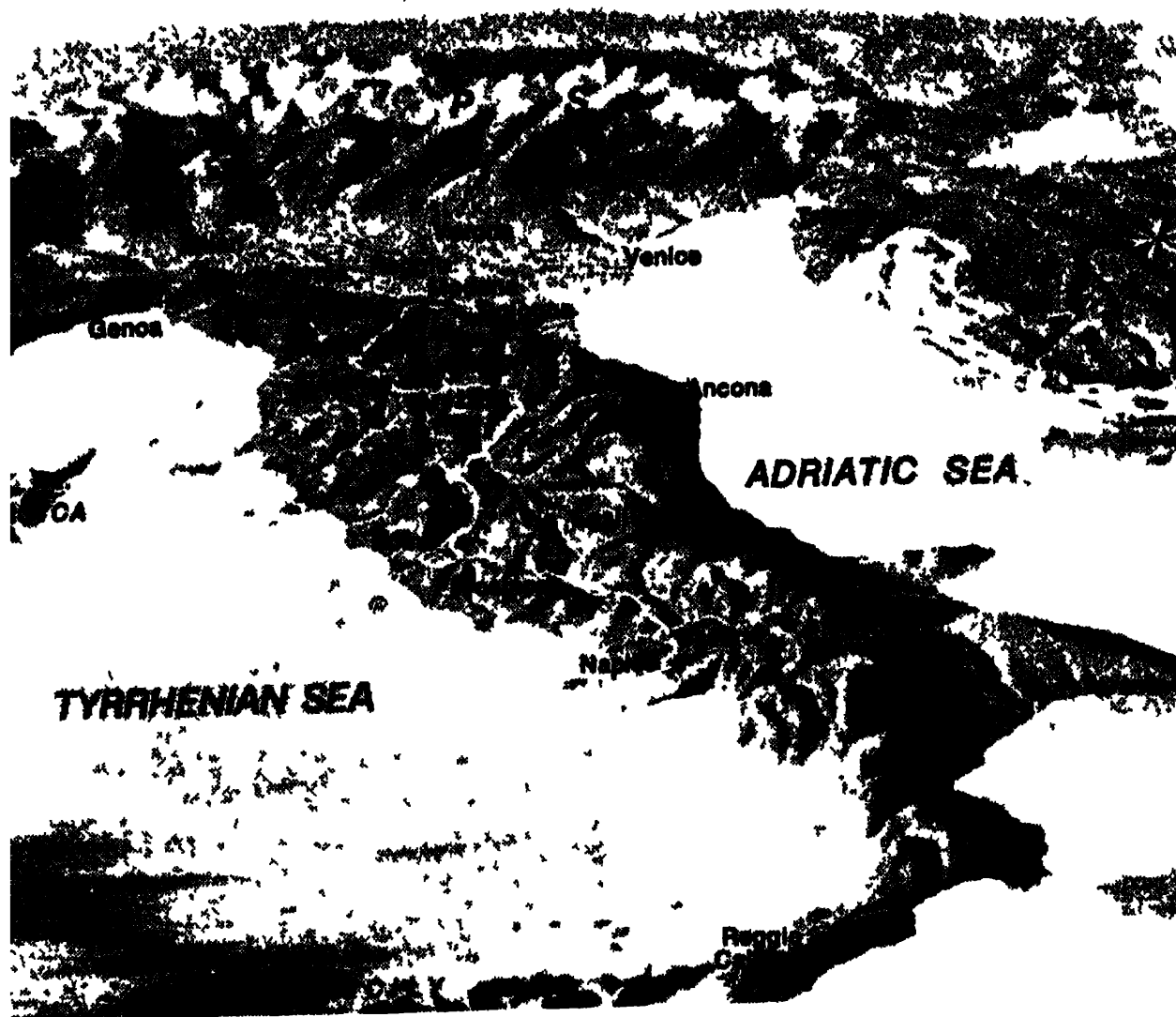
The road-building marvel of the Autostrada del Sole—which speeds tourists down the Italian peninsula from Milan to Naples—has far-reaching implications for the country's economic future

ITALY's new Autostrada del Sole, "Highway of the Sun," is more than just another road: it is a vibrant, life-instilling force. Designed as a convenient link between five major cities—Milan, Bologna, Florence, Rome and Naples—the road has side-effects that almost outweigh its prime function, which is to reduce a trying day-and-a-half journey to an easy nine-hour ride. Already its economic radiation can be felt in 36 of Italy's 91 provinces, and all

along the 470 miles of the grey asphalt ribbon, long-neglected places are bursting into bloom.

At Pian del Voglio, once a desolate spot in the high Apennines, land that could have been picked up not long ago for Rs. 1 per square yard now sells at 20 times that figure and up. Roughly half-way between Bologna and Florence, and near one of the autostrada's turn-offs, city-dwellers who like mountain air and a fine view are building summer homes. In proud but once-lonely Orvieto, restaurants now hang out "full-up" signs at week-ends; its magnificent cathedral, adorned with Luca Signorelli's frescoes, has made it one of the most popular stopping-places on the route. An old man studying the number plates on the cars cluttering the main piazza shook his head: "And we used to say that Orvieto was a dying city."

In Frosinone, the first town in the long-impooverished Mezzogiorno on the way to Naples, I found a building boom transforming a once-familiar skyline. The din of work in progress and the smell of newness were in the air. A 21-storey office building was nearing completion. Twenty new factories were making everything from mattresses to helicopters, and as many more manufacturing plants were in the planning or construction stage. "All of a sudden," I was told at the Chamber of Commerce, "we are next door to the rich markets of northern Italy. You simply by-pass



Rome, and there you are. One of our manufacturers who does business in Bologna sometimes drives up there in the morning and comes back the same night!"

New Wonder. The largest public-works project carried out in post-war Italy, the Highway of the Sun cost Rs. 208 crores. Forty per cent of this went into wages; it took 10,000 workmen and 700 engineers nearly eight years to build the road. Some 11,600 acres of land belonging

to 9,000 owners were expropriated to acquire the right-of-way; 141 construction companies were entrusted with the work; and 87 miles of service roads had to be built to get men and material to construction sites.

The result is one of the great engineering feats of our age—an achievement of such uncommon daring and imagination that experts come from all over the world to study it. Foreign tourists—one in every six travellers in summer—

THE READER'S DIGEST

marvel at its majestic viaducts, its easy gradients and shallow curves, and proclaim it a new Wonder of the World.

Sweeping down as far as possible, the inland trench formed by the river valleys of the Reno, Arno, Paglia and Tiber, the Milan-Naples super-highway is the shortest, most level link between north, south and centre. First opened along the 68-mile Milan-Parma stretch in December 1958, it was completed nearly six years later—and none too soon. While it was being built, the number of cars in Italy increased from a million to 4.5 million.

"Frankly, when we set up in business in 1956, we knew nothing about modern motoring routes," I was told by engineer Fedele Cova, who is nicknamed the "Condottiere of the Autostrada." A sharp-eyed, quick-silvery man of 60, Cova has been the dynamic force behind the project from the start. "We had to learn, and quickly," he said. "A few of us went abroad to look at other turnpikes. The autostrada is an adaptation—not a copy—of American and German models. We used the most advanced techniques, and our average cost of Rs. 18 lakhs per mile, compared with the Rs. 26 lakhs average in the United States, makes our highway something of a bargain."

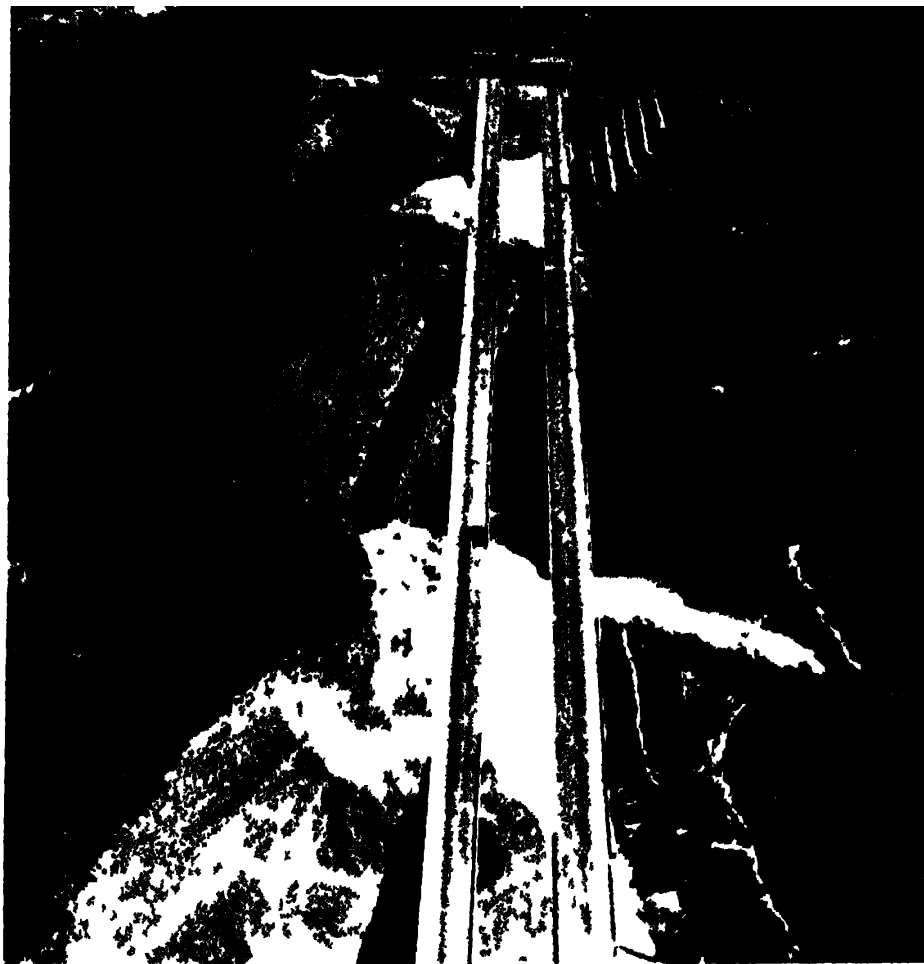
A portion of the cash needed for the autostrada was raised by public bond issues and loans; the government provided the rest, but it is the

motorist who must foot the bill, with the average toll of 30 paise per mile.

"People have discovered," Cova said, "that it is cheaper for two or more people to take the autostrada than the train. So far, the annual increase in traffic has run 20 per cent ahead of our estimates. The road now carries an average of 60,000 cars a day. At this rate, we should be in the black by 1974—ten years sooner than we estimated."

Separate, Fenced-In World. Leaving Milan, the road is straight, smooth and monotonous as it bisects the fertile Lombard plain. Rice fields, mulberry trees and rows of slender poplars rush past, and soon you are aware of a slight uneasiness. The highway's width, for one thing, affects your sense of distance and proportion. Each of the two parallel roadways, which are separated by a ten-foot dividing strip, consists of two main lanes plus an emergency or stop lane. This smooth expanse, 26 yards across in all, may leave you dizzy. "For the first hour, I kept my eye glued to that white dividing line to keep from floundering," one driver said.

Then a new kind of strangeness supersedes the first. A wire fence running along both shoulders of the road separates you from the familiar teeming world, and there is something disconcerting about this isolation. The road's studied austerity drives home the point—no flashy advertising signs, no



A section of the autostrada, where open viaducts alternate with stretches of tunnel

flowerbeds, no drive-ins. Service areas, the caravanseraï of modern travel, are as far apart as your old-fashioned feet would take you in a day. "Mama," I heard a little boy say at a petrol station, "it's just like flying in an aeroplane."

On to Grand Opera. At Bologna your route turns sharply and heads south-west. You have sat through the overture; now grand opera begins—the mountains lie ahead.

The Apennines here have few peaks that exceed 5,000 feet, but rugged crags and narrow gorges make the range a formidable hurdle. This was a challenge for the modern road-building pioneers, and their solution bears witness to the

characteristically Italian *gusto del difficile*. Amazingly, the Apennine stretch of the autostrada appears to be level; its imperceptible gradients and wide-arched curves seem to ignore the mountains altogether.

On entering the first low foothills, I stopped at what turned out to be a well-equipped outpost of civilization. In the highway operations building, I was told that the road had not been closed a minute because of weather conditions since it opened in December 1960. "When we have more than three-quarters of an inch of snow, we move in with 40 ploughs," a young staff member told me. "On several occasions, when snow closed every other pass,

this was the only road connexion between north and south. During a three-day snowstorm in December 1963, we stayed on the job right round the clock, sleeping in our offices and keeping in touch with the crews by radio telephone."

"Tricky Terrain." Almost before you know it, the highway lifts you to the crest, 3,400 feet above sea-level. You do not even have to change gear, for the road never exceeds a 3.75 per cent gradient, and you can take it, if you wish, at a steady 60 miles an hour. The young autostrada officer piloting me across the mountains kept up a running commentary. "Tricky terrain," he said. "The Apennines keep shifting. At some points we had to sink foundations into the soft clay to a depth of 130 feet before we hit hard rock. When drilling tunnels, we never quite knew what we were in for. One farmer claimed that cracks in his walls were caused by a new tunnel we were building 196 feet below, and asked for damages."

Leaving the car in a parking area, we inspected the work done to shore up unstable slopes and to secure the highway against landslides. Whole hillsides were sheathed in thick concrete; here and there, bushes had been planted to keep the soil in place, a network of ditches carried off excess water.

Inside or Above the Earth. This 53-mile mountain stretch cost Rs. 53 lakhs per mile to build, as against Rs. 11 lakhs for the flat Milan-

Bologna section, and no wonder! Choosing a trackless wilderness between the Futa and Porretta passes, the engineers drove their road through the mountains like a nail, piercing tunnels through unwieldy peaks that stood in the way.

For fully a quarter of the way between Bologna and Florence, you are either inside or above the earth. There are nine miles of viaducts and bridges, and four miles of tunnels—all of them double. Not all went smoothly; of the 73 lives lost in laying down the Milan-Naples road, 23 were lost on the Bologna-Florence stretch.

Seemingly airborne over these wild and lonely gorges, as much as 315 feet above some rushing silver stream, the traveller has the sensation of leaping from mountaintop to mountaintop. Curiously, the azure beauty of a landscape that could have formed the background for an early Renaissance Madonna suffers no injury by man's intrusion. Look back at those long, graceful spans of concrete; climb down the steep side of a gorge and gaze at those slender, soaring columns from below, and you will find them not unworthy of the setting.

One long, stupendous series of viaducts and tunnels leads you through the Citerna massif at the top. Then, suddenly, you know you are in Tuscany. The air turns balmy; the cypress and umbrella pine are there to greet you; and, through the mellow hills of the



Part of the Bologna-Florence section of the autostrada: a huge arc straddles the deep Apennine valleys before disappearing into the Poggettone Tunnel

Mugello, you roll down to the Florentine plain. A three-hour mountain drive has been reduced to 50 minutes.

Half-way House. Just outside Florence, the highway widens to accommodate a service area that looks like a small town. Here is lodged the autostrada's technical command. From a large glassed-in office building, a staff of 200 engineers, technicians and administrative personnel, aided by two electronic brains, keeps a watchful eye on every yard of the highway, checking its viaducts and tunnels, improving safety, ordering repairs.

In a quiet, near-by motel, a convenient half-way house between Milan and Rome, industrialists and merchants from all over Italy can meet to talk business. There is even an autostrada church where the motorized nomads of the twentieth century gather for Mass.

Once more you head south through the olive groves and vineyards of the Arno valley. The road's easy sweep conceals such engineering feats as the curving, 1,053-yard San Donato Tunnel—the autostrada's longest—and the Giuseppe Romita Bridge, whose elegant span, resting on concrete

shafts sunk as much as 100 feet into the shifty ground, is the result of two and a half years of strenuous labour.

South of Arezzo, the countryside turns sullen for a stretch. Then Father Tiber guides you towards Rome. On leaving the autostrada, whose northern section ends outside the capital, you find yourself on the circular highway where through traffic and local traffic mingle. Consult your watch. If you have driven a medium-sized car and not tarried by the wayside, you've done Milan to Rome in six hours, beating the train, the crack *Settebello*, by 20 minutes.

Hypnosis on the Run. The Highway of the Sun, of course, has no speed limits. "We recommend certain basic speeds—80 miles an hour, for instance, on the Rome-Naples stretch," an official told me. "But we're opposed to limits, largely because of the variety of cars in Italy. A harmless little Fiat '500' can be more dangerous at 50 miles an hour than a huge touring car doing 110. How can you standardize their speeds?"

A novice driver's head can be turned by the freedom of an unobstructed one-way road, and he may whip his engine until it starts belching smoke. Nearly a million Italian drivers have been licensed within the last year, and the inexperienced can be spotted all along the way. Time and again, cars pull out of line to pass without giving

the slightest warning to following traffic. What is still wanting is an "autostrada manner," a comportment suited to the new dimension.

Often, the autostrada driver's greatest enemy is not inexperience but boredom. On the monotonous Milan-Bologna run, 37 per cent of all accidents are the result of the motorist's dozing off at the wheel. That veteran highway traveller, the lorry driver, is most subject to attacks. "I roll along the autostrada without a break for hours," one driver told me. "I hear my mate snoring in the seat beside me, and all I see is this grey asphalt stretching endlessly ahead. No curves, no villages—nothing. After a while, I'm hypnotized. Every ounce of energy I've got goes into staying awake."

I came across the wrecks of several lorries that had gone off the road in perfectly straight stretches. And from a high Apennine viaduct I could see, far below, the debris of a lorry and trailer whose sleepy driver had taken a fatal plunge.

Push-button SOS. Even so, the absence of tortuous curves and crossroads makes the Highway of the Sun the country's safest highway. Its incidence of 4.18 traffic deaths for every 62.5 million passenger-miles is less than half the death rate on ordinary highways. The traveller in distress is best served at present between Modena and Florence, where he is never much more than 1,000 yards from

a radio-equipped signal column whose use is explained in four languages. No telephoning is involved; the motorist presses the appropriate button for ambulance or breakdown car, and help arrives within eight minutes. This system works so well that it will soon be extended to the entire autostrada.

On that 125-mile stretch between Rome and Naples, the road stays inland, following—approximately—the ancient Via Casilina. A pleasant plain, silver with olive trees, opens on your right. On your left, a sombre hill crest holds aloft the great white mass of Monte Cassino Abbey. Across the blood-drenched wartime battlefields, now peaceful hills and valleys caressed by southern breezes, you roll on to Caserta and the Naples tollgate. Suddenly you are in teeming, gay and noisy Naples, inching ahead

through one of its famous traffic jams. Now the world you left 470 miles ago closes in on you: you have reached the end of the line.

Symbol of Unity. Italy's autostrada symbolizes a new unity, a new freedom. Designed to form the spinal column of a 3,100-mile autostrada system, the Highway of the Sun marks the beginning of a revolution that will affect the very structure of the nation's life. Some of the spurs and tributaries of the system—the modern throughways, for example, from Milan to Venice, Naples to Salerno, Florence to the sea—are already open. Many more are on the drawing-boards. When eventually linked with the great Continental traffic system by way of Alpine trunk roads such as the Mont Blanc tunnel route, the Italian transport network will give new meaning to the unity of Europe.



Critics on the Warpath

AFTER Tallulah Bankhead saw the film based on Tennessee Williams' *Orpheus Descending*, she told Williams, "Darling, how awful for you. They've absolutely ruined your perfectly dreadful play."

—Merle Miller and Evan Rhodes, *Only You, Dick Daring!* (Sloane)

THERE are two little boys in *The Family Way* and they have helped me make up my mind about President Johnson's aid-to-education programme. I am in favour of it. It will help teach children to read, and as soon as they are able to read they will be able to read manuscripts, and when they are able to read manuscripts they will be in a position to turn down plays like *The Family Way*."

—Review by Walter Kerr

ELI WALLACH, one of the stars of the Broadway smash hit *Luv*, saw the crowds at the box office and said, "There's something about a queue like that that brings a lump to my wallet."

—E. W.

Drama in Real Life

By ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

THIS LITTLE story shows how sometimes the Theatre can leave the footlights to intrude into life, cross swords with reality and come out triumphantly victorious. The hero of the story is Vahan Shatouni.

When I first knew him I was a schoolboy in Tiflis, in the Caucasus Mountains near the Russo-Turkish border, and he was a promising young actor on the Armenian stage. He stood over six foot, with wide shoulders, no hips, and a walk that combined the grace of a tiger with the high spirits of a stallion. Strikingly handsome, he had huge

dark eyes, full of smouldering fire, the curved proud nose of an eagle, and bold black eyebrows that met at a dashing angle. He was the downfall of every young girl and woman—and the envy of every man.

In those days Shatouni's lofty ambition was to play two parts: one was the melancholy Dane; the other the character lead in a popular drama called *Ouriel Akosta*. This last part he eventually did play, under most peculiar circumstances. Whether he ever played Hamlet I don't know, but at the time I knew him he was given the part of Laertes—and he made the most of it.

To Shatouni, even more than to the average actor, entrances and exits were of the utmost importance. Needless to say, with his figure and legs he looked staggering in tights. So his stormy entrance in the fourth act—where Laertes appears, sword

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN has been a film and stage director for more than 30 years. His brilliant direction of *Porgy and Bess*, *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel* made stage history. His film credits include *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, *Blood and Sand*, *City Streets* and *Mark of Zorro*.



What a scene!
and the
dashing figure
grasped the
entrance

in hand, to challenge the king—was not unlike an earthquake in its effect. Shatouni would stop for a moment in the open doorway and then leap over the threshold on to the stage like a fighting Nijinsky. There was always a satisfying gasp from the audience.

But at one performance a disaster occurred. The dashing figure appeared, posed for a second—a black silhouette in the doorway—and then, instead of that famous leap, his foot caught on the threshold and he fell flat on his face! Six feet and two inches of superb manhood hitting the floor! There is nothing funnier than a glamorous entrance that misfires, and in a second the audience would have burst into loud guffaws. But in that split second Shatouni was up, in one high bound, like a rubber ball, facing the king with such fury in his flaming eyes that

no one dared to laugh. He played the scene with such ferocity, in fact, that the king and queen turned pale with fear under their make-up. He was actor enough to turn disaster into triumph.

Whenever he went on tour Shatouni would send me postcards telling of his triumphs from city to city. I still cherish one. It is a portrait of Napoleon, and the message reads simply, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" An incurable romantic, he had a great gift for telling exciting stories. They were all about himself: his adventures, his acting triumphs, his escapades with women. No one believed a word, but everybody listened, fascinated.

When the First World War broke out, Shatouni enlisted at once in the cavalry. It was an undeniable fact that he looked tremendous in uniform. The sight of Shatouni striding down the street, his spurs clanking, his high top boots shining like two black suns, his silver filigree Caucasian sword cutting a dashing curve at his side, was pure theatre. Then he left Tiflis—for the front, he said. Others, who knew, said he left for the town of Yerevan, to take up a staff job. In any case, after a few months, Shatouni decided that it was time for the second-act climax.

The Brave Hero. He obtained two weeks' leave and came back to Tiflis. Before alighting from the train he put his left arm into a black silk sling—and thus made his appearance. To anxious questions he

replied that he had been wounded in battle, and that hundreds of Turks had paid dearly for that wound. No two people heard the same story; yet everyone agreed that if anyone looked the brave hero, it was Shatouni.

Then came the Revolution of 1917—and eventually Shatouni's great third act, which proved to be a performance of actual unmitigated heroism. With the Revolution, all the officials of the old regime were booted out of their mighty offices, some into the streets, and some into kingdom come. The Commandant of the City of Yerevan was one of them, and Shatouni was elected to take his place.

The people adored him. Several times a day, and many times at night, he drove through the streets of the town just to show the people that he was keeping an ever watchful eye on their welfare. He used a smart open touring car. (He never sat in it but invariably stood up, the better to observe his domain, and also the better to be observed.) In front of his car six cavalry soldiers in Caucasian dress rode their spirited horses at full gallop, and six more followed. As he went by, in a blaze of sound and glory, people in the streets instinctively shouted "Hurrah!" and some even applauded.

Partly because official business bored Shatouni, and partly because he thought it romantic, he decided to have a "heart condition." He

never *said* he had one, but implied it through mysterious references to the brevity of life and the immortality of the soul, and at times by an eloquent clutching at his chest with his hand, bending double and asking in a soft, gentle voice for a glass of water. He would take a few sips, then, half closing his long curved lashes, say quietly and firmly: "It is nothing, nothing at all!" It gave him an added aura of sombre, romantic grandeur. When bored by an interview he would have such an "attack," then leave the office.

While Shatouni was perfecting his role as Commandant, events were preparing a climax for his career. Shortly after the 1917 Revolution, the Russian army, with sagging war spirit, began to leave the fighting fronts almost *en masse*. Long trainloads of armed soldiers (they refused to surrender their rifles) were soon passing through Yerevan on their way back to Russia from the Russo-Turkish front. These soldiers had suffered much during the Tsar's regime, and they nursed a hatred for their officers. Now they had accounts to settle.

One morning a train from the front pulled into Yerevan. It was made up of goods wagons and one passenger coach with 65 officers aboard. Shortly after it, another train arrived, this one filled with hundreds of soldiers. Within seconds the first train was completely surrounded by a solid mass of armed and angry men who insisted

that the officers come out and submit themselves to an immediate tribunal. This request meant only one thing: the officers would all be shot!

With the possibility of a massacre hanging heavy in the air, the station master telephoned the local military headquarters. An old lieutenant-general arrived, accompanied by his aide-de-camp. With difficulty, and one must say courage, they squeezed through the mob. The brave general faced a wall of shiny rifles and hostile eyes. He cleared his throat and began to speak: "I order you . . . I *ask* you to disperse . . . go into your coaches." A soldier's voice interrupted harshly, "We'll try you with the rest of them!" In the next moment they would have torn the old warrior to pieces, but he knew when to retreat.

In the meantime, the station master had been telephoning everybody for help. In vain. Then he had an inspiration: "The Commandant! Shatouni the Magnificent!" A quick telephone call; an explanation. Then, just as the old general left, the soldiers heard what sounded like distant thunder—hooves, horses' hooves. And, while they watched, the glorious cortège came into view. Twelve horsemen were in front this time, 12 at the rear; in the middle was an open touring car, wherein stood the Commandant.

His Finest Role. With one eagle's glance, Shatouni took in the whole situation. Before the car had come

to a full stop, he was out of it, striding swiftly down the platform, proud, handsome and alone. The soldiers watched open-mouthed as he strode past them, his silver spurs tinkling sharply. In three tigerish bounds, the Commandant reached the top of a pile of packing cases and stood there, silhouetted against the setting sun. Then, stretching out both arms towards the crowd of uniforms, he shouted: "Soldiers, come to me!" Whether it was curiosity that drew them, or the supreme, complete authority of that voice, slowly the multitude started forward.

Shatouni looked around, meeting each pair of eyes squarely with his own. Then, when the pause was ripe: "Brothers in arms, lend me your ears! I am the Commandant of the City of Yerevan, elected by the Revolutionary Will of the People. I am Shatouni!"

He stopped. There was a great silence. The name meant utterly nothing to any of them.

And now Shatouni did the unexpected. Moved by some inspiration which must have come to him direct from heaven, as it had no connexion with sense or reason, he tore his uniform open with both hands, baring his chest, golden buttons scattering on the cement platform, and embarked on the soliloquy from *Ouriel Akosta*, the drama he had always longed to play. It starts: "Throw stones into my chest! Unleash your fury!" and goes on for three fiery pages. It had not the

remotest bearing on the situation at hand, but how Shatouni read it! And how he acted it! The few townspeople who witnessed the scene said later that it was the greatest performance they had ever seen.

The soldiers stood breathless, completely engrossed—so engrossed they were oblivious to the fact that the train containing the 65 officers was slowly pulling out of the station. Not so Shatouni. Out of the corner of his dark eyes he watched its progress. And when he finished the last sentence of the soliloquy, the train was a mere puff of smoke on the horizon.

The whole crowd broke into a thunder of applause. And now . . .

Now, suddenly, Shatouni clutched at his heart and bent double. A dead silence fell at once. A soft voice said, "A glass of water, please!" Several soldiers dashed away and came back with many glasses of water. Others supported the Commandant with their strong arms. Shatouni took a few sips, then said gently, "It is nothing, nothing at all." He was helped into his car; this time he sat, leaning back on the cushions. In a few seconds his cortège was out of sight, the sound of many hooves dying away like distant thunder.

When the soldiers recovered their emotional balance, they turned back to the problem at hand. But, instead of the train containing the 65 officers, they saw only empty tracks glistening in the sunset.

Points • • to • • Ponder

I dread success. To have succeeded is to have finished one's business on earth, like the male spider, who is killed by the female the moment he has succeeded in his courtship. I like a state of continued becoming, with a goal in front and not behind.

—George Bernard Shaw, *The Quintessence of G.B.S.* (Hutchinson, London)

Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of the earth.

—Margaret Fuller

A boy gets to be a man when a man is needed.

—John Steinbeck, *The Long Valley* (Heinemann, London)

Greater love of the machine cannot be conceived than that man should think his own mind inferior to the thing he has made. One hears it said in support of the brain analogy that "already the computer has outstripped the maker's own capabilities," as if this did not apply equally to a corkscrew or a pair of scissors. Man

makes tools which work better for limited purposes than his own fingers. And he makes them by an activity of mind. It will be time to speak of computers as minds, or even brains, when they lay their heads or other parts together to make a man.

—Jacques Barzun, *Science: The Glorious Entertainment* (Secker & Warburg, London)

I never weary of great churches. It is my favourite kind of mountain scenery. Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

My father, when I was young, said, "Reuben, my boy, when you grow up, get land. God has stopped making land, but He keeps right on making people." —R. A. Long with E. R. Jackman, *The Oregon Desert*

An invisible orchestra is spreading across the country like a blight. It hounds people at the supermarket, deadens the air of cocktail lounges. Its syrupy presence replaces attendants in the fancier new lifts. In taller buildings, one may have to go through an entire rendering of "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" in order to keep an appointment.

Good or bad, the music abridges the priceless human right not to be entertained. The essence of entertainment is pleasure, a pleasure voluntarily sought to balance the pain of living. And yet there is no popular revolt against this new tendency to reduce it to just another public nuisance—like air pollution, one of the burdens that have to be suffered in return for affluence.

To restore entertainment to its proper role, we must restore the right to brood undisturbed. —Russell Baker

How it feels to be out of this world

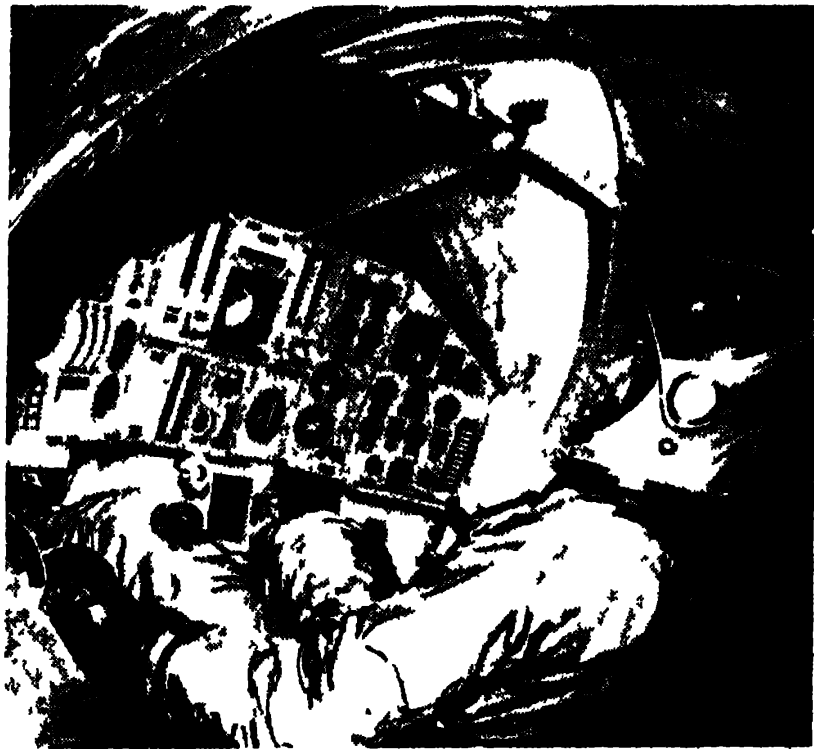
“You Are Now in Orbit!”

By JOHN HUBBELL

I'M ABOUT to make my first journey into space. Will you join me?

Our launching-pad is at Edwards Air Force Base, in California's Mojave Desert. In our capsule we could go all the way out to a 1,000-mile orbit, but since this is our first space journey, Launch Chief Major John Prodan has decided on a less spectacular 100-mile orbit. Ready?

Climb into your space suit, the same type of outfit you've seen on the astronauts. It has a built-in air-conditioning plant and a pressure system that will take over automatically and keep your blood from boiling when capsule pressure fails—that is, *if* capsule pressure fails. Why the dry mouth? There is nothing to worry about. After all, the U.S. Air Force wouldn't let you do this if it



weren't absolutely safe—unless they *knew* they could get you down. Would they?

Sit Back and Enjoy It. It's only a short ride in a lift up the rocket to the capsule. Once there you grab both sides of the hatch, pull yourself in, settle into the seat, on your back but in a sitting position. Major Jay Currie, Prodan's assistant, will harness you in, hook up your oxygen,

"YOU ARE NOW IN ORBIT!"

communications and pressure systems, and brief you on what to expect and how to read the instrument panel and handle the controls.

"You will be launched by Titan II," Currie advises, "a two-stage rocket with 500,000 pounds of thrust. Four minutes per stage. There will be a great deal of noise, a lot of vibration. During the first stage you will be getting five G's—five times your own weight straight down on you. When this stage burns out you will feel the thrust diminish, and hear the bolts that connect the first stage to the assembly exploding away so that this stage can fall free. The whole process will be repeated with the second stage. When *it* falls free, you will be injected into orbit at a velocity of 25,600 feet per second—about 17,500 m.p.h."

Clear so far? Is that air-conditioning system working? Good. But you seem to be perspiring.

What about the controls? At the forward end of your right arm-rest your hand grips a three-axis hand-controller. By bending this column to the right or left, you can make the capsule roll; pull back on it and you will pitch the capsule nose upwards; push forward and you will nose over. Twist the column to the right or left and the capsule will turn in the desired direction on what is called the yaw axis. On top of the hand controller is a small button; hold it down if you want to talk to Ground Control, release it to hear

them. Major Currie will be in touch at every moment.

There are a lot of dials and indicators on the instrument panel, but don't try to memorize them; Ground Control will brief you on them as necessary. See that big red light at the top of the panel with the word "WARNING" beneath it? If that light goes on, Ground Control will tell you what to do; do it fast. You will be on "Automatic" throughout the launching, and all you should have to do is sit back and enjoy it.

Blast Off! All set? Any questions? Fine. "Good luck," Currie says. He reaches across your head, grabs the handle on the hatch, pulls it closed, and you are alone. Straight up, through a round glass wind-screen, you can see the blue sky. You are going up there, far beyond that blue, to a region where there is no atmosphere to scatter the sun's rays, and everything is dark. How, you wonder, did you ever get into this out-of-this-world jam?

Calm down. These fellows are not amateurs; they are accomplished scientists. They know what they are doing! Just keep your eyes and ears wide open. Don't forget, push down on that button to talk, release to hear.

Currie's voice is soft in your ear-phones. "Ready? Fine. Here we go. Counting down: five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . ignition . . . lift off!"

You hear it begin far behind you,

a rumbling cascade of sound, growing steadily in volume. You feel it coming up behind you, bruting its way into the cockpit, filling your world; you can almost see it, beating itself into the structure round you and into your body. It sinks itself, roaring, into your legs and stomach and arms, into your ears and eyes. It is overwhelming. And the vibration! It is as though a high-speed pneumatic drill were pounding on you.

"Watch your velocity indicator," Ground Control says.

The feet-per-second rise is mercurial. You are hurtling upwards at 2,500 . . . 4,000 . . . 6,000 . . . 8,000 . . . 10,000 . . . 12,000 feet per second. It is futile now to try to move anything but your eyes, fingers and wrists, and even these feel the ponderous weight that has pinned your legs, arms, stomach, chest and head fast in place. The weight keeps building, keeps pressing you downwards against your seat. Relax. Ground Control says all is going well. Watch the sky.

Where Stars Fall Up. The light blue has lost some of its brightness, turns briefly to lavender, then to purple, then begins to deepen, beautifully. Now it is a velvety royal blue. As you keep sailing away from the earth's atmosphere the royal blue darkens, and you are headed straight for a field of brilliant silver stars.

Now you have outrun most of the noise: the first thrust begins to decline. You feel the capsule starting

to nose over. The stars appear to be falling upwards. The heavy pressure begins to lift, slowly at first, then more quickly. But the launching is only half over. Somewhere behind you there is a series of metallic staccato *boings* as the explosive bolts go. The burnt-out first stage of the Titan II is falling away.

In the next instant you hear a new surge of sound and vibration coming up behind you. The pressure is descending again, pushing you deep into the thick, firm cushion of the seat. It is stronger this time, and the vibration makes the instrument panel a quivering blur. But in a moment you are acclimatized, streaking straight upwards on and on into the high, dark void. The velocity indicator shows you are at 16,000 feet per second and accelerating . . . 18,000 . . . 22,000 . . . you are beginning to nose over towards the level . . . G forces are letting up . . . it is as though an elephant were lifting his foot, slowly, from your chest . . . the vibration is lessening . . . the noise is diminishing . . . the second stage has burnt out . . . bolts are exploding away . . . 25,600 feet per second . . . *you are now in orbit!*

Night and Day. All is calm. You are travelling at 17,500 miles per hour, cruising smoothly round the world at an altitude of 100 miles. Lean forward for a good look through the windscreen. It is like sitting in the middle of the night and looking out at the day. There is the Atlantic Ocean, glittering,

silver-blue and stretching ahead to the long, long curve of the world. The curtain of space hangs low, and beneath the light blue at the bottom edge the earth seems suspended in a shallow, almost luminous silver-gold glow. A coastline creeps upwards against the edge of the curvature; below you the squarish jut of the Iberian peninsula comes more and more sharply into focus.

Twist the hand-controller to the right, move on your yaw axis, and there, ahead and below, is the steep crest of Gibraltar, and farther ahead the top of Africa. Turn back to the left and the Mediterranean coast is angling north-easterly. Northward, through broken cloud cover, you catch glimpses of the soaring white waves of the Alps.

On and on the world below keeps turning. The shallow glow over the earth is fading, turning to pink, then, quickly, to a bright orange-red, to lavender, to deep purple, and beyond the sunset and all across the long reach of Asia—night.

You cruise thousands of miles over the dark side of the world and then, less than an hour after sunset, there is the spectacular progression of sunrise; the light pinkens, then rapidly changes to flaming red, a bath of fire on top of the shining, heaving Pacific. There are the lush Hawaiian Islands. You have nearly completed one orbit. Time to return to earth.

Floating Down. On your instrument panel, an indicator shows you

the minutes and seconds until your retro-rockets fire. Now the time is down to seconds: four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . zero—and it all seems to happen at once. There is a loud, rushing sound, as though giant fire hoses have been turned on, then a muted *WHOOM!* And your capsule is a pneumatic drill again, shuddering, shaking through a quick, rolling turn that is almost a tumble. Your body is crushed against the seat, and the star field is falling or running upwards or sideways; at the moment, you don't know up from down from sideways. Now the shaking and shuddering stops, and the star field is steady. You are out of orbit, and heading for home—but *a red light is gleaming on the panel!* *Some malfunction?* No. It is a signal verifying that the retro-rockets have fired. You're doing fine.

The darkness outside has faded to purple which is fading now to lavender and now, more and more quickly, to a lighter and brighter blue. You can no longer see the stars. You are plummeting in an ever-steepening arc down through the earth's atmosphere towards Edwards Air Force Base.

Suddenly, there is a slight, almost imperceptible tug, and a light on your instrument panel tells you your small drogue parachute has opened. This will brake your descent for a few moments, to the point where your main parachute can open without tearing itself—and perhaps your capsule—apart. Now there is the

gentle jolt of the main parachute, and you can see it billowing open, high above the windscreen. You are almost home, floating earthwards and braced for the bone-shaking jar of landing.

But the jar doesn't come. Instead, the hatch slides open, and Major Currie is grinning at you. "How was it?" he asks.

Science Fiction. So real was the experience—the sounds, vibrations, motions and sights—that even though you knew from the beginning that the capsule would not actually leave the ground you are now almost surprised to find that it did not. Your entire trip was made on the U.S. Air Force's amazing new T-27 Space Flight Simulator, first of its kind and the most ingenious teaching aid ever designed. With minor exceptions, your flight was a true duplication of what a space pilot actually hears, sees and feels.

One exception was that the G forces you felt during launching were only imitations of the pressures you would receive during an actual launch, because these forces cannot be accurately duplicated on any vehicle anchored to the earth. During the first- and second-stage firings your capsule, mounted between two steel towers so that it can rotate in any direction, is tilted backwards

until sensations of increasing G forces are created.

The other exception was that, because your "flight" did not take you out of the earth's gravitational field, you never achieved weightlessness.

Beyond that, the T-27 is a complex marvel capable of supplying space pilots, for the first time, with complete flight training. (Until now, training has had to be done piecemeal, at various aerospace-industry centres.) The T-27 stands more than three storeys high and weighs 15 tons. It can simulate any type of manned space vehicle yet designed and can be kept up to date as future space vehicles are conceived.

Simulator training is incredibly realistic—and convincing. What about the colouring of the sky, the stars, the world you saw below? And lift-off, first- and second-stage firings and re-entry? You not only saw these things, you actually felt and heard them. It was all done with highly polished mirrors and lenses, 1,000 pounds of them, synchronized with sound and motion systems and hooked to closed-circuit television.

Mirrors or not, it was quite a journey. "Our graduates," says Major Prodan, "will be able to step into *any* space programme."

How about it? Do you think you're ready?

"I NEVER visit an art gallery without wanting to cry to the solemn spectators, 'Stop tiptoeing! Have some fun! Find some delight in this place—or march straight out!'"

—J. B. Priestley

In a special study, the living habits of a million people are being investigated in the hope of discovering . . .

NEW CLUES TO THE CANCER MYSTERY

BY MARGUERITE CLARK

“ALMOST everything we know today about the causes of cancer in human beings has come from studies of groups of people with particular exposures or particular living habits,” says Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, head of the American Cancer Society’s Statistical Research Section and director of the Cancer Prevention Study, the largest epidemiological study ever undertaken. For five years 68,000 trained volunteers have been gathering information on the million people enrolled in the study, checking on each person periodically by interview, phone or letter. The purpose is to solve the baffling puzzle: Who are the “high-risk” people who get cancer while their friends and neighbours go unscathed? What factors make for high risk?

Comments Dr. Hammond, “The most deadly of all cancers—cancer of the lungs—has been traced to an avoidable environmental cause: prolonged inhalation of cigarette smoke. Certain new factors have come to light in our study to confirm this; smokers for instance show a death rate from all causes about twice as high as that of non-smokers when all other elements are the same.”

Cancer of the skin may be caused by occupational environment—years of exposure to sunlight or to certain chemical irritants, for example. Cancer of the bladder has been traced to exposure to beta-naphthylamine, a chemical used in making aniline dyes.

“Fortunately, exposure to these substances can be eliminated by

protective individual practices and equipment," says Dr. Hammond. "But in addition to occupational factors, there are other environmental elements that cause cancer."

The idea of studying a group of people for clues to cancer was born in 1775 in a London hospital when Dr. Percival Pott noticed that among patients with cancer of the scrotum, a large proportion had been chimney sweeps. Chimneys were so narrow that only very small boys, some as young as four years, could clean them by climbing inside. When these children grew to manhood, some developed this form of cancer. Dr. Pott concluded that excessive exposure to coal dust caused the disease.

In the current ACS study more than 300 million items of information have already been charted—more first-hand knowledge about backgrounds, occupations, personal habits, medical histories and other influences on the fate of human beings than has ever been assembled before. Among other things, the cancer authorities wanted to know:

Are children born to older women more susceptible to cancer? Does drinking hot beverages increase susceptibility, as has been suggested by a Japanese medical study? Do fried foods contain cancer-causing chemicals produced by heating oils to burning point? Does overweight contribute to increased illness and to cancer in particular? Is air pollution related to this disease?

Is there any causal relation between breast-feeding and lower incidence of breast cancer in mothers? What connexion, if any, is there between circumcision and cervical cancer? Between menstrual disorders and uterine cancer?

Past research has shown a definite increase in cancer of the colon in people in urban communities compared with people in rural places. Why? There is a higher cancer rate among residents of the northern United States than among Southerners. Again why?

Before launching the study, the ACS spent more than a year training volunteers and planning questionnaires. Some of the volunteers were experienced Cancer Society workers; many were grateful patients who had been cured of cancer. They would only deliver the questionnaires and not see the highly confidential information supplied. Still, the ACS wondered, how much would the participants be willing to reveal about themselves in answering a four-page questionnaire?

On October 1, 1959, the volunteers began calling on those who had expressed willingness to participate in the study. Only those over 30 were enrolled, and each family had at least one member over 45. No one seemed to mind reporting on sex habits, religious concepts, nervous heredity, alcoholic intake, baldness, tension and many other personal questions. In a trickle at first, and then in a flood, the facts on diet,

socio-economic status, family size, type of employment, and personal habits flowed in to ACS offices. Electronic computers began processing the data.

By mid-1963 enough data had been analysed for a major report on death rates of enrolled men between 40 and 89 years of age. These valuable statistics, linking deaths from all forms of cancer with cigarette smoking, played an important part in Dr. Hammond's report before the American Medical Association in December 1963, and also in the U.S. Surgeon-General's subsequent report, *Smoking and Health*.

One surprising fact: analysis of

the death rates of Californians living in heavy smog areas produced no evidence that air pollution there poses a serious health threat; the men in these areas who died over a four-year period were almost identical in number with California men who lived in clearer air. There was actually a lower death rate among women in smog areas.

Much remains to be learned. Though the gathering of information will be finished some time this year, analysis and interpretation of the data will continue for years. It is already obvious, however, that the study is producing many valuable clues to the enigma of cancer.



Cartoon Quips

CAPTAIN, philosophically, to first mate: "I ran away to sea 30 years ago to forget a Miss Alice Margaret Jenkins, Flat 18b, Netherbridge Mansions, 27 South Sloane Street, Hampstead, London . . ."

WOMAN, on scales: "Oh, dear! My calorie counter must have gone hay-wire!"

AMERICAN WIFE to husband at Rome's Trevi Fountain: "You're probably the first person to toss a coin in the fountain and wish for the stabilization of the international wool market."

WATCHING downpour, relieved met-man to assistant: "We really needed this rain. I don't think we could have got away with another wrong forecast!"

CHILD, at breakfast, to mother: "All right, I'll finish this cereal. But after it makes me big and strong nobody's going to make me eat it."

PARCEL-LADEN woman shopper to doorman: "Did you happen to notice an angry man in a blue saloon car drive by here a few dozen times?"

*Emotions are the
very essence of life,
and we deny or hide
them at our peril*

TRY LETTING YOURSELF GO!

BY HARRIET VAN HORNE

ONSTRAINT is destructive to love, according to seventeenth-century poet Thomas Traherne, and contrary to its nature. But everywhere today we meet people who wear constraint as a badge of honour. They are the aloof, the separate ones. Talking to them is like picking up the telephone on a stormy night when all the wires are down.

"Cool" is the word for these types. They build their lives on self-control, and see this as a transcendent virtue. Not for them the sudden gust of laughter, the cleansing tear or even the burst of righteous wrath.

But coolness is not necessarily the outward sign of inner grace. Perfect self-control may be an iron gate shutting out the greatest of blessings—a heightened sense of life.

The talent for sheer enjoyment is a rare and precious one, and creative people are blessed above others with it. In them we sense an inborn capacity to see life with a fresh, unclouded eye, and an astonishing ability to live each moment to the full, whether it be sweet or bitter.

Here, for example, is novelist Katherine Mansfield, slowly wasting away of tuberculosis, sending her husband-and-lover explicit instructions for making strawberry jam. She tells him how much sugar, how many strawberries, then—"God! as I write I freeze, I burn, I desire, with a passion that is pain, to be there all in my little bib and tucker."

After Miss Mansfield's death at 34, her husband, John Middleton Murry, wrote: "She suffered greatly, she delighted greatly. But her suffering and her delight were never partial, they filled the whole of her."

A heightened sensitivity to life includes the ability to experience sorrow as well as joy—and always among us are those who can do neither. All of us have known the woman who counts it her greatest glory that she is serene under stress. That her eye is dry while the whole world weeps. That she can smile right up to the edge of doom.

Condensed from Glamour

TRY LETTING YOURSELF GO!

"Isn't Mary marvellous?" say her friends. And there is envy in their eyes, mixed perhaps with puzzlement. Gentle Mary, always turning the other cheek, hiding her hurts—and damping down the fires of her heart.

No sweet bells ever jangle out of tune for Mary. Ecstasy? She'd rather have perfection. And so she goes her complacent way, giving black marks to all who weep at weddings, rail against fate, or administer a resounding spank to a naughty child. But she may suffer for her rigidity.

In truth, Mary is the greatest of cowards. She is afraid of herself. The wisdom of bending a little to forestall a catastrophic breaking of body and spirit is unknown to her. She's a girl who ought to be reminded at regular intervals, "Nature knows best, and nature says 'Roar!'"

Smiling Mary, reining in her wrath and resisting the release of tears, is not only stifling her womanhood, she may be damaging her health. The chin-up heroines who are too proud to cry and too proper to say "Damn!" may pay a heavy price for their self-control. Rage, sorrow, fear can grow inside one like a malignancy, choking off the warm, free expression of love and joy and denying life itself. The body can only protest such treatment, and its chemistry operates in a vengeful manner.

Skin diseases, for example, may

frequently be caused by repressed anger. Headaches, colitis and peptic ulcers may have their source in emotional problems. If a patient is predisposed to diabetes, emotional shocks may bring it to the fore; and heart disease may be worsened by emotional problems. The ancient Romans, ignorant as they were of antiseptics and drugs, were on the right track when they stressed a sound mind in a sound body.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," warns the New Testament. And who can deny the profound truth in William Blake's simple verse:

I was angry with my friend :
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe :
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

Of course, one ought not to overplay emotional release. There's no excuse for losing one's temper and raging over such trifles as a waiter's clumsiness or the tardiness of the postman. Save the anger for the big things, the injustices, the dishonesty, that we all encounter occasionally.

Far better to find release in tears, laughter and open the expression of delight. Distinguished men and women have rarely been ashamed of tears. On D-Day, General Eisenhower's eyes were filled with tears as he watched the planes roar over the field for the last time on their way to France. And when, in his famous public recitals, Charles Dickens read of the death of Little

THE READER'S DIGEST

Nell, or the murder of Nancy, he drowned the stage in his weeping. (The Dickens philosophy on tears was neatly expressed in *Oliver Twist*: "It opens the lungs, washes the countenance, exercises the eyes and softens down the temper," said Mr. Bumble. "So cry away.")

Many psychologists say it's healthy to cry over films, plays and books. The sorrow we feel may be totally unrelated to the words or the action before us, but in the unconscious there's a definite link. And we are experiencing, in a quiet way, what the Greeks called catharsis.

An actress who was ashamed to cry and who never, never, lost her temper was Marilyn Monroe. She had the cautious control of smiling Mary. It was part of her inner agony.

An agent closely associated with her in the last two years of her life says, "We all sensed that part of Marilyn's trouble was that she never

let herself go. She seemed frightened of her own emotions. During her last picture she was sick and unhappy, and they were pushing her to the wall. But she never lashed back at anybody. She took it all home with her, all the grief and rage, all those sad feelings of inadequacy."

One is reminded of Tennyson's lines from "The Princess":

Home they brought her warrior
dead;

She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry.
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

A free and open nature, unashamed of tears, of laughter, of old errors and humiliation, can look back pleasurably and say that life has been good; can, as well, look ahead and know that it will continue to be so.

The gentle heart, someone has noted, is tied with an easy string. And the healthy heart, as well.



Trial and Error

A YOUNG MAN who took a driving test for a motor-scooter licence was told by the examiner to ride three times round a city square.

"Keep alert," said the examiner, "because I am going to step off the pavement in front of you to test your braking reactions."

After three circuits, there was still no sign of the examiner; failing to find him, the young man finally returned to the test centre to report what had happened.

"It's very unfortunate," explained the man in charge, "but I am afraid that your examiner is now on his way to hospital. You see, he stepped out in front of the wrong scooter."

College Diplomats at Work

BY JAMES POLING

An enterprising undergraduate programme is making overseas students welcome in American universities and so furthering international fellowship

ON A NOVEMBER day in 1960, Bill Dawson, a journalism student, stopped for a snack at a coffee bar near the University of Kansas and overheard a boy from Bombay and two Cubans comparing notes on their student life. Disturbed by their bitterness, Dawson broke into their conversation. They felt completely unwelcome, he learned, because of the way they had been ignored. Since no one had bothered to make their acquaintance, they knew they weren't personally disliked; they thought they were being ostracized simply because they were foreigners.

"It was unbelievable," Dawson recalls. "In more than a year at the university, these three nice guys hadn't been able to make a single American friend. They'd never been invited to a student social event, never even been inside a fraternity or sorority club. As it turned out, they were typical of most of the 260 foreign students then at the university. No wonder they had an unflattering view of our way of life. We'd never given them a chance to like us. Also, we were depriving *ourselves* of a chance to learn about *their* world."

From his new friends, Dawson

Condensed from Together

THE READER'S DIGEST

discovered that social isolation was only one of the foreign students' many problems. The first few anxious, bewildering days of college concerned them greatly. They had to stand in endless registration queues, fill out mystifying forms, find classrooms scattered from one end of a strange campus to the other—all without a single friend to help them.

Many of the foreign students also had to find jobs to help pay for their studies, but didn't know how to begin job-hunting. As the boy from Bombay put it, "Book-learning is less good without see-learning." But how could they see how Americans live and work if no doors were ever open to them?

"Those fellows distressed me," Dawson says. "Still, I wondered if they'd really tried. I knew that, like most colleges, we had a sponsored International Club, where foreign students were supposed to have every opportunity to make friends with local students. I checked up and found that only seven of the club's 155 members were Americans. Obviously something needed doing."

Dawson formed a council of student leaders to work out a plan. Each student organization was asked to contribute to its support. In three weeks, the appeal raised Rs. 5,700. To stimulate further interest, the campus was plastered with 1,000 posters, and dozens of undergraduates immediately offered to help.

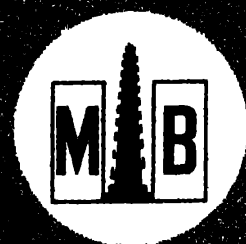
Impressed, the authorities gave the infant movement office space.

By the end of the year, the council had worked out a five-point plan and appointed committees to organize: (1) a discussion programme, where local and overseas students could meet to air grievances and exchange ideas; (2) a brother-sister programme that would give each foreign student a senior-student counsellor who would correspond with him during the summer months, meet him on his arrival and help him thereafter; (3) a job-finding bureau; (4) a tour programme that would arrange visits to farms, factories and offices, to public and private institutions such as the state legislature, the courts, museums; (5) a housing and hospitality programme to provide incoming students with rooms and a list of social activities.

The movement's first major test came in the spring of 1961, when 56 students asked for summer jobs. This was many more than the job-finding committee could hope to arrange in the college community of Lawrence (pop. 35,000). So Dawson and 14 co-workers got in their cars, combed 50 Kansas cities and found jobs for everyone.

With the opening of the 1961-62 university year, the full plan went into operation. A series of formal meetings and informal coffee-hour get-togethers was arranged. The brother-sister programme had been set in motion, and tours to near-by

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COLLEGE DIPLOMATS AT WORK

wheat farms, dairies and factories were arranged. To help solve the housing problem, nearly all of the 24 fraternities and sororities volunteered to give free rooms or meals to at least one visiting student. And an appeal to the townspeople of Lawrence produced a heartwarming response.

A hotel owner set aside an entire floor for the use of newly-arrived foreign students, with rooms at only Rs. 5 a night for as long as it took them to find permanent quarters. In response to radio and newspaper appeals, 300 families offered lodgings, many for only a nominal fee. Thirty families even agreed to take in foreigners free of charge. That autumn, for the first time, all 236 foreign students in need of off-campus rooms could pick and choose.

To launch the social programme, a fraternity and sorority joined forces to give an international picnic—the first student-sponsored party ever given for Kansas University's foreign contingent. Inevitably, everyone was at first rather self-conscious. Then a boy from Spain produced a harmonica, a Kansas City youngster brought out his bagpipes, and a girl recently arrived from Scotland stepped forward and danced a Highland fling. With the ice broken, self-consciousness, race and nationality were quickly forgotten.

The climate on the campus soon changed so noticeably that a girl from the Philippines, Lilia Siasat,

said, "It was as if a fairy godmother had suddenly popped up in the silent hours of what had been a long, dark night."

When Dawson made a progress report to the heads of student government at other universities, a number were so impressed that they adopted the programme themselves. But the major impetus to the spread of the movement came when Kansas City businessman Joyce Hall lent his support to it.

Hall, President of Hallmark Cards, is also the founder of the Hallmark Foundation, a nonprofit organization which sponsors the international People-to-People Programme started in 1956 by President Eisenhower. Hall offered to incorporate the Kansas University plan into the People-to-People Programme to give it the backing necessary for further expansion.

In accepting Hall's offer, Dawson agreed to postpone completion of his studies and devote two years exclusively to the college programme at People-to-People headquarters in Kansas City. Joining him were his most active co-worker, Rick Barnes, and Rafer Johnson, the 1960 Olympic decathlon champion from the University of California, Los Angeles, who also postponed his studies to help get the national programme rolling.

Between them they recruited nearly 50 of the present 117 member-schools. Their greatest success came when they persuaded 26

THE READER'S DIGEST

state governors to arrange conferences of student leaders from all the universities in their states, so that the trio could present their case to groups of colleges at single sittings. Through these conferences, 87 colleges were added to the roster for that year.

The programme has since grown into an organization with a headquarters staff of eight recent graduates and six regional representatives, all trained in People-to-People activities. The movement already has the support of 13,000 young Americans, and its leaders hope to extend it eventually to 317 colleges

—those with enrolments of 25 or more international students.

From Athens, an admirable educator—a counsellor for Greek students planning foreign study—has written to the Kansas City office: "Your programme is the most dynamic change in the college scene in years. Since I naturally want to send our students to campuses where their happiness will be furthered, I would like a list of U.S. colleges which are affiliated with the People-to-People University Programme."

The seed that Bill Dawson planted five years ago is bearing fruit.

Under Canvas

THE HOUR was early, but already the campsite was bustling with activity. I was washing at one of the bath huts when I noticed a young girl awaiting her turn. Remarking that she was up early, I told her that my lazy boys wouldn't get out of their sleeping bags. "Well," she confided, "my Daddy always tries to sleep late, but Mummy knows how to get him up."

Unable to resist the bait, I asked, "What does your Mummy do?"

"Oh," she said, "she just pulls the plug on his air mattress."

—Mrs. J. M. V.

A FRIEND on a camping trip noticed a pair of unusually large men's boots outside the tent next to his one night. Curious about the outsize boots, he kept an eye on the tent's entrance flap next morning as he prepared breakfast. Soon, out came three smiling grey-haired ladies. They broke camp. As a final gesture one picked up the boots, which had been used as guardians, and stowed them in the boot of their car. Without a backward glance, they drove away.

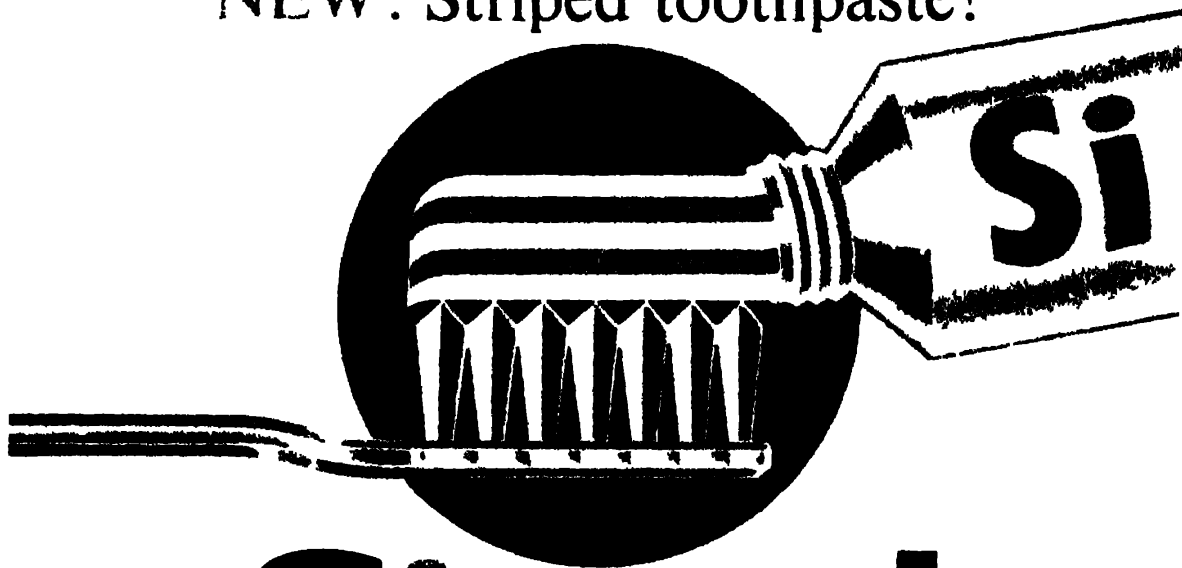
—B. A. C.

As my fishing guide and I were rowing up a lake, he pointed to the far shore. "There's a boy's camp on that side of the lake, and a girl's camp over here," he said.

Noting my quizzical expression, he added, "The reason they arrange them like that is so that everyone will learn how to swim!"

—B. V. L.

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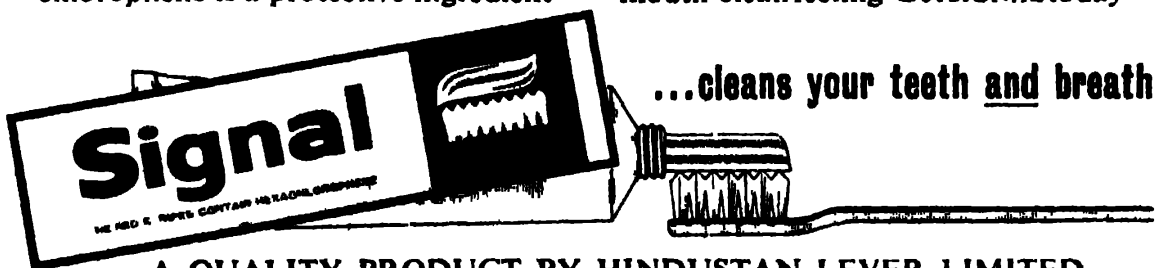
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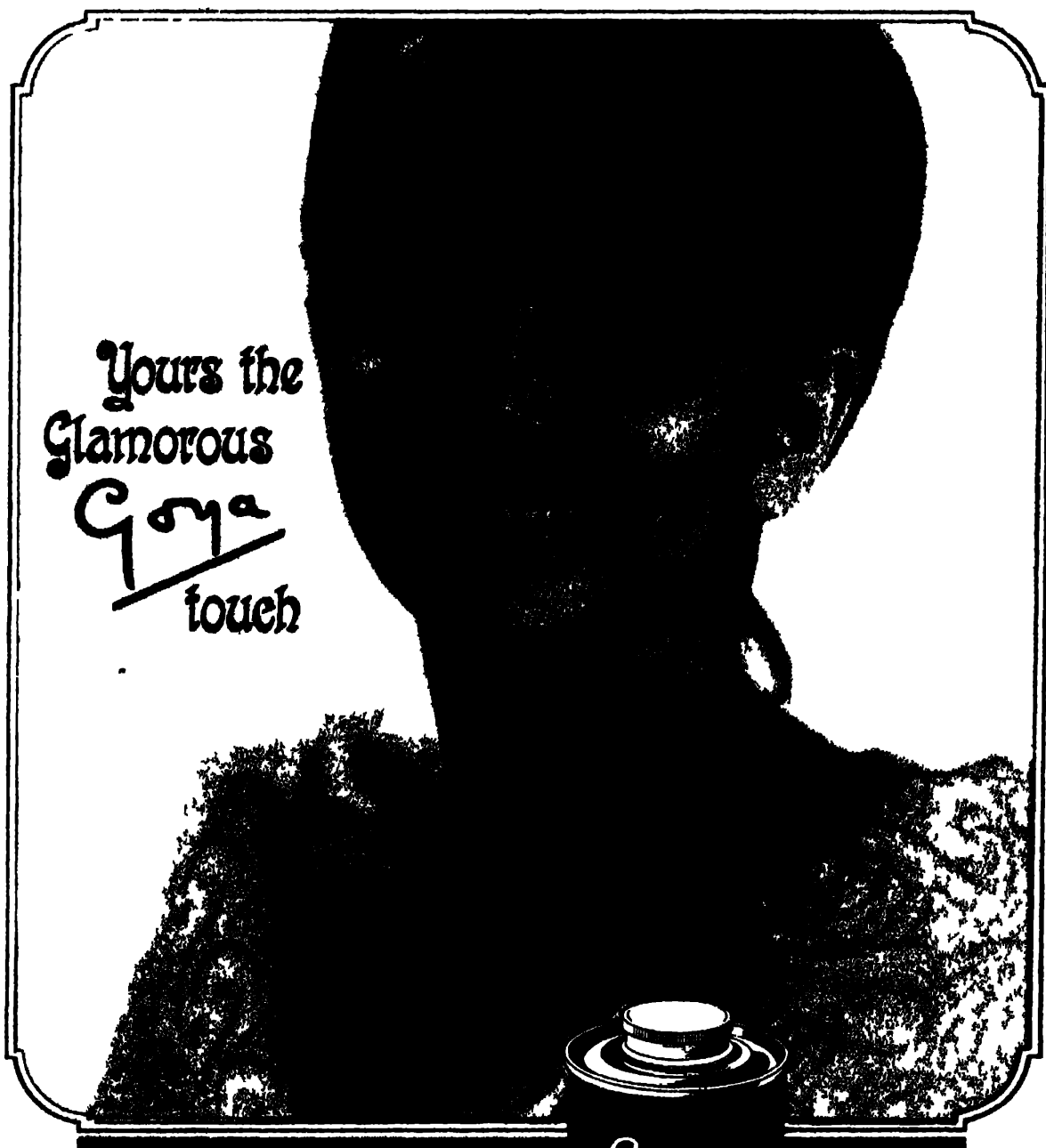


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Flying Father of the Piper Cubs

By ROBERT BUCK

I KNOW a wonderful man who believes that one of life's greatest gifts is the opportunity to work. He believes also that age doesn't keep you from doing what you want to do. He proved this by starting an aeroplane factory at 50. He learned to fly that same year—1931. Today, his firm has made more planes than any other in the world, and, at 84, William Thomas Piper, father of the world-famous Piper Cub, is still going strong.

Until he was nearly 50, Mr. Piper (that's what everyone calls him) had never been close to an aeroplane, let alone flown one. He was a businessman living in Bradford, Pennsylvania, when the chamber of commerce asked him to sit on the board of directors of a small aeroplane company they had encouraged to come to Bradford. Mr. Piper had hardly settled in his chair before the company nose-dived into bankruptcy. But he'd had a quick look, and the vision of aviation's future had clearly shown itself to his receptive mind. He teamed up with a 28-year-old engineer, C. G. Taylor, and

William Piper created the popular little aeroplane which became known the world over



Condensed from Air Facts

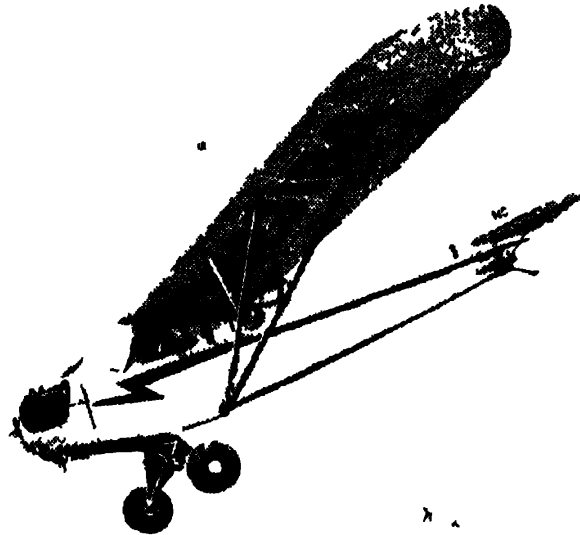
started a new aeroplane manufacturing company.

Mr. Piper's first thought was to build an inexpensive plane within the reach of everyone. He did not quite achieve that—aeroplanes are still relatively expensive. But he did build the best, cheapest plane ever made in quantity—the Cub. And you cannot talk about Mr. Piper without talking about the Cub; they are like Henry Ford and the Model T.

The early Cub was a little yellow monoplane boasting a 37-horse-power engine. With all 37 horses galloping, everything straining, it claimed to do 85 miles an hour. It landed at a fluffy 28 miles an hour. Cubs since have had all sorts of engines, and if you buy one today it will have 150 horse-power, do 130 miles an hour and climb like a homesick angel.

The first Cub I ever flew came to our local field on a demonstration tour. It was sort of a joke because it was small and looked almost home-made—exposed tubes showed the

framework and its three simple instruments looked lonely on the panel. The fuselage was so narrow that my shoulders almost touched the sides. Someone called "contact" and spun the propeller. The little engine started with a subdued lawnmower-like sound instead of the



hefty roar I was accustomed to in my mighty 1930 225-horse-power Pitcairn.

I eased forward on the throttle and the little engine whirred faster, the propeller spun into a shiny disk and we jounced along over the ground. I opened her up, raised the tail, ran a little and pulled her into the air. It couldn't climb sharply and powerfully and I had to nurse it into a climb that the 37 horse-power could handle. But it flew nicely, the controls felt good and it landed slowly.

As I walked away from it I wasn't joking any more; I had a strange feeling that this little plane was important to aviation's future.

ROBERT BUCK is one of Trans World Airlines' foremost pilots, flying jet airliners across the Atlantic. He has been flying since he was 15, when he soloed in a home-made glider. At 16, he set a junior speed record across the United States, both ways, between New York and Los Angeles.

It was, too. The Cub became the nursery in which aviation grew up. At the beginning of the Second World War four out of every five pilots had learnt to fly in a Cub. Some of the greats like Joe Walker, government test pilot who now flies the world's fastest aeroplane, the experimental X-15 rocket plane, learned to fly in a Cub. Dozens of my fellow transoceanic jet airliner pilots first spread their wings in this tiny yellow machine.

The Cub itself won an honoured place in war, doing all sorts of jobs such as artillery spotting, ambulance work, liaison, transport, reconnaissance, aerial photography. You could even launch a Cub from an LST (Landing Ship Tank), a craft used to place men and equipment on beaches. Some of these ships had a platform built forward of the aft deckhouse. It was ten feet wide and 125 feet long and, when the ship swung into the wind, a Cub could take off from that runway.

Cubs have been used for flight instruction, ranching, transporting missionaries, spreading insecticides. There have been over 31,000 Cubs built—more than any other single type of aeroplane in the world. Piper builds only a few each year now, concentrates instead on sleek one- and two-engine planes for fast private and business transport. But when pilots gather anywhere there's still many a sweet memory when the Cub name comes up.

Why was this plane so successful?

There's no doubt about it—Mr. Piper. If you look at a Cub, how it's made, how it flies, you see the character of the man—a tough, true, unfancy pioneer who has believed in principles and stuck to them. Actually he is a simple man with a simple formula: no frills and hard work.

He is rugged like his aeroplane. He stands straight. It's about a quarter of a mile from the factory to the hangar where new owners pick up planes, and a shuttle bus carries people back and forth. Not Mr. Piper. He walks, good weather or bad. It takes a blizzard to stop him. He lives in a small brick cottage near the airport, and he walks to work from there, too. He rakes his own leaves and takes care of the place. He wears good solid walking shoes and a plain tie. His sons nag him now and then for wearing the same tie for a week at a time. "Why not?" he says. "It's clean. Why change?"

Mr. Piper took his first flying lessons from one of the factory pilots, Bud Havens. Within two weeks he was flying alone. His flying now is legend, mostly because he carries into the cockpit his philosophy of keeping things simple. Why be fancy about it? He has always believed that *anyone* could fly. "I'm a terrible pilot," he would say, and he used to demonstrate the assertion by taking people up and showing them that sensitive control co-ordination was a lot of nonsense. He'd work

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SHEAFFER



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FLYING FATHER OF THE PIPER CUBS

the stick and rudder against each other, making the poor Cub wallow drunkenly round the sky. Thanks to the Cub's forgiving flight characteristics, the demonstrations always turned out safely.

He is young in heart, and youth understands his simple honesty and enthusiasm. One day while I was inspecting a plane at the factory, my son Rob, then 11 years old, was left alone with him. They talked for the best part of an hour, man and boy. They talked about Rob's model aeroplanes, about new aeroplanes and what they would do. After that Mr. Piper became Rob's major aviation hero—ahead of astronauts, test pilots or any others of the famous.

Mr. Piper's three sons, Bill, Tony and Howard, were in the Piper company from the start. Tony, at 16, made some of the parts for the first Cub. The boys all learned to fly in their teens. Bill made the first Cub flight across the United States. The boys barnstormed, carrying passengers and stunting with early Cubs to get them seen. Today they are the active leaders of the company.

The start was slow, and Mr. Piper had to use rock-hard methods to keep the company going. Early Cubs were delivered by car-towed trailers. Some of the tow cars were converted to burn cheap paraffin instead of petrol. Since Oregon spruce was used in the long spars in the wing, trailers that delivered

planes to Oregon returned to the factory loaded with spruce. It was a crimping, tight operation with financial disaster close on Piper's heels all the way. But the business got off the ground. In 1931 the company built 70 aeroplanes. In November 1936 Mr. Piper bought out Taylor and carried on alone.

In March 1937, catastrophe struck: the factory burnt to the ground. There was little insurance because it was too expensive. Mr. Piper, informed of the fire, thought it over for a moment and then said, "Well, we ought to get a lot of publicity out of this." It was typical. He always tries to see the good side of everything. With a pile of ashes and little money, he started up again in an abandoned silk mill in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Piper refuses to concede that people get too old to do things. When he was 73 his company started building a twin-engine plane. The U.S. Federal Aviation Agency requires that pilots take an extra test, called a rating, before they're allowed to fly a multi-engine plane. The pilot must demonstrate his ability to handle emergencies, especially flying with only one engine in case the other should fail. Mr. Piper wasn't going to be left behind: he wanted to be able to talk twin-engine planes with authority. He took the difficult test and passed it.

A great quality you soon sense when you're with Mr. Piper is his

THE READER'S DIGEST

constant awareness of the future. He is tuned to think of the opportunities ahead, and he sees assets where others see liabilities. For instance, just when things were looking up for his business, a new magazine appeared in aviation—*Air Facts*. The magazine began to analyse accidents with a view to increasing safety. Many of the accidents occurred in Cubs simply because there were more Cubs than any other aeroplane.

A Piper advertising man saw an early issue of *Air Facts* and rushed to Mr. Piper, exclaiming that this was going to ruin them. Mr. Piper, he said, would have to do something about it right away, preferably get it stopped.

Piper did something: he read the magazine carefully, then decided to give a free subscription with each Cub purchased. He thought the accident reports would help the new Cub owner benefit from others' mistakes.

Mr. Piper still dreams of a cheap aeroplane for everyone. Most of the planes the company builds today cost a lot of money, though they meet the competition. But Mr. Piper insists that they also build low

priced ones. He actually loses money on these in an effort to get more people flying. A big problem, in his opinion, is lack of airports. He wants lots of *small* airports. "Not fancy ones," he explains. "All you need are seven acres, a windsock and a phone box down in one corner. Any community can afford that. All you have to do is mow it now and then. Why, 70 per cent of our airports today aren't paved."

Mr. Piper sincerely believes that everyone should have the pleasure and usefulness of a plane, that it would make our lives more interesting and our planet a better place. In an age of supersonic planes, electronics, radar and scientific sophistication, Mr. Piper still sees the aeroplane as a vehicle for everyone. It's a pleasant vision.

There are still some yellow Piper Cubs left, and whenever I see one putt-putting across the sky I think of the strong, white-haired gentleman who started a new life at 50 years of age and built over 63,000 aeroplanes. I remember him whenever I think I'm getting old and my joints are beginning to creak. It makes me straighten up and look at life with new excitement.

Honour Among Thieves

"*M*IND the glass, love," said a stranger to a woman looking in a London jeweller's window.

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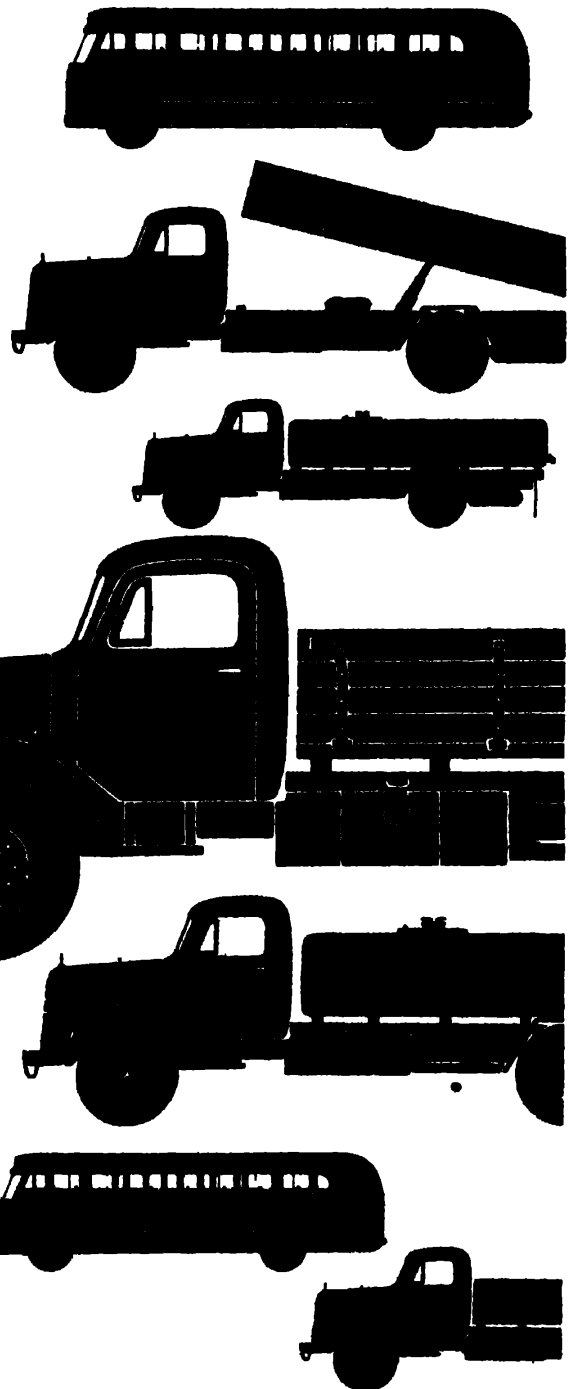
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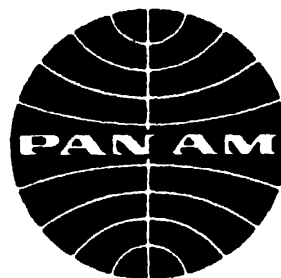
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The Dog that Bit People

By JAMES THURBER

PROBABLY no one man should have as many dogs in his life as I have had, but there was more pleasure than distress in them for me except in the case of an Airedale named Muggs. He gave me more trouble than all the other 55 put together. He really wasn't my dog, as a matter of fact. I came home from a holiday to find that my brother Roy had bought him while I was away. A big, burly, choleric dog, he always acted as if he thought I wasn't one of the family. There was a slight advantage in being one of the family, for he didn't bite the family as often as he bit strangers. We used to take turns feeding him to be in his good books, but that didn't always work. In the years that we had him he bit everybody but Mother, and he snapped at her once but missed. Angered one day because Muggs refused to chase rats in the pantry, Mother slapped him and he slashed at her, but

didn't make it. He was sorry immediately, Mother said. He was always sorry, she said, after he bit someone, but we could not understand how she figured this out. He didn't act sorry.

Mother used to send a box of candy every Christmas to the people the Airedale bit. The list finally contained 40 or more names. Nobody could understand why we didn't get rid of the dog. I think that one or two people tried to poison Muggs—he acted poisoned once in a while—and old Major Moberly fired at him once with his service revolver—but Muggs lived to be almost 11 years old and even when he could hardly get about he bit a politician who had called to see my father on business. My mother had never liked the politician—she said the signs of his horoscope showed he couldn't be trusted—but she sent him candy that Christmas. He sent it right back. Mother persuaded

Condensed from "My Life and Hard Times," © 1933 by James Thurber

THE READER'S DIGEST

herself it was all for the best even though Father lost an important business connexion because of it. "I wouldn't be associated with such a man," Mother said. "Muggs could read him like a book."

Muggs never bit anyone more than once at a time. Mother always mentioned that as an argument in his favour; she said he had a quick temper but that he didn't hold a grudge. I think she liked him because he wasn't well. "He's not strong," she would say, pityingly, but that was inaccurate; he may not have been well but he was terribly strong.

One time Mother went to call on a woman mental healer who lectured on the subject of "Harmonious Vibrations." She wanted to find out if it was possible to get harmonious vibrations into a dog. "He's a large tan-coloured Airedale," Mother explained. The woman said that she had never treated a dog but she advised my mother to hold the thought that he did not bite and would not bite. Mother was holding the thought the very next morning when Muggs got the iceman, but she blamed that on the iceman. "If you didn't think he would bite you, he wouldn't," Mother told him. He stamped out of the house in a terrible jangle of vibrations.

One morning when Muggs bit me slightly, more or less in passing, I reached down and grabbed his short stumpy tail and hoisted him into the air. It was a foolhardy thing to do.

As long as I held the dog off the floor by his tail he couldn't get at me, but he twisted and jerked so, snarling all the time, that I realized I couldn't hold him that way very long. I carried him to the kitchen and flung him on to the floor and shut the door on him just as he crashed against it.

But I forgot about the back stairs. Muggs went up the back stairs and down the front stairs and had me cornered in the living-room. I managed to get up on to the mantelpiece, but it gave way and came down with a tremendous crash, throwing a marble clock, several vases and myself heavily to the floor.

Muggs was so alarmed by the racket that when I picked myself up he had disappeared. We couldn't find him anywhere, although we whistled and shouted, until old Mrs. Detweiler came to call that night. Muggs had bitten her once, in the leg, and she came into the living-room only after we assured her that Muggs had run away. She had just seated herself when, with a great growling and scratching of claws, Muggs emerged from under a davenport where he had been quietly hiding all the time, and bit her again. Mother examined the bite and put arnica on it and told Mrs. Detweiler that it was only a bruise. "He just bumped you," she said. But Mrs. Detweiler left the house in a nasty state of mind.

Lots of people reported our Airedale to the police but my father held

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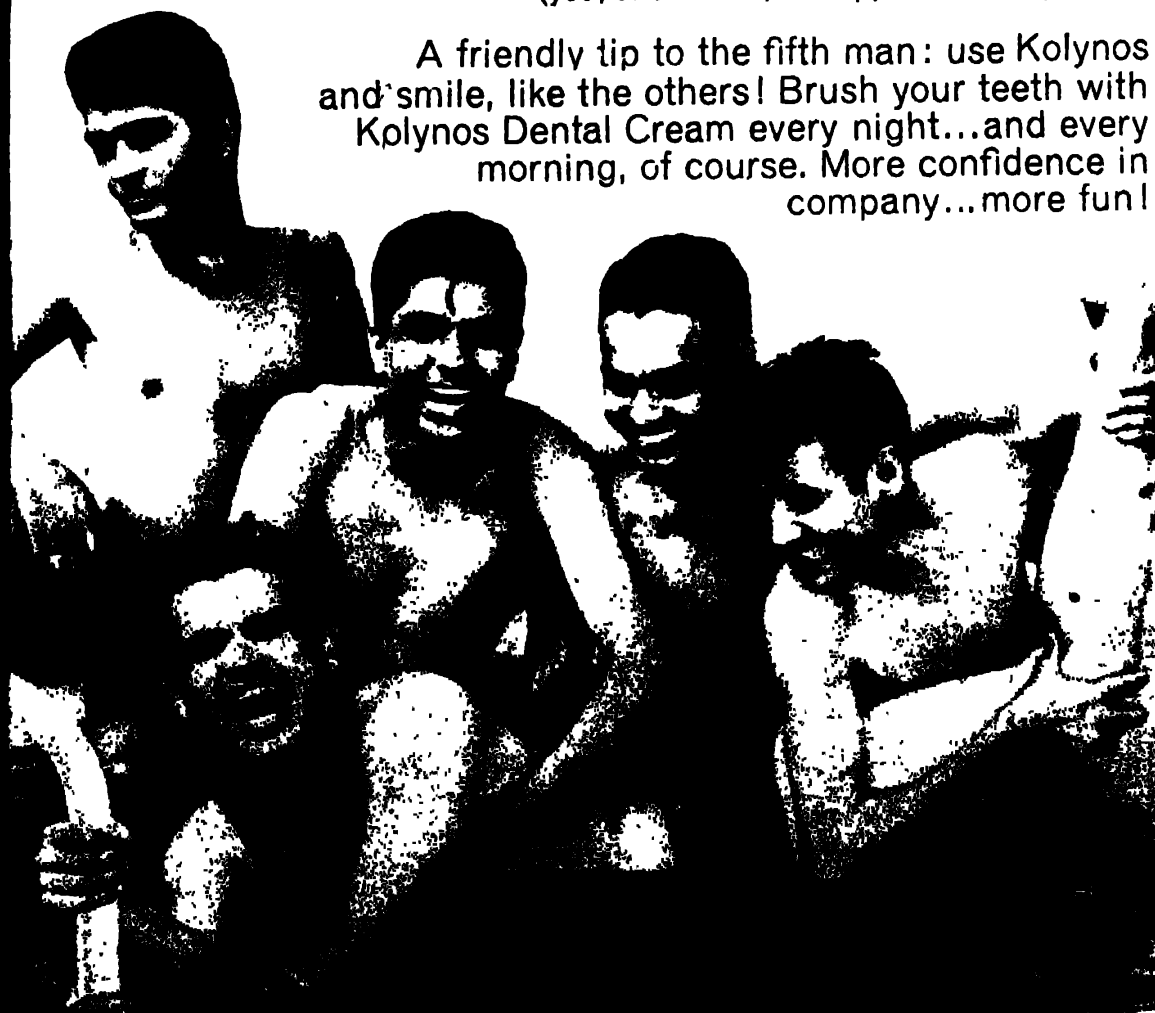
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THE READER'S DIGEST

a municipal office at the time and was on friendly terms with them. The police suggested that it might be a good idea to tie the dog up, but Mother said that it mortified him to be tied up and he wouldn't eat.

In his last years Muggs used to spend practically all of his time outdoors, and as a result the garbage man, the iceman and the laundryman wouldn't come near the house. We had to haul the garbage to the corner, take the laundry out and bring it back, and meet the iceman a block from home.

After this had gone on for some time we hit on an ingenious arrangement for getting the dog in the house so that we could lock him up while the gas meter was read, and so on. Muggs was afraid of only one thing, an electrical storm. Thunder and lightning frightened him out of his senses. He would rush into the house and hide under a bed or in a clothes closet. So we fixed up a thunder machine out of a long, narrow piece of sheet iron with a wooden handle on one end. Mother would shake this vigorously when she wanted to get Muggs into the house. It made an excellent imitation of thunder, but I suppose it was

the most roundabout system for running a household ever devised. It took a lot out of Mother.

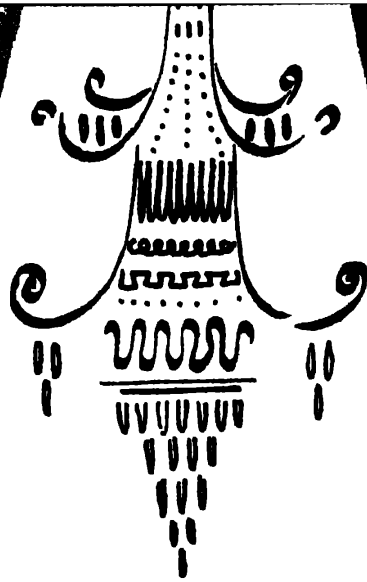
A few months before Muggs died he got to "seeing things." He would rise slowly from the floor, growling low, and stalk stiff-legged and menacing towards nothing at all. Sometimes the Thing would be just a little to the right or left of a visitor. Once a door-to-door salesman got hysterics, Muggs came wandering into the room like Hamlet following his father's ghost. His eyes were fixed on a spot just to the left of the salesman, who stood it until Muggs was about three slow, creeping paces from him. Then he shouted. Muggs wavered on past him into the hallway, grumbling to himself, but Mother had to throw a pan of cold water on the salesman before he stopped shouting.

Muggs died quite suddenly one night. Mother wanted to bury him in the family plot under a marble stone, but we persuaded her it was against the law. In the end we just put up a smooth board above his grave along a lonely road. On the board I wrote "*Cave Canem.*" Mother was quite pleased with the simple classic dignity of the old Latin epitaph.

Made to Measure

TALK about lucky coincidences. The average adult has about 3,000 square inches of skin, which is just enough to cover him.

—*Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine*



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Inside the Soviet Palace of Art Treasures

By JAMES A. MICHENER

Author of "Tales of the South Pacific," "Hawaii," "The Floating World," etc

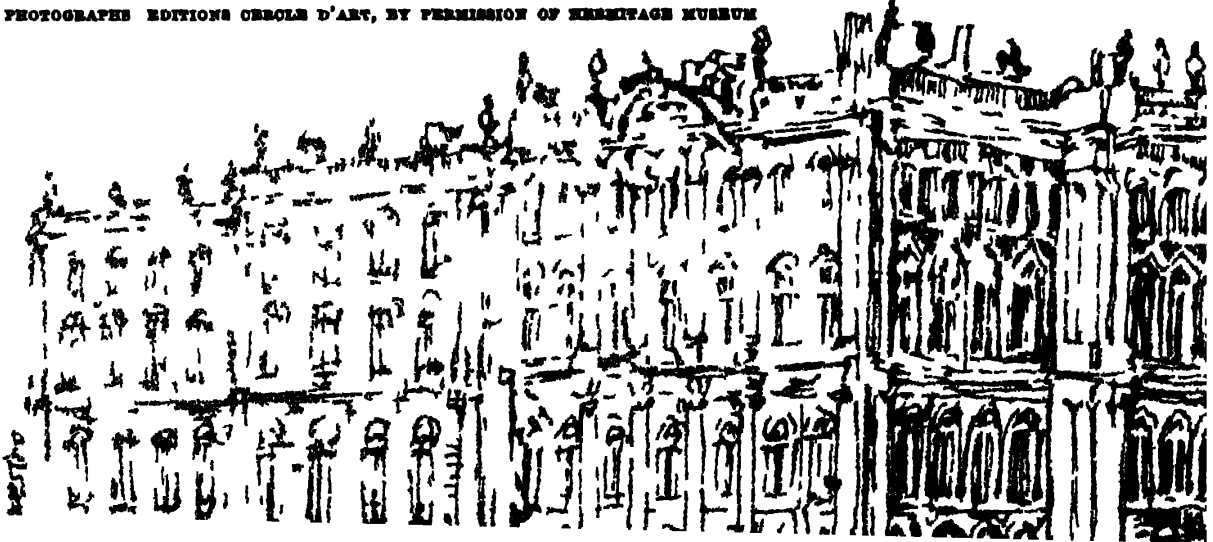
The most fabulous collection of pictures in the world is on view and the imperial splendours of the Hermitage at Leningrad

FOR TWO centuries art enthusiasts tantalized themselves with legends about a fabulous treasure hidden in the Hermitage, that sprawling collection of buildings standing along the left bank of the Neva River in Leningrad. I remember being told, "The Hermitage has a cellar full of Rembrandts better than any you've ever seen; whole rooms full of Picassos and Matisse." But whenever I tried to pinpoint what the mysterious museum actually contained, I received only

vague answers: "It's just the richest museum in the world."

Today, some 1.5 million people stream through the Hermitage each year, yet it still retains an aura of mystery and intrigue. Not long ago I paid a visit to the Hermitage and found it was like no other art museum. Its size is staggering. It contains about 2,500 rooms, 2.3 million art objects, including 14,000 paintings. Merely to pass through the rooms means a walk of 15 miles. To spend only a minute inspecting

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EDITIONS CERCLE D'ART, BY PERMISSION OF HERMITAGE MUSEUM



each room would take a full week, working from nine to five.

The mystery about the Hermitage grew up naturally. In 1762 Catherine the Great, originally a minor German princess, found her stupid husband, the Tsar of Russia, conveniently murdered. Catherine did not punish the known murderers; instead, she promoted them. She then finished building the vast royal dwelling which came to be known as the Winter Palace.

When she began to look about for paintings to decorate its 1,050 rooms, she found there were none in Russia. France seemed to own them all. So, providing almost unlimited means, she gave the brilliant French encyclopedist Denis Diderot a simple commission: "Buy all the great collections that come on the market."

After acquiring a couple of minor prizes, Diderot in 1770 heard that the top collection in France was up for sale, the 400-odd masterpieces put together by "Poor" Crozat. (Some decades before there had

been two Crozat multimillionaires; the younger had a few francs less than his brother and so was known as "Poor" Crozat.) Catherine acquired them all.

In 1779 she made a comparable haul, the magnificent collection assembled by Britain's Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. It contained 198 works, for which Catherine paid only Rs. 8.3 lakhs. This made her the greatest collector of her time, and her agents continued to strip Europe of its glories.

The Winter Palace, large as it was, could not provide a home for all the masterpieces. In 1764 Catherine had authorized the building of an adjacent art gallery, topped by a hanging garden complete with trees, flower beds and marble fountains. "The Little Hermitage," Catherine called it. In 1775 she added a second gallery, called the Old Hermitage.

The acquisitions continued long after Catherine was dead. Tsar Alexander I, for example, bought the entire contents of Malmaison, Empress Josephine's former palace.



THE READER'S DIGEST

An expert pointed out that the Russian collection of Dutch art was a little weak. Catherine had purchased Gerrit Braamkamp's beautiful group of Dutch masterworks in 1771. But the ship in which they were sent to St. Petersburg sank off Finland. Later tsars ordered the purchase of larger collections, to be dispatched on safer ships. In 1839 a third gallery was finished, the mammoth New Hermitage. A theatre completed the group of buildings.

By 1774 Catherine's collection contained 2,080 paintings. And here the mystery of the Hermitage begins, for in a letter to Diderot she gloated, "Only the mice and I can admire it all." She refused permission to all but a chosen few to view her collection, and her successors followed the same policy.

In 1852, Nicholas I allowed limited numbers of the general public to see the fabled rooms. What these lucky few saw continues to amaze visitors today. These most magnificent rooms were decorated with rare marble from Italy and the Caucasus, with whole façades of green malachite and gold, ceilings festooned with flying stucco cupids, floors inlaid with precious woods. The visitors also found stairways heavy with marble, porphyry and gold, colonnaded hallways, an amazing loggia in which the entire series of paintings Raphael did for the Vatican had been repeated stroke by stroke. In the Winter

Palace and its four Hermitage buildings, the tsars created an architectural marvel, a symphony marked by balance, judgement and a sense of humour. These huge buildings represent a memory of an epoch we shall never know again.

On the third floor of the Palace there is a group of special rooms which contain the chief treasure of the museum—a treasure which the Hermitage acquired quite by accident.

In the early years of this century two Moscow merchants, Sergei Shchukin and Ivan Moroso, did most of their importing from Paris. On visits to that city they fell unaccountably in love with the work of a group of painters then relatively unknown—men with names like Van Gogh, Gauguin, Matisse, Picasso. To the amusement of their friends, they bought and brought home to Moscow not one Matisse but 40! Without realizing it, Shchukin and Moroso had acquired the greatest collection of the earliest work of those painters who were to be the foremost figures of this century.

In 1914 the war made it impossible for the two Russians to buy more French art. Then, in 1917, the Revolution changed life in Russia for ever and the collections of both men were confiscated by the government.

Today the Hermitage catalogue

"Portrait of a Young Woman," by Titian



THE READER'S DIGEST

lists dozens of Matisse's as well as 31 of the best Picassos, 14 fine Gauguins, ten Cézannes and many works by all the major Impressionists. The collection has one curious gap. It contains no work by the four finest artists that Russia herself has produced in this century: Kandinsky, Chagall, Soutine and De Stael.

Yet, as I was touring the Hermitage, a friend whispered, "The cellar rooms are jammed with Kandinskys, Chagalls, Soutines and De Staels. They're not realistic enough for the Russian taste, but there they are."

I asked an official if I might inspect these "cellars filled with late moderns," but he merely smiled and said "*Nyet.*" I believed all the earlier legends, and many of them turned out to be true. I think I'll cling to this one, too.

No other museum in the world has survived so many disasters as the Hermitage. On a windy night in 1837 an inconsequential fire broke out on the second floor of the Winter Palace. Since some 2,000 servants lived in the Palace, there were enough people to fight the flames. But, unfortunately, they had the habit of keeping pigs and ducks in some of the ground-floor rooms, plus piles of hay for their bedding. The fire lasted five days and burnt down almost the entire Winter Palace. Tsar Nicholas I ordered an immediate rebuilding and, when he moved back again with the 2,000

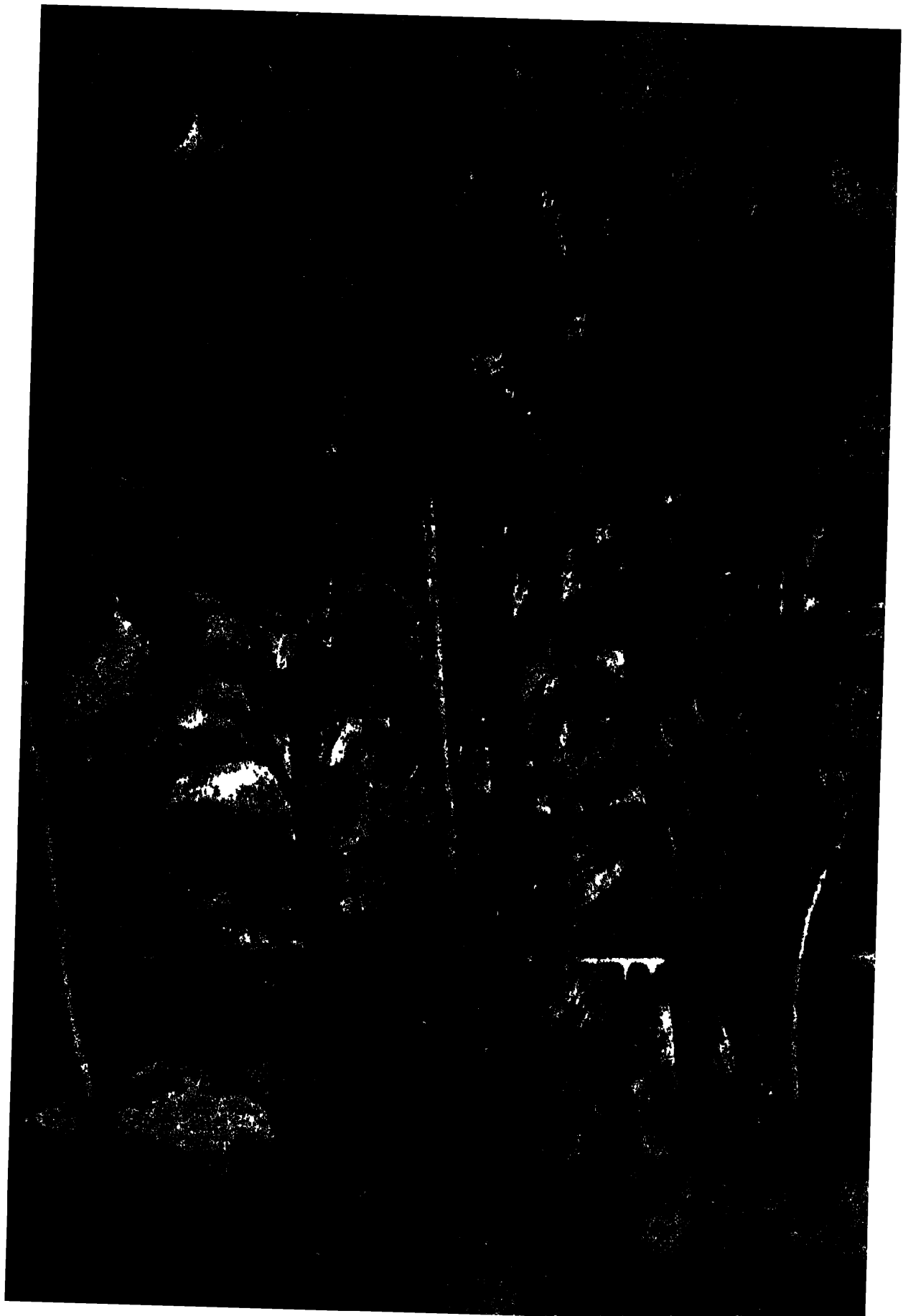
servants, made a new rule: "No more pigs, ducks or hay."

In the revolution of 1917, the Winter Palace served as headquarters for the moderate Kerensky government. In November, when hard-core communists decided to assume power, revolutionary troops burst in with guns ready. This was the supreme test of power, and for hours no one knew what might happen. In the end, Lenin's troops gained control without destroying the Palace. The tsars now gone and all royal residence ended, the Winter Palace became part of the museum group: the Hermitage as we know it today.

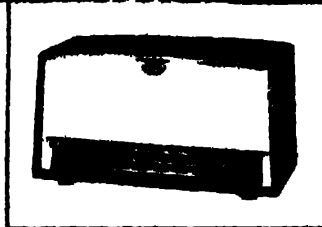
During the last war Leningrad was besieged for 900 days. With German guns only eight miles away, the Hermitage absorbed 32 major shells and two bombs. Six hundred rooms were destroyed, and numerous fires broke out. Still, the museum lost no major treasures; they had all been sent behind the Urals. And when peace came, Russian workmen repaired the ornate gingerbread decorations of the eighteenth century, relaid the parquet floors, recarved the chubby plaster cupids.

I asked a communist why the government took such pains to restore this echo of the tsars and he explained, "The tsars were part of Russian history. We love everything Russian."

*"Pine Trees and
Aqueduct," by Cezanne*

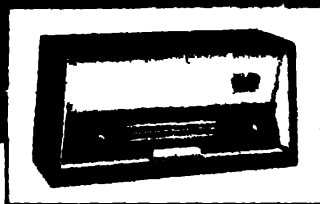


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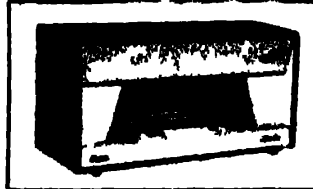
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Towards More Picturesque Speech

THE RUSTLING of oak leaves is the sure sign of autumn (J. R. Molina) . . . A drizzmal day (Enid Sharp) . . . A popular girl, not only dated but inundated (Edward Artin) . . . As pretty as children on their birthdays (Truman Capote)

Enjoying the Signery. In bar: "We have a pay-as-you-glow plan" (W. E. Sprague) . . . On building freshly painted emerald green: "Sure and it's wet!" (D. L. Simpson) . . . In building society's office: "Ask us about our plans for owning your home" (A. Ryon) . . . Over goldfish display: "Wet Pets" (Dilys Jones) . . . On cereal packet: "To open on dotted line follow these seven easy steps" (Steve Bliss) . . . In antique shop: "Come in and buy what your grandmother threw away" (M. R. W.)

Professional Greetings. Doctors: "How are you?" . . . Teachers: "What do you know?" . . . Magicians: "How's tricks?" . . . Pilots: "What's up?" . . . Inventors: "What's new?" . . . Clergymen: "What's the good word?" . . . Price analysts: "Hi!" (Margaret Mitchell)

Current Commentary. Looks as if China's the chink in the Iron Curtain (J. A. Bartey) . . . A sure sign of bureaucracy is when the first person who answers the phone can't help you (Kenneth Fabian) . . . Find a man with both feet firmly on the ground and you've found a man about to make a difficult putt (Fletcher Knebel) . . . We all want to get the news objectively,

impartially and from our own point of view (Bill Vaughan) . . . Why do they call it the coming generation? It spends most of its time going (C.T.)

Deft Definitions. Exit: What you do when you can't sign it (C. I.) . . . Psychiatric examination: A check-up from the neck up (Richard Wheeler) . . . Coffee break: Secretarrying (Sara Shook) . . . Intense: Where Boy Scouts sleep (J. K.) . . . Cave paintings: Deep frieze (E. O.) . . . Prune: Plum, tired out (B. Blaser) . . . Rookie: Wizard of odds (A. W.) . . . Crick: Noise made by a Japanese camera (Jack Sterling) . . . Suit of armour: Knightgown (O. W. Piette) . . . Gargoyle: A spittin' image (D. S.)

Overheard. Teenage girl: "Well, if I must wear glasses, make them boy-focals" (R. S. O.)

The Passing Scene. A tourist back from Paris, with his bank account altered, says that street should be called the Rue de la Paix and Paix and Paix (Earl Wilson) . . . Then there's the gourmet wolf who hangs around the U.N. building because he likes foreign dishes (Robert Weede)

Quipping Post. An intellectual's a man who ogles a pretty girl's reading matter (Peter Sander) . . . Getting a word in edgeways with some women is like threading a sewing machine with the motor running (P. Larmour) . . . "Sweet Adeline" sounds better when all the basses are loaded (P.C.W.)



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The Soldiers, the Nuns and the Show Girls

By SISTER MARY XAVIER, B.V.M.

What happened when a party of girl students entertained servicemen overseas

I want you to know that 11 girls from Clarke College, Dubuque, Iowa, took their little student show to Coffee House Theatre, 1st U.S. Army, France, Germany and Italy. The G.I. audience, seeing the show, thought that they were in for a hymn-mountain scene, but were soon pleasantly surprised. Of the show, the U.S. Armed-Forces newspaper, "The Stars and Stripes," reported "Coffee House Theatre served a delightful cup of folk-singing, modern dance, jazz, comedy skits and improvisations that delighted even the most hard-bitten G.I. The show is fast-moving, tuneful and professional."

Director of the show was Sister Mary Xavier, B.V.M., technical director was Sister Mary Jeremy, B.V.M. Both nuns are professors in Clarke College's drama department and members of the Roman Catholic teaching order of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. To American soldiers overseas, they became known fondly as "the girls in black."

In this speech, given to various organizations in Dubuque, Sister Mary Xavier tells of her moving experiences with the young G.I.'s.

HOW CAN I tell you what it was like to be a nun in the army? I am reminded of the army officer on the Military Air Transport Service plane on which our troupe flew to Europe, who asked me, "Ma'am, which general is your brother?" He was amazed to learn that Sister Mary Jeremy and I were members of the military on a United Service Organization show—the first sisters ever to be on such a mission.

Clarke College was one of seven universities and colleges whose shows were chosen last year to tour the European Command under the auspices of the American Educational Theatre Association and the United Service Organizations. Coffee House Theatre was presented 75 times; we travelled over 13,000 miles, mainly in southern Germany.

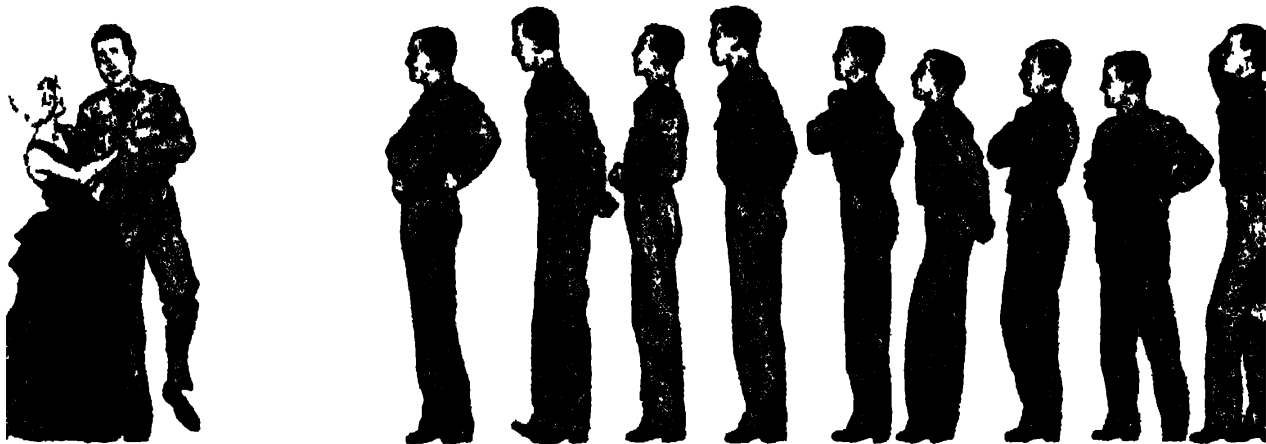
Our audiences were never as large at the beginning of the shows as they were at the end. When the programme began, the men sprawled in their chairs with limp spines and an attitude of "You gotta show me."

After the first set of comedy skits and the laughter that always followed, they were sitting upright having a marvellous time. The crowd increased as the soldiers came in from a near-by game or billiard-room. Often a lad—obviously an advance scout—would go to the window and whistle; then ten or 15 of his friends would come in. Soon every seat was taken; then men sat on radiators, on the floor, stood on tables. One night they slid down a banister and sat 12 deep on it, because there was no other space. As one of the men described it: "In five minutes we were the happiest bunch of soldiers this side of Paris."

Many people have asked, "What was the most memorable part of the

is willing to die if there's war; but, when there isn't, he can't wait to get back to the things he is used to. He plays war with live ammunition and lives in a tent in all kinds of weather for a month at a time with only one change of clothing and a pint of water a day for drinking, shaving and washing. Yet none of these things bother him nearly so much as the fact that there are no American girls around to talk to or dance with.

Frequently the girls would offer to have a dance after the show or on their night off. You can imagine what it was like—300 men and 14 girls. Each dance was ladies' choice, and, by common agreement, no girl danced more than two minutes with



tour?" I can truthfully answer: the American soldier. We hear much about the lads overseas who get into trouble; we know too little about the average boy who is not sure why he is so far from home. His life has been interrupted for two or three years; he hates the interruption, the army and his sergeant; he

the same boy. You would hear remarks like, "Hey, Mac, perfume!" or, "Real American nylons!"

One night during the show I noticed one soldier in particular. He would look at a girl, shut his eyes, then repeat the process for all the other girls. Asked what he was doing, he said, "Memorizing the

faces so I can dream about them tonight."

For the final number of the show, the girls wore long white gloves and floor-length evening dresses. Their appearance in this attire never failed to bring a tremendous ovation from the boys, not the shouting wolf-whistle response, but a kind of awe. Frequently I heard boys saying softly to no one in particular, "God, they're beautiful!" Many nights soldiers would thank me for making the girls look so lovely.

Before we left the United States, we were warned that a G.I. audience can be rude, crude and even obscene. Yet we found that when we expected the best from these men, when we assumed that they were

and our escort officer said, "Here comes trouble." But Sister Mary Jeremy greeted them in her own smiling way and said, "Come right in. We're so glad you came. You can sit in the first row, where we'll put up more chairs." The men sat down like little boys, and before long they were laughing and having a good time along with the other G.I.'s.

Everyone in our company had a job to do each night before the performance. While the girls were putting up the portable stage sets, I would sit at the back of the hall and write the daily report which we sent home. But never once did I finish the report before the show. The boys are lonely and desperately need



gentlemen, they responded accordingly. As the army said of our tour: there were no incidents.

At one post we had been warned of an impending race riot. More than the usual number of military police were on duty that night. The performance was about half over when a noisy crowd of men came in,

someone to listen to them. After a few minutes a G.I. would come up and say, "Please, ma'am . . . sir . . . sister (they never did know quite what to call us), could I talk to you?" It soon became a company joke, and the girls would say, "Sister's hearing confessions again."

Some of the stories the men had

THE READER'S DIGEST

to tell were funny; others would twist your heart. One lad said, "Ma'am, what do you think of mixed marriages?" I asked, "What do you have in mind?" He told me that he was a Baptist, but his girl was a Lutheran. I said, "Well, it's the same God, isn't it?" He went off happy.

Another boy who came up to talk to me had spent that day learning how to use a bayonet and was deeply upset. "You know, ma'am, the sergeant kept telling us, 'You put it in and then you turn it. You put it in and then you turn it.' Today it was only sandbags, but what if it were a man? I never could do it. I couldn't kill anybody." We talked a long time about the necessity of protecting the country during a war.

One of the nicest occasions we had was at Illesheim, a missile site high in the mountains of Bavaria. We were invited to dinner in the mess hall. The men had gone to great effort to entertain us; they used sheets for tablecloths, put wild flowers in aluminium foil as centre-pieces. They made place cards, provided two escorts dressed in civvies for every girl and then served us from trays. Never have I seen such large portions! My host kept saying, "Don't you like it, ma'am? Is everything all right, ma'am?" In the end I had to confess I just couldn't eat quite as much as the ordinary soldier.

After dinner one of the men came over to my table and said, "Ma'am,

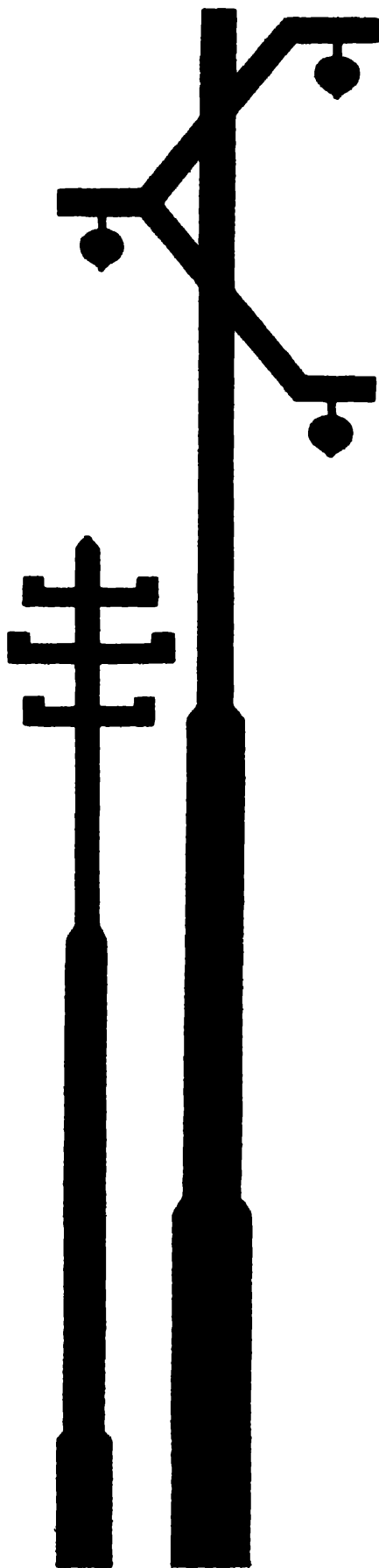
this is only half of us. The others are on 24-hour duty up the mountain at the missile site, but they sure would like to see the girls, too." I told him if he could get transport, I would get the girls. "The bus is outside, ma'am, just in case you'd say yes."

So off we went up the mountain. Because missile sites are "classified," we had to be locked in and out. With only ten minutes' notice that we were coming, all the men had put on fresh battle-dress and polished their shoes. We did parts of our show for them in a chart room.

When it was time to go, no one could find the key to the gate. The boys said they supposed that we would just have to stay there. Then I said, "You find that key, or I'll phone General Lawrie." "Yes, *sir*, ma'am!" was the reply. So we got back in our army bus and went down the hill. We were a little late for the next performance, but no one cared because the rest of the company had seen the girls.

The hospital shows were touching and rewarding. These boys, some badly hurt, never seemed to feel sorry for themselves. In one ward two boys, each with a broken arm, combined efforts and clapped together with their good hands. Another soldier, who had lost his arm at the shoulder in a jeep accident, regretted his loss because he could not applaud the girls after they did the show in his room just for him.

Many kind letters—from G.I.'s,



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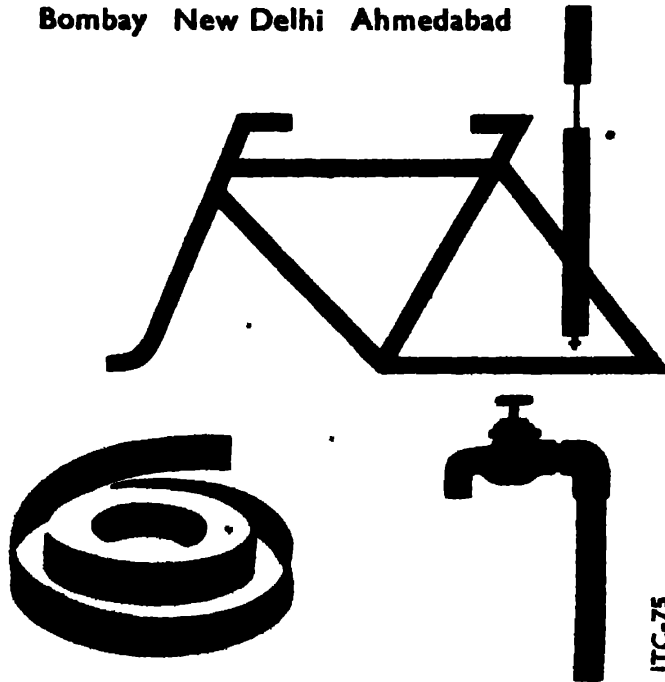
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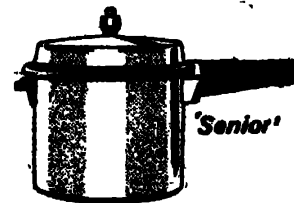
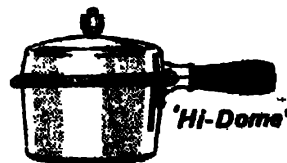
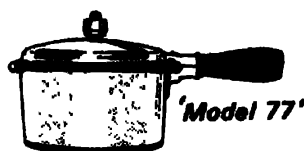
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THE SOLDIERS, THE NUNS AND THE SHOW GIRLS

chaplains, service-club and Red Cross officials, and from mothers of boys in the service—have come to the college as a result of our tour. One G.I. wrote: "After spending months away from the ones we love, we often ask ourselves if it's worth it; do the people in the United

States really care? I cannot think of a better way of showing appreciation than by what Clarke's ambassadors gave us. Thank you from the thousands who sat in your Coffee House. Hurry back."

Would we go back again?
Just ask us.



From Foreign Parts

IN BRISBANE, Australia, a policeman saw a man standing by the river holding a pistol. Thinking it might be a suicide case, he crept up behind the man and seized the gun. The man grabbed it back—just in time to signal the start of a rowing race.

—Tom Moore

A GERMAN firm plans to stop phones ringing for at least an hour each day so that the boss and his staff can concentrate on their work. The decree will apply to both internal and outgoing calls, and even partners have been asked to respect the silent period.

—AP

ONE of the year's most candid statements was made by an assistant in an Atlanta shop. "To be frank with you," he told a customer, holding up a pair of binoculars, "these are an imitation of a famous Japanese brand."

—Hugh Park

THE carpet for a new wing of the Delta Hotel in Vlaardingen, Holland was inspired by the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. Designer Cor Aldershoff analysed a Bach fugue, fed the mathematical pattern into a computer and let it control the weaving loom which produced a harmonious design in shades of brown.

—AP

TO ASSURE the authenticity of its crime series, a British television company has hired a reformed robber as an adviser. The bloke got the job because he complained that all criminals were pictured as idiots.—*Newsweek*

Moscow is full of vending machines these days. On Gorky Street you can buy a caviar sandwich by putting a coin in a machine and waiting for an old woman to peer at you and nod. She then makes the sandwich and drops it into the slot.

—James Reston

DURING a Beatles performance in Detroit, the noise was too much for a stadium guard. He slipped two bullets out of his cartridge belt and plugged his ears.

—A. H.



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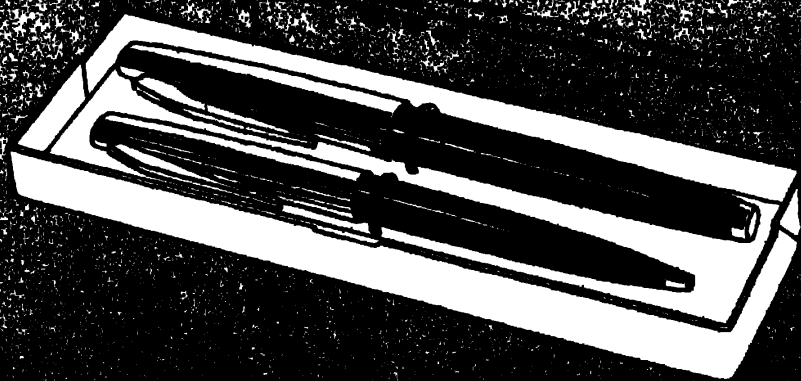
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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

As a newcomer to the town, I was filling in an application card for a library ticket. I explained to the young man at the desk that I couldn't give a reference since I didn't know anyone.

"Don't you have any friends here?" he asked. I shook my head.

He thought a minute, then his face suddenly brightened. Like a general giving orders, he pointed to the library reading room, and commanded, "Go, then, and make a friend!"

—VIRGINIA PRATT

My ENGLISH teacher deeply loved two things: her teaching and her old mother. When her mother died, I sent her a letter of condolence. The next time we met she thanked me. Then she added, "I want you to know I received letters from many ex-pupils, including some who have been to university and are now successful in their professions. But none equaled yours in content and syntax."

—JACK G. B. BROWN

The fiancée of a lieutenant who was coming home after overseas duty showed the local newspaper how she loved him. She was in such a state of joy that it gave the whole town a lift.

An hour later the telephone rang again. When the caller spoke, "I want to know how the lieutenant's fiancée feels about the whole thing."

the reporter explained that the newspaper already had the information from a previous call. There was a silence; then a puzzled voice asked, "Was it from a girl?"

"Yes."

"Oh," the caller said, laughing. "Then it must have been me!"

—MRS. JOSEPH FELICE

DRIVING home I was troubled by the sun visor on my car slipping down. I kept pushing it up because I didn't want to stop. At one involved crossroads where the wait was longer than usual, the car behind me pulled up alongside, and the driver leaped out and opened my door.

Flourishing a screwdriver, he tightened the visor and was back in his car and off, almost before I had time to thank him.

—STELLA BERN

Every day the grocer's in our street broadcasts the exuberance of the owner's many grandchildren. They keep the shop rocking with noise. The din made by one particularly energetic young fellow, who was banging together a couple of saucepan lids with nothing but abandon, prompted me to ask the old man if the racket didn't make him nervous.

He smiled, and looked moodily at the clock. "No," he said, "it isn't that kind of noise you know."

—ANNA MARIA BARNES

THE READER'S DIGEST

A FRIEND of ours who travels a lot on business always phones his wife from wherever he is. This time he was using a public telephone box. After he and his wife had shared the news about the children and his business, the operator told him his time was up. So he said a quick good-bye. As he left the box the phone rang. He searched for some change expecting to have to pay for extra time.

However, the operator said, "I thought you'd want to know. You hung up before your wife finished. She said, 'I love you.'" —LYNDA CASE

LATE ONE evening I was wearily correcting a set of exercise books when I noticed a better-than-average offering from a child who had shown a weakness in the subject being tested. I pencilled in red across the top of the page what was intended to be the word "Good!"

The following day I sent the marked books home to be looked at, and then returned by the parents. As I went through them later, I noticed, with chagrin, that on the particular page mentioned I had left an "o" out of my word of appraisal.

Down below, in small, neat writing, the parent had added: "I was surprised, too." —CAROLYN FOLEY

AN ELDERLY gentleman, who had sold several plots of land from the farm he could no longer till, watched with interest as houses were speedily erected. One morning, as he prepared to observe progress on another house, the young man who was working alone on the foundations said, "I'm afraid you'll find this rather dull. I'm planning to do most of the work

myself, and it's likely to be a slow process."

The old fellow smiled and nodded. "Fine," he said. "That's good to hear." Then settling himself comfortably against a pile of planks, he added, "You know, I just can't watch as fast as I used to." —B. M.

JOHNNY, who runs a local fruit shop, is a smiling Italian, always amiable, always gallant. When I went in one day wearing my large tortoiseshell working glasses, he looked at me in surprise and said, "You look like a teacher." Then, trying to make it sound more complimentary, he corrected himself: "You look like a principal." Finally, remembering his continental manners, he said, "You look like a teacher *without* principles."

—MRS. R. J. NEWHOUSE

DURING the summer holidays, my son often took his old car and went off by himself to the cinema or for a drive. One afternoon I came home to find a postcard addressed to him and postmarked from a near-by town where juvenile delinquency was rife. It carried this threat: "If you know what's good for you, RUN!" There was no signature. I thought of the flick-knife gang wars splashed in current headlines, and my heart sank as I imagined my son involved.

Later in the day he came in, glanced casually at the card, tossed it aside and sauntered upstairs. I followed him anxiously, and confessed that I had read it.

"Oh, that," he laughed. "It's from the captain of the cross-country team at college. He's reminding me to get in training before next term." —M. C.



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The Gift of Understanding

By PAUL VILLIARD

*The confidence of
childhood is a
fragile thing. It can
be preserved or destroyed
in an instant*



I MUST have been about four years old when I first entered Mr. Wigden's sweet shop, but the smell of that wonderful world of penny treasures still comes back to me clearly more than half a century later. Whenever he heard the tiny tinkle of the bell attached to the front door, Mr. Wigden quietly appeared to take his stand behind the counter. He was very old, and his head was topped with a cloud of fine, snow-white hair.

Never was such an array of delicious temptations spread before a child. It was almost painful to make a choice. Each kind had first to be savoured in the imagination before passing on to the next. There was always a short pang of regret as the selection was dropped into a little white paper bag. Perhaps another kind would taste better? Or last longer? Mr. Wigden had a trick of scooping your selection into the bag, then pausing. Not a word was spoken, but every child understood that Mr. Wigden's raised eyebrows constituted a last-minute opportunity to make an exchange. Only after payment was laid upon the counter was the bag irrevocably twisted shut and the moment of indecision ended.

Our house was two streets away

from the tram-line, and you had to pass the shop going to and from the trams. Mother had taken me into town on some forgotten errand, and as we walked home from the tram she turned into Mr. Wigden's.

"Let's see if we can find something good," she said, leading me up to the long glass case as the old man approached from behind a curtained aperture. My mother stood talking to him for a few minutes as I gazed rapturously at the display before my eyes. Then Mother chose something for me and paid Mr. Wigden.

Mother went into town once or twice a week, and, since in those days baby-sitters were almost unheard-of, I usually accompanied her. It became a regular routine for her to take me into the sweet shop for some special treat, and after that first visit I was always allowed to make my own choice.

I knew nothing of money at that time. I would watch my mother hand something to people, who would then hand her a package or a bag, and slowly the idea of exchange percolated into my mind. Some time about then I reached a decision. I would travel the interminable two streets to Mr. Wigden's all alone. I remember the tinkle of

THE READER'S DIGEST

the bell as I managed, after some considerable effort, to push open the big door. Enthralled, I worked my way slowly down the display counter. •

Here were spearmint leaves with a fresh minty fragrance. There, gumdrops—the great big ones, so tender to bite into, all crusty with crystals of sugar. I couldn't pass by the satin cushions, little hard squares filled with sherbet. In the next tray were coloured jelly-babies. The box behind them held gobstoppers which were enormous, made a most satisfying bulge in your cheek, and lasted at least an hour if you didn't roll them round in your mouth too much, or take them out too often to see what colour layer was exposed at the moment.

The hard, shiny, dark-brown-covered nuts Mr. Wigden dished out with a little wooden scoop—two scoops for a penny. And, of course, there were liquorice allsorts. These lasted a long time, too, if you nibbled them slowly, and let the bites dissolve instead of chewing them up.

When I had picked out a promising assortment and several little white paper bags were standing on top of the counter, Mr. Wigden leaned over and asked, "You have the money to pay for all these?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I have lots of money." I reached out my fist, and into Mr. Wigden's open hand I dumped half a dozen cherry-stones carefully wrapped in silver-paper.

Mr. Wigden stood gazing at the palm of his hand; then he looked searchingly at me for a long moment.

"Isn't it enough?" I asked him anxiously.

He sighed gently. "I think it is a bit too much," he answered. "You've got some change to come." He walked over to his old-fashioned cash register and cranked open the drawer. Returning to the counter, he leaned over and dropped two pennies into my outstretched hand.

My mother scolded me about going all that way alone when she found me out. I don't think it ever occurred to her to ask about the financial arrangement. I was simply cautioned not to go again unless I asked first. I must have obeyed, and evidently, when permission was granted for me to go again, a penny or two was given to me for my purchases, since I don't remember using cherry-stones a second time. In fact, the affair, insignificant to me then, was soon forgotten in the busy occupation of growing up.

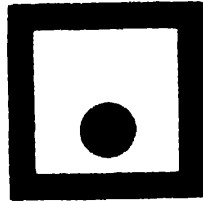
When I was six or seven years old my family moved to another town, where I grew up, eventually married and established my own family. My wife and I opened a shop where we bred and sold tropical fish. The aquarium trade was then still in its infancy, and most of the fish were imported from Africa and South America. Few species sold for less than five dollars a pair.

One sunny afternoon a little

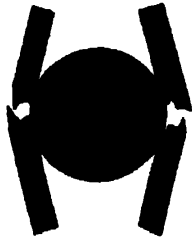
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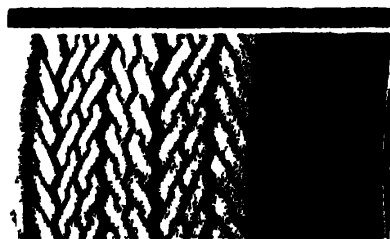
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THE GIFT OF UNDERSTANDING

girl came in accompanied by her brother. They were perhaps five and six years old. I was busy cleaning the tanks. The two children stood with wide, round eyes, staring at the jewelled beauties swimming in the crystal-clear water. "Gosh," exclaimed the boy, "can we buy some?"

"Yes," I replied. "If you can pay for them."

"Oh, we have lots of money," the little girl said confidently.

Something in the way she spoke gave me an odd feeling of familiarity. After watching the fish for some time they asked me for pairs of several different kinds, pointing them out as they walked down the row of tanks. I netted their choices into a travelling container and slipped it into an insulated bag for transport, handing it to the boy. "Carry it carefully," I cautioned.

He nodded and turned to his sister. "You pay him," he said. I held out my hand, and as her clenched fist approached me I suddenly knew exactly what was going to happen, even what the little girl was going to say. Her fist opened, and into my outstretched palm she dumped three small coins.

In that instant I sensed the full impact of the legacy Mr. Wigden had given me so many years before. Only now did I recognize the challenge I had presented to the old man, and realize how wonderfully he had met it.

I seemed to be standing again in

the little sweet shop as I looked at the coins in my own hand. I understood the innocence of the two children and the power to preserve or destroy that innocence, as Mr. Wigden had understood those long years ago. I was so filled up with the remembering that my throat ached. The little girl was standing expectantly before me. "Isn't it enough?" she asked in a small voice.

"It's a little too much," I managed to say over the lump in my throat. "You've got some change to come." I rummaged round in the cash drawer, dropped two cents into her open hand, then stood in the doorway watching the children walk away, carefully carrying their treasure.

When I went back into the shop, my wife was standing on a stool with her arms submerged to the elbows in a tank where she was rearranging the plants. "What was that all about?" she asked. "Do you know how many fish you gave them?"

"About 30 dollars' worth," I answered, the lump still in my throat. "But I couldn't have done anything else."

When I had finished telling her about old Mr. Wigden, her eyes were wet, and she stepped off the stool and gave me a gentle kiss on the cheek.

"I still smell the gumdrops," I sighed, and I'm certain I heard old Mr. Wigden chuckle over my shoulder as I wiped down the last tank.

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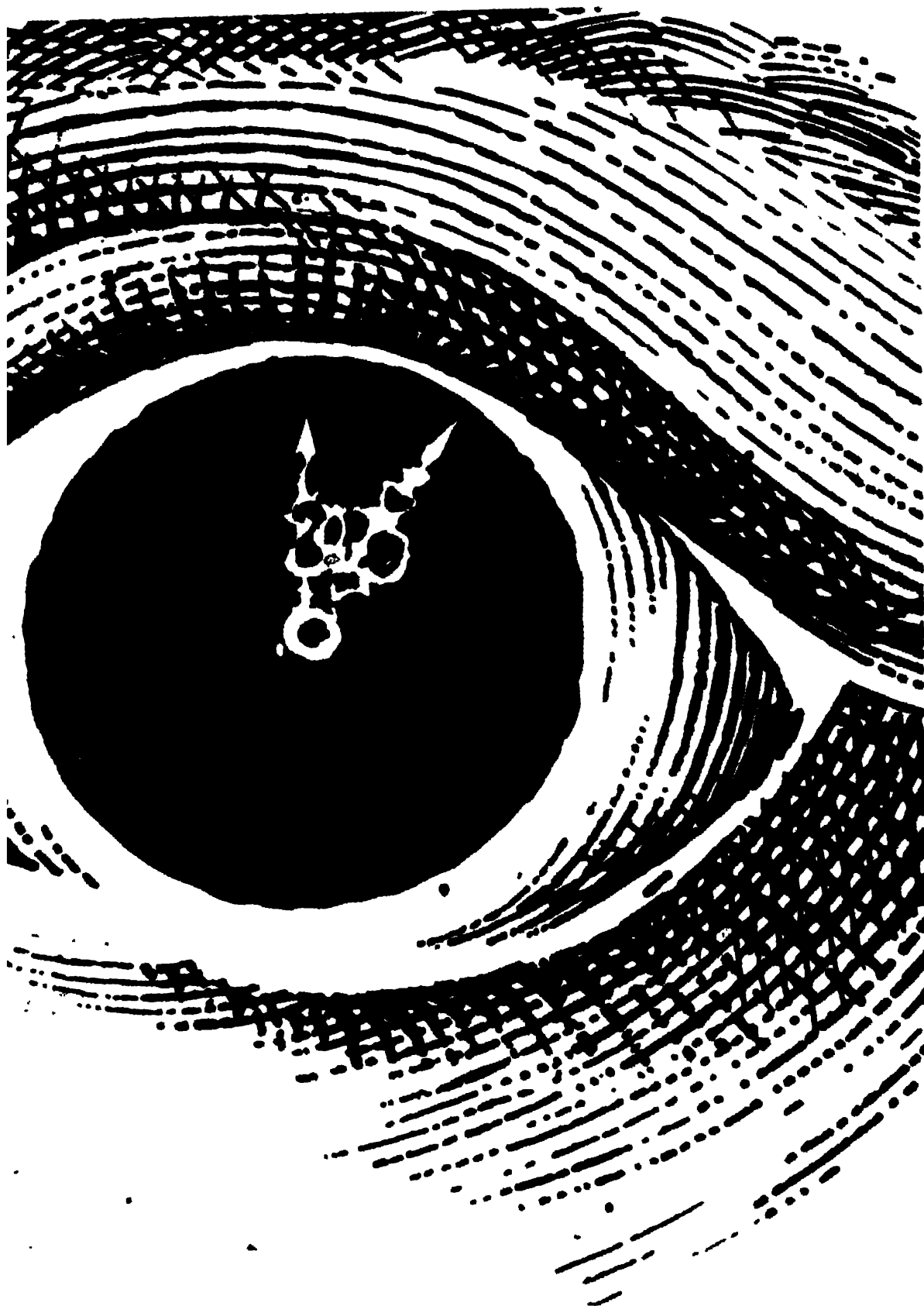
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*The saga of four days
in a hurricane, with
death never more
than a wave away*



The Wind of the Guinevere

BY RODNEY STRULO

MONDAY, March 5, 1962, brought with it the ever-new miracle of dawn after a night at sea. I was at the wheel of *Guinevere*, our 40-foot ketch, with Heather, my wife, beside me. Astern, in the thinly lightening sky, lay Charleston, South Carolina.

We were heading back to St. Thomas, in the West Indies, after a holiday in the United States. The year before, I had been a teacher in London, my wife a nurse. But we



both hated living in towns, and had left England to sail our own small boat across the Atlantic to St. Thomas, where I found another teaching post.

The rising sun coloured our sails pink as they filled to the light breeze. Duke, the only other member of our crew, poked his head out of the companion-way.

"I've been making a radio check," he said. "The Weather Bureau reckons it'll stay like this."

We had met Duke only two days before on the quay at Charleston, and had taken to him on sight. A tall, husky ex-Navy diver, he was making for the Caribbean. An extra hand would be welcome; so here he was, his smiling, youthful face almost lost in the huge fur collar that surmounted the worn remains of an old waterproof jacket.

All that day the wind freshened, confounding the forecast, until by nightfall it was drumming through

the rigging. I went below to cook our supper of ham, eggs and peas on the tiny gas cooker in the heaving cabin. With the wheel lashed, we ate together under the swinging shadows of the paraffin lamp. It was our last meal for three days.

"Nothing to worry about." Back on deck we found *Guinevere* thundering into the waves, hurling back sheets of spray. Duke and I lowered the mainsail and lashed it down; I clambered into the cockpit for my watch at the wheel. The seas were growing increasingly rough. Out of the inky-black world beyond the circle of light from our binnacle, a hissing, white-topped wave would emerge, lift our decks through creaming foam and race on.

When I called Duke for his watch, he awoke as soon as I touched him.

"Barometer's still dropping," I said.

With difficulty we lowered our tiny mizzen sail. Before we could get to the jib it blew out with a crack, leaving its ropes snapping in the wind.

"Nothing to worry about," Duke called, as Heather and I turned in. "Tomorrow we'll be in the trade winds."

Wave crests breaking on the boat woke me about midnight. Standing in a foot of water, Heather was wrapping the radio in plastic bags. "The only dry place is the fridge," she said. "I've already put in matches and the sextant. I was

going to call you, but I thought you needed the sleep."

I made a quick inspection. *Guinevere* was leaking badly. The electric pumps were working, but they couldn't keep up with the deluge. I passed Heather a lifejacket, then dug out others for Duke and myself.

"Better put these on," I said. "And let's bail."

I scooped water from the foot of the companion-way into a bucket. Heather, perched above me on the ladder, reached down for the bucket and tilted it out of the hatch. She didn't have to empty it: the wind tore the water away.

When I relieved Duke at the wheel he took my place below, bailing. After a time, Heather noticed that he was stumbling. "You feeling all right?" she asked.

"Not too good," he admitted.

"O.K.; swap jobs. You come up here and chuck."

In everything he did after that, Duke was fighting the nausea and weakness of sea-sickness.

A Howling Desert. On Tuesday the sun didn't rise. In that terrible dawn a grey light seeped through the storm clouds, revealing mountainous seas. Duke and I watched with awe as a wave built up high above the mizzen mast—over 40 feet. When its crest reared over us, *Guinevere* rose to it, her stern flying crazily into the sky. From the top we saw a fog of driven spray and spindrift covering the howling desert of the ocean. In a moment we

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were falling before the next wave.

"This is a freak hurricane, Rodney," Duke said. "We had one once in the Pacific."

Heather hung on to the wheel, a frail figure, yet emanating strength and assurance. If you asked Heather to hold on to a line, she'd do it, even if it pulled her off the deck. We hunted out all the ropes on board and trailed them astern to check our speed and quiet the boiling heaps of water alongside. I looked at the sea streaming by. If one of us went over the side, it would be impossible to stop *Guinevere* to make a search.

As a precaution we unpacked the rubber life-raft, and Duke screwed on the carbon-dioxide cartridges. They didn't inflate the raft enough to give it shape. Duke threw the cartridges overboard in disgust. Then he put his mouth to the valve and blew. Human lungs weren't powerful enough to do the job. Our expensive life-raft was worthless.

"We can always swim for it," Heather said.

"You've forgotten," I said. "I can't swim." We burst out laughing.

Half Under. Back we went to our routine—one steering, two bailing. At 7.30 a.m. there was a lull. We hoped that this was the eye of the hurricane, but the wind came back stronger from the same direction, with hail squalls. About half an hour later I heard Heather scream. Suddenly I was lying face down; the cabin was full of water.

When I reached her, Heather sobbed. "The wave . . . we didn't rise to it. It broke on top of us."

I held her tight in my arms. Duke grabbed the wheel. "It's dead," he shouted. "Bail!"

The three of us worked desperately. Half-filled with water, the little boat rolled like a log, unable to lift to the seas. For a few minutes the waves held off—and slowly *Guinevere* grew buoyant. The wind took hold, she picked up speed, and now we could steer again.

But, from this point on, everything was changed. None of us thought again about finishing the voyage. We only thought about getting off alive. *Guinevere* looked derelict. Her decks were swept clean, hatches gone; planking was torn off. The sides of the cockpit were smashed; the sea swirled directly into the bilges.

"**Mayday! Mayday!**" Down in the cabin I tore the plastic bags off the radio, hoping that it had kept dry. The ammeter swung slowly over. Soon, with a burst of twittering, we were linked with the world beyond the storm.

"Mayday! Mayday!" I began. "Yacht *Guinevere* calling Coast Guard. Position approximately 110 miles east-south-east of Charleston. My boat is sinking."

It was like the moment of trying to avoid a car accident: your foot hard on the brake, you can only wait and see what happens.

I repeated the distress call, and



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again, slowly. Suddenly a voice, matter-of-fact and reassuring, came through: "Charleston Coast Guard calling *Guinevere*. Your message received. Your position: 110 miles east-south-east of Charleston." I shouted up through the driving hail to Heather and Duke, "They know we're here!"

"No Regrets." For the next three days death was with us constantly, never more than a wave away. A freighter passed near us, seemed to veer our way, then passed on in the blinding spindrift. Our radio went dead.

But we fought back. With canvas and broken planks, we patched the holes in *Guinevere's* hull. We bailed and steered. Hour after hour our belief in life was tested. In the effort and pain of every action we had to reaffirm our will to survive.

One afternoon a plane passed over low enough for us to read USCG (U.S. Coast Guard) on the wings. We waved and shouted, but the aircraft was visible only for a few seconds. We doubted if we had been seen. I began to give up hope. I said to Heather, "I'm sorry I got you into this."

"It's a chance we both took," she answered. "We've had a lot of happiness together. I've no regrets."

We fought on through day and night, no longer aware of our bruises, the cold and the wet. We no longer heard the never-ending howl of the storm. We were beyond exhaustion, beyond thought. After

hours of fighting the desire to drop down in the water and sleep, the desire itself died.

The wind was so strong it tore at pieces of the Dacron sails lashed to the booms and ripped them away.

Cooking was impossible, so we got by on sips of water and tinned milk. As *Guinevere* slowly broke up, however, her water tanks were fouled and we had no more fresh water. It was on Thursday afternoon that Heather held out a teapot to Duke and me. "This is dinner," she said. "It's raw eggs beaten up with ketchup."

Pausing in our bailing, Duke and I suddenly realized how hungry and thirsty we were. We all gulped from the spout.

Duke commented, "This is my girl Betty's day off. I always ate at her place on Thursdays . . ."

In the stark, ruined cabin that had been our home we felt curiously tranquil. We talked gently and with affection; we felt at peace with the world. The peril in which we lived washed away inessentials. When we prayed, it was not for a miracle but for the strength to go on fighting, to enjoy for another hour the grandeur of being alive.

On Thursday night, Duke turned on his pocket transistor radio, which somehow still worked, hoping for music. A voice announced: "Search for the yacht *Guinevere* has been abandoned. She is now considered lost . . ."

We drowned the rest of the



THE SUIT THAT
LOOKS AFTER ITSELF

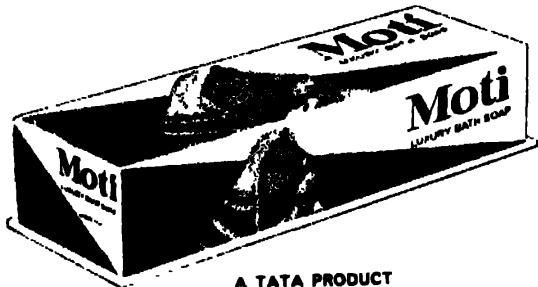
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THE WRECK OF THE "GUINEVERE"

bulletin with our laughter. "We're lost! They're telling *us!*"

Broken Bones. On Friday, the wind dropped back to a gale. I got a sight of the sun and worked out a position line. We were about 240 miles off the coast. Then . . .

Heather saw it first. It was a tanker, half a mile astern. We heard Heather's sob of relief and looked. We could see the name on the bow: *Esso Greenville*. She seemed to be heading for us.

"They'll see us this time," Duke said.

We had thought our lives were over, and now we were being offered another chance.

The tanker manoeuvred slowly, giving us a lee in the heavy seas. Her crew was waving from the rail. They threw us a line. I made it fast to the samson post, the strongest point on the boat. At the first tension the post pulled out. *Guinevere's* bones were broken. She smashed against the tanker.

From the bridge they saw what had happened. Men worked feverishly to swing out davits. Another

line came snaking down; this one had a bosun's chair slung on it. One of the officers shouted, "Get that woman off."

"She's a sailor," Duke shouted back. "As good as any of us."

He pulled the chair over Heather's head. As the crew hauled her up, he held the line taut so she would not swing against the ship's side. Then I held the line while Duke went up.

There was no one to do the same for me. My responsibility had driven me; now it was over. I felt drained of will. As I hesitated, *Guinevere* gave her final roll. I caught at the chair. They dragged me up fast. I struck the side of the ship once; then I was on solid deck.

With Heather and Duke I watched silently as *Guinevere* dived into a wave for the last time. The tanker's crew crowded round to offer their hands, or to put an arm round our shoulders. We had escaped death, and we had learnt how simple, precious and fragile life is. We resolved not to waste a moment of our lives thereafter.



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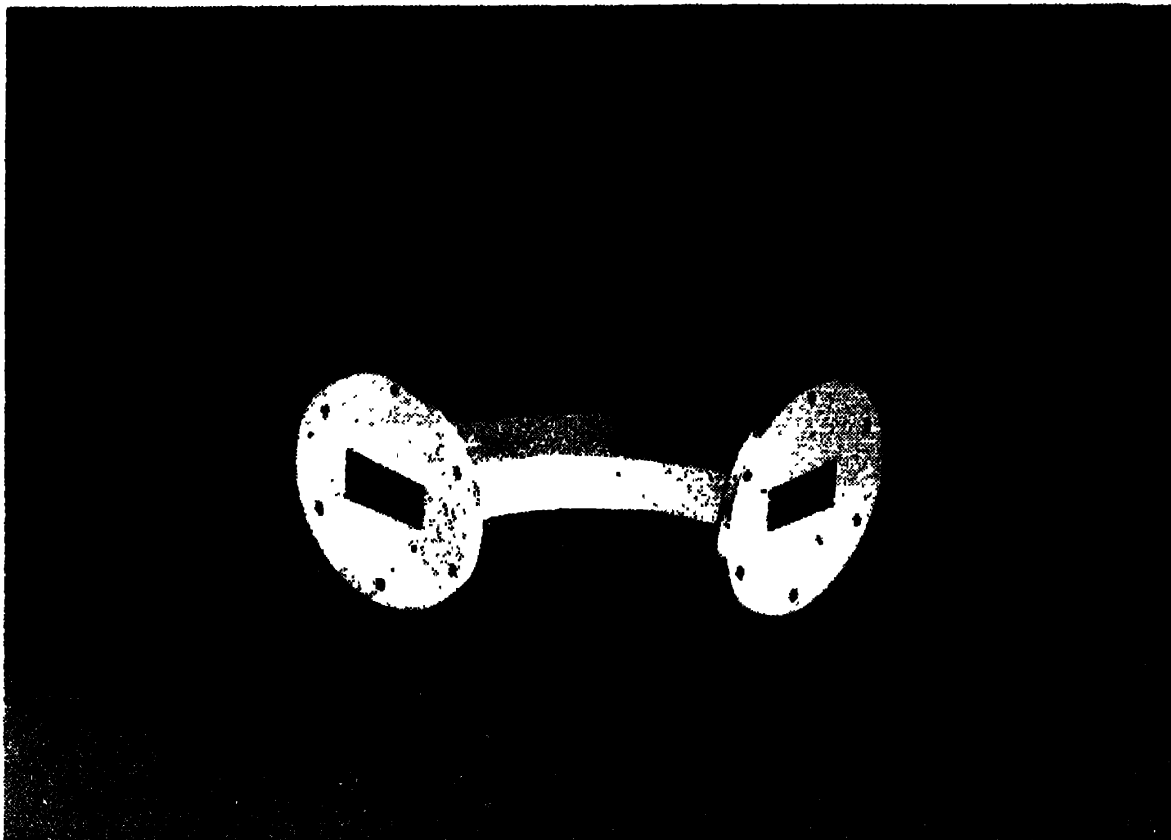
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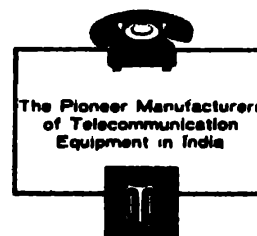


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HOW I MADE A CRIME WAVE

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

EVERY now and then there occurs the phenomenon called a crime wave. New York has such waves periodically; other cities have them; and they sweep over the public and nearly drown the lawyers, judges and other citizens.

I made a crime wave once: I was a reporter on the New York *Evening Post*. Jacob Riis helped; he was a reporter on the *Evening Sun*. But it was my creation, that wave. I feel, therefore, that I know something the wise men do not know about crime waves, and so get a certain sense of happy superiority out of reading editorials and speeches on my speciality. It was this way:

The basement of the old police headquarters was a cool place in summer, and detectives, prisoners and we reporters used to sit together down there and gossip or play cards. Good stories of the underworld were told—true stories. One day in this way I heard a particularly good story about two New York burglars who, by posing as caretakers of a certain house, got the policeman on that beat to help them load some valuable furniture from the pavement,

where they had carried it, into a van. The policeman had even put the parlour clock in by himself. Because the victim of that robbery was a well-known broker, I wrote a news story about it, though I did not give away the source of my information. Since only the *Post* had the story, the morning newspapers printed the "scoop" and Riis was asked by his editor why he did not have it. In the course of his irritated reply he said that he could get all he wanted of that sort of stuff.

"All right, get it, then."

That afternoon Riis reported a burglary which I knew nothing about, and it was my turn to be told off. My editor wanted to know why I was beaten.

I called my assistant, and told him we must get some crimes. We spent the day buttonholing detectives. I sat an hour in the basement in vain. Nothing but old stories. My assistant saved the day by learning of a robbery at a Fifth Avenue club. That scooped Riis, but Riis had two robberies that scooped me. By that time the other evening papers were having some thefts of their own.

Condensed from "The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens," © 1931 by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York, © 1959 by Peter Steffens

THE READER'S DIGEST

Soon they were scooping me. I was sorry I had started it. I picked up some crimes, but Riis had two or three a day, and the syndicate had at least one a day. The morning papers not only rewrote ours, they had crimes of their own, which they grouped to show that there was a crime wave.

It was indeed one of the worst crime waves I ever witnessed, and the explanations were embarrassing to the Reform Police Board which my paper and my friends were supporting in their difficult reform work. The outbreak of crimes all over the city so alarmed Theodore Roosevelt, president of the Police Board, that he was almost persuaded the opposition was right. He called a secret meeting of the Board and was making one of his picturesque harangues, when Commissioner Parker interrupted him.

"Mr. President, you can stop this crime wave whenever you want to. Call off your friends Riis and Stefens. They started it—and they're sick of it. They'll be glad to quit if you'll ask them to."

Parker explained that when the crime wave was running high he enquired into it, not as the editorial writers did: he asked for the police records of crimes and arrests. These showed no increase at all; on the contrary, the total crimes showed a diminution and the arrests an increase. It was only the newspaper reports of crimes that had increased. The poker-playing reporters were

tired of it because it was hard work, but they had to keep it up as long as Riis and I kept it up.

Roosevelt adjourned the meeting, sent for Riis and me—and *bang*: "What's this I hear? You two getting us into trouble?"

Riis told him about it: how I got him told off by printing a scoop. And he had to get even. And did. "I beat you hollow," he boasted to me, his pride reviving. "And I can go right on doing it. I can get half a dozen crimes a day if I must."

"But," he turned to Roosevelt, "I don't want to. So I'll tell you where my leak is and you can close it up."

And Riis, the honest, told us how the reports of all robberies were sent by the police stations to the heads of inspection districts and were then compiled in a completed list which was filed in a certain pigeonhole in the outer office of the chief inspector. He had noticed this long ago.

"I never did pry into that pigeonhole till you"—he turned on me—"got so smart. Mr. President, that file should be kept in the inside office."

Thus the crime wave was ended. Roosevelt took pleasure in telling Parker that he had deleted not only the wave, but the source of the wave, which was in Parker's department. He would not say what it was. Parker had to resolve that mystery by learning from the chief of detectives that the President had ordered the daily crime file to be installed in the inner office.

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Kuwait Oils the Wheels of Progress

By ROBERT LITTELL

*The rags-to-riches story of the small
Arab country whose wealth is transforming
the lives of its people*



IN ALL the wide world there is nothing quite like Kuwait. Here, at the head of the Arabian Gulf, one of the smallest nations (a population of less than half a million) is making an immensely bold, shrewd jump across several centuries—and landing on its feet. In Kuwait, thanks both to the vast wealth of oil beneath its dusty soil and to the foresight of a progressive ruler, East and West meet at last in a fantastic medley of long before yesterday and many days after tomorrow.

From the minarets of Moslem Kuwait, five times a day, the *muezzin's* nasal singsong calls the faithful to prayer. The bazaars, or *sugs*, swarm with men in flowing, ankle-length *dishdashes*, their heads scarved with cotton *kafiyehs*. Along the empty rim of the nation's capital and only city—also called Kuwait—stand the flat black tents of nomadic Bedouin. On the waterfront, bare-foot stevedores unload fish from sailing vessels of almost Biblical design.

But the *muezzin's* call is electronically amplified, some of the black tents are crowned with television acrials, the bargainners drive home from the *sugs* in gleaming American cars. They drink fresh, pure water from a plant that can distil more than six million gallons of sea water a day; their children go to schools which are among the most

sumptuous on the face of the globe; they and their families get completely free medical care; they do not have to pay any personal income tax. And all around them rise the office buildings, the spacious government ministries, the glistening hospitals, libraries, sports arenas, housing developments of a city-state determined that all of its people shall share its incredible good fortune.

Two miles from the business centre gleam the docks, cranes and warehouses of the Middle East's latest and most modern port. Beyond the city, in the shimmer of waste land that needs only water to be green, is a class-A airport capable of receiving the largest commercial jets. Southward, less than an hour along four-lane highways, are most of Kuwait's 472 producing oil wells, the derricks and "Christmas trees," the gas-injection plants and tank farms, the mile-long, T-shaped loading piers, which have turned the tiny backwater that was Kuwait into the world's fourth largest producer of crude oil.

The Sleepy Past. Less than 25 years ago Kuwait was a sleepy, changeless labyrinth of one-storey mud-coloured houses surrounded by desert. Eastward across the Gulf was Iran; the Mediterranean was 40 days away by camel to the west. Inland, the sun-scorched Bedouin herded camels and sheep, hunted with trained hawks, occasionally fought and raided among themselves. Even the recent history of Kuwait is

Sheikh Abdulla al-Salem al-Sabah against a background of Kuwait city

seasoned with violence: in 1961, just after Britain and the State of Kuwait had agreed that the latter was to become independent, 6,000 British troops were rushed to Kuwait to forestall a threatened attack from neighbouring Iraq, another Arab oil-bearing country with a history of bloody revolution. (Since the murder of Iraqi Premier Abdul Karim Kassem in a 1963 uprising, that country's claims on Kuwait have been muted.)

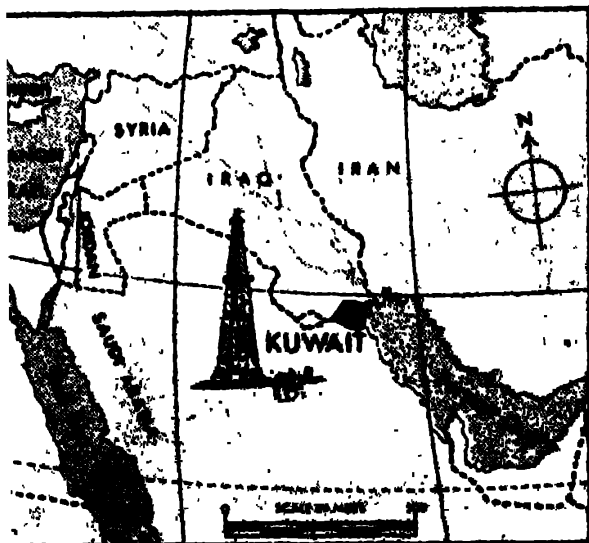
For generations the town Kuwaitis had lived by pearl-diving and fishing, by smuggling gold, by the skilled building and sailing of their teak-wood *booms*, *bagalas* and *sambuks*, by trading up and down the Gulf. From as far away as Bombay and Zanzibar they brought back supplies of the countless things they could not produce at home—sugar, coffee, fruit, rice, dates, tea, lumber, cotton—and sold them all over northern Arabia. Even fresh water

had to be brought to Kuwait by ship from Iraq, for most of the wells were brackish, and in the whole arid country there was not a trickle of running water.

With the spread of Japanese cultured pearls, slow starvation threatened the sailors and pearl divers of the Gulf coastal settlements. Kuwait might well have dwindled into hungry torpor but for the discovery, just before the Second World War, of one of the largest oilfields in the world—Burgan.

Oilman's Dream. Since 1946, the wells of Kuwait have produced nearly 950 million tons. It has been an oilman's dream. In the heart of the Burgan field are wells which bring up in one day as much crude oil as the average American well produces in a whole year's working. Yet even at the present production rate of 105 million tons a year, Kuwait's vast store of black gold—one-fifth of the entire globe's petroleum reserves—is expected to last until the next century.

About one-fifth of Kuwait's oil goes to Britain, for whose economy this viscous stream is lifeblood. The Kuwait Oil Company is controlled half by the British Petroleum Company and half by the American-owned Gulf Oil Corporation. Its concession, originally granted in 1934, does not expire until 2026. Under new terms, negotiated in 1951, the profits are split 50-50 with the Ruler of Kuwait. From wells in the Neutral Zone shared with Saudi





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KUWAIT OILS THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS

Arabia and from wells along the shallow, shelving Gulf, a group of American companies on shore and a Japanese company off shore are adding still more to the revenues of the State.

Last year, oil provided Kuwait with an income of Rs. 240 crores or, if shared equally, about Rs. 12,000 for every man, woman and child of Kuwait birth.

For the People's Good. Elsewhere in Arabia, sudden riches derived from oil have too often bypassed the people and been used by the various kings, sultans, emirs and sheikhs to build pleasure domes, to fit bathtubs with taps of solid gold, to fly planeloads of concubines and wives to holidays on the French Riviera. But the Kuwaitis were lucky to have as their ruler one of the wise men of the Middle East. Modest, thoughtful, dignified in his simple flowing robes, Sheikh Abdulla al-Salem al-Sabah seems more like a retired Arab merchant with literary tastes than the sovereign lord of a wealthy nation. He reads, and readily quotes, the Koran and Arab poets. He hates violence. He is abstemious, has only one wife, and has not enlarged his private palace. Above all, he is profoundly convinced that if the Sabah family and the little state it has ruled since 1756 are to endure, the Sabahs must place the good of the people ahead of their own comfort.

Wealth from the oil is drenching the population with a flood of

private benefits and free public services. Where once camels stalked and sneered their way down narrow dusty alleys, there are now ceaseless processions of cars on asphalt avenues. Only the United States has a higher car ratio than Kuwait's: one for every family. (Not every family actually has a car, of course, and a certain sheikh is believed to own 55.) For thousands of Kuwaitis, the joys of mechanical motion have not worn thin, and petrol costs only Rs. 1 a gallon. As the Austins and Chevrolets flash by, the white *dish-dashes* and *kafiyehs* of the men in the front seats make them look like church-bound brides. On the back seat, veiled in black, meek and faceless, sit the women.

Public Benefits. Just before the outbreak of the Second World War, Kuwait had only one small hospital, run by American missionaries, and only one doctor for every 100,000 inhabitants. As recently as 1949, it had no obstetrician. Today, it has one doctor for every 750 people, and one hospital bed for every 110. Its 32 health clinics, its eight maternity centres, its four tuberculosis hospitals, would make any city of a quarter-of-a-million inhabitants green with envy. Patients who cannot be treated in Kuwait are flown, at public expense, to doctors or hospitals in Western Europe.

Kuwait is, of course, not the only country to offer its children a free education, but here they also get free transport, free textbooks, free

THE READER'S DIGEST

stationery, free uniforms and free lunches. In several science classes, each pupil has his (or her) own microscope. There is one teacher for every 20 pupils. In the morning the dark-eyed little Utopians leave parents, many of whom are educationally in the seventeenth century, to spend the day in classrooms, libraries, playgrounds and rest-time dormitories that are right out of the twenty-first. Visitors to Kuwait, however prosperous or technically advanced in their own land, marvel at the vast Central Kitchen, where a daily lunch is cooked by natural gas from the oilfields for 54,000 children and teachers all over the city.

For 2,000 yards along the shoreline of the suburb at Shuwaikh stretches a resplendent secondary school for boys. It has bedrooms for 1,200 and 1,200 more rooms for study alone; a mosque, stadium, gym, botanical garden, two swimming pools, tennis courts, a yacht clubhouse, an assembly hall. Plans are being laid for the construction of a new University of Kuwait. Until the university opens, any promising student can count on help from the state (sometimes as much as Rs. 13,500 a year) to study abroad; 800 young Kuwaitis are now doing so—150 of them women which, for Arab girls, requires a high degree of courage.

Invasion of Talent. The boom of Kuwait was heard all over the Arab world and often far beyond it. Lured by the high wages came

nomads from the Syrian desert; proud, lean, fierce-faced Saudi Arabians; mechanics from Pakistan, labourers from Iraq, former pearl divers from down the coast, Iranian craftsmen from across the Gulf. Many unskilled hands sifted in illegally, by night, without proper papers, like the fine powdery dust that laughs its way round window frames when the *shimal* blows from the north. More likely to remain permanently are the managers and professional people: teachers and lawyers from Egypt; clerks and accountants from India; administrators, doctors, engineers, experts in health and agriculture from the Lebanon. And in every government ministry, office and bureau one will find the alert, persuasive, well-educated refugee from Palestine.

As a result of this invasion of experience and talent, more than half of the state's civil servants are non-Kuwaiti, and the immigrants now outnumber the natives, who have been watchfully putting up various legal fences to keep from being outvoted. At present, only a handful of foreigners a year are admitted to full Kuwaiti citizenship.

Towards Democracy. Three years ago the Ruler, contrary to the ways of Arab sheikhs elsewhere, helped Kuwait give birth to a constitution which established a National Assembly. Most of the 50 members are businessmen, with a sprinkling of lawyers and teachers. The growing influence of the

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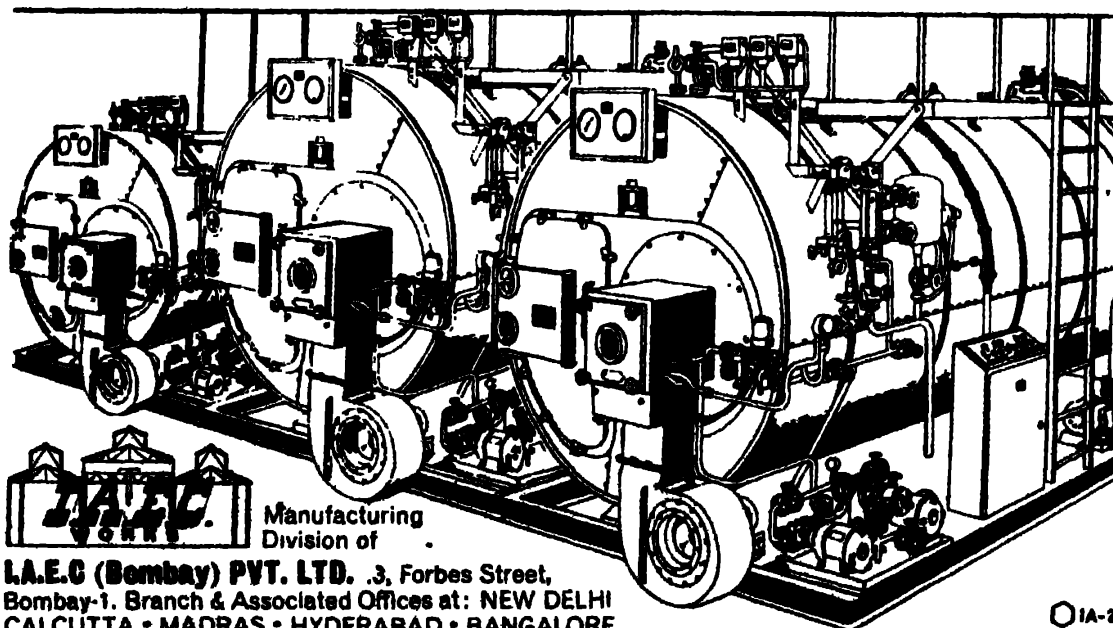
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Assembly was demonstrated last December when members objected to some of the Cabinet appointments made by the Prime Minister, who is also the Crown Prince of Kuwait. Rather than dissolve the Assembly—which he has power to do—the Ruler accepted the resignation of the Government and called on the Prime Minister to form a new one acceptable to the Assembly.

And so Kuwait, without convulsions, riot or revolution, has joined the procession of the nations struggling towards democracy. Few other nations have ever had so much hope served on so large a golden platter. But after more than 60 years of British protection, the Kuwaitis are finding that to stand on their own feet, it is not enough to be rich. So far they have acted with responsibility and concern for their

poorer neighbours. The Ruler and his advisers have established "The Kuwait Fund for Arab Economic Development" from which loans of Rs. 47 crores have been made to the Sudan, Jordan, the Lebanon and Algeria.

In the longer run, Kuwait may prove too small and powerless to play a significant role in the push-ball of Arab politics; instead, the nation may, like Egypt and the Lebanon become an intellectual, educational and cultural capital for over 50 million people of Arabic speech and memories. In time, given rulers as astute and selfless as Sheikh Abdulla, Kuwait will be able to export not only oil for profit but engineers, teachers, doctors, thinkers, writers, professional men and women for the service of her needier neighbours.



Femme Fatale

STUDENTS from all over the world were questioned in Lausanne, on what constitutes the most beautiful girl in the world.

Paul Gelis, head of the voting committee, announced that the ideal beauty would have:

An English complexion, an Irish smile, French curves, a Spanish walk, Italian hair, Egyptian eyes, a Greek nose, American teeth, a Viennese voice, a Japanese laugh, Argentine shoulders, a Thai neck, Swiss hands, Scandinavian legs, Chinese feet and an Australian bosom.

She should also cook like a Frenchwoman, keep house like a German, be as docile as an Oriental and dress as smartly as an American.

As for her behaviour in love, students could not agree. "Love is beyond nationalism," said Gelis. "It is too complex a subject for mere voting."

—Yvette de la Fontaine

SEAL SUMMER

by Nina Warner Hooke

The story of Sammy, the wild
grey seal who endeared
himself to holidaymakers

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THE CRYSTAL BALL

by Ruth Montgomery

One woman's phenomenal powers
to foretell the future

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SEAL SUMMER

FROM THE BOOK BY
NINA WARNER HOOKE



TWO-BOOK SUPPLEMENT

Sammy, a wild grey seal, appeared off the Dorset coast one May day in 1961 and spent the summer delighting visitors with his friendly and sometimes over-zealous attentions. A creature of sensitivity and intelligence, he showed a playful streak of fun which occasionally caused embarrassment to the people whose company he enjoyed so much. He particularly endeared himself to the author, whose account of her experience with this unusual and lovable companion became the best-seller from which this Reader's Digest Book Supplement is taken

ON THE south Dorset coast, not far from my village, there is a cove called Chapman's Pool. It is a wild place, frequented in summer by fishermen and holiday-makers, deserted for the rest of the year.

The Pool is a quarter of a mile at its widest point, and lies in a half-circle of shale cliffs. To reach it you must start from the headland 400 feet above, and make your way down a ravine by slippery tracks. The beach is of coarse sand and pebbles thinly spread over the ledges of slate. It is strewn with boulders and the flotsam of the tides.

In wintry weather the scene is sombre and desolate. But on a bright day in summer the Pool can be a place of enchantment, the water intensely blue, a jewel in a silver setting.

It is a timeless, quiet place. Nothing moves but a leaping fish or a plunging cormorant. There is no sound but the rumbling talk of the fishermen working at their gear, or the scream of a falcon from the hill.

This was once, of all places hereabout, the most dear to me. But now I hesitate to go. I miss too painfully the friend I once had here, a sea creature who used to come arrowing through the water at my call. Four years ago, this cove was the scene of a friendship as rich and

strange as any ever recorded. For my friend was a wild seal.

It was first seen by Sid Lander, a Purbeck fisherman, early in May 1961. Sid and his son Alan were dropping crab pots half a mile out from shore when a seal bobbed up near their boat.

It seemed startled and swam off to a safer distance, then sat up on its tail with part of its body out of water, and watched the men.

Had either man shouted or made menacing gestures, this story would never have been written. But they did not. Instead, Alan tossed the on-looker one of the whittings he used for bait. Instantly the seal dived for it.

Two days later the men saw the seal again, this time stretched on a ledge near the beach. Knowing of my interest in wildlife, a friend telephoned me, and I went down to the Pool. It was a raw, grey spring afternoon with tatters of mist on the hills. A small group of people stood on the beach looking chilled and disappointed. There was no sign of the seal.

Percy Wallace, a coast-guard who does a bit of fishing in his spare time, shouted from a near-by boatshed. "It came in this morning and then made off again. I doubt it's far away. Try hollering."

Our cries rolled back at us from the cliffs. Some startled gulls rose from the rocks. Nothing else happened. We tried again.

"Hallo-ool!"

Then suddenly someone pointed. "Look!"

Far out in the Pool a gleaming, round object had surfaced. At first it was stationary; then it slowly moved towards us. It came to a halt within four or five yards of where we stood. The heavy body was half out of water, supported by the front flippers. The large eyes were benign and calm, the blunt nose very black against the sleek, pewter-grey head.

"A cove called Chapman's Pool—a wild place, the beach strewn with boulders"



I was overcome by the strangeness of the occurrence, oblivious to everything but the creature in front of me. He measured roughly four and a half feet from the end of his nose to the tip of the small tail between his hind flippers. The broad nostrils opened and closed, and the long white whiskers were wiry and thick. The ears were round holes without external parts. The eyeballs seemed oddly flat, with large pupils

and very thick lenses. When he opened his jaws, I saw a formidable set of teeth.

Each of the flippers was fringed with five shiny black, non-retractile nails. They resembled the claws of a bear, though neater and less sharp. (Later I discovered how adroitly they were used, for holding fish, for grooming the coat, and for gripping slippery rocks.)

"It won't stay, of course," Percy said. "Seals like lonely places. When the season starts, the trippers will scare it off."

He was totally mistaken. For the thing which brought the seal to the cove—and which was to keep him there for almost six months—was human society. Why this should have been so is a mystery we were never able to fathom. The instances of a wild animal associating freely with human beings are rare indeed. (Two other recent, well-known cases were Elsa, the African lioness,* and Opo, the New Zealand dolphin.)

Most seals are protected only in the breeding season, but even this small mercy is often disregarded by fishermen, who have slaughtered them in countless numbers. So whether my friend was unusually trusting, or whether his curiosity was stronger than his fear of men, I do not know. I do know that he gave to me and to many others that summer a joyous comradeship, and

a unique opportunity to learn his nature and his ways.

"The seal was on the beach all day yesterday," Mary Hickman told me early in the following week. "He came and lay quite close to me. His fur looks like moth-eaten velvet when it's dry."

"When Percy went out in his dinghy," she continued, "the seal flopped into the sea and followed. He kept diving under the boat and popping up on the other side. Then two more people arrived on the beach, and he came tearing back. They asked if it was safe to stroke him, but I advised against it."

This problem worried me also; the seal had a threatening armoury of razor-sharp teeth, the canines about an inch long. "Eventually," I said, "some fool's going to go and pat it, and if he gets bitten you know what's liable to happen."

"Someone will put a bullet through its head."

"Precisely."

The next day, when Mary and I went to the Pool, the seal came swimming up to the water's edge to meet us.

A few minutes after we had spread rugs and settled ourselves, he hesitantly followed us ashore and flopped down within six feet of where we were sitting. It was delightful to be greeted by this wild creature like awaited guests.

"Hallo!" I said. "How nice to see you! Are you all right?"

The absurd little tail wagged in

* See "Born Free," *The Reader's Digest*, September 1960.

response, and every line of his sleek body expressed pleasurable anticipation. From the first I talked to him in a normal tone, instead of the nonsense talk human beings commonly use with animals. Most others who met him did, too, possibly because he seemed more than half human himself.

As the seal lay quietly within touching distance, I put out my hand in a slow exploratory gesture, but his head jerked up, the eyes wide and alert.

"I wouldn't try it if I were you," said Mary. "Not without wearing heavy gloves."

I knew she was right. Those jaws could take a vicious bite, and the head could move like lightning. I gave up. The seal soon left us for a more comfortable patch of smooth rock some 30 or 40 yards away.

A short time later, the Wrights, friends of Mary's, came down to the cove. Their four-year-old daughter was the first on the scene and, racing ahead of her parents, she aimed straight for the seal. Mary and I sprang up with warning shouts, but nothing could stop her. Horrified, we watched as the little girl flung herself down beside the animal and began hugging and kissing it. She thought it was a large dog, for when the rest of us caught up with her, she was crooning to it.

The seal responded with every appearance of delight. His flippers were clasped tightly round the child's body, and he was making a

moaning sound. When we tried to pull her away, the seal showed quick resentment; it seemed safer to leave the pair of them undisturbed. They played together most of the afternoon, inseparable.

Fun and Games •

BY THE THIRD week of May our friend was a familiar sight at the Pool, swimming from side to side, basking in the shallows or lying on a favourite ledge at low tide. I had learnt now that he was a male grey seal (known scientifically as *Hali-choerus grypus*), about 18 or 19 months old, and definitely wild. He had a line of scars over his left shoulder, probably made by another seal, for they fight like demons, I was told.

However, he was so patently friendly that few now hesitated to fondle him. He liked to have his stomach rubbed and to be tickled under his fore-flippers. Never at a loss to make his requirements understood, he would flop over on his back and hold up a flipper until someone complied. To attract attention he would swivel round with both ends upturned till he seemed to be ballet-dancing on his stomach. And when he was bored he chewed his fingernails, or yawned, politely covering his mouth.

His amiability on shore was beyond doubt, but how would he react when swimmers invaded his own element? A group of us discussed this one windy morning while the

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THE READER'S DIGEST

seal lay at our feet, and decided that the only way to find out was to go for a swim and see what happened. We drew lots with coloured pebbles, and the task fell to me.

I put on a swimsuit and walked to a ledge where the water was waist-deep. Immediately the seal flopped into the water and waited, as if he expected me to throw him a bit of seaweed or driftwood to retrieve.

the queer moaning sound that seemed to denote emotion. Pushing him gently away, I began ducking and splashing to show that I was able to romp with him in the water as I had on land. When he grasped this, his excitement was uncontrollable. He dived, surfaced and rolled like a porpoise; he gyrated about me, pulled me along by taking my arm in his mouth, and drew me



One of his innocent jokes on human friends was pretending to float—in a mere six inches of water!

None of us had ever taught him this, but he did it voluntarily. When I failed to throw anything he looked at me enquiringly. I dropped off the ledge and stood beside him.

His first reaction was astonishment. Plainly he had thought of us exclusively as land animals. His stare changed to joy. He swam close, put his flippers round my waist and pushed his muzzle into my neck, at the same time making

down until our faces met under water.

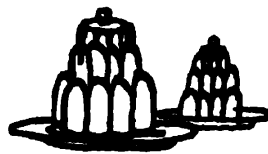
These antics caused such amusement on shore that one by one the others ventured in to join the fun. Now almost beside himself, the seal raced from one to another, embraced and butted us, dived down and pretended to bite our toes, came up underneath and heaved us into the air.

Snaking, gliding, somersaulting

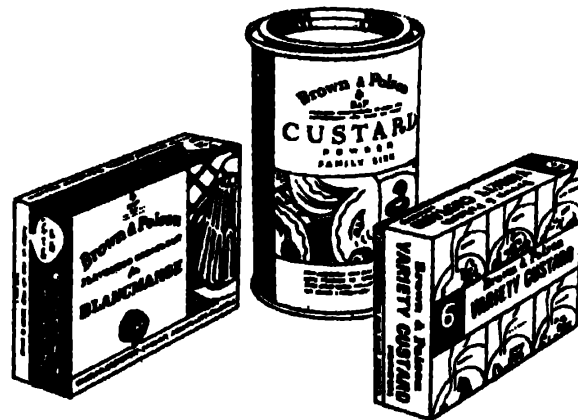
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went the gleaming acrobat. The strong whiskers tickled us until we shrieked; the flippers suddenly clutched at ankles or calves. He discovered in a few minutes that a deft push at the back of the knees caused us to collapse, and as we sank he poured himself over our shoulders, turning over and peeping at us upside down, his black eyes shining with joy.

Tireless Show-Off

WE HAD a flaming June that year and, coupled with the newspaper publicity, it brought sightseers to the cove in increasing numbers. They came, they saw and were enraptured. The seal welcomed them all with the greatest delight.

Now perfectly at ease amid crowds of strangers, he revelled in the admiration, the petting and fondling. In fact it went to his head, and he behaved for a while like a spoilt child—rushing about and knocking over small children, flopping down soaking wet in the middle of picnic parties, snapping at dogs and frightening old ladies.

"Why don't you call him off?" a visitor once asked, as if the seal had been an unruly dog.

Our friend was somewhat tiresome during this period. He demanded attention all the time and used various methods to obtain it. He tore off lumps of seaweed and

tossed them into the air. He rolled on his back and clapped his flippers together, as sea lions do in circuses when applauding one another's acts.* When this did not attract attention, he grabbed the nearest skirt, sleeve, or trouser leg and tugged at it until either the owner complied with his wishes or the fabric gave way. If both these stratagems failed, he bawled. The noise, a kind of barking moo, designed by nature to be audible over the roar of wind and waves, brought everyone within earshot hurrying to see what was the matter with him.

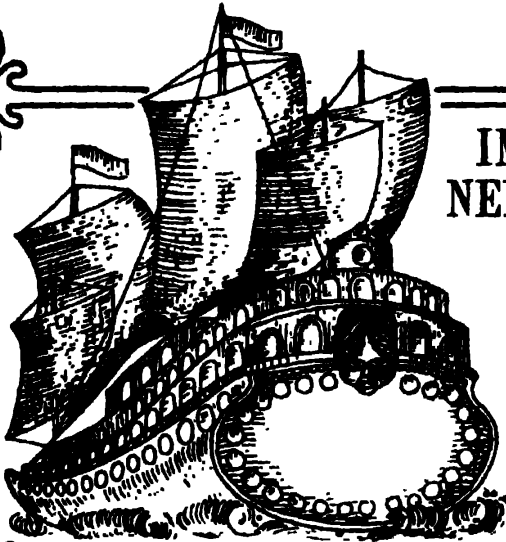
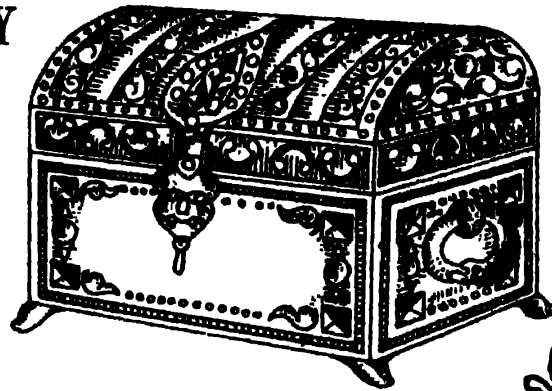
I had been told that skilled animal trainers never scold or punish; they reward good behaviour and ignore bad. With our friend, chastisement was useless—through his thick layer of blubber a hard smack must have felt like a gentle pat, for it only delighted him. So when we saw him annoying people, we told them to turn their backs to him. Quite often this proved effective. He was highly sensitive to a rebuff, and would flounce off, looking injured.

Fortunately, by the middle of June he had quietened down, causing no trouble except to yapping little dogs. And he was growing more selective about his company. Those humans who went into the water were preferable to those who stayed on the beach. Those with no fear of him in the water were preferred to the timid ones. Understandably, the latter were more

* It is always sea lions and not true seals like the Atlantic greys that are trained for circuses.

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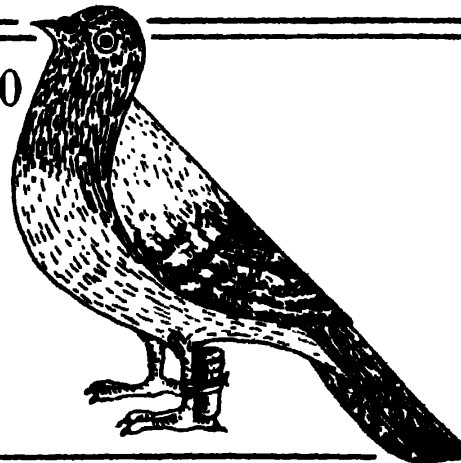


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'ASPRO' DRAWS OUT PAIN!

SEAL SUMMER

numerous. When you are new to the experience, it is hard to believe in the harmlessness of a strange wild animal with huge teeth and an absent-minded way of mouthing your arms and legs.

Yet the only time he ever bit anyone was when he was startled and involuntarily allowed his jaws to close on a man's forearm. (The man, luckily, was one of his most devoted fans.)

He gradually acquired a sophisticated manner, which showed itself in his behaviour with photographers. After a while he seemed to have grasped that the appearance of the little clicking metal object was a signal to stay where he was and keep still. And he did this impeccably—assuming the look of well-bred boredom so often seen on the faces of fashion models.

He also showed a passionate love for music.

One day a schoolgirl brought her recorder and began playing to him. When he heard the first notes, he immediately lay down with his head on her knee and his eyes half closed, dreamily nodding. As soon as she stopped, however, he was as uproarious as ever, frolicking, and begging for the games of which he never tired.

By this time, through the columns of the local newspapers, the seal had become known over a wide area as "Sammy."

Who first bestowed this name on him we never discovered. But



Insisting on attention, he would tug at a skirt, sleeve, or trouser leg until he got his way

Sammy the Seal he became, and remained. At least it was better than *Halichoerus grypus*.

Glimpse of Eden

NONE OF US liked being confined to the shallows when romping with Sammy. But we had no notion how he would behave with swimmers in deep water, and it seemed wise to experiment first. To obviate any risk we needed a lifebelt and a long rope, the use of a dinghy, and a party of five people: three in the boat and two in the water. Everything was organized. But when we assembled at the Pool the third week-end in June, Sammy was missing. His

THE READER'S DIGEST

absence always alarmed us. A fishing syndicate operated in these waters with a powered boat and trawl nets, and they were no seal lovers.

The next day, however, I was relieved to see him floating in the lee of the rocks on the far side of the cove. I called, and he headed inshore.

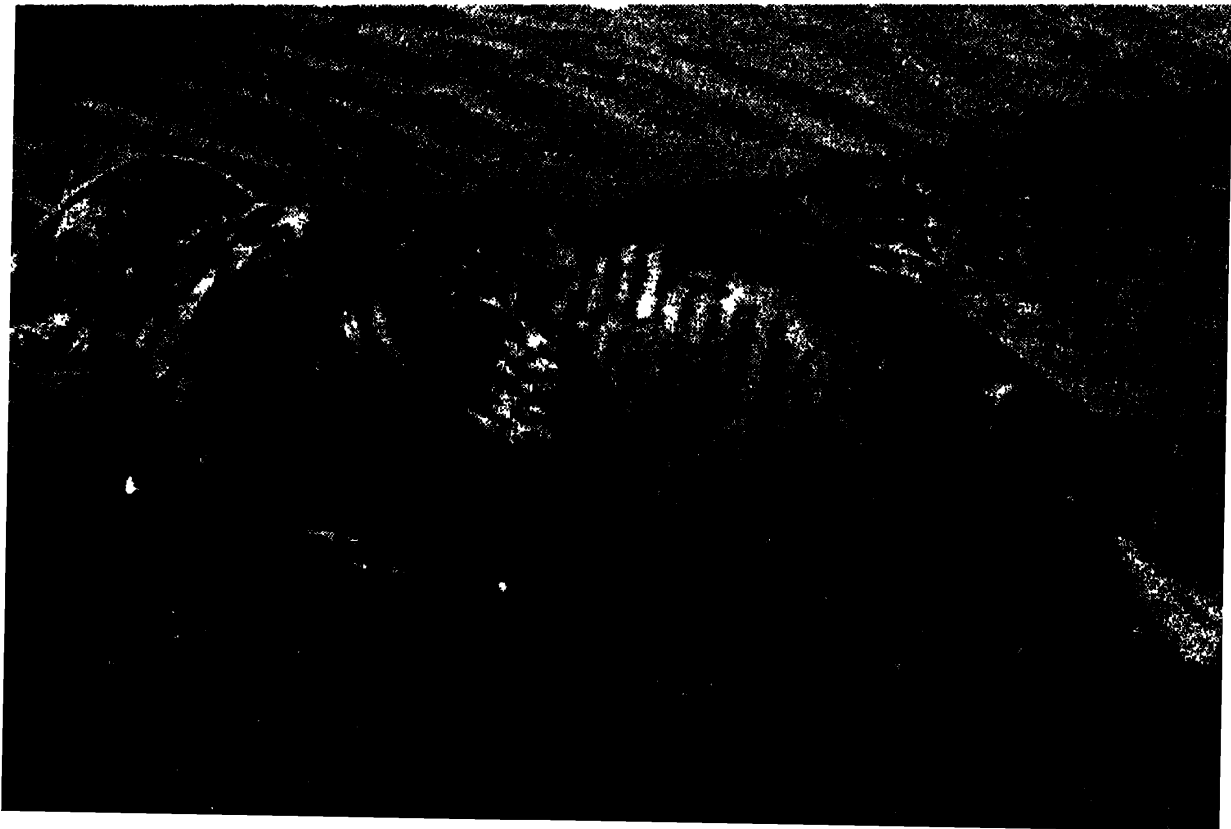
The cove was empty save for us two. It was very early on a wonderful morning. The Pool shimmered like a sheet of glass under a flawless sky. I sat beside him at the water's edge, and he laid his head in my lap. The heat made him sleepy. I stroked him until he nodded off. His flippers twitched and his whiskers bristled as he hunted conger

eels in his dreams. A shag plummeted into the water near the boat moorings.

Sammy snored gently and squirmed farther on to my lap.

Suddenly I had an impulse to conduct the experiment *now*, without preparation, alone. It seemed to me that the other way, so hedged about with safeguards and precautions, was wrong because it was based on distrust. I thought: he knows that his teeth can hurt me if he does not restrain himself, because my skin is thinner and my body more vulnerable than his own. He can only have learnt this through picking up a warning signal from me. In the same way he will know

He had a mania for sunbathing. Stretched out at the water's edge or on his favourite ledge, he soaked up the heat for hours at a time. With his fur bone-dry, he looked like a plush-covered bolster





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that when we swim together he must not cling to my legs.

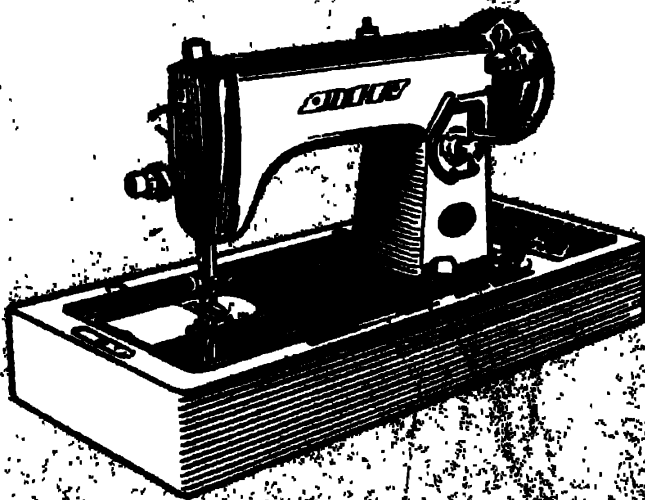
Pushing him gently off my lap, I opened my beachbag, took out a swimsuit and changed. Also I put on my rubber fins. If I was wrong—if he did attempt to take me down with him in a deep dive—after kicking myself free I would be able to rise to the surface more quickly.

He was still asleep when I waded in. I had swum 50 yards before he wakened and came after me. In a few seconds he bobbed up in front of me, looking perplexed. I went on at a steady crawl. He shot ahead again and stood up. His flippers held in front of his stomach and his

eyes round with surprise, he looked like an anxious nanny. Without words he was asking, "Is this right? Ought you to come so far?"

And suddenly, as before, awareness of an altered relationship showed in his face. He barked joyfully, swam round me in rapid circles, turned a back somersault, crash-dived, and performed a whole series of triumphant aquabatics.

I swam on to the centre of the Pool where the depth is 20 feet or more, and he accompanied me, swimming about eight feet down. In the clear water I could see him looking at me. His eyes and nose were black points of a triangle in an aureole of white whiskers.



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Without appearing to accelerate he suddenly spurted ahead, then did a banking turn and a half roll. This brought him directly underneath me again but upside down. In this position, he shot straight down out of sight.

By the time he reappeared I was resting, floating on my back. He joined me and did the same. Side by side we lay in the clear, still water.

The cliffs looked small with distance, the beach was a far-off tawny sickle. There was nothing but an immensity of sea and sky and the two of us in a communion of happiness. As the tide rocked us closer together I reached for his

flipper and held it. He turned his head and gazed into my face.

I was conscious of some powerful magnetism that emanated from unseen depths, reached out and touched some answering chord in myself.

I had felt the same magnetism the first time I saw Sammy, but now I understood it. In that moment the curtain moved aside, and I looked back through time to the morning of the world, before man was shunned by other living things.

It was a glimpse of Eden.

A flash of metal on the headland above the cove told me that other visitors had arrived. I could see a car parked beside my own, and by

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the time I reached the beach the owners were already on their way down.

I quickly towelled myself and changed, packed the beachbag and hurried away, leaving Sammy to welcome the new arrivals. I could not share him with strangers just then.

Laughter and Tears

SAMMY HAD a definite, though somewhat crude, sense of humour, and we weren't long in discovering it.

One joke that he frequently practised was a deep dive right underneath some unsuspecting bather, who would suddenly find himself hoisted into the air as if on a water-spout. A nip on the buttocks was another favourite joke, accomplished by a lightning twist of the head as he sped by.

He loved to streak towards a bather like a torpedo, and then come to a dead stop within half a yard by jamming on the brakes in a flurry of foam. The braking was effected by hurling his head and shoulders back and thrusting his flippers forward. This seemed to be tremendously enjoyable and was always followed by seal "laughter,"—baring his front teeth and flattening his whiskers sideways.

He also liked to swim up behind bathers and hitch on with his teeth to the seat of their swimsuits or trunks. Out of this grew the hilarious idea of trying to remove the

trunks. I was one of the first victims. One day, wearing an old two-piece swimsuit with slack elastic in the pants waist, I was floating face downwards off the shore in about five feet of water, intently searching the bottom for a child's lost sandal.

Suddenly I felt his whiskers brush the back of my thighs, then a tug—and the next moment I heard howls of laughter. It transpired that my posterior was abruptly revealed to everyone on the crowded beach.

The success of any jest being measured in Sammy's mind by the applause it evoked, we knew that repetition of this masterpiece was inevitable. It soon became commonplace to hear one bather shout a warning to another: "Look out! *Hold on to your pants!*"

From inside a derelict blockhouse I sometimes watched Sammy when he thought himself unobserved. Never at these times did I see him behave as he did before an audience. His antics were designed for the amusement of others, not himself.

He had an extensive range of utterances. When excited or impatient he barked, not like a dog but with a sound nearer to a bellow. He used a variety of grunts, chuckles and chortles to convey contentment, an equal range of wails, sobs and howls for venting grief. He was so emotional that we often refrained from a certain course of action for fear of precipitating a "scene." He



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liked, for instance, to lie sprawled over our legs when we sat on the beach. Even on a chilly day we would endure the contact of his damp, cold skin sooner than push him away. When it was time to go home we would go to elaborate lengths to conceal our departure from him because of the wails and sobs that followed us up the ravine.

A seal has no lachrymal ducts, so when Sammy cried, the tears poured straight down his cheeks. The sight was so affecting that few remained indifferent to it.

Alan Lander, who often watched him from the boathouse, says that after the last visitor had gone, Sammy would tearfully survey the deserted beach and shuffle to the ledge where he customarily lay. After a while he would cease crying and heave a great sigh. Then, as if saying, "Oh, well, there's always food," he would flop into the sea and go fishing.

A "Lifeless" Body

SAMMY bestowed liking indiscriminately, but his love he reserved for the special few who would swim with him in deep water. Perhaps because I was the first to do so, I seemed to come first in his affections.

Our meetings now had a new significance. He trembled with joy, and his impatience to get into the water was conveyed in barks and whines. He always plunged in

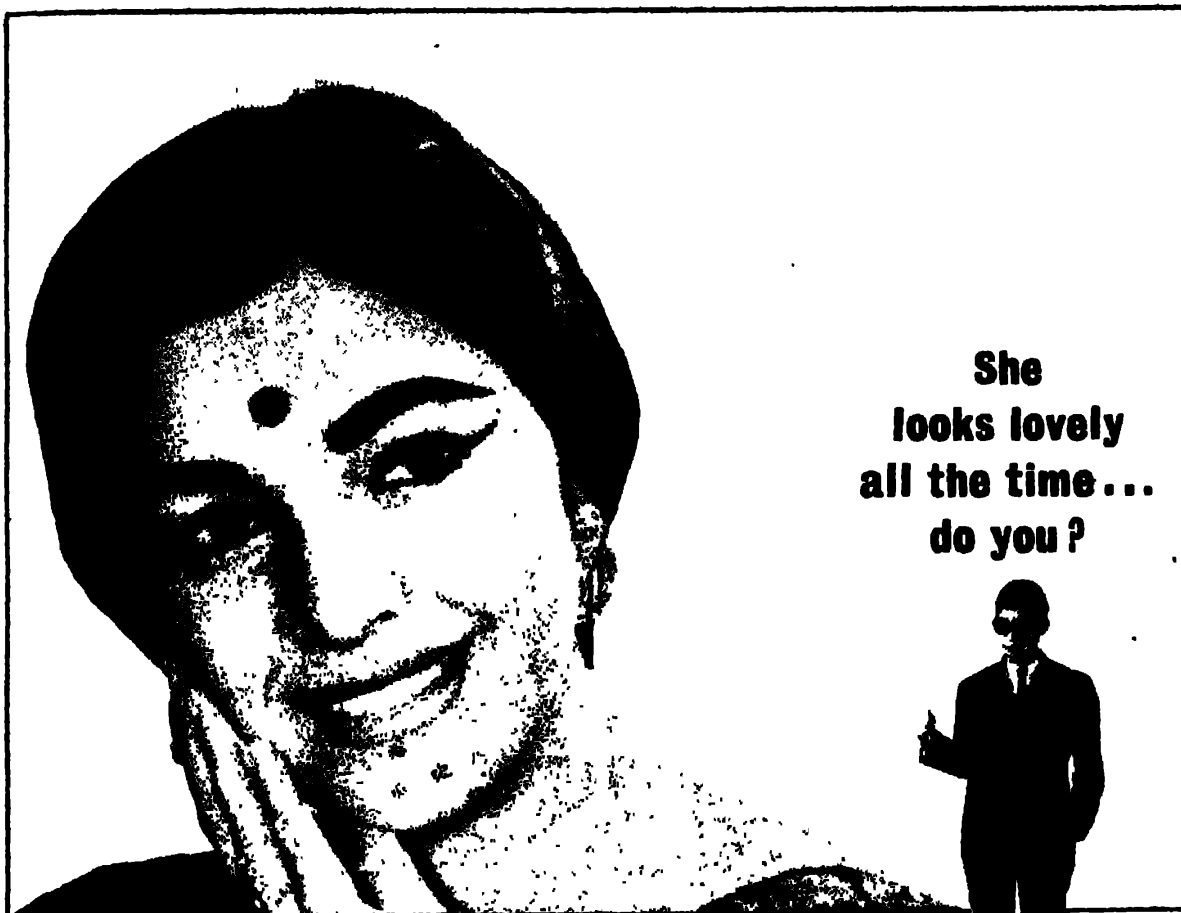
ahead of me and waited for me to decide which way we would go. Often we would swim to the mouth of the cove and beyond, round the eastern reef to the lonely bay under St. Aldhelm's Head where few people come because there is no beach.

Here one day, after a long swim, I climbed out to rest while Sammy cruised about in the kelp and the rock crannies.

The water was glassy-clear, and from my vantage point on a high boulder I could watch him and marvel at his sinuous grace and the effortless speed with which he chased a fish. Small prey he ate under water, swallowing them at a gulp, without slackening speed. He could store enough oxygen in his blood system to enable him to stay submerged for as long as ten minutes.

After a while I lay back and dropped off to sleep. Some time later, the heat of the sun blazing down on the bare rock awakened me. I looked for Sammy but he was nowhere to be seen. Of course he was free to come and go as he chose; all the same, he did not generally leave when we went on expeditions together.

Then I noticed a deep channel undercutting the boulder on which I stood. At the near end it dipped to a cup-shaped hollow where the depth was about eight feet. And down at the bottom of this hollow there was a grey shape, its outline



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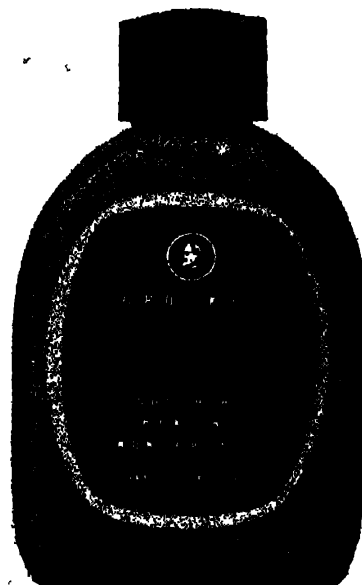
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SEAL SUMMER

blurred by the ruffled surface of the water.

My heart turned over. It was Sammy lying face down, motionless, his flippers asprawl. With every insurge of water from the seaward end his body lurched to one side, then fell back. I cried his name again and again, not with any hope that he would answer me but in the futile certainty that he was dead.

What had happened while I slept? A rifle shot from a passing boat? But there was no blood, no mark of injury. Poison in the fish he had eaten? Unlikely.

Then, as I was about to dive in, I noticed that the position of his body had changed. The head and torso were raised, and rising still. He was being slowly lifted as if by an invisible agency. When the top of his nose broke surface the upward motion ceased and he hung suspended.

More certain than ever that he was dead, I poised myself again to dive and retrieve him. But again I stopped, halted this time by a minute movement. Though his eyes were closed, his nostrils had opened, and there was a movement, a fractional expansion and retraction, in the region of his lungs.

He was asleep! The marvellous safeguards of his diving mechanism had lifted him, without conscious volition, to the surface to replenish his oxygen supply. He breathed in and out very rapidly for about ten seconds and then, still without opening his eyes or giving any other



*When he was bored,
he chewed his fingernails
or yawned*

sign of life, sank to the bottom.

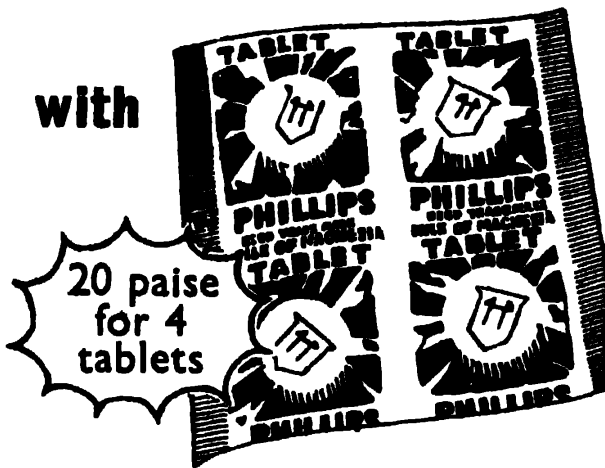
Lowering myself into the water, I swam down and touched him lightly on the neck. Instantly he was awake. There was no transitional stage. He rolled over and welcomed me. His eyes were clear and shining black. I put my arms under him and carried him with me to the surface. He lay inert, his head and hind flippers dangling. Being carried in the water like this was one of the things he most enjoyed. Then, pushing him in front of me and thrashing with my legs, I worked my way out of the channel into the open sea, and we swam back to the Pool.

In the Mermaid's Grotto

DURING THE summer I occasionally visited Seacombe Cove, another of the many inlets within reach of

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September

my home, and on one memorable September day there I noticed a familiar retriever-like head nosing round a rock in the water. It was Sammy, either fishing or come in search of me. I had been busy, and had not seen him at Chapman's Pool for three weeks.

I dived in to meet him, and he nuzzled me affectionately, then raced off. It seemed clear that there was something he wanted to show me, and it was important.

He led the way to a tiny, white-pebbled beach a few hundred yards to the west of the cove that can be reached only by boat or by swimming. I had explored it many times. There was a cave here, running from the beach deep into the cliff, and screened from above by an overhang. It had always seemed to me an ideal place for a seal.

Sammy hauled out and stretched himself flat on the pebbles. Pretending to be very surprised and pleased, I walked about examining the interior of the cave, picking up various bits of flotsam and all the time talking to him, expressing my appreciation in glowing terms.

"It's wonderful, a marvellous place. How *clever* of you to have found it!"

He watched me with beaming complacency until I splashed into the sea.

"You've shown me your secret place," I said. "Now I'll show you mine."

He shot ahead, as he always did,

1965

waiting for me to catch up. At times he was so far ahead that he had time for a dive and a look round. If the water was clear I might see him far below, coasting along with no more effort than a flick and a wriggle. His body swerved in arcs of incomparable grace. Sometimes he was a bird in lazy flight, a hawk banking in the wind; then he would quicken speed and vanish like a silver arrow into the waving tresses of the weed we call mermaid's hair. At such moments I longed unspeakably for an aqualung, so that I could join him in his weightless flight through the peacock-green firmament.

There is another cavern on the eastern side of Seacombe Cove. The interior is of smooth basalt whose rosy tint permeates the translucent water. Rising up in the centre of this pink grotto is a wedge-shaped rock on which the Lorelei herself might have sat combing her sea-green hair. It is a proper place for a mermaid—and also perfectly adapted for a chute. The gentler incline is rough, offering good foothold, and the steep side is very slippery.

I swam to the back, climbed up, and slid down feet first with a tremendous splash. Sammy's eyes opened wide with excitement. He tried to climb up the front but could not get a grip. I pulled him off and manoeuvred him round to the other side. He was grunting with impatience. It was not easy for him even at the back because the rock

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SEAL SUMMER

was coated with algae, so I had to help him. At first I shoved from behind, then I stood on the ridge and hauled him up by his flippers. He panted with the effort and, just when I had got him into position, blew such a blast of fishy breath into my face that I fell over backwards. We shot down together in a tangle of arms, legs and flippers, and had to start all over again.

It did not take him long, though, to master the technique. At the third attempt he clambered up unaided and went whizzing down the slide with an expression of pure ecstasy on his face.

After that he was not to be distracted for a moment from this glorious game. I was only able to take a turn myself if I could get up while he was coming down, but this was seldom because he was so quick.

Barely had he plummeted into the water than he would twist like an eel round the base of the rock and start climbing up again. I was nearly always caught in a highly vulnerable position at the summit and butted off head first.

When I went back to the entrance he ignored my call, giving me a look that said, "You go if you like. I'm quite happy here." I called again several times, and at last he came, glancing back yearningly at the wonderful rock but evidently unwilling to let me leave without him.

This was the only time I met him

away from the Pool. He was showing less and less inclination to leave it.

Summer was ending. Already the children had gone back to school, and the flood of visitors had dwindled to a trickle. Somehow, Sammy seemed to be aware that he must make the most of the time that remained.

A Fond Farewell

OCTOBER is for us the best month of the year. The sun shines, the sea is still warm, and we revel in the peace of our coves and beaches after the departure of the holiday crowds. However, in October of 1961 the gales came early, and before the month was out our lawns were white with frost. I knew Sammy must be lonely, but I managed to get down to the Pool only rarely.

Alan Lander found him one day at the top of the slip, and next day right up on the green, 100 yards from the sea. Plainly he had gone to look for the playmates who had vanished so unaccountably. Percy Wallace noticed a change in the seal's temperament: he got fits of the sulks. One day several of us congregated at the Pool. We called him and he came, and for a while we played with him. The wind was blowing hard, and before long the others left.

Soon there occurred one of those abrupt changes to which the weather in this region is liable. From the edge of a pall of cloud the sun burst

THE READER'S DIGEST

out. The Pool turned from grey and dun to blue and gold. The beach pebbles glittered as if strewn with diamond dust.

This joyous transformation galvanized Sammy into one of his archly playful moods. He came to me, rolled over on to my feet, frisking, wriggling and making mock snaps. When I stopped to fondle him he grabbed the sleeve of my jacket and began to tug in the usual direction, down towards the water. What he wanted was written in every line of his urgent body.

I looked at his pleading eyes; I looked at the cold sea. I said, "No." And then I thought, it will be the last, perhaps the last time ever. So I took off my clothes and slid into a pool between the rocks. The water was cold. I stayed in for about five minutes, and we played the best of the familiar games with uproarious splashing and laughter. It was the more perfect because so short and because I knew, as he knew, that it was the last time.

Next day the weather worsened. Gales and thunderstorms raged for a week. I telephoned Percy twice during the early days of November. The second time he said, "Yes, the seal's still there. But if you want to see him again, you'd better go quick."

I drove down to the Pool. The day was grey and very cold. The sullen sky looked full of foreboding.

From above, the cove looked

deserted, but then I saw Sammy, mounted on a rock and staring at the horizon. The tide was high. There was a big sea running. I had to edge along close under the cliff to reach the slipway. He gave me a welcome that was full of affection, but his eyes were troubled. He kept shaking his head and whining.

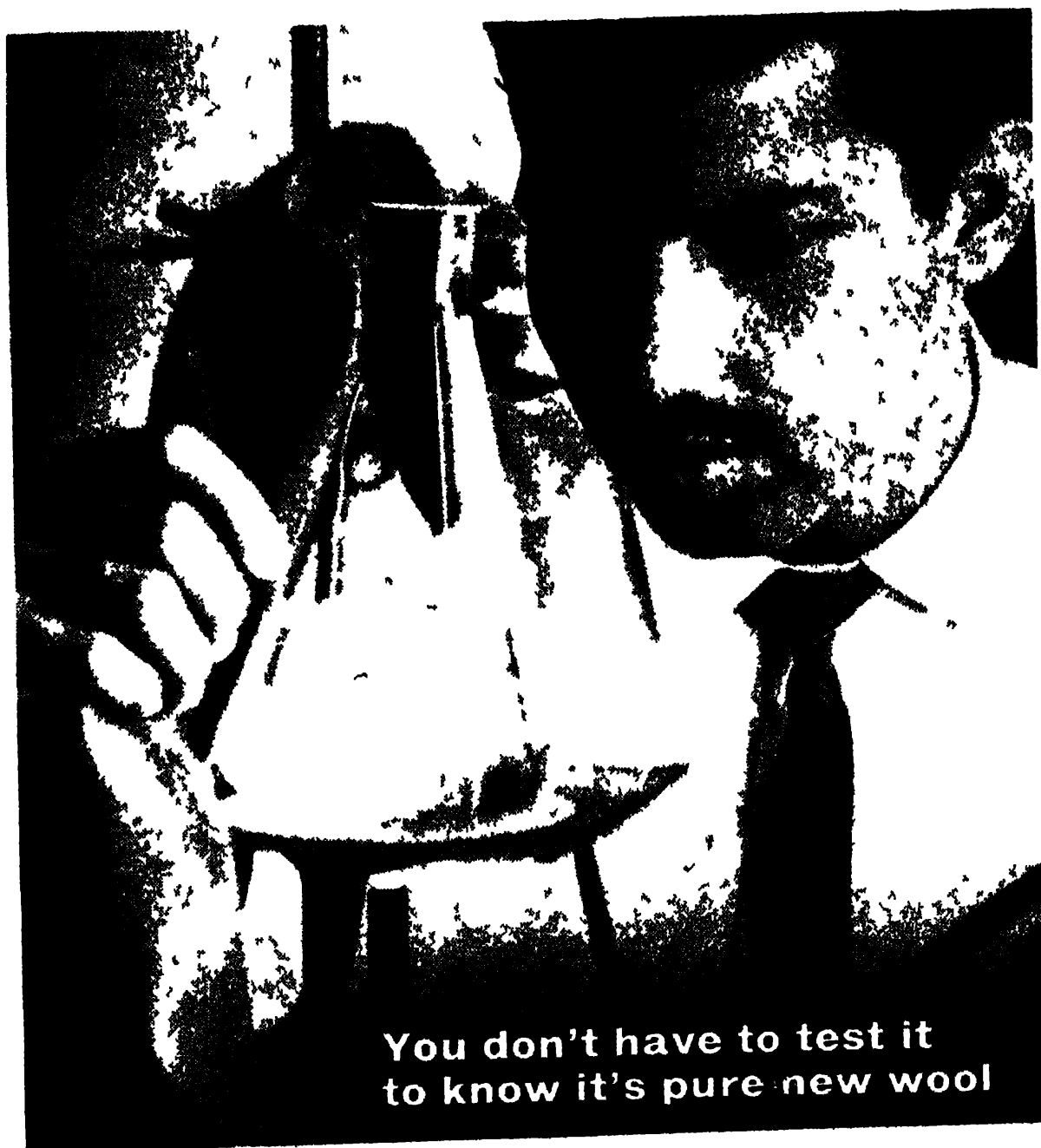
I sat down and took his head in my hands, stroking it until he quietened. All the time I talked softly.

"Stay with us. The winter will pass, and another summer will come. Don't go. Stay here with us."

He was heavy. My legs were cramped, and the wet stones were icy cold. I got up. Directly I did so he moved away from me a little, then a little more, down towards the water, looking searchingly at me as I followed.

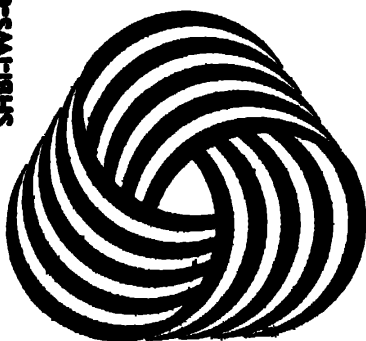
While I stood irresolute, a wave ran up the slip and he became waterborne, but he held his position and continued to watch me out of flat-black, tormented eyes. The next wave licked at my feet. I turned and ran, scrambling from rock to rock between the seas that crashed and tore at the stones, until I reached the ravine.

Nearing the top, I looked down, muddled and gasping for breath, and saw the grey shape, small with distance, swimming through the breakers. The head, now visible, now lost, pointed westward into the haze of cloud wrack and spindrift over the centre of the Pool. There he



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THE READER'S DIGEST

paused and turned, and I felt his relentless gaze on me as I went on and up over the lip of the headland.

When next I looked, the sea had taken him. He has never returned.

WHERE Sammy came from and where he went I was never able to discover. If he has survived, he will now be five years old, a majestic male, nearing maturity and already

challenging the overlords of whatever breeding ground he has chosen. In the pride of his potency and the lust of battle, he will have forgotten the months he spent, and the games he played, on a far-off Dorset coast. But we will never forget. He came like a messenger from a distant, happier world, and when he departed he left us the richer for having known and loved him. THE END

The Bite of the Mosquito

A quiz has been developed by entomologists that explains why mosquitoes like you—or, if you're lucky, why they don't. To find out how you rate, circle your answers to these questions:

1. In summer do you wear: A. light colours only; B. mostly light colours; C. usually dark colours?
2. Are you usually: A. calm, quiet; B. mildly active; C. always on the go?
3. In warm weather do you have a bath: A. more than once a day; B. once every day; C. not every day?
4. Is your complexion: A. fair; B. medium; C. dark?
5. Indicate aromas from perfume, hair tonic, etc.: A. none; B. very mild; C. noticeable fragrance.

To score, give ten points for each C, five for each B, and nought for each A answer. Rating: 0-15 completely unappetizing; 20-30 good for snacks; 35-40, delicious, satisfactory in every way; 45-50, one of the tastiest in the country.

Mosquitoes really go for women, because they use perfume. They like activity. They don't go for quiet people over 65, nor do they care for people who take lots of baths.

There are at least 2,500 different kinds of mosquitoes in the world, and the average householder can get bitten by at least half a dozen different kinds each day. "You may think they're all the same," says an expert, "but the mosquito that bites you at lunch is an entirely different species from the one that bites you at dinner. They work in shifts."

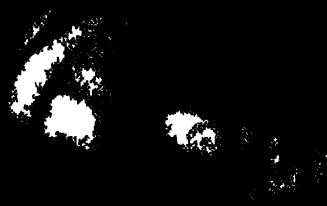
Many mosquitoes prefer animals to human beings. So, even if you rated high in the test, don't get too swollen-headed. At best, to a mosquito, you're only a second-rate meal.

—C. R.

TWO BOOKS

THE CRYSTAL BALL

Joseph Theobald
and Ruth Stone



JOSEPH THEOBALD

JOSEPH THEOBALD is a poet, novelist, and playwright. He is the author of several books of poetry, including *The Crystal Ball*, and has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry. He is also a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

THE CRYSTAL BALL



For more than a quarter of a century Jeane Dixon has demonstrated an uncanny ability to predict the future. She foretold the assassinations of Gandhi and of President Kennedy, the 1945 defeat of Winston Churchill, the launching of the first Sputnik.

Some sceptics suggest that Jeane Dixon hedges her forecasts. Her predictions are sufficiently enigmatic, they say, for her to disclaim them if they go wrong. They also note that she is bolder about predicting the far than the near future. Nevertheless, she has often been right. So often that journalist Ruth Montgomery confesses to being "relieved when on occasion Mrs. Dixon misses. It is comforting to remember that she is not infallible."

In her book, "A Gift of Prophecy: The Phenomenal Jeane Dixon," Ruth Montgomery has written a story of the most extraordinary interest and fascination.

*Condensed from "A Gift of Prophecy: The Phenomenal Jeane Dixon,"
© 1963 by Ruth Montgomery and Jeane Dixon*

 IN A CRISP November day in 1963, three fashionably dressed women met for lunch at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. When they were served, two of them—Mrs. Harley Cope, widow of a rear-admiral, and Mrs. Rebecca Kaufmann, a motherly dowager—ate and conversed animatedly. But the third woman was noticeably quiet.

"Child, why aren't you eating?" asked Mrs. Kaufmann.

Jeane Dixon, a youthfully attractive brunette in her 40's, leaned back and closed her eyes. "I just can't," she said. "I'm too upset. Something dreadful is going to happen to the President today."

"What are you saying?"

"Mrs. Dixon has been foreseeing a tragedy for President Kennedy very soon," Mrs. Cope explained. "She told me about it the day before yesterday."

Mrs. Kaufmann patted Jeane's hand consolingly. "Don't worry about it, dear. What is going to happen will happen—it does no good to anticipate trouble."

At that moment the music of Sidney Seidenman's orchestra ceased. Seidenman, who knew all three women well, hastened across to their table. "Someone just tried to take a shot at the President!" he told them.

"The President is dead," murmured Jeane tonelessly.

"He isn't," Seidenman insisted.

"You will learn that he is dead,"

repeated Jeane in the same oddly detached voice.

The orchestra leader rushed from the room, but returned almost immediately to report that President Kennedy was only wounded. "I heard it on the radio. He's still alive, and they're giving him a blood transfusion."

Jeane gazed at him numbly. "The radio is wrong," she said with quiet finality. "President Kennedy is dead. I tried to send a warning to him, but no one would listen. Now it is too late."

An Ominous Black Cloud

HALF-WAY across Washington, in Georgetown, another luncheon was in progress at the historic red-brick home of Kay Halle, daughter of a Cleveland philanthropist and a friend of the Winston Churchill's and the Kennedys. The maid interrupted. Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth (daughter of Theodore Roosevelt) was calling. The hostess excused herself, went to the telephone, then listened with horror as her friend exclaimed, "Turn on your radio quickly. It has happened . . . as you were told."

Kay switched on the nearest radio, just in time to hear: "We repeat, the President has been shot. We do not yet know how seriously he is wounded, but we are standing by at the Parkland Memorial Hospital, here in Dallas."

Kay Halle was horrified at the chilling news. She had even more

reason to be than most Americans.

Three months before, Mrs. Dixon—only a casual acquaintance—had rung her doorbell in some agitation. "Please forgive me for running in this way," Jeane had apologized, "but you are one of the few people I know who knows the President. He has just made a decision to go somewhere in the South that will be fatal to him. You must get word to him *not to make that trip*. For a long time I've been seeing a black cloud hovering over the White House. It kept getting bigger and bigger, and now it's beginning to move downward. That means the time is near. The President will be killed while away from the White House."

Kay Halle tried to be polite. She answered, "If these things are predestined, there isn't much we can do about them, is there?"

"There is sometimes one tiny little moment in time when you can tip the scales and turn the event aside," Jeane said earnestly. "You must warn him."

Miss Halle regarded her caller with embarrassment. She had heard that Jeane was psychic, but surmised that she was not infallible. "How can I carry such a message to the President?" she asked. "What would the people at the White House think if I brought such a mystical warning as this?"

Jeane understood her reluctance, but continued to plead. In the end Miss Halle agreed to do what she could. Whereupon Jeane departed

in a somewhat happier mood.

"I did turn it over in my mind, over and over," Kay Halle said afterwards ruefully. "But I knew I could not successfully transmit this message to such a courageous man as President Kennedy. I knew he would have been the last to give heed—he would have laughed at the mere suggestion."

Jeane Dixon had first seen the dark cloud of death over the White House in a vision 11 years earlier, in 1952. The man involved was young, tall and blue-eyed, with a shock of thick brown hair. An inner voice told her that he was a Democrat, that he would be elected in 1960 and would meet with violent death while in office. Four years later, in 1956, she placed the prediction on record. While being interviewed by reporters from *Parade* magazine she abruptly declared, "A blue-eyed Democratic President elected in 1960 will be assassinated."

Startled by the bluntness of her words, the reporters suggested that they simply say he would "die in office."

"Say it as you like, but he will be assassinated," she replied.

Her prediction appeared in *Parade* on May 13, 1956, and her friends remembered it when John Kennedy won the nomination and then the election in 1960. Her description of the man in the vision bore a disquieting resemblance to the President-elect.

When, in the summer of 1963,

the infant Patrick Kennedy lost his brief struggle for life, many of Jeane's friends wanted to know whether that might explain the dark cloud she "saw" hovering over the White House.

"It cannot be," Jeane said. "I still see a large coffin being carried into the White House. The President will meet death elsewhere and his body will be returned there for national mourning."

An Eerie Forecast Comes True

As a Washington newspaper columnist, I had at first been sceptical. But as the years passed, the evidence has piled up of Jeane's uncanny ability to predict future events. After I met her in 1952 I began writing occasional columns about her forecasts, and this gradually developed into an annual New Year tradition. We usually get together some time in December to discuss it. I was surprised, then, to pick up my telephone in late October 1963 and hear her say, "I have some information which won't wait for your New Year column. It is terribly important! May I come right over?"

Rushing into the house a few minutes later, she declared, "I've had a vision. As plainly as you see me now, I saw two black hands reach up and remove Lyndon Johnson's name from the door of the Vice-Presidential office. Is there a plaque by his door that says 'Vice-President'? There must be. Then I

saw an unknown man, and his name flashed past—a two-syllable name with five or six letters. The second letter was definitely an S, and the first like an O or a Q, but I couldn't be sure. The last letter ended with a little curve that went straight up."

Since the name of Billie Sol Estes was then in the headlines, I asked if the name could be Estes.

"No," she replied at once. "The first letter was definitely closed, like an O or a Q. I get that the removal of Mr. Johnson's name from the door will be a circumstance beyond his control."

On the following evening, at dinner, Jeane also told Dr. F. Regis Riesenman, an eminent parapsychologist working at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, of her most recent vision.

In the next few weeks, increasingly disturbed, she told a number of people that the President would be killed soon. Among them were: the late Mary Goldsmith, a secretary at the International Teamsters Union headquarters; John Teeter, at that time executive director of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund; Eleanor Bumgardner, then a personal secretary to Mrs. Sargent Shriver, the President's sister; Charles Benter, retired leader of the U.S. Navy Band. And on Friday morning, November 22, she told Benter, "This is the day it will happen!"

And so, tragically, the mysterious prophecy was borne out. Oswald!

Was this the name that she had fleetingly glimpsed in her vision? Oswald is a two-syllable name with six letters: the first O, the second S, and the last a curve that "went straight up." Her eerie forecast had come true in minutest detail!

In the Hands of a Child

JEANE grew up in Santa Rosa, California, and in Los Angeles. Emma and Frank Pinckert, her parents, had emigrated to America from Germany, and they brought up their children in the European tradition.

Hints of Jeane's strange "sixth sense" became evident almost as soon as she could talk. On one occasion she asked to play with "the letter trimmed in black." Puzzled, her mother said she knew of no such thing. But ten days later a black-bordered letter arrived, telling of the death of Emma Pinckert's father in Germany.

Another time Jeane confided that her father, who was then 1,000 miles away in Chicago, would "bring back a great black-and-white dog." He did indeed return with a rare black-and-white collie. The little girl had somehow "seen" her father buy it.

When Jeane was eight, her mother took her to see a gipsy woman encamped on the near-by estate of Luther Burbank. The gipsy took one look at the palm of the child's left hand and gasped.

"Look," the woman marvelled.

"Here is a Star of David, with a double head line leading from it." This alone would ensure the gift of foretelling the future, she said. But there was yet another star in the left hand, and in the right, besides a tremendous star reaching out in all directions, a head line that completely crossed the palm and wrapped round the hand, with a half-moon on its outer cuff. Such markings are said to occur perhaps once in a thousand years.

"This child is blessed with the gift of prophecy," said the gipsy solemnly. Disappearing into her covered wagon, she emerged with a crystal ball. "This is for you to keep," she told Jeane. "You will be able to see awesome things in it, for the markings on your hands are those of a mystic."

For a time Jeane was inclined to use the crystal ball as a plaything to enjoy, like a kaleidoscope. She assumed that everyone could see pictures in it as she did. The family's German nursemaid would, whenever possible, try to explain the meaning of symbols and visions the child described. Mrs. Pinckert encouraged the development of this "sixth sense." Family friends soon discovered that Jeane had a remarkable talent for predicting events, and even strangers began to seek her out.

She was only nine years old when a woman came to ask her advice about giving up an unsuccessful acting career and opening a boarding-house. Looking into her crystal ball,

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Jeane saw it "light up like a fireworks sparkler shooting off hundred and thousand-dollar bills." Interpreting this to mean stardom and wealth for the woman before her, Jeane said:

"You must give up the idea of a boarding-house and go on with your acting career."

Later, when Marie Dressler's name began to flash on cinema screens everywhere, she often said that if it had not been for little Jeane Pinckert she would have abandoned the theatre. But, says Jeane, "She would have been famous anyway. It was her destiny."

Paths to Precognition

YEARS LATER, during the Second World War, Jeane had another dramatic encounter with an actress. She was having her hair set at Westmore's Beauty Salon in Los Angeles one day when Carole Lombard walked in. Jeane recognized the glamorous film star, whose husband was Clark Gable. An assistant introduced them, and Jeane delightedly reached out to shake hands. As she did so, she felt a warning vibration. Forgetting herself, she exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Lombard, you must not go anywhere by plane for the next six weeks!"

The blonde actress smilingly replied that she was leaving almost immediately on tour, to promote the sale of war bonds. Jeane realized the importance of the mission but cautioned that she must travel only by

car or train during the "danger period."

The hair stylist later told Jeane that, after she left the salon, Miss Lombard tossed a coin to see whether to follow the unsought advice. She called heads. The coin landed tails up. The star flew to the Midwest a few days later and died in a plane crash.

Seeking to explain how she had sensed the impending tragedy, Jeane muses: "As I touched her hand I saw the death symbol over her. It was high above the ground. I saw life on the ground round her, and thus knew that if she would keep her feet on the ground she could elude danger. It was a sort of inner voice that said, 'Six weeks.' This voice comes to me frequently, and I always listen to it."

Jeane Dixon fascinates investigators of psychic phenomena because her precognition reveals itself through so many different channels. Sometimes she merely "tips the fingers" of a person and seems instantly to know what the future holds for him. Sometimes she can pinpoint events in the past and future for people she has never seen, simply by learning the date of their birth. Her most frequent revelations come through the perusal of the crystal ball. But the forecasts to which she herself attaches the greatest significance have come through unsought visions.

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THE CRYSTAL BALL

is from night," Jeane says. "When a vision begins to form, everything changes, including the air around me. I stand alone, looking down from a higher plane, and nothing worldly can touch me."

Jeane is a devout Catholic, whose outlook has always been one of simple faith. Like many mystics, she lives abstemiously. Her diet is composed primarily of vegetables, fruit and juices—hardly any meat. She never drinks or smokes. Before going to Mass each morning she stands at her east window and repeats the Twenty-third Psalm.

Audience With FDR

WHEN SHE WAS 21, Jeane married James Dixon, then co-owner of a huge car distributors in Los Angeles. Not long after, the crystal ball was instrumental in saving her husband's life. The war in Europe had begun. Dixon moved to Detroit to work on defence projects and was soon making frequent trips between Detroit, Chicago and New York.

One morning while Jeane was meditating with her crystal ball she "saw" a plane dive into a flaming crash. When her husband came home that afternoon to pack for a flight to Chicago, Jeane told him what she had seen, and warned him to take the train. He demurred, but she was adamant. He decided to humour her. The plane on which he had held a ticket crashed just outside Chicago, killing all the passengers on board.

Recalling that long-ago incident, Dixon says ruefully, "Like most husbands, I take the advice of my wife—though I don't always like to let her think so."

A few weeks after Pearl Harbour, Dixon was called to Washington to handle property acquisitions for the War Department. Jeane volunteered her services to the capital's Home Hospitality Committee, which provided recreation for servicemen.

At the parties given by the committee, Jeane, doing what she knew best, began giving "readings" for servicemen. She was a sensation.

Her fame as a seeress spread throughout Washington. One evening at a charity party at the Sulgrave Club, Jeane touched the fingertips of Vice-President Harry Truman and prophesied, "You will become President through an act of God."

In late 1944, shortly after Franklin Roosevelt's re-election to a fourth term of office, Jeane Dixon was invited to the White House. A woman's voice on the telephone said, "The President would enjoy a conversation with you," and set a time. She dressed with care for the 11 a.m. appointment. The weather was warm for November, but because the crystal ball she carried made her handbag bulge, she draped a silver-fox fur over her arm to conceal it.

Tall, grey-haired William Simmons greeted her in the lobby of the Executive West Wing, escorted her down a short corridor, through the

ante-room and into an oval office.

President Roosevelt, looking up from his desk, half raised his torso by his massive arms, flashed a warm smile and said, "Good morning, Jeane. Thank you for coming." He offered her a chair at the corner of his desk, and they made small talk about the weather. The weight of the world seemed to press down on his broad shoulders, and Jeane, feeling "a wave of loneliness reaching out" towards her, said, "Mr. President, it is wise to seek guidance sometimes, when one has a question on his mind."

Roosevelt sighed as he responded, "One's time is short, even at the longest. How much time do I have

to finish the work I have to do?"

"May I touch your fingertips?" she asked. He thrust forward a big hand. As she picked up his vibrations, she sought desperately to divert the conversation and avoid an answer. When he insisted on a direct reply she said, reluctantly, "Six months or less."

The room was still. Jeane says, "I could sense he had felt a premonition of his own death and was only seeking confirmation of the fact." Then the President cleared his throat. "Will we remain allies with Russia?" he asked.

Shaking her head, Jeane said, "The visions I have had show otherwise. We will become allies again,

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SO SMOOTH, SO SATISFYING, SO SURELY

later, against Communist China."

The President reacted with a start. "Communist China? China is not communist! We'll have no trouble with China. But I feel that we must be allied with Russia to maintain our world position and survive."

Looking intently at the pictures now forming in her crystal ball, Jeane said, "I see that China will turn communist and become our biggest trouble; Africa will be our next biggest worry."

The President disagreed, saying, "I don't anticipate any serious trouble with Africa, but I do with Russia. It is important that we continue our alliance."

So Little Time

IN MID-JANUARY 1945, Jeane received a second call from the White House, and again a woman's voice suggested an appointment, three days later.

There was an impish tilt to the President's cigarette holder as he greeted her.

"Did you bring the ball?" he asked.

"We met as old friends and fellow conspirators," Jeane says. "He was as relaxed this time as he had been constrained before. But how his physical appearance had changed in two months! His face was thin and haggard, and he



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THE CRYSTAL BALL

looked as if he had lost about three-and-a-half stone."

As Jeane slipped the crystal ball from beneath her coat, she and FDR exchanged knowing smiles.

"Now how much time do I have?" he asked, like a little boy impatient for his birthday present.

Jeane cupped her thumb and forefinger, leaving two inches between, and said, "That much." The President nodded. "The time is short."

"Yes," Jeane reluctantly agreed. "Shorter than we'd like to think."

Without waiting for an invitation, Mr. Roosevelt thrust out his right hand. "How do you feel about some decisions I will soon have to make?"

"It is not how I *feel* personally," she corrected. "It's what I get spiritually and psychically. Many of the things I get are not what people want to hear."

As she touched his fingertips and closed her eyes, he pressed, "Are you sure that we will be allies with Russia in the future?"

Jeane reiterated her previous forecast.

"Eventually we will be allies with Russia against Communist China," she said. "But that is more than a generation away."

"Then I'm not wrong about Russia? When all is said and done, we will be with Russia and Russia with us?"

"Yes, we will end up as allies," Jeane replied. "But our government will have changed by then. We are

not always going to have a two-party system as we know it."

There was more, including a prediction of growing racial problems in America, with bloodshed. With this the President obviously did not agree. He seemed reluctant this time to see her go. When she held out her hand to say good-bye, he covered it with both of his own. With a return of the sparkle to his eye, he told her: "Take good care of the ball."

Jeane said, "*Auf Wiedersehen.*"

"God bless you," he replied.

She never saw him again. Early in February he went to Yalta on one of the most closely guarded missions of the war. In April the heavily burdened President died of a cerebral haemorrhage.

An Alien Ideology

JEANE DIXON again spoke of "Communist China" one evening in October 1946, when Ambassador and Madame Wellington Koo entertained at the Chinese Embassy in Washington. Guests clustered in small groups to talk about the news of the day. Ten Nazi war criminals had just been hanged. The discussion veered to Soviet Russia and its menace to the Free World, as compared to Germany's menace.

"Mark my word," a guest asserted, "one of these days we'll have to fight Russia."

The wife of Ambassador Loy Henderson remembers the conversation particularly, for at that moment Jeane Dixon shyly interrupted,

"I don't like to contradict you, sir, but I see America fighting Red China in the future, not Red Russia."

Mrs. Henderson, whose husband then headed Near Eastern Affairs for the State Department and had previously served as U.S. chargé d'affaires in Russia, regarded her in astonishment. "Why, China isn't Red," she exclaimed. "And with its rich cultural heritage, it would never go for an alien ideology like communism. The Chinese always keep to themselves."

"China," Jeane replied, "will go communist."

Mrs. Henderson frankly admits, "Not one of us believed her that day."

Three years later, however, they had cause to remember, when in September 1949 the communists proclaimed a People's Republic in Peking, and in December Chiang Kai-shek evacuated his troops to Formosa.

Insights Into the Orient

ONE OF Jeane Dixon's strangest predictions was made in 1945. Through frequent appearances at embassy parties she had developed friendships with many ambassadors and their wives, and aides. One afternoon at a reception given by Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai, the agent general for India, a military attaché introduced himself to her as Colonel Nawabjaba Sher Ali, and requested a private reading. Jeane received

him the next day in her husband's office. Consulting her crystal ball, she said that a partition of India would be announced within two years.

Shocked, the colonel exclaimed, "No, no, no, Mrs. Dixon. There will never be a partition of India!"

Jeane unperturbedly declared that such a division would be announced on June 2, 1947. Further, she said that the colonel himself would leave India to join the "other side," and would thereafter advance rapidly in his career. "Never!" the colonel shouted.

The Dixons continued to see the Indian colonel from time to time in Washington.

On the morning of June 2, 1947, he telephoned to twit Jeane about her "mistaken" prophecy. Jeane could only reply that the day was not yet over. Next morning he was astounded to read the headlines announcing that partition had indeed come about.

Shortly after the colonel's return to his own country, he moved to Pakistan, the "other side," the new nation that had been carved out of India. He rose rapidly to the rank of general, later became the Pakistani Ambassador to Yugoslavia. Jeane had forecast it all.

Earl Jellicoe, second secretary at the British Embassy in Washington, invited Jeane to lunch. How, he wanted to know, could she possibly have foreseen the partition of India two years in advance, *on the exact*



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THE READER'S DIGEST

date? After all, only two days before the event, the House of Commons had announced it would not consent to partition. Jeane matter-of-factly explained that the date had been shown to her in her crystal ball—the numerals as clear as the prices on their luncheon menu.

Shrugging off Jellicoe's astonishment, she said, "People of the Far East are much easier to read for than Westerners, because they don't throw barriers in my way. Asians have the ingrained ability to let themselves go in psychic matters."

It was not long before she made another newsworthy, startlingly accurate forecast of events in India. On an evening in midsummer 1947, management consultant Daniel Wagner, a friend of her husband, dropped in to discuss his forthcoming visit to the Far East. Seated across the room, Jeane listened to the conversation of the two men with detachment, but when she heard the words "New Delhi" she blurted out, "Mahatma Gandhi will be assassinated."

The two men turned to stare at her.

"It's true," she insisted "Just as you spoke I saw a vision of Gandhi, and he was lifting up his arms to a religion that is too pro-Western for some of his people to tolerate. He'll be killed within six months, by someone they least suspect."

Within six months, on January 30, 1948, the great spiritual leader

of India was assassinated by a fanatic who belonged to the Hindu-Mahasabba politico-religious group.

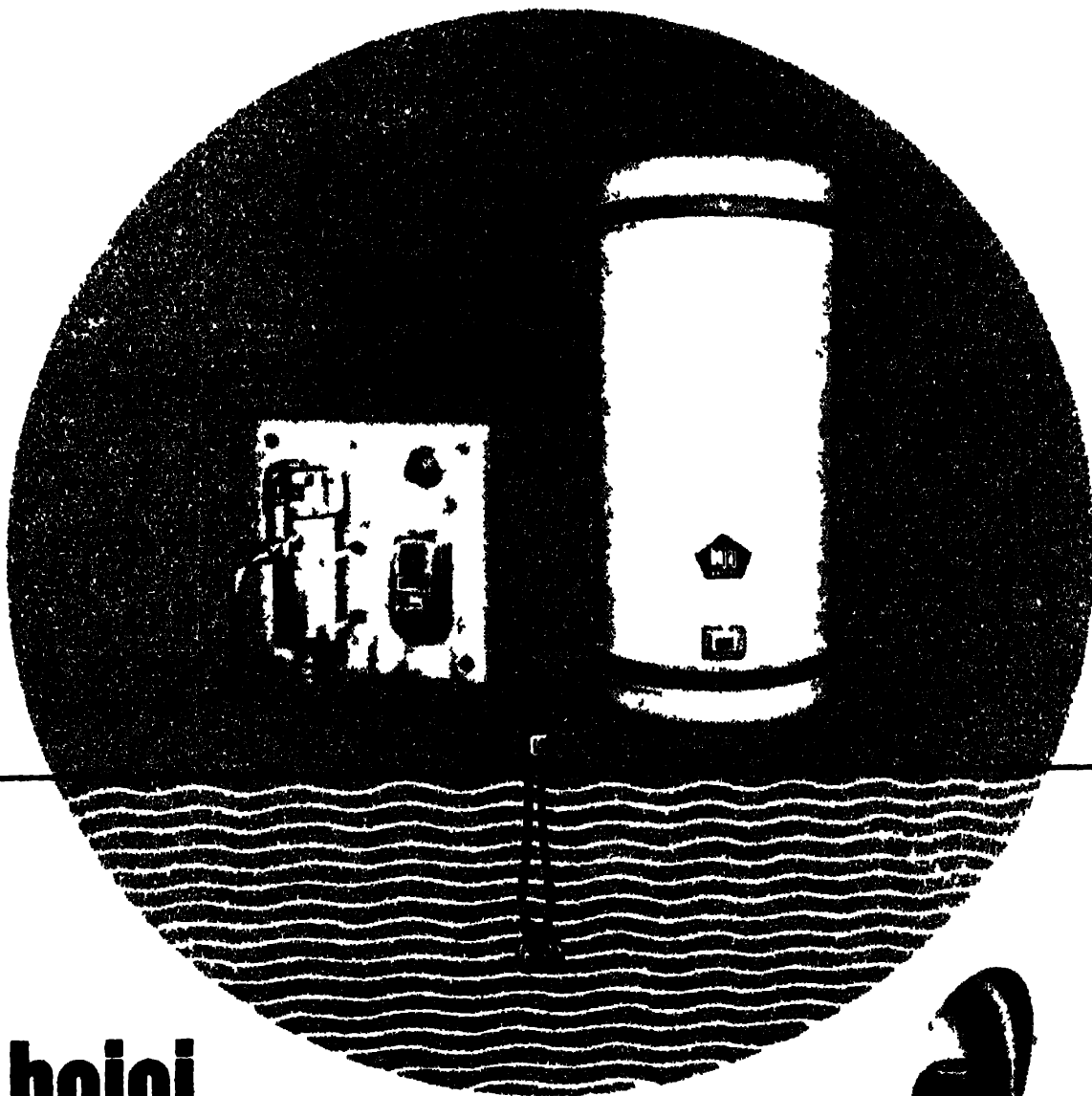
Inside Information

AFTER THE WAR James Dixon opened his own property firm in Washington. By then people were continually beseiging Jeane for readings. At every party they backed her into corners to plead for guidance about personal decisions. Her telephone rang at all hours. She has always refused to accept payment of any kind for her talents as a seeress, and there was apparently no limit to the demands made of her.

One evening when a military attaché from a Far Eastern embassy knocked on their door to seek a reading, James Dixon decided they had had enough. Politely but firmly he told the visitor that Mrs. Dixon had retired for the night and could not be disturbed.

"These people are sapping your strength," he told his wife. "Since you seem to find it impossible to refuse them, I think you'd better come and work in my office. The switchboard operator can help protect your privacy, and you'll have a legitimate excuse when people want to take up your time."

Jeane accompanied her husband to his office the next morning and accepted a desk there. As the pressure lessened somewhat, she plunged zestfully into the business of bringing the right people and the right houses together. She made no



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attempt to utilize her crystal ball to help with property deals, but she could not still her psychic powers entirely. Vic Rand, a longtime employee, recalls that she telephoned him early one morning and said, "Mr. Rand, I dreamed that we had a fire in one of our houses. You'd better go over and check."

Thinking, "What next?" he dutifully went to the vacant house she had mentioned. The moment he turned the key and pushed open the door, he smelled smoke.

"I rushed to call the fire department," he says ruefully. "Since then, if she tells me there's trouble somewhere, or that we'll have difficulty with a certain deal, I cringe."

Political Predictions

IN APRIL 1948, during a reading for Mrs. Walter Maloney, wife of a Washington lawyer, Jeane asked her to make a wish. Then, studying the crystal ball, she said, "Your wish is not a particularly personal one, but you're going to get it. It will come true." Thinking that she had tricked her friend, Mrs. Maloney laughingly confessed that she had wished for President Truman's re-election. Everyone said he didn't have a chance.

Jeane repeated, however, that Truman would be re-elected. Later she telephoned her friend, Mrs. Estelle Friedrichs, an administrative

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assistant at the White House, and made the same forecast.

When Jeane appeared on both local and national radioprogrammes prior to the nominating conventions, she predicted that Truman's rival candidate would be Thomas Dewey. But, she said, "I see Mr. Dewey disappearing in a flood of newspapers, and a laurel wreath of victory descending over Mr. Truman's head."

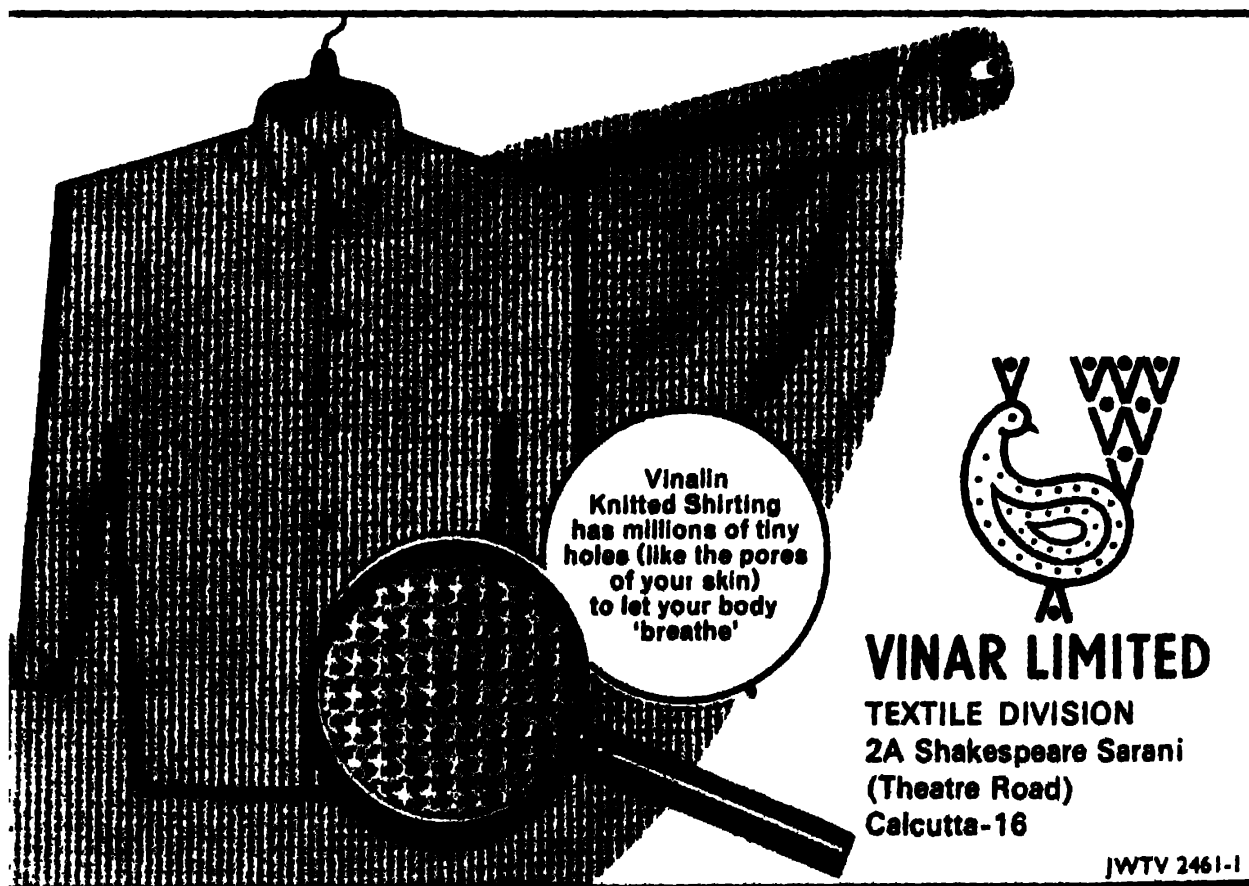
The prediction spread rapidly through official circles, and because of it some Washington hostesses irately crossed her from their party lists.

Many of Jeane's friends also felt that she must be losing her

touch, so universal was the agreement that Truman would be soundly beaten. But when the returns were in, her reputation as a political prognosticator rose to new heights.

Three years earlier she had dared to tell Winston Churchill that he would be turned out of office. Churchill visited Washington early in 1945, and Lord and Lady Halifax invited Jeane Dixon to a party in his honour.

Though Jeane knew nothing of Britain's political situation, she "received vibrations" when she shook Churchill's hand in the receiving line. She beseeched him "Mr. Prime Minister, please don't



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THE READER'S DIGEST

call an early election or you'll be defeated."

The grand old man of politics turned to stare at the brash young woman. Her clear hazel eyes levelly returned his gaze, and after a moment he grunted, "England will never let me down."

As if she had not heard, Jeane continued, "But never mind, You'll be back in power in a few more years."

In 1952, Jeane announced that General Eisenhower would capture the White House that November—a prediction I reported in my column. But she told her friend Mrs. Maloney that "Adlai Stevenson's star is also ascending. He will never, however, call the White House home. The Republicans will be in for two terms, and then the Democrats for two terms."

State Secret

AMONG the most closely guarded secrets of the Eisenhower administration was the President's golf score.

One May evening in 1953 Jeane was invited by Martha Rountree to appear with Bob Hope on a radio programme staged for disabled veterans at Bethesda Naval Hospital. When Jeane was escorted on stage and introduced as Washington's famous seeress, the comedian cracked a few jokes and then teased, "Well, Mrs. Dixon, I've been playing golf with Ike this afternoon at Burning Tree. If you're so

good, tell me what my golf score was."

Looking into her crystal ball, she replied serenely, "I'll tell you not only your score but also the President's. It was a 96 and a 92. You won."

The smile faded from Bob Hope's lips, and for a moment he seemed in danger of collapse. As soon as the show was over, he grabbed his manager-brother backstage and groaned, "Jack, this Dixon woman has ruined me. The President will never believe I didn't tell her his golf score." He then ordered that bit cut from the tape for nationwide broadcast on his regular show.

In June 1960 a much publicized Dutch psychic named Peter Herkos came to Washington to help solve the 18-month murder of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Jackson and their two little daughters. Herkos, after visiting the scene of the crime, led police to a dustman, who was thereupon arrested. All Washington was talking of the sensational development the next day. Nearly everyone was relieved that a dangerous murderer was no longer at large, Jeane, however, stoutly insisted, "They've picked up the wrong man. The murderer is a musician. He's tall and has dark bushy hair." She was of the opinion that Herkos "has a wonderful gift from God" but that "he is being exploited."

Two weeks later the FBI arrested a young jazz musician whose diary seemed to describe how the lurid



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THE READER'S DIGEST

crime had been committed. Jeane was confident that this time the police had found the right man. He has since been convicted.

One day, as she was leaving the office to keep a hairdressing appointment, Jeane bumped into a fellow worker, Justice Mitchell. He looked tanned and relaxed, having just returned from holiday, and she complimented him on his appearance. He responded heartily, "I never felt better in my life." Within an hour or so, Jeane was relaxing under the hairdrier. Then a vision appeared before her half-closed eyes.

She suddenly sprang up, rushed to the telephone and dialled her office. To secretary George Miller she said, "Don't waste any time asking questions. Call an ambulance and get Mr. Mitchell to hospital. He's having a heart attack."

The startled secretary pivoted so that he could see Mitchell who was calmly working at his desk in the adjoining room. Shrugging, Miller replied, "Why, he's all right, Mrs. Dixon. I can see him from here . . . Oh, my God, he's dying!"

In that split second Mitchell had slumped to the floor unconscious.

Struck dumb by shock, Miller limply handed the telephone to Patricia Crist, who obeyed Jeane's crisp injunction to "call an ambulance for Mr. Mitchell." When it arrived the patient was so near death that he had to be given oxygen before he could be carried out.

For five days Mitchell lay in an oxygen tent, while the hospital was besieged with calls. Jeane's premonition about his heart attack had made the front pages of the Washington newspapers. Doctors reported that Mitchell's pulse had stopped by the time he reached hospital. Had his attack been discovered even a few minutes after Jeane's call, he could not have been revived.

Russia in the Crystal Ball

ON MAY 14, 1953, at the invitation of Martha Rountree, Jeane appeared on a national television programme called "Washington House Party" with Joseph Davies, former U.S. Ambassador to Russia and author of *Mission to Moscow*. "How long will Malenkov be Prime Minister of Russia?" asked this distinguished expert. Peering into her crystal ball, Jeane "saw" Malenkov being replaced by another man whose image was quite plain to her. She replied, "He will bow out in slightly less than two years, to a man with an oval-shaped head, wavy grey hair, a little goatee beard and greenish eyes."

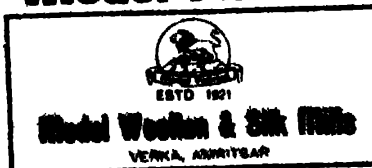
Davies laughed. He observed that Russian premiers are not peacefully replaced; they either die or are shot. Moreover, he added, Russians do not look like the replacement whom she had described. Jeane calmly replied that she was telling what she "saw," not what she "thought," and that the event would definitely



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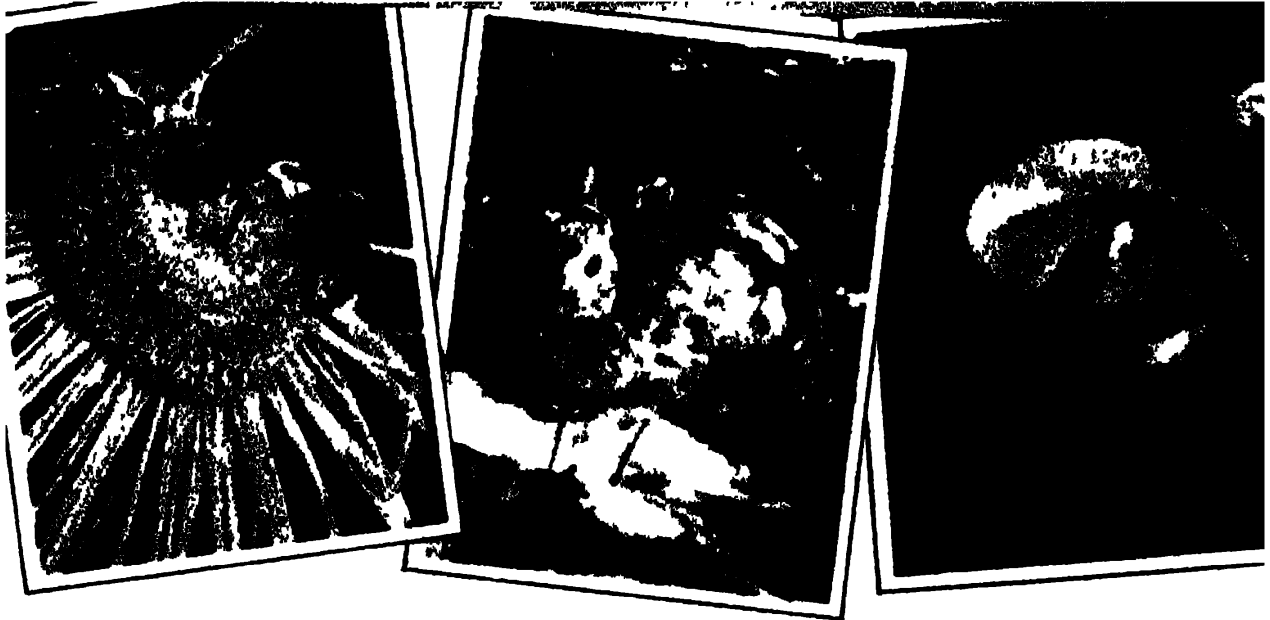
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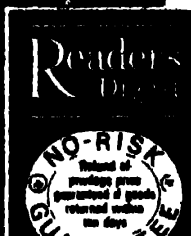
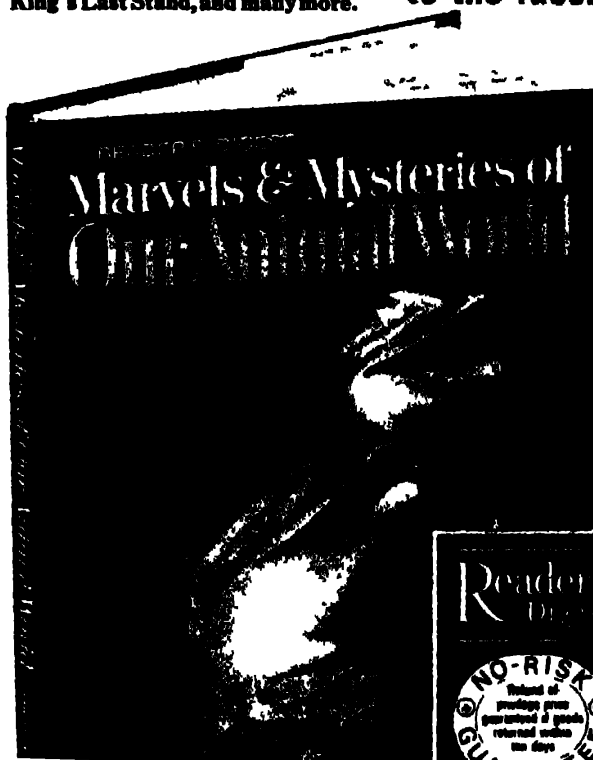
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THE READER'S DIGEST

take place—shortly before two years had elapsed, because she “saw a tiny tail on a two.”

Continuing eagerly, for another picture was beginning to form in the crystal ball, Jeane said that the bearded gentleman would rule only briefly, until a shorter, bald-headed man took over. “Shortly afterwards,” she said, “a silver ball will go into outer space. It will circle the earth and come back to Russia, landing like a dove of peace on the bald head of the short fat man. It will then dig its claws into his scalp.” This meant, she explained, that after Russia launched the first satellite the Soviets would have enormous power. She held out her hands in a circle to indicate the shape of the future Sputnik.

At that point Ambassador Davies could contain himself no longer. Taking her by the arm, he rasped, “No, no, that will never happen. I have been ambassador there, and I know that things are not done that way in Russia.”

Recalling the dramatic incident, Jeane says with a sigh, “Much more was coming, but Mr. Davies actually grabbed my arm and shook me, saying that I should read his book and learn about Russia. I was so engrossed that I had forgotten we were on television. Otherwise I would not have said what I did next.” Viewers heard her exclaim: “Oh, Mr. Ambassador, you’ve just spoiled my whole connexion.”

Davies was still poking fun at

Jeane when the programme ended. But three months short of two years later, Marshal Bulganin peacefully replaced Malenkov as Soviet premier. Grey-haired, goateed Bulganin fitted Jeane’s description precisely, and roly-poly, bald-headed Khrushchev took over the actual reins of power as boss of the Communist Party.

In 1957 the Russians orbited the world’s first man-made satellite. Khrushchev deposed Bulganin the following March.

In 1953, on hearing of Jeane’s prediction concerning “a silver ball which will circle the earth,” Andrew Haley, general counsel for the International Astronautical Federation and a recognized authority on outer space, enquired among European scientists. He could learn of no Russian space programme whatever.

Two years later, however, Soviet delegates to the Federation Congress told him they were indeed working on such a programme. Haley then called Jeane to ask how she could have known of it. She replied that she had not “known” of any Soviet space programme. She had only “seen” Russia launching the world’s first satellite.

When Sputnik I was launched in 1957, Haley was one of the first to telephone his congratulations to the amateur who had predicted it four years previously.

The sudden Kremlin shake-up in October 1964, which took world

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governments by complete surprise, had also been predicted by Jeane. For my 1964 New Year column she had written, "I foresee great danger in both domestic and foreign affairs for the United States during 1964-1967.

"This danger will be heightened by a new leader who will replace Khrushchev within the next 18 months. This man's name begins with an S. He is the professorial, intellectual type and will be much harder for us to deal with than Khrushchev."

Ten months later, Khrushchev's duties were divided between Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin.

But Kremlinologists immediately began speculating that they might be only temporary custodians of power until a new strong man emerged.

It was noted that Mikhail Suslov, described as "one of the few intellectuals in the Russian hierarchy," delivered the key address at the Central Committee meeting which effected the shake-up.

A month later another man, Aleksandr Shelepin, came to the centre of the Kremlin stage: already holding an unusual concentration of power in his hands, he was unexpectedly elevated to the Party Presidium, making him a member of the three most powerful ruling bodies of Russia.

Only time will tell whether an "intellectual type" whose name begins with S will emerge as the new

strong man in Russia—thus adding the finishing touch to another of Jeane Dixon's predictions.

The Shape of Things to Come?

JEANE DIXON has sometimes been wrong in her forecasts. She predicted, for example, that China would plunge the world into war over Quemoy and Matsu in October 1958; she thought that trades union leader Walter Reuther would actively seek the U.S. Presidency in 1964; she erroneously forecast that the Conservative Party would be victorious in Britain's 1964 general election. To many, such misses come as a relief. For those who shudder at some of her awesome forecasts for the future, it is comforting to remember that she is not infallible.

Here are some of her long-range predictions:

- America's two biggest headaches will be the racial problem and China. The racial issue will preoccupy the United States in the 1960's and 1970's. Through China's subversion and meddling, numerous African and Asian nations will provoke a world war in the 1980's. Troubles in Vietnam and Korea will lead to this "inevitable" war with the Chinese.

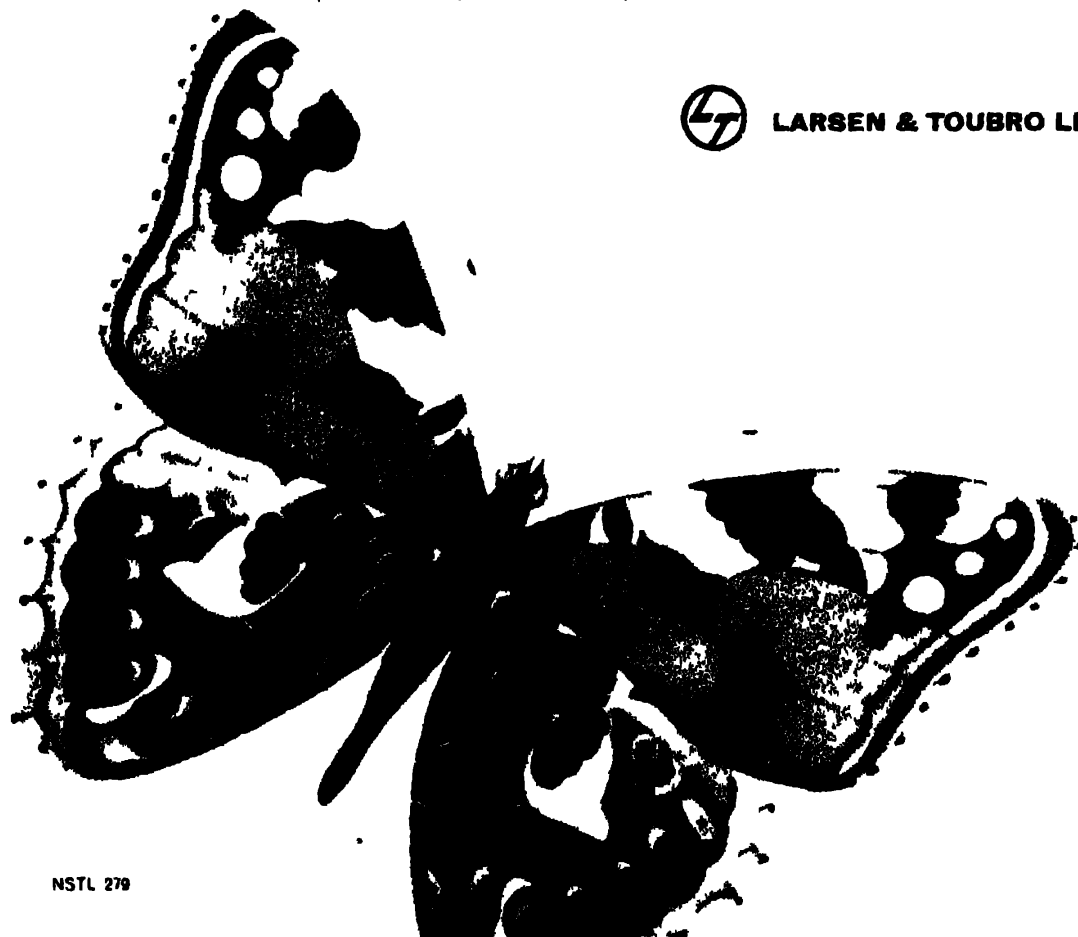
- History will demonstrate that the test-ban treaty was bad for America and will be used against it.

- China will invade Russian territory, but this will be a border skirmish and will not ignite the later war to come, in which Russia

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and the United States will be aligned together. In this period late in the century the Davis Straits (between Canada and Greenland) will become an American "lifeline."

- American scientists and officials are mistakenly shelving "a baby missile which is approximately 18 inches long, dark-green or black in colour, shaped like an elongated balloon." About 1970 this missile, which is small enough to be carried on a battlefield by two or three soldiers, will be critically needed.

- The years between 1964 and 1967 are a period of great peril for the United States in both the domestic and foreign fields. Mistakes will be made which may not be fully realized for a decade. America will have three Presidents in the period between 1961 and 1969.

- Pope Paul VI will leave the greatest imprint for good in the history of the papacy. Within this

century a Pope will be bodily harmed. Thereafter, the head of the Church will have a different insignia. The power will still be there, but not in the person of the Pope.

- The Republican Party will be victorious at the U.S. polls in 1968.

- The world holocaust which she foresees for the 1980's will shock mankind into spiritual renewal. A child born in the Middle East on February 5, 1962, will revolutionize the world and eventually unite all warring creeds and sects into one all-embracing faith.

This person, who has been the subject of some of Jeane Dixon's strongest, clearest visions, was born of humble peasant origin. Mankind, she says, will begin to feel the great force of this man about 1980, and his power "will grow mightily" until 1999, at which time there will be "peace on earth to all men of good will."

THE END



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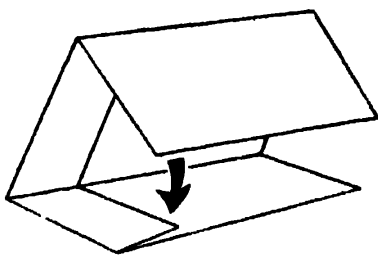
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BY WILFRED FUNK

WHETHER YOU are a businessman, a housewife or in a profession, words are your basic tools of self-expression. The following words have been taken from a recent novel. Tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 16.

- (1) **protagonist** (prō tag' onist)—A: fault-finder. B: opponent. C: bitter person. D: leading figure in a story.
- (2) **concatenation** (kon kat ē nay' shun)—A: harsh sound. B: haphazard grouping. C: linked series. D: collection of dissimilar objects.
- (3) **crotchety** (krōch' ē tī)—A: eccentric. B: forked. C: relating to embroidery. D: complaining.
- (4) **prescience** (prē' shī ens)—A: alertness. B: foreknowledge. C: awareness. D: caution.
- (5) **untoward** (un tō ward')—A: premature. B: unworthy. C: unfavourable. D: indirect.
- (6) **idiosyncrasy** (īd ī ō sing' kra sī)—A: absurdity. B: personal peculiarity. C: trick. D: foolish action.
- (7) **callous** (kal' us)—A: sickly looking. B: lacking experience. C: nonchalant. D: insensible.
- (8) **rejuvenate** (rē jōō' vē nate)—A: to bring back to life. B: say again and again. C: act childishly. D: make young.
- (9) **vendetta** (ven det' ā)—A: public auction. B: fierce rivalry. C: blood feud. D: fight to the death.
- (10) **dilatory** (dīl' ā tor ī)—A: tardy. B: lazy. C: careless. D: slovenly.
- (11) **entente** (ahn tahnt')—A: entrance. B: mutual understanding. C: relaxation of tensions. D: secret meeting.
- (12) **cadence** (kay' dens)—A: musical flourish. B: military drill formation. C: decay. D: rhythmic sequence.
- (13) **irreparable** (ī rep' ā ra b'l)—A: that cannot be repaired. B: unforgettable. C: that cannot be restrained. D: deserving blame.
- (14) **behove** (bē hove')—A: to implore. B: want to do something. C: be necessary for. D: suggest.
- (15) **aboriginal** (ab ō rīj' ī nal)—A: extremely different. B: unique. C: individualistic. D: primitive.
- (16) **empirical** (ēm pīr' ī kal)—A: having delusions of grandeur. B: based on experience. C: relating to nations under one rule. D: theoretical.
- (17) **traduce** (tra duce')—A: to slander. B: deceive. C: cheat. D: betray.
- (18) **tawdry** (taw' dri)—A: tan. B: showy and cheap. C: fake. D: shabby.
- (19) **filial** (fil' ī al)—A: faithful. B: delicate. C: of a son or daughter. D: frail.
- (20) **tendrill** (ten' drill)—A: special tool. B: small hand drum. C: type of joint in wood construction. D: clinging part of a climbing plant.

(Now turn to page 16)



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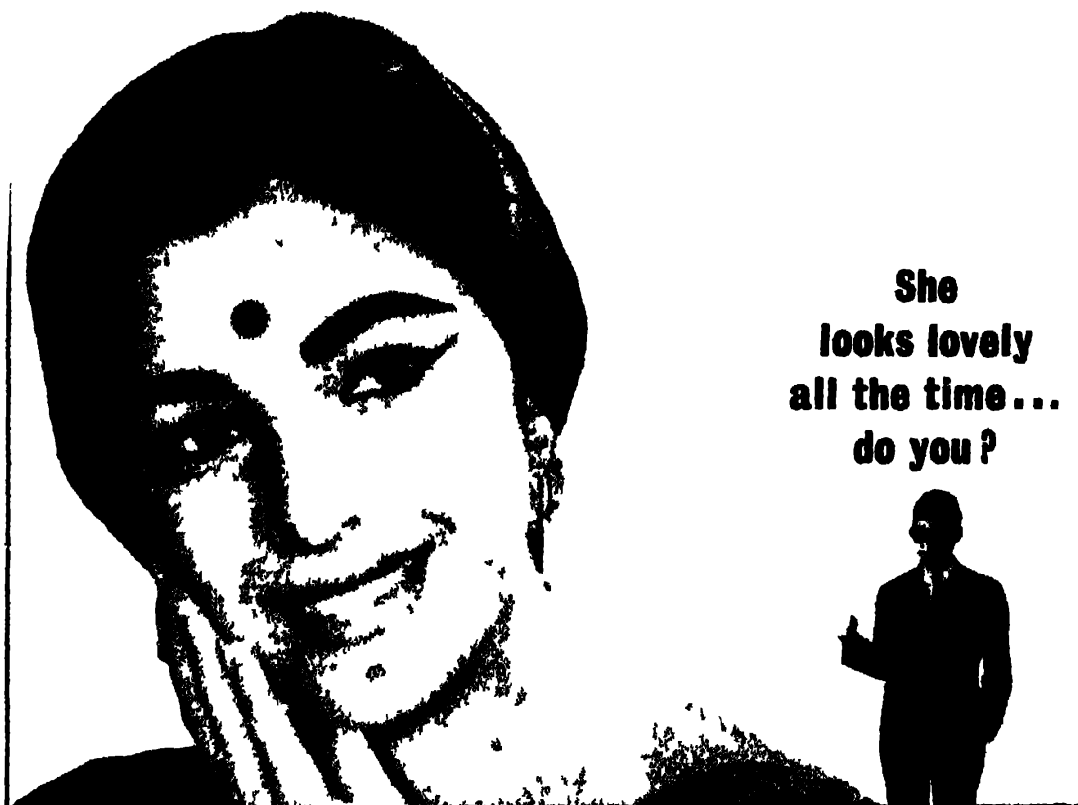
It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

Answers to the quiz on page 13

- (1) **protagonist**—D: Leading figure in a drama or story; hence, an active participant or leader. Greek *prōtagōnistēs*, from *prōtos*, "first," and *agōnistēs*, "actor."
- (2) **concatenation**—C: Linked series; union in a chainlike series; as, a *concatenation* of tragic events. Latin *concatenare*, "to link together."
- (3) **crotchety**—A: Eccentric; subject to whims or perverse notions; as, an amiable but *crotchety* fellow. Middle English *crochet*, "hook."
- (4) **prescience**—B: Foreknowledge; foresight. "His gift of *prescience* saved him from disaster." Latin *praescientia*, "knowledge of future events."
- (5) **untoward**—C: Unfavourable; inconvenient; unfortunate; as, an *untoward* accident. Old English *un-*, "not," and *tōweard*, "impending."
- (6) **idiosyncrasy**—B: Personal peculiarity; eccentricity; as, an annoying *idiosyncrasy*. Greek *idiosynkrasia*.
- (7) **callous**—D: Insensible; unfeeling; hardened; as, a *callous* manner. Latin *callus*, "hard skin."
- (8) **rejuvenate**—D: To make young; give new vigour to; renew; restore to an original state; as, to *rejuvenate* the land. Latin *re-*, "again," and *juvenis*, "youthful."
- (9) **vendetta**—C: Blood feud; quarrel continued by the family of a person wronged against the offender or his family. Latin *vindicta*, "vengeance."
- (10) **dilatory**—A: Tardy; slow; given to or characterized by delay; as, *dilatory* tactics. Latin *dilatorius*.
- (11) **entente**—B: Mutual understanding or friendly agreement between two nations; as, *Entente Cordiale* between Great Britain and France in 1904.
- (12) **cadence**—D: Rhythmic sequence; falling beat, as in music or motion; as, the *cadence* of Shakespeare's poetry. Latin *cadere*, "to fall."
- (13) **irreparable**—A: That cannot be repaired or remedied; as, *irreparable* damage. Latin *in-*, "not," and *reparabilis*, "capable of being restored."
- (14) **behove**—C: To be necessary for; be needful; be right or essential for. The word is used impersonally: "It *behoves* us to read the instructions carefully." Old English *behōfian*.
- (15) **aboriginal**—D: Primitive; indigenous; native from the earliest times; as, an *aboriginal* inhabitant. Latin *ab origine*, "from the beginning."
- (16) **empirical**—B: Based on direct experience or observation alone; as, *empirical* knowledge. Greek *empeiria*, "experience."
- (17) **traduce**—A: To slander; defame; malign; lower or disgrace the reputation of; expose to contempt or shame; as, to *traduce* a public figure. Latin *traducere*.
- (18) **tawdry**—B: Showy and cheap. From tawdry lace, a cheap type of adornment sold in the seventeenth century. Originally St. Audrey's lace.
- (19) **filial**—C: Due from a son or daughter; as, *filial* devotion. Latin *filius*, "son," *filia*, "daughter."
- (20) **tendrill**—D: Clinging part of a climbing plant; spirally coiling sensitive organ serving to attach a plant to its support. Middle French *tendron*, "young shoot."

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct		excellent
19-17 correct		good
16-14 correct		fair



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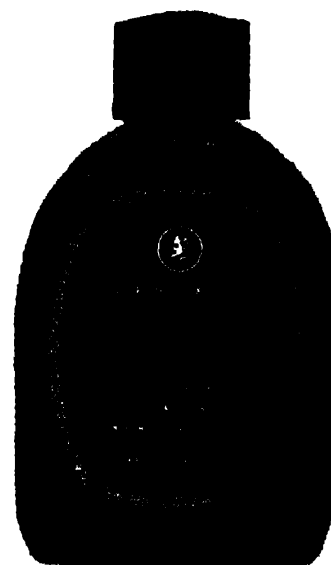
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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

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FOREIGN STUDENTS at the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies in America are very much in demand for speaking engagements at clubs in the area. After one of the Indian students had given a particularly fine talk on his country, he was congratulated on his great fund of knowledge.

"Frankly," he admitted to the group, "I learned most of it here in the U.S.A. I was asked so many questions about India I couldn't answer that I decided to read up about *my* country in *your* public library."

—RACHEL LACKEY

MY HUSBAND and I stopped at a garage after a few days' holiday by the sea. The attendant was working away diligently on our salt-encrusted windscreen. When it was spotless, he looked us over and commented, "There now—you don't need new glasses after all."

—LIZ THOLE

THE PLEASANTLY packaged young secretary was leaving the Cape Kennedy canteen after lunch, happily soaking up the appreciative stares of about 80 men still seated at the tables. When she got to the door, one of the men shouted, "There she goes!" and the entire crowd rushed towards her. She fled in panic, one jump ahead of the pack—just in time to hear the ear-splitting launching of a Titan missile.

—A. D. LAWSON

AT DINNER one evening my husband and I were in complete disagreement about the matter we were discussing.

At last, I said in exasperation, "I simply don't understand you!"

My 12-year-old daughter turned to me and said, "Mother, I understand him." Then, with the wisdom of youth, she added, "But I suppose that's not so strange. You've only known him for 15 years—and I've known him all my life."

—LILLIAN LISS

DRIVING through a drought-stricken area several years ago, we stopped in a village to get something cool to drink. A farmer who was sitting in the shade remarked, "Yes, the corn's just about ready to dry up and blow away."

"When do you think it might rain?" we asked.

He smiled sagely, "Well, it'll rain when it always does—just before it's too late."

—MRS. WELCH

OUR NEIGHBOURS were able to send their son away to camp for two weeks at very reasonable cost. It was his first holiday away from home. More than a week had gone by before the anxious parents received their first card. It read: "Dear Mum, tell Dad that I know how he can save some money next year."

—F. HOOKS

WHEN my brother was doing up a room in his house with paint ordered from a catalogue, he ran low and had to send for more. I was surprised when he received the order in only two days.

My sister-in-law explained why he got such prompt service. On the bottom of the order she had written: "Please *rush* paint before husband gets out of mood!"

—LESTER RAWSON

THE READER'S DIGEST

IN THE entrance of a building in town are some scales on which I weigh myself each time I'm there. On this particular day, as I stepped off the scales, the commissionaire came over and exclaimed, "Congratulations!"

Knowing that my achievements were not on this public a level, I suggested that he must have the wrong person.

"Indeed I don't," he retorted. "I've been working here three days, and you're the first person to get off those scales smiling." —M. B.

AN OLD rancher was being questioned about the early days in the American West. "I suppose you ranchers hated to see the settlers come?"

"No, we were glad to see them."

"Glad? I thought the cattlemen tried to run 'em off!"

The old fellow shook his head. "We helped them settle. They came with their families and kids, so seven of us ranchers got together and built a schoolhouse and sent for a teacher." There was a twinkle in his eyes. "And then us ranchers married the first seven teachers." —BETTY SWORDS

MAKING THE rounds of the art museums with my daughter, I noticed at one of them a number of visitors wearing earphones; they were listening to lectures on the paintings, I was told. So at the next gallery we visited, I was only momentarily puzzled when an attendant handed me two small, black, roundish objects and motioned me to a bench near the entrance. I wasn't sure why I had been singled out, and his whispered directions were unclear, but I thought I understood: These little rubber gadgets were a new kind

of earphone. After some manoeuvring I managed to install one in—or almost in—an ear.

As I waited for the sound to begin, my daughter, who had wandered away, suddenly reappeared. She stared in horror. "Get that thing out of your ear!" she gasped. "He told you to put them on your *heels*!"

Realization dawned: I was the only one wearing spike-heeled shoes! Frantically I snatched the "earphone" from my ear, covered my offending heels and marched past the attendants on to the gallery's priceless inlaid floors. —MRS. C. J.

ONE AFTERNOON while I was getting ready to go out to tea, I asked my husband—a history teacher who loves and lives his work—to check the number of my hostess's house. There was mild reproof in his voice as he looked up from the telephone book and said, "You shouldn't have any trouble remembering that. It's the year the Visigoths sacked Rome!" —MRS. L. HOWE

AFTER a near collision in a taxi, I remarked that the question of who has the right of way in New York seems to be a debatable one. The driver offered this profound observation: "Lady, the right of way isn't something you have, it's something somebody gives you. And if he doesn't, brother, you ain't got it!" —E. M.

WHEN MOTHER was asked if she planned to lead a more active social life now that her daughters were away at school, she had a quick reply: "No, I'm afraid not," she said. "It's true I have gained a car, but I've lost a wardrobe." —C. M. DONAHUE

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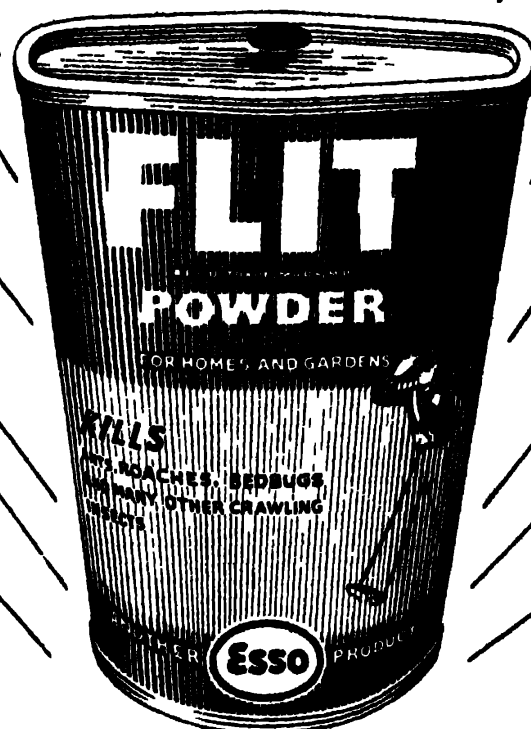
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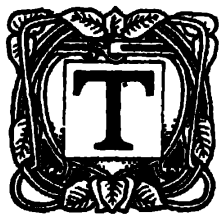


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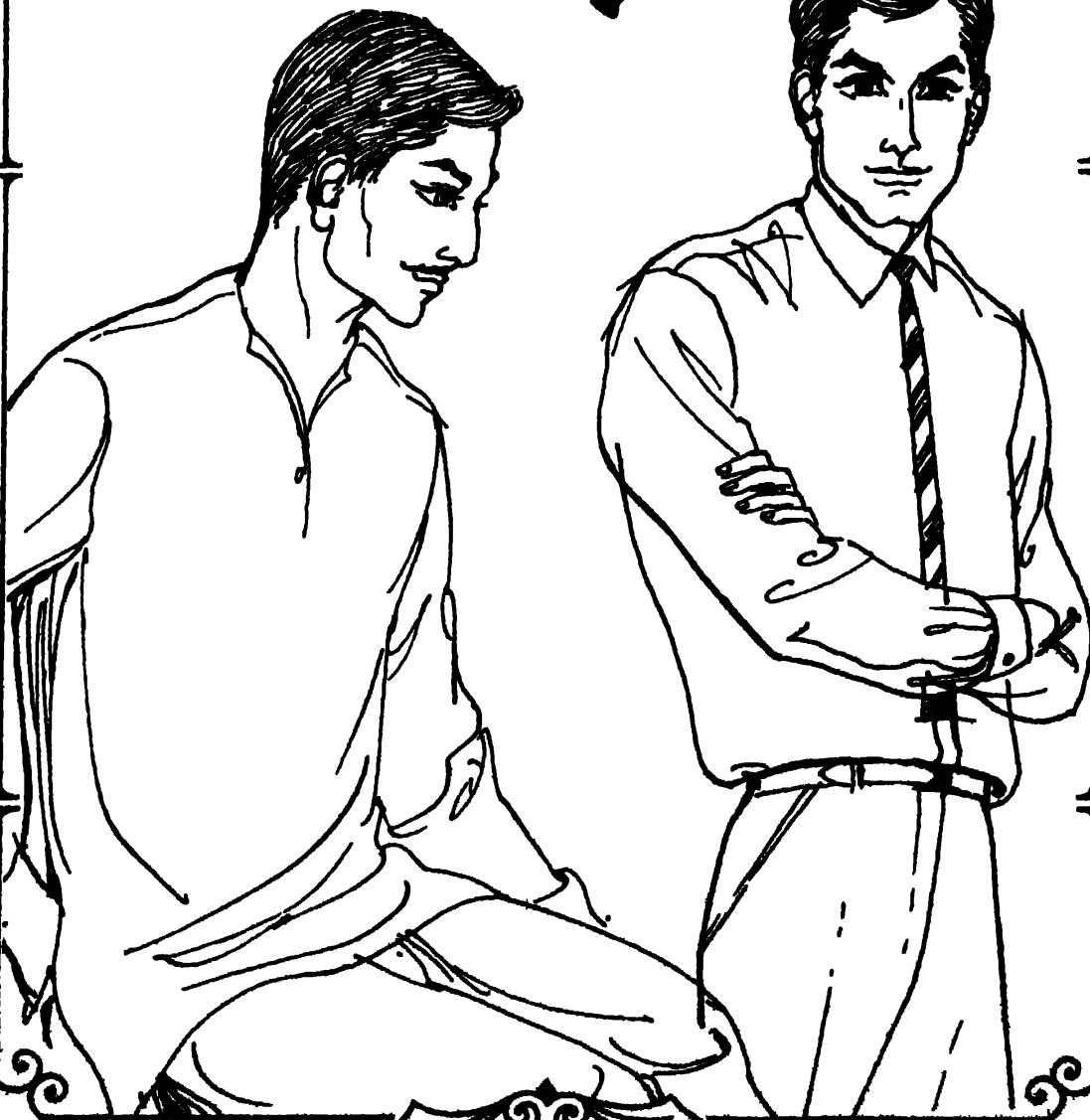


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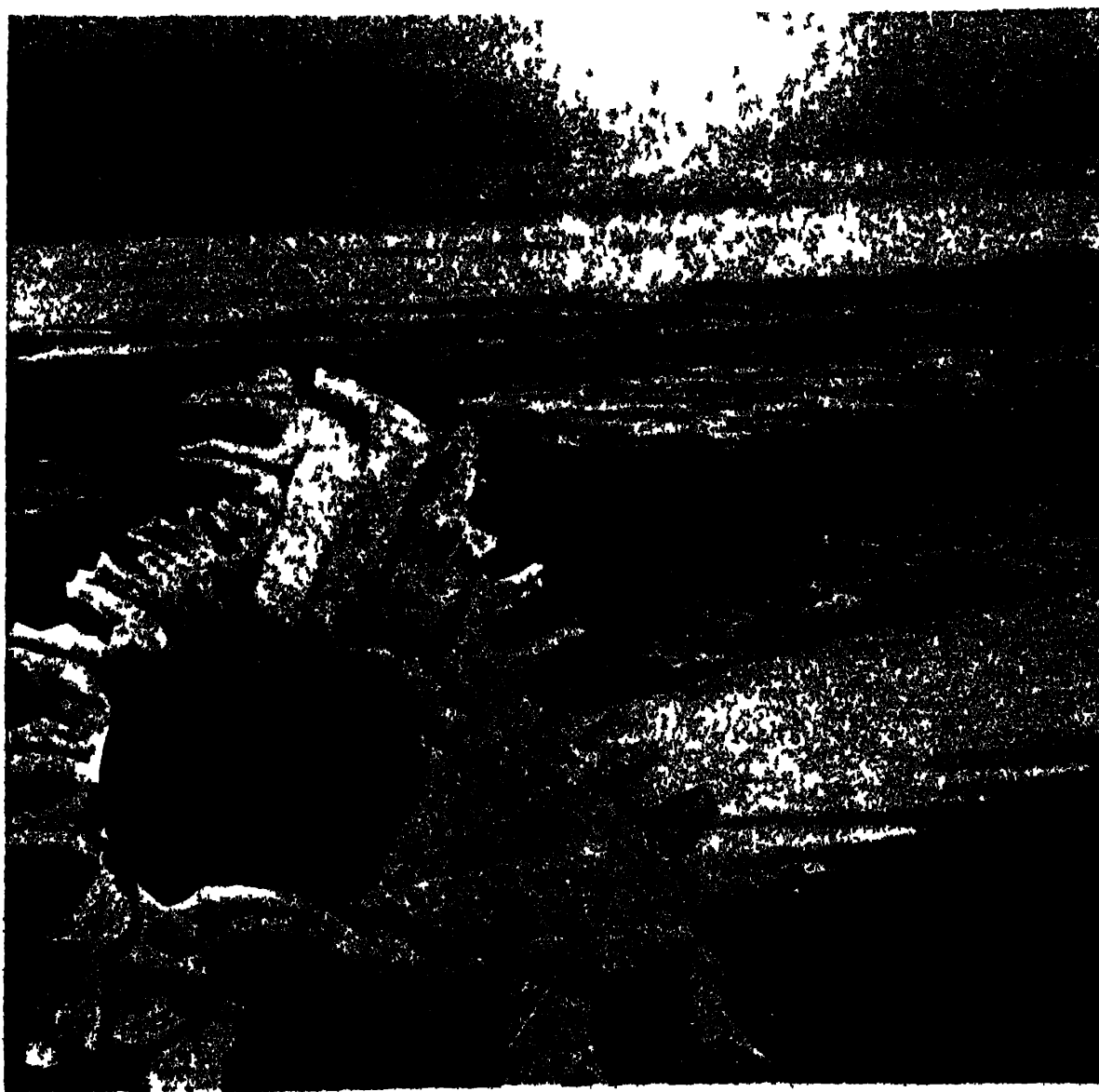
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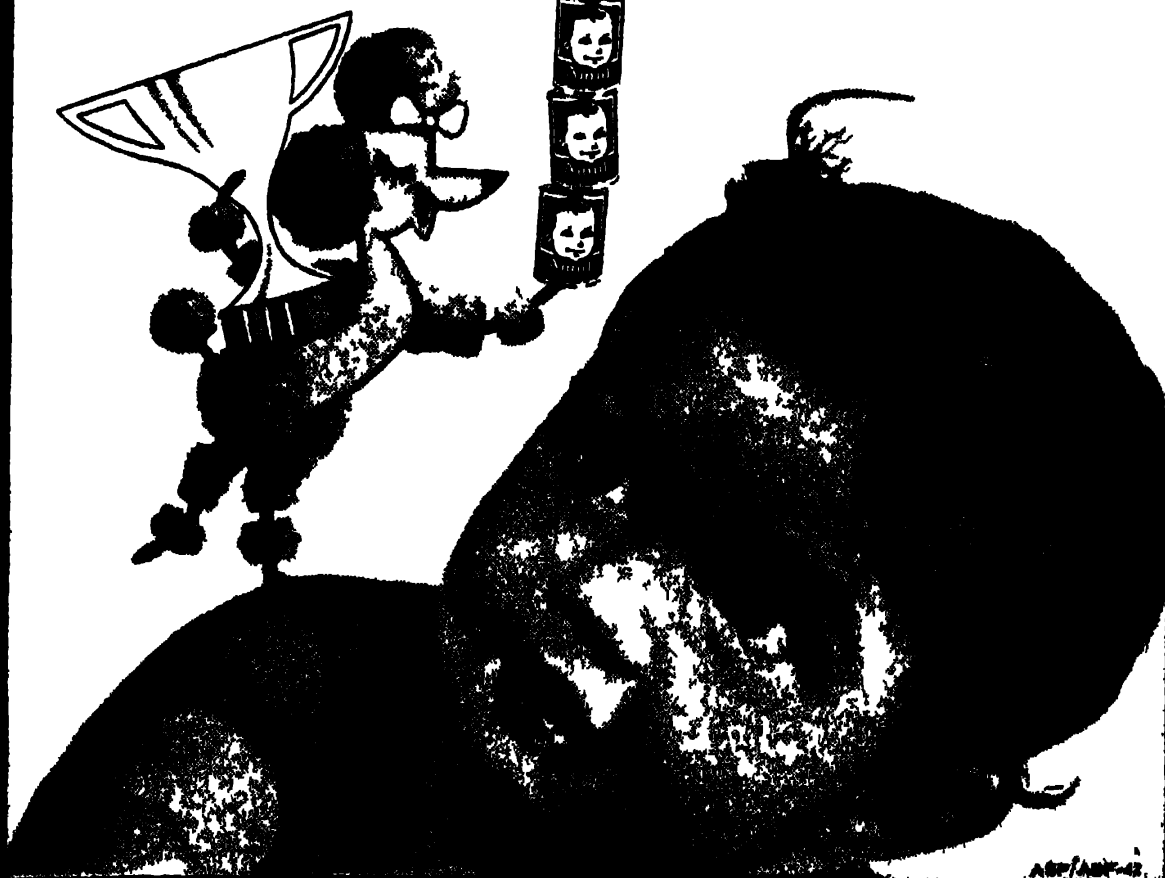
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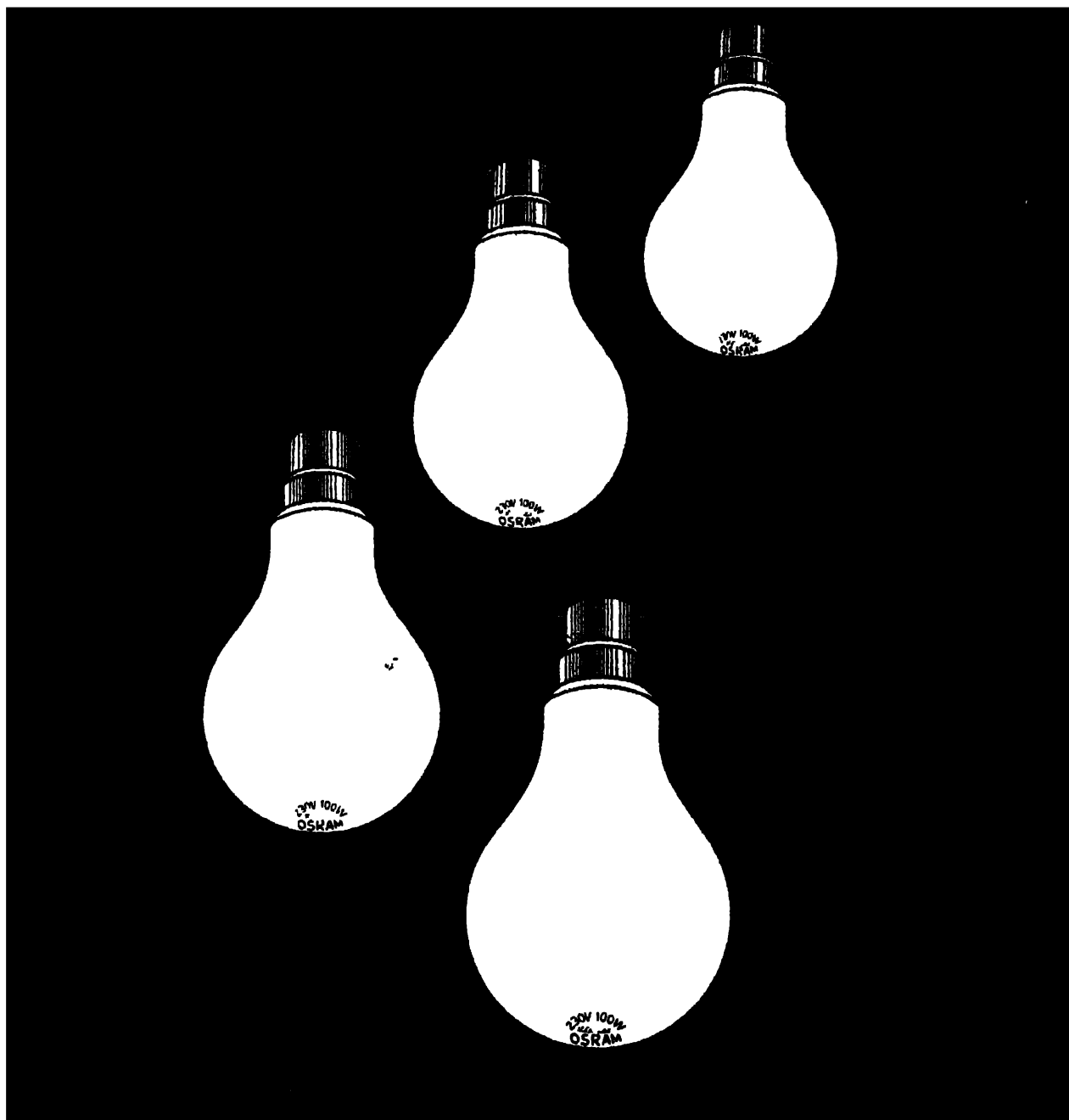
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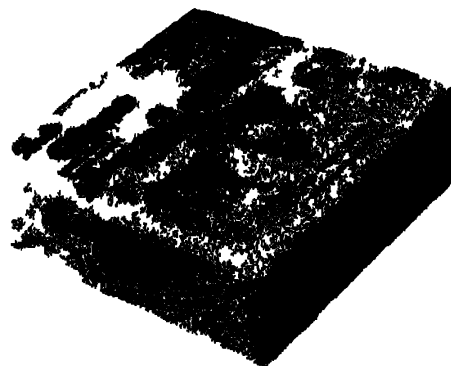
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A YOUNG MOTHER thought it was time to break her little boy of thumb-sucking, and she decided to do it by psychology. "Now, tell me, Johnny, does your thumb taste nice?"

"No," the boy admitted.

"Is it good to chew on?"

The boy shook his head.

"Then what is good about sucking your thumb?"

"Well," the boy said after some thought, "it's non-fattening."

—Frances Benson

NEAR Philadelphia, there are hamlets with such names as Bird in Hand and King of Prussia. A retired Philadelphian, satisfying a long-time urge, packed his belongings in a trailer and travelled to California. Upon arrival, he took his car to a garage for servicing and found himself the subject of red-carpet treatment.

The mystery was solved when he saw one garage attendant showing another the name and address attached to the steering column of his car. The label read: Wesley Holmes, King of Prussia.

—AP

JOHN AND MARY were celebrating their fiftieth wedding anniversary, and the house was filled with relatives and

friends. As the bride and groom of half a century prepared to cut a replica of their wedding-cake, a friend who knew the marriage had sometimes been a stormy one, called out, "How did you two ever put up with each other for 50 years?"

With a twinkle in his eye, John put his arm round Mary and replied, "We'd rather fight than swop."

—N. A. K.

NATHANIEL AVERY, caddie for golfer Arnold Palmer in his victorious Masters Tournaments, says, "We work as a team—I hand him the clubs and he makes the shots."

—Quote

A WOMAN, trying to persuade her daughter to wear her hair in a shorter style, lost the argument when her daughter exclaimed: "But, Mother, my boy-friend wears *his* hair longer than *that!*"

—W. G. H.

I WAS talking to a Frenchman on holiday at Miami Beach. "You Americans!" he said. "You are really crazy! You see a beautiful woman. You whistle. Why give them warning?"

—Bernie Allen

ELABORATE preparations had been made for the forthcoming fête at our local school. My small son came home one day with this advance warning: "When you come to school, Mum, be on the look-out for the head mistress. She goes into the crowd and disguises herself as a person!"

—M. K.

A PROSPECTIVE starlet laid it on the line to her manager: "Do I buy a sweater too small and become a star, or a sweater too large and become a folksinger?"

—L. G.

THE READER'S DIGEST

RADIO personality Ed Fitzgerald lives opposite New York's St. Jean Baptiste Church. Not long ago he noticed that a stone cherub on the spire had toppled over. Telephoning the church, he said, "I'd like to report a fallen angel."

—Jack O'Brian

U.S. SECRETARY of Defence Robert McNamara tells friends that when a man is bald in front it indicates he's a thinker. When he's bald at the back, it indicates he's sexy. And when the baldness at the back meets the baldness in front, then it's just a man who thinks he's sexy.

—Leonard Lyons

MY NEIGHBOUR's son Robert was rather young to be an usher at a big wedding, but he was quickly indoctrinated into the correct procedure. "Are you a guest of the bride or groom?" he was instructed to say before seating a person on the right or left side of the church, as the case might be.

Imagine our surprise when we heard Robert ask, as he graciously approached the first arrival, "Madam, whose side are you on?"

—Mrs. Charles Dolhonde

A MAN said to his barber, "I need a good haircut. My wife and I are flying to Rome, where we'll stay at the Excelsior and have an audience with the Pope."

"You won't like it," the barber said. "That flight's the world's worst. The Excelsior's a dump. Rome's drab at this time of year. You'll be one of a thousand at your audience—and probably in the back row." Three weeks later the man came in for another haircut. "How was the trip?" the barber asked.

"The flight was superb—not a bump, meals delicious and the air hostess took care of everything," he said. "The Excelsior was first-rate in every respect, and Rome was beautiful beyond description. My wife and I had a private audience with the Pope. He talked to us for a few minutes, and put his hand on my head to bless me. Then he said, 'What a terrible haircut! You should change your barber.'"

—Gene Brown

JOHN, an exceptionally gifted child, was not doing well at school. His teacher, convinced that the problem was his desire to be popular with the other boys, arranged for a psychologist to interview him. At one point the psychologist asked, "Who wrote *Hamlet*?"

Tired of all the questioning Johnny replied, "How do I know? Children my age don't read Shakespeare!"

—Edward Moorhead

FROM THE world of Iron-Curtain humour comes the story of a young musician travelling by train from Warsaw to Moscow. As he sat in his compartment reading a musical score, a fellow passenger, actually in the secret police, attempted to decipher it. Unable to do so, the agent arrested the musician for espionage, claiming that the score was a secret code.

"But it's only a fugue by Bach," protested the musician as he was dragged off.

The next day, still protesting his innocence, he was brought before the commissar of police, "Well, comrade, you might as well talk," said the commissar. "Bach has already confessed."

—D.A.C.



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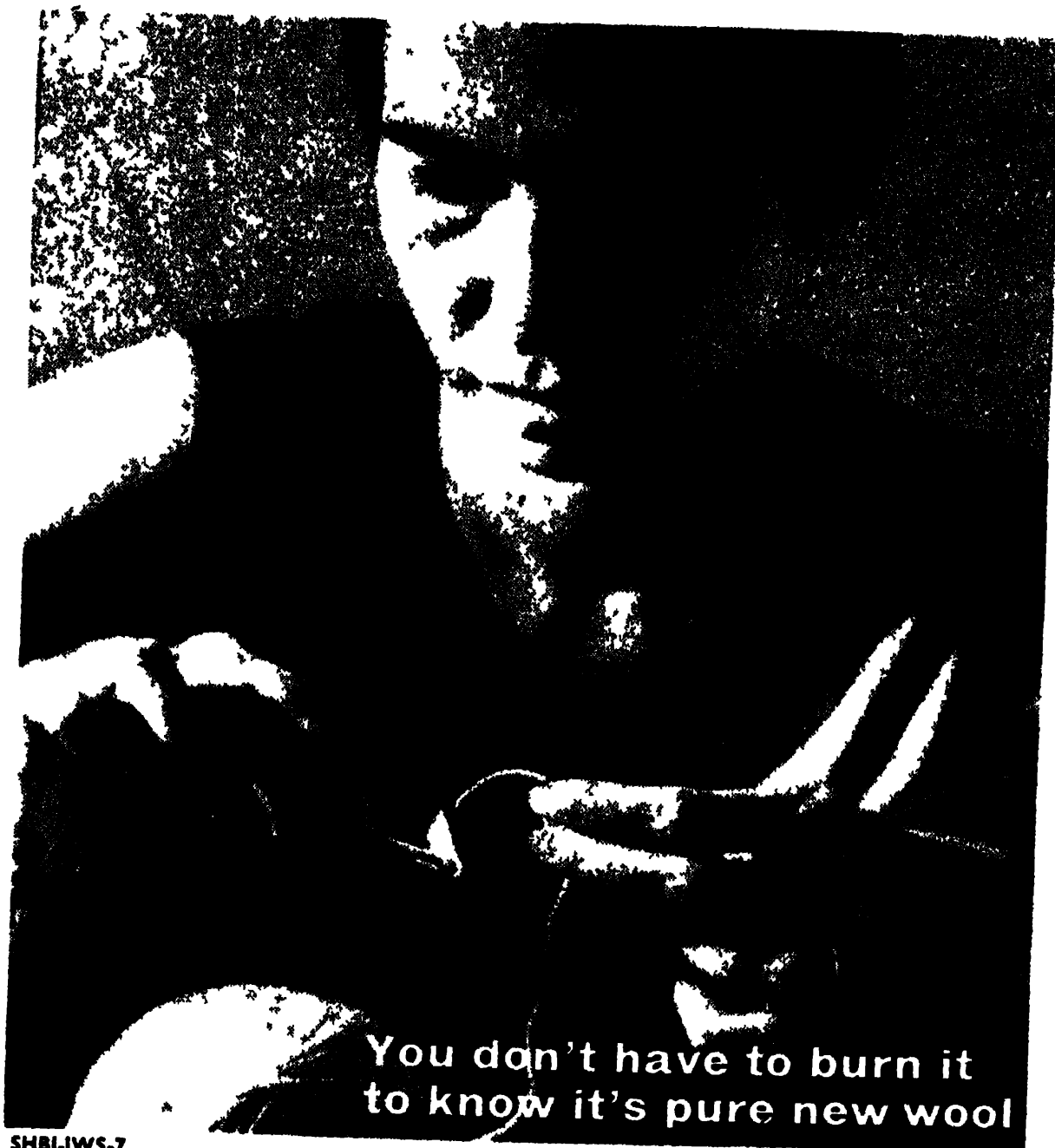
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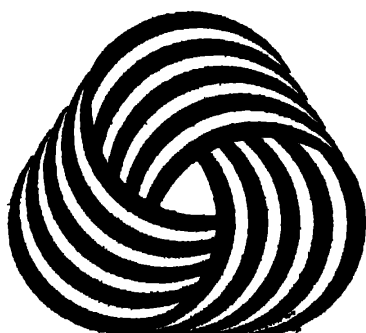
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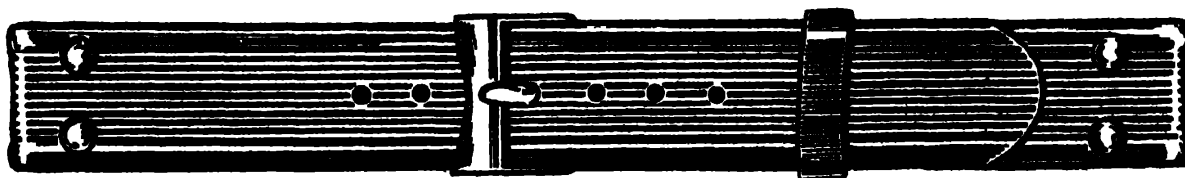
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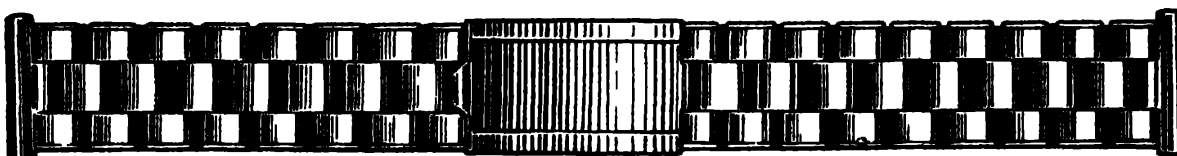




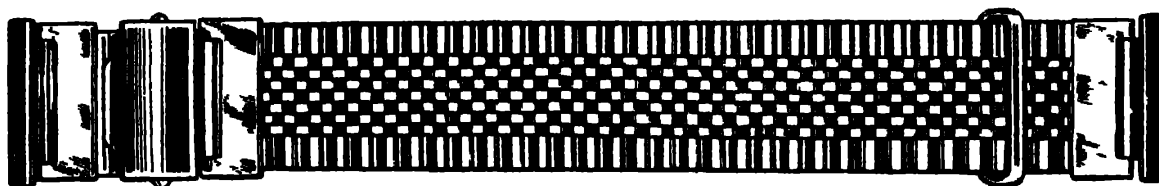
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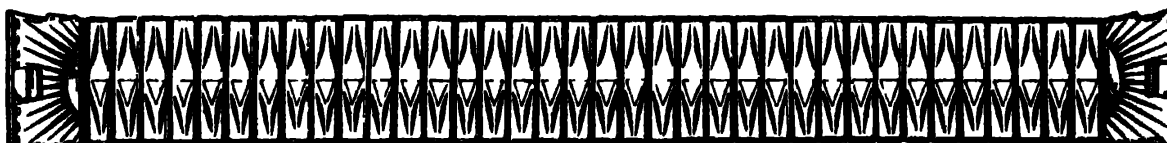
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India's Family Fortune

BY SANTHA RAMA RAU

The well-known writer explains to her American friends how the wealth of the Indian people lies in the rich fabric of their daily lives

SO OFTEN in the years I have lived away from India I have heard the pleasant enquiry, "How is your family?" It makes me realize that it is virtually impossible to translate the question into my native language, Hindi. In India, you would ask, "Is everyone well in your house?"

The point is that hardly ever do we, in India, use the word "family" in the sense of, perhaps, only a husband and wife and their children. In India, a family would mean something much closer to a clan, including numerous near and distant relatives. In the Indian household, with all its diverse

relationships, you learn to become a part of the world surrounding you.

I once quoted to a Western friend a familiar Indian saying, "Every Hindu girl's ambition is to be a mother-in-law." My friend looked puzzled. "Why a mother-in-law?" she asked.

Whatever rights may be denied a Hindu woman by society, in the intricate and all-embracing realm of her home she is supreme. Living with a husband and wife often will be all their sons and daughters-in-law, all their grandchildren, and possibly, if the grandsons are old enough to be married, there will be the great-grandchildren as well.

The senior woman in the home, the mother-in-law, controls this empire—which requires all her skill, tact and administrative competence.

Besides the immediate members of the family, there will also be distant relatives who, for one reason or another, have a right to be part of this large family organization—a widowed cousin, an uncle without a family of his own or a maiden aunt. Relatives from near and far have the right to come and “visit” for a week, six months, the rest of their lives, and nobody will question their presence. After all, what is a family for?

I can remember from my grandmother's household an elderly cousin who used to visit us daily. He came to our house not to share our company, but because he was too stingy to buy his own newspaper. At six every evening, a chair would be set out for him in our garden, our newspaper on it, weighted down with a stone to keep the rising night breeze from disarranging it. He would arrive, settle himself comfortably, enjoy the lovely colours of the Indian evening, read the paper and then leave. Often he would not exchange a word with any member of the household. Why should he? In the Indian view, the horizons of a family should be wide. No one in the family, and certainly not an older member, is ever thrown on the rubbish heap. All remain cherished and respected members.

When I first returned to India

after four years at an American university, my family was bursting with curiosity about my exotic adventures. The question that interested me most came from a very old relative, a lady who was partly deaf and nearly blind. “Tell me,” she said, “is it really true that some old women in America live alone?”

“Yes,” I admitted. “There isn't always room for old people in the household of a newly married couple.”

“Oh,” she said, “how very sad!”

“But the old people often prefer to have a place of their own.”

“I wasn't talking about the *old*,” she told me in a sharply impatient voice. “I mean, how very sad for the *young*.”

No wonder there is no true equivalent in India for the word “family”

Santha Rama Rau



in the limited Western sense. In every Asian family there is not only space, but necessity for all these many relationships and their diverse contributions. The Indian household encompasses a consideration of a world of people that may not be to every member's taste—but all of whom deserve equal consideration.

Where, in a milieu so busy with people, is there any room for privacy, for the development of individual preference, taste or talent? It is to be found in the peculiarly Indian art of "being private in public."

In India, the need to refresh one's mind in solitude, to recover from what has been described as "people-fatigue," to renew inner resources of energy and interest, is deeply understood and respected. Suppose you were one of the younger women in a "joint family" household and wanted some time to yourself, free from the incessant demands of people or chores. You would simply express your wish for a period of meditation—an hour, a day or even longer—knowing that such a request, perhaps a little bizarre in the West, would be accepted without surprise. Other people would take over your work and you would be expected to repay their courtesy in kind.

The importance of contemplation and interior equilibrium runs as a constant thread through the fabric of Indian life. Mahatma Gandhi used to reserve every Monday as his

"day of silence," a time of thought uninterrupted by his own or outside voices. I know hard-headed businessmen who regularly spend the hour after they return home from work in Yogi exercises and in thought—a habit that elicits no raised eyebrows from relatives or friends or even business colleagues.

If "privacy in public" is a quality to be valued, equally urgent is the need to get along harmoniously with a whole series of disparate people who are not of one's own choosing. Even a Hindu husband and wife don't choose each other; they are given a situation engineered by their elders which they must accept with all its sudden intimacies. Indian life has various ways of coping with the exacerbations of daily living which Westerners might profitably consider, for the problem is not peculiar to India. All of us spend part of every day with people who are not, strictly speaking, of our choosing: employers, fellow employees, teachers, fellow students, the shop assistant, the other passengers in the train or bus, even our neighbours.

Ideally, the person shaped by the Indian family learns that he must use *all* available relationships—not just those that he has chosen—to enrich, not impoverish life, to expand, not diminish, his view of the world and his place in it. The way of enduring an unchosen relationship, in other words, is to use it to recharge one's life.

How is this done? Let me give

you a few clues. Think again of the "mother-in-law" who is in charge of an orthodox Hindu family. She must be an arbiter in quarrels, a consolers in sorrow, a confidante, a guide in the inevitable problems of community living, a source of spiritual strength, reminder of moral values. She sustains her spirit in all these relationships by drawing from all of these people what *they* have to offer spiritually, emotionally, as people. This is possible only on the basis of a sense of respect for people—not merely the young but the old, not merely in the sense of the gratitude that one owes to one's parents but in a genuine value placed upon their presence and an appreciation of what they can contribute to the life of the people around them.

Once an old and dearly loved aunt of mine, to whom I presented a personal problem, answered placidly, "Dear child, ask only one question: Who is the master, your desires or yourself?" I have often pondered her question and used it to guide me, and so I am glad that my family was big enough to make room for her.

An Indian family is further enriched by the fact that grouping by age is much less common than in the

West. I have often seen children playing together—and taking care of babies in the family at the same time. Older boys do not feel imposed on if they have to help younger children. Young adults do not expect to associate mostly with people of their own age. A party automatically means that people of all ages are invited.

At a theatrical performance in any Indian village, where the great episodes from the epic literature of their heritage are presented, a husband and wife will take the children, carry the ones who are too young to walk, see that the aged have "leaning-on" sticks to help them along, summon the sceptical teenagers who may find the classics too boring for their taste, and set off as a genuinely "family party" to the evening's entertainment.

Such exposure to so many people makes for, not conformity, but diversity, as each individual richly reflects the many different combinations of people to whom he has been exposed.

In all the various ways of family living—individual retreat, public expression and the right to a personal view of the world—India offers the key to a rich, human life.

Memory Aid

Do you want to remember what you read? Close your eyes and tell it to yourself in a "Did-you-know-that?" tone of voice. And then reply to yourself with an astonished, "You don't say!"

—Margery Wilson, *How to Live Beyond Your Means*

The Amazing American Boom

Never has the Affluent Society been more in evidence than in the United States today. Some experts see an era of permanent prosperity ahead; others are not so hopeful

AMERICANS TODAY possess 69 million cars, 89.5 million telephones, 60 million television sets and 7.7 million pleasure boats. They spend at an annual rate of Rs. 198,550 crores, and if they haven't got the ready money to buy what they want, they cheerfully go into debt—to the current tune of Rs. 125,400 crores.

All this is the product of the greatest peacetime prosperity the United States has ever known—a giddy economic world of booming production, rising personal incomes and, wonder of wonders, declining taxes.

American consumers, tuned in perfectly to the tomtom beat of better and better business, seem hell-bent on improving their standard of living. A recent survey found that 55 per cent of Americans interviewed count as necessities items once classed as luxuries. Four out of five, for instance, say they must have washing machines; nearly seven out

of ten say they can't do without air conditioning; and more than half wouldn't think of living without wall-to-wall carpeting. On top of this, 20 per cent admit to buying things they don't really need.

The plain fact is that hordes of Americans don't know what it's like to scrape together a living. Some 45 per cent of the entire population was born after the last war started, hence has never lived through a really sharp slump. As one economist put it, "The younger generation takes for granted the material things that its parents often had to wait 20 years to acquire."

New Tension, New Products. Americans today accept as commonplace spending that would astound visitors from other lands. They will lay out something like Rs. 14,250 crores for holiday trips this year—a record, of course. Close on 50,000 private swimming pools were installed last year (average price:

Condensed from Newsweek

Rs. 17,570). Retailers expect to sell 2.2 million colour television sets this year as against 1.4 million in 1964.

Americans will lavish nearly Rs. 1,425 crores on boats and their upkeep in 1965 (ten per cent ahead of last year). And they will spend more than Rs. 712 crores on their lawns, including the purchase of some 4.5 million motor mowers.

All this affluence creates a new set of tensions for businessmen. Many of the wants are created (with the help of Rs. 6,650 crores a year in advertising outlays) and gradually turn into needs as people wonder how they ever did without. There is, consequently, a premium on new products. The average supermarket shopper is exposed to about 100 new items each week.

Some products seem naturals for success. General Electric, for instance, was confident that women would buy its self-cleaning electric oven, costing Rs. 356 more than standard models, to be rid of the disagreeable oven-cleaning chore. Housewives *have* bought, and GE says its oven is "a tremendous success." But vast numbers of other new items have no clear-cut advantage. Eight out of every ten new products are failures. Thus does the age of affluence, of discretionary spending, create the fabled executive ulcer.

But the bold, wise and lucky are rewarded. Who would have thought that a good many Americans would take to electric adding machines for

the home? One firm pioneered a sales effort with a Rs. 425 model, and last year the industry sold 335,000 units.

The old tin opener, carving knife and toothbrush have done a perfectly adequate job for generations. But, intrigued by the convenience, novelty or prestige, swarms of shoppers now happily buy electric versions at many times the price of the conventional models. Last year 3.9 million automatic tin openers were sold, plus 3.4 million electric toothbrushes. The electric knife was introduced only two years ago, and already more than 25 companies are competing for a slice of the five-million-units market that will probably develop this year.

Is there a fly at all in the rich, soothing ointment? To William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, there is. Last June, Martin publicly professed to find "disquieting similarities between our present prosperity and the fabulous '20's" when the United States sailed blithely into the crash of 1929.

To be sure, Martin acknowledged that "we may take comfort in important differences" between the two eras. But the weight of his remarks was unmistakable: the current business expansion is in danger of overheating, and the time may well be at hand to cool it off.

So far, however, those who talk of a likely recession amount to only a small chorus. Overwhelmingly,

businessmen agree with the President's Council of Economic Advisers, which reported in May: "There is every reason to expect a great many more months of good economic expansion. So far, we see none of the traditional signs that have marked the beginning of the end of prosperity." In fact, the CEA has begun to speak of "the beginning of a new era," in which the historic rhythm of boom or bust may no longer be inevitable.

It's still too early to predict, with any certainty, the shape of 1966. But the experts are closely watching two things for important clues.

One is capital spending. "If businessmen raise their sights on expansion, we will have continued strength in the economy for next year," says CEA chairman Ackley. Commerce Secretary John Connor predicts that capital investment "is going to continue heavy into next year and the year following." But there is no consensus on the expansion outlook yet.

The other is something called "fiscal drag." When the government pays out more money than it collects in taxes, it creates purchasing power for individuals and businessmen to spend on everything from furniture to factories. When, on the other hand, the government collects more in taxes than it pays out, it withdraws purchasing power. This can help knock down prices, but unfortunately it acts as a brake on the entire economy. That's fiscal drag.

Social Security taxes are due to rise in 1966, pulling more money out of the economy. On top of this, the Treasury reckons that it will collect Rs. 3,325 crores more in income taxes each year, at current tax rates, if the economy continues to grow at 5.5 per cent a year. Offsetting this somewhat would be the higher Social Security benefits expected to be paid out in 1966 and the Rs. 2,232 crore excise-tax cut.

But that still leaves a drag of about Rs. 2,850 crores a year. Treasury Secretary Fowler has appointed a committee to study the situation. Among possible recommendations: higher spending, a new tax cut, or a delay of the scheduled increase in Social Security taxes.

The vagueness about 1966 may be frustrating to the consumer and businessman looking for solid advice. It is ironic, in fact, that the experts are more positive about the next decade than about the next year. They can project long-term trends, but can't spot possible peaks and valleys in between. And the one long-range certainty is that the economy will continue to grow—as population, purchasing power and jobs also expand.

Meanwhile, businessmen, government officials and economists are watching the road just ahead. Many of them are confident that they can help to steer the business cycle as well as ride it. In this sense, at least, the affluent American economist has entered a new era.



NUREYEV LIVES TO DANCE

By HUBERT SAAL

In a class by himself, his star quality has lifted Britain's Royal Ballet to new heights of popularity

HE HAS CRUEL high cheek bones, flowing fair hair, burning brown eyes, and a powerful, extraordinarily graceful body. They queue for hours to see him. And after the last curtain they stand and cheer, defying the houselights, summoning forth one last regal bow.

Rudolf Nureyev, son of a peasant, is the reigning prince of dancers.

Condensed from Newsweek

NUREYEV LIVES TO DANCE

Wherever he dances, he generates a rare excitement and enthusiasm. Covent Garden audiences shower the stage with flowers and chant, "We want Rudi." Said Sir David Webster, director of the Royal Opera House: "Nureyev raises the temperature around here."

His kind of dancing—star quality—is a blessing and a curse. The great dancers usually burn themselves out at an early age. Since the legendary Nijinsky, it has taken nearly 50 years for another superstar to come along with whom he can be compared.

"I am myself," says Nureyev. His self, his individualism, has been the mainspring of his dancing and his life. The dancer, now 27, was born on a train, and this has always symbolized his rootlessness to him. "I have no country," he says. "For me a country is just a place to dance. Your roots are your work. Work is sacred."

He grew up in Tartary, in Bashkir, east of the Urals, obsessed with the Kirov Ballet school in far-off Leningrad and determined to get there in spite of strenuous parental objections.

"My father was a peasant in a family of many children. The government gave him everything, and he sacrificed his whole life for Russia. He was the most honest man I ever met. But I don't want his honesty. If somebody's born different, then he must be different."

At 17, late for a dancer, Nureyev

won grudging admission to the Kirov.

Outspoken, unsociable, independent, he made it quickly clear to the Kirov that it had caught a Tartar by the tail. "They, the company, fed me, taught me, thought for me," he says. "And in return they owned me. I wanted to own myself." Nureyev made a spectacular leap to freedom.

In 1961, during the Kirov Ballet's Paris season, he avoided his countrymen, found French friends, and tasted the heady wine of the West. It was only at Le Bourget airport, from where the company was flying to its London engagement, that he realized something was wrong. "Some of the ballerinas were crying and looking at me. They wouldn't usually cry for me—they didn't even like me." For "dangerous individualism," he was being sent back to Russia. Clearly it meant the end of foreign travel, and permanent obscurity as a dancer. "I would rather have died," he said.

A friend described the scene. "Nureyev, green with fright, was followed closely by two Russian bodyguards. He kept saying, 'This is terrible, this is terrible. I won't go back!'"

"At last he cried out in anguish for help. Two French officials were hastily summoned, into whose arms Nureyev hurled himself, gasping, 'I want to stay!'"

"They put me into a room to think it over," Nureyev recalled. "I

think about the hundreds of millions of Russians and the hundreds of millions of Chinese and beside them me—little me. But I know that little me was more important than all the hundreds of millions. A bird must fly."

He was suddenly sober. "I know then that I never go back to my own country and that I never be happy in yours." Then, in his mercurial way, he smiled: "And I'll die on exactly the day I want."

In Paris, Nureyev was the avatar of Rousseau's noble savage, innocent of civilization's taint. He had a primitive fear of injections, had never been in a taxi, and was described by actress Jeanne Moreau as "a frightened, wild animal."

He was a born outsider, even when six months later he went to London at the invitation of Dame Margot Fonteyn. He lived in a succession of furnished rooms, rejecting all possessions except a rapidly growing record collection which he carted about like the crown jewels of Tsarist Russia. Of manners he knew little. It took him months to learn to say good morning. Please and thank you took longer.

But there is a Russian proverb: "If you live like the wolves, you howl like the wolves." In Russia Nureyev had earned Rs. 1,425 a month. As that doubled, trebled, sky-rocketed to Rs. 11,875 a performance, he began to display understandable avarice. He began

acquiring loot—expensive cine-camera and gold watch, a bulging wardrobe, Rs. 3,325-a-month furnished flats, a Rs. 5 lakhs villa in France, a Rs. 50,000 Mercedes-Benz.

Like a bullfighter or boxing champion, wherever he goes Nureyev is surrounded by fawning admirers. Yet he seems more alone than ever, his face both hunted and haunted by the curious crowds. "I should probably miss it if they didn't stare," he says. "This is why I dance." And he added, "Show people are sacrifice people."

Nureyev's temperament is perverse and explosive. His emotions spin like a weather vane, to laughter, to sullenness. Sensitive, extremely intelligent, he says things that are deliberately misleading or meaningless. "You have to crucify others to survive," he insists. "Sophistication is crucifixion. Sophistication is survival."

At a party for Gian Carlo Menotti, he received a glass of wine as he entered and was informed that everyone was helping himself to spaghetti. Angered by a rude remark, he tossed the wine from his glass and cried, "Nureyev is *served* his spaghetti!"

That Nureyev had fled to the West was not made public in Russia for two years, and then it was announced through a vicious personal attack on him by Serge Lifar, the dancer. But Nureyev never says a word against Russia. "It's all algebra, it's equations, Russia, the

West, both equal." Had it made no difference that he had left Russia for the West? "Ah," he answered, "my equal is different from theirs."

What had freedom meant to him then? "I'm left here alone for my disaster or my good. It's true that's why I came—but here when you need somebody, you haven't anybody. It was like jumping into the cold water naked. Sometimes I don't want to be individual."

Nureyev has preserved a rigorous artistic discipline. His development as an artist has been rapid. He has contributed more than star magnitude to the Royal Ballet. His profound musicality and astonishing memory for entire ballets have enriched the repertoire with Russian versions of ballets like *Raymonda*, *La Bayadère*, and parts of *Swan Lake*. As a choreographer, more and more boldly Nureyev has introduced his own phrasing into his revivals.

His own dancing expresses equally the primitive and the refined. He can be a romantic, all command and colour. Or he can be as refined as a diamond, catching with every leap and revolution the sparkling spectrum that is dance at its most brilliant.

The force and precision of his dancing obscure the lyric quality, the easy transitions from one step and tempo to another. He does not explode like dynamite on stage. Instead he gathers his strength slowly, like a rocket rising, in motion all



economy. Significantly, Nureyev's choreography glorifies the male dancer. Yet with the acrobatics and the gallant lifting, he promotes the kind of delicacy that enables the male to match the ballerina, step for step. "Why not?" Nureyev asks. "*A pas de deux* is a dialogue of love. How can there be conversation if one partner is dumb?"

He is an exceptional teacher. Dancers rehearse for him with a zeal that combines respect and adoration—and he responds with good humour, patience and sternness. When one girl, at the end of a long day, rebelled after he asked her for the thousandth time to repeat a taxing step, he said, "I want. You must." She did. "You see," he said, "here is Russian, teaching English girls how to be Spanish gypsies in the French language."

When he demonstrates, the studio,

THE READER'S DIGEST

mirrored on three walls, becomes alive with Nureyevs, soaring in on every side like an endless army. In that tight small world, the prison of the ballet, it is clear that Nureyev is at home, that here confusion becomes clarity and he is free.

Asked to speculate on the future

he says, "When I look into the crystal ball—I see another crystal ball."

When pressed, he adds, "I see my life as a logical progression, from small town, to school, to the West, to the world. Who knows, I may yet be Icarus and fly to the sun."



From Foreign Parts

It is reported that an Italian has invented an electric fork, operated by a tiny battery, which automatically winds on the spaghetti.

AT A RECENT film festival a Swedish entry was specifically praised by critics for its brevity. It was then discovered that the projectionist had unwittingly failed to show one of the reels of the film. No one had missed it at all.

FOR PARENTS who sometimes feel their teenage children should be in a padded cell, a builder in Texas is providing just that in a model home. The special room, equipped with telephone, radio, record player and study facilities, is coated with five layers of foam-rubber padding to muffle sounds.

AT SAN ANDRÉS, Colombia, a young secretary was arrested and fined 500 pesos for appearing in a topless bikini on the beach. The fine was paid by a male admirer who passed a hat among the crowd.

TAB-TOP beer cans are being used by oceanographers in their study of undersea geology off the coast of Baja California, Mexico. In recent dives, tab-top beer cans thrown overboard by Mexican fishermen were found buried under two inches of sediment. Since the scientists know the cans first appeared in the area a year ago, they can ascertain the rate at which sediment there is building up. They say the cans give a better dating method than fossils or carbon-14 tests, and they call the technique "beero-graphy."

IN SPAIN, a *señorita* can't even get an old-fashioned guitar serenade any more. Today's lovesick young men loiter under balconies playing rock 'n' roll on transistor radios and portable gramophones. As a result of complaints, several towns have prohibited the street playing of electronic devices between 10 p.m. and 7 a.m.

Each individual runs on a different sleep budget. It is important to know your daily requirement—and get it

SLEEP:

How Much Do You Need?

By J. D. RATCLIFF

WHAT IS sleep? How much do we need and how do we achieve it? The answers should be easy—but aren't. Yet, as scientists pursue the subject, the pieces of the puzzle are gradually falling into place.

Although little is known about sleep itself, a great deal is known about what happens to the body during sleep. The heart slows down from about 75 to 60 beats a minute, body temperature and basal metabolic rate fall slightly, breathing drops from 16 to 12 breaths a minute. Yet some activity steps up. For reasons unknown, sweat glands become particularly active. Physiologists once thought less blood flowed to the brain. They now know that the flow increases periodically.

How much sleep do we need? Variations here are notable. Says

Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, who spent 40 years studying sleep: "The *average* amount required is no more applicable to a particular individual than an *average*-size hat or shoe would be." Some people have real need of ten hours a night. Others, like Dr. Alton Ochsner of the Ochsner Clinic, find four hours sufficient. If Dr. Ochsner feels fatigued during the day he closes his eyes and takes a five-minute nap—he needs only seconds to go into sound and refreshing sleep. Dr. Michael DeBakey, world-renowned vascular surgeon, follows a similar programme. On a plane he buckles his seat belt and is sound asleep before the plane leaves the runway. Aware of it or not, if we are tired enough we all "micro sleep": eyes remain open, but for a few seconds we blank out, providing refreshment for the tired brain.

Condensed from Family Weekly

The world is geared to eight hours of sleep at a single stretch, in the night. Would we do better to follow the example of the rest of the animal world, taking sleep in a number of small doses? There is evidence that this might be so for some individuals. The body recovers rapidly from mild fatigue but can take a disproportionately long time to recover from deep fatigue. Students have found two three-hour sleep periods more refreshing than a single eight-hour span. Architect-inventor R. Buckminster Fuller took a half-hour nap every three hours round the clock, for a total of four hours' sleep a day. He worked for a year at peak efficiency on this programme, and gave it up only because it interfered with business.

Are you getting all the sleep you need? Certainly a large proportion of us aren't. A study of 1,122 university students showed that over a third woke tired in the morning. One poll indicated that more than half of us have sleep difficulties at least part of the time.

Animals when deprived of sleep become vicious. Human beings denied sleep for several days get striking psychopathological symptoms. Hallucinations are common. One man saw a woman standing by a refrigerator and attempted to help her in—he thought it was a car. Another complained that floor tiles were heaving like the surface of a troubled lake.

If prolonged sleep deprivation

causes such dramatic symptoms, what about a mild sleep deficit? Everyone is familiar with the unreasonableness of a sleepy child. Apparently something of the sort happens to adults who skimp on sleep. Dr. Hans Selye of the University of Montreal, originator of the famed "stress theory" which suggests that continuous stress from any source may be the root cause of the major killer diseases, says, "Lack of sleep in itself is a stress."

In 1960 New Orleans had an outbreak of Iceland Disease, so named because it was first described by two Reykjavik doctors. The disease is much like mild non-crippling polio—muscle pains, headache, slurred speech, weakness, fatigue—and often persists for months or years. Dr. Philip Tiller made a meticulous study of five sufferers. He found that as long as the victims had sufficient sleep, symptoms were minimal, but when there was a sleep deficit, disability became pronounced.

Dr. Tiller wondered: Could lack of sleep account for many of the vague ills of the aged? Perhaps the medical texts were mistaken in saying that older people require less sleep. Early in 1963 he began studying the sleep habits of patients aged 60 or over.

It was immediately apparent that complaints about fatigue, tension and apprehension were disproportionately high among those who got seven or less hours of sleep a night. For these, Dr. Tiller prescribed ten

hours of bed rest at night and a one-hour nap in the afternoon. (If they couldn't sleep, they were at least to keep eyes closed and radio turned off.) Under this regimen sleep began to come naturally for many who had been poor sleepers. A striking fact emerged: the afternoon nap seemed to improve the quality of night sleep. But most important, in many patients the complaints that had brought them to the doctor in the first place disappeared.

Sleep therapy is finding jobs elsewhere. Dr. Edward Harper uses prolonged sedation—patients sleep for 10 to 14 days but are awakened briefly every morning and evening. This procedure is used with carefully selected patients in a hospital when everything else has failed. It is producing good results in treating a variety of ailments—from asthma to ulcerative colitis to skin diseases.

At Montreal's Allan Memorial Institute, prolonged-sleep therapy was used on mentally ill patients who had resisted all other forms of treatment. Of 66 patients who underwent the therapy, 38 showed either marked or moderate improvement.

In his book, *The Challenge of Medicine*, William Kitay observes: "Tension increases as the day goes on until it is at a high point in the late afternoon. If this point is reached day after day and week after week, the result may be disastrous. But if the business executive breaks it at noon with a short nap the tension curve drops to near the

base line, and he awakens for the work of the afternoon, refreshed."

Dr. Tiller concurs: "As the work load increases, so does the need for sleep. The busier the person the *more* he should sleep. Unfortunately, it's the exact opposite course that is usually followed."

The same rules apply to the rest of us—and particularly to young mothers attempting to bring up children, run a house and maintain an active social life. More and more, doctors are advising these women to take naps with their children. Says Dr. Ochsner: "The siesta habit is a good one. It is difficult for many to store up a day's energy needs with a single stretch of night sleep."

Some people are *willing* to allot adequate hours for sleep, yet it eludes them. For many, "sleep routines"—the hot milk, warm bath, counting sheep or whatever—are valuable. Medical authorities advise: "Good sleep habits must be *learned*. Go to bed at the same hour every night—don't eat a heavy meal before retiring. Don't listen to the radio or read exciting books. Remember in what position you wake in the morning and assume that position on going to bed. Relax muscles and thought."

A good general rule to follow: sleep should be sufficient to allow us to wake up spontaneously, refreshed and ready to do a day's work. It should be sufficient to permit a high level of work performance without undue fatigue.

RHINO!



*Ruthlessly hunted for its horn, the
black rhinoceros has a price
on its head and needs protection*

By DAVID REED

Condensed from National Wildlife

STANDING in the wilds of East Africa, he looks, every inch of him, like a prehistoric monster. He is five feet six inches high at the shoulder and 12 feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. Two lance-like horns, one much longer than the other, jut from his enormous head. He weighs more than a ton. He looks solid, but he is a nervous wreck, with a nasty, unpredictable temper. If he senses your presence, often as not he will charge, thundering straight at you like a runaway train.

Half a century ago, the black rhinoceros was a common sight in Africa; enormous numbers of these great beasts roamed the lowland plains and mountain forests. Today the rhino is high on the list of animals that are threatened with extinction. Fewer than 15,000 have survived, and every day their numbers dwindle further.

The rhino is being hunted to death for his horns. There is a false notion in parts of Asia that ground-up rhino horn is a powerful aphrodisiac. As a result it has become one of the most valuable animal products in the world. An average-size horn can be bought for

about Rs. 330 in Mombasa or some other Indian Ocean port, and resold for Rs. 14,250 or more in the Orient. And so an illegal but flourishing business has sprung up.

Although the rhino is not exactly a lovable creature, his extinction would be a great loss, for he is unique. A leftover from prehistoric ages, he has changed little since the time when his ancestors roamed the earth—even Europe and North America—in company with mastodons and sabre-toothed tigers. His only living relatives are the horse, the zebra and the tapir.

Nature seems to have slipped up when designing the rhino. His legs appear ridiculously short for his great body. His half-inch-thick skin sags loosely, looking like an old rug that has been flung across his frame. He has a keen sense of smell and acute hearing, but his eyesight (like his intelligence) is exceedingly dim. An elephant or buffalo will spot a human being some distance away and move off, but a rhino can't see a man until he is almost upon him. Then trouble starts.

The black rhino is amazingly agile. He can leap from a prone position in the twinkling of an eye

charge at 30 miles an hour and scramble up steep rocky slopes like a mountain goat. His fury is directed at inanimate objects as often as humans. He will charge a car and, with his great horns, reduce it to scrap. One Kenya game warden found a rhino stuck in a mudhole and pulled him out with his Land Rover. The quarrelsome beast repaid the favour by caving in the side of the vehicle. On another occasion, a rhino was seen battering furiously at a parked tractor. Rhinos sometime charge passing trains. But this is an uneven match: the train wins.

The black rhino's bad temper is such that he is even conceived in a rage. If a female feels amorous, she charges headlong at a likely suitor and bashes and gores him until he is a bloody mess. If, after this, the male is still willing—and, of course, still alive—mating takes place. The female may then batter the male a few more times for good measure.

After 18 months of gestation, a bouncing 60-pound baby is born. (Twins are unknown.) The calf suckles until he is about two years old. By the time he is five to seven, he is fully grown and goes off to live by himself. Black rhinos lead a solitary existence all their lives. If two

bulls meet, they may battle until one or both are dead.*

Oddly enough, the rhino is considered the most easily tameable animal in Africa. Once penned, he soon becomes so gentle that he will eat out of his keeper's hand. Captive rhinos will come on call to have their ears rubbed, and some will roll over to have their stomachs scratched. The only problem is the rhino's bulk. If he should lean against you playfully, well, look out!

Rhinos are amazingly adaptable. They are found in the entire range of African terrain—from scorching deserts to middle-altitude bushlands to the chilly summits of 12,000-foot mountains. They can survive for months in areas lacking surface water, and exist on the moisture acquired from eating succulent plants. But their range is constantly dwindling. Black rhinos once ranged over much of sub-Saharan Africa; now they are confined mostly to Kenya and neighbouring Tanzania.*

The big event in a rhino's day comes soon after sundown, when he spends several hours at the water-hole—nearly always the same one, though it may be as much as ten miles from home. This is the only time that he appears even faintly happy; he will romp about playfully, then wallow in the mud and massage himself against trees and rocks. Afterwards he returns home, and serious dining begins. Barging

* The black rhinoceros has a peaceful cousin, the rare white rhinoceros (the world's largest land animal next to the elephant). Once thought to be extinct, the white rhino has made a limited recovery. There are almost 1,000 in reserves in Southern Africa as well as those found occasionally near the headwaters of the White Nile and in the Congo.

through the bush like a bulldozer, he eats like a vacuum cleaner, using his prehensile lip to wrench leaves and buds from trees and shrubs. Even the sharpest thorns are consumed with relish. When morning comes he looks for shade and rests through the day. Usually he lies down, but sometimes he dozes standing up, his head hanging down in a pose of utter woe.

The rhino has only one friend in the world—the little tickbird, who rides on his back and picks ticks from his hide. If something approaches while a rhino is dozing, the birds screech a warning. But the rhino's luck is such that hunters often rely on the presence of tickbirds to lead them to the rhino.

Apart from man the rhino has no natural enemies; but man is enough. Both white and native hunters have littered Africa with the bleached bones of these great beasts. Today licensed hunting has been curtailed sharply, but the rhino's numbers continue to decline at the hands of African poachers. Tribesmen even

invade the game reserves in quest of the animals. Some kill with poisoned arrows or spears. But the cruellest method is that of fixing wire snares, attached to heavy logs, along rhino trails. Once snared, the rhino drags the log for miles until he drops from exhaustion. The poachers then chop off the horns and leave the ton of meat to rot. Soon there is only a spiral of vultures to mark the demise of one more rhino.

Another problem is that expanding populations of humans and domestic animals have taken over much of the rhino's habitat. But today, with the help of wildlife organizations the East African governments are making efforts to save at least some of the animals. Perhaps the best one can hope for is that it will be possible to concentrate the surviving rhinos in closely guarded sanctuaries. If this can be done, future generations will be able at least to see and to marvel at one of the most irascible, forlorn and strange creatures on earth.

Invitation to the Vaults

WHILE browsing through a small general store on a remote island I asked the store's owner if the island offered any entertainment for the stranded tourist. He thought for a minute, then pointed to a poster in the window: "Everyone invited to the annual Cemetery Meeting. Help keep our cemetery clean! All welcome next Friday from 7 to 9. (Those with plots *must* attend.)"

—K. M.

AN INVITATION to join a local fencing club reads: "Join us now. New blood always welcome."

—Mrs. E. B. in *Weekend*

Vibrations caused by earthquakes enable scientists to probe deep into the structure of our planet

When the Earth Rang Like a Bell

BY EARL UBELL

IT WAS Good Friday, March 27, 1964. Many miles deep under Alaska, a huge slab of rock bent under the pressure of a shifting earth. At 5.36 p.m., the slab snapped with the energy of 100 hydrogen bombs. The recoil played snap-the-whip with the whole state of Alaska, spreading panic and killing 115 people. Releasing more energy than the disastrous 1906 San Francisco shock, that Good Friday earthquake excited the great Pacific Ocean, heaving huge waves down the West Coast and out into the Pacific to terrorize Hawaii and Japan.

In the midst of devastation, the earthquake performed a little-noticed service. Scientists, before

this earthquake, had drawn up the most accurate three-dimensional anatomical chart ever made of this planet, from its iron-nickel core up through 4,000 miles of rock to the surface where we and a thin film of life cling precariously. The Good Friday earthquake verified this chart and may help to reveal new details of the deep structure of the earth, and even how the world began.

That huge tremor, like a clapper in a bell, set the earth—all 6,000 trillion tons of rock—ringing. For earthquake waves behave in many respects like sound waves: they echo, bend and “sing” at different pitches. But instead of air it is rock vibrating. And so our planet sang a hundred different “tunes,” heard not by human ears but by seismographs.

If you had viewed the whole globe at that time, from some vantage-point in space, you would have seen it jiggle like a spoonful of jelly. It took an hour for one shape, or mode, to form; others appeared and disappeared in minutes. In one mode the world looked like a football, in another it developed girlish dimples. Instruments picked up at least 80 different modes of vibration. Of course, you would have needed super-sight to see these changes of shape. For the earth actually moved up and down less than an inch at any particular spot, although the movement spread like a gentle ripple over hundreds of miles.

Condensed from The New York Herald Tribune

WHEN THE EARTH RANG LIKE A BELL

Our planet continued to tremble for at least three weeks.

Only in the last few years has any progress been made in what scientists call free-oscillations research. But it was back in 1880 that an English mathematician, A. E. H. Love, made the first surmise. His mathematical formulas told him that a really big earthquake should jiggle the whole earth, make it ring as if it were a plucked guitar string.

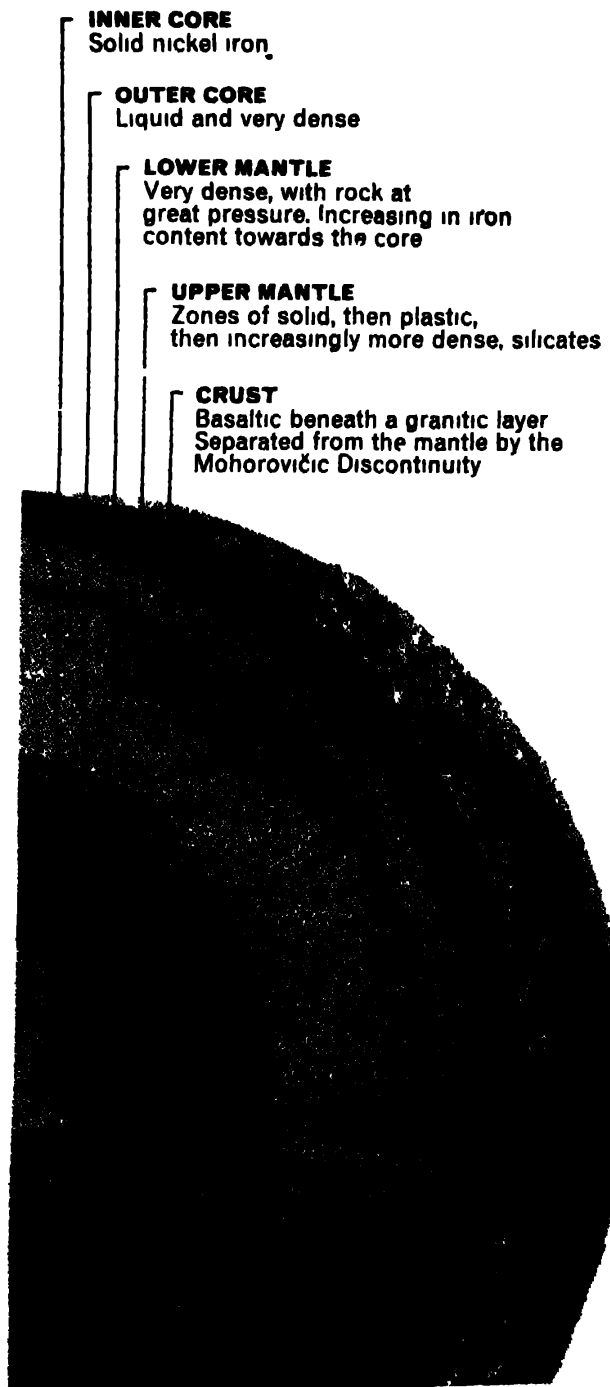
When you strike a guitar string, you start an up-and-down movement of the string—a wave—going out in two directions. As each wave hits the end of the string it bounces back to meet its twin in the centre. The waves then combine to vibrate the string at a fundamental frequency, its pitch or note. This pitch depends on the string's tightness and thickness and the material of which it is composed.

According to Love's theory, when a slab of rock breaks, as in an earthquake, it strikes the rocks around it and waves travel out in all directions, some scooting along the surface and others plunging deep into the earth's interior. Eventually they meet their fellows coming round the other side and through the planet's body. They combine, as on the guitar string, and soon the whole earth pulses in a fundamental frequency or pitch plus all the overtones—i.e., in free oscillation.

The spread of the waves depends on the composition and density of the rock through which they go. In

general, the harder the rock the faster the wave. Some career along at 1,000 miles in three minutes—as fast as an earth satellite.

Love's idea lay sleeping until the middle of this century, when Dr. Hugo Benioff of the California Institute of Technology invented an



instrument to pick up the very low notes of earth's sound waves. On November 4, 1952, a huge earthquake struck the Kamchatka Peninsula of eastern Siberia and Dr. Benioff's instruments picked up a wave that took 57 *minutes* to go from crest to crest. He suspected that wave to be not a direct shock wave but a free oscillation of the planet.

With this clue, Dr. Chaim Pekeris, a geophysicist and mathematician at the Weizmann Institute of Science in Israel, put a computer to work on the problem in 1959. The computer clacked out the fundamental numbers by which scientists could recognize in the earthquake records of the future a ringing earth if ever it rang. Dr. Pekeris wrote out the "melodies" to look for in the seismic wiggles.

On the morning of May 21, 1960, the great fault off the coast of Chile slipped and the shock of this sudden movement shook the landscape for hundreds of miles. This time the seismologists were ready. Instruments, including Dr. Benioff's device, had been planted above and below ground thousands of miles apart, in California and New Jersey. They "felt" the earth moving up and down or sideways as the waves marched by, and measured these movements. When the seismologists looked at the wiggling lines on their paper records, one glance convinced them that the earth had indeed shivered in harmony. They saw 40 different notes, and the notes were very

close to what Dr. Pekeris's computer had told him to expect."

From then on, the world's geologists recognized the importance of a ringing earth. Since the pitch of any free oscillations, like those of a guitar string or bell, depends on size, shape and material structure, and since seismologists know the size and shape of the earth, they realized they could work backwards to determine the earth's structure. In the last five years, this programme has succeeded brilliantly.

From analysis of more obvious earthquake waves, gathered over half a century, seismologists had already evolved a rough picture of the make-up of the earth. The traditional model of our planet revealed it to be layered like an onion, in five major zones. On top lies a thin, soft peel, the crust—only 25 to 40 miles deep, and containing all the oceans, continents, mountains and most of the earthquakes. Below this crust are the upper mantle, lower mantle, outer core and inner core.

Dr. Don Anderson and other scientists have found *layers within layers* of that onion. Just below the crust stands the first sub-layer of the upper mantle, 30 miles thick and composed of solidified rock. The temperature there may be 2,000 degrees F., near the melting-point of the rock.

Just below that, the free-oscillations computations have uncovered a peculiar zone of rock extending

downward for 140 miles. Although this band is under more pressure than the one above it, it is not so rigid. Dr. Anderson calls it plastic.

"This zone can apparently move up and down somewhat," he says. "This may explain why the deglaciated Scandinavian peninsula, having lost the heavy weight of its ice overburden, is now rising three inches a century."

This zone, according to one theory, may also be the birthplace of volcanoes. Magma—hot flowing rock—originating here flows up through breaks in the upper mantle and then up through the crust.

At the lower edge of the plastic zone the rock suddenly becomes more dense and relatively rigid again. The atoms of the rock have moved closer together under the tremendous pressures above and take up less volume.

For the next 200 miles, the mantle gradually becomes denser. At 400 miles below the earth's surface the density of the rock is twice that of granite. Here is the lower boundary of the 370-mile-thick upper mantle. Below this point the lower mantle extends for 1,400 miles with a gradual increase of density. Looking again to the ringing earth computations, Dr. Anderson has detected a much closer molecular packing in the lower mantle than was previously supposed.

Below the mantle lies the core. Seismology formerly distinguished two zones in the 2,100-mile-thick

core; a hard ball (inner core), and a coverlet of liquid 1,300 miles thick (outer core).

The liquid outer core, composed of iron, nickel and silicon (a component of sand), is more than three times as dense as granite. The pressure there may be over 1,000 million pounds per square foot, a force that has crushed the atoms together. Some geologists believe that this core liquid behaves as a dynamo, creating electric currents which in turn generate magnetism as if the earth were a coil of wire.

The solid ball at the centre is denser still. A cubic foot of it weighs nearly half a ton. Geologists think it is similar to the iron-nickel alloy of meteorites. At the moment, scientists are analysing the free oscillations of the earth to learn more about the core.

In addition to earth structure, geophysicists are examining the free oscillations for clues about the origin of earthquakes in an effort to learn how to predict the big, dangerous ones. If geologists could measure the strain of the rock at various earthquake-prone locations in the crust, they could predict when a huge slab of bending or sliding rock was about to snap, and an alarm could be sounded.

Ringings-earth analysis is still a new approach, but it has already paid off in many ways. Having just discovered that the earth can play a tune, the scientists are now learning how to sing along with it.



I Still Don't Understand Women

BY OGDEN NASH

*A famous humorist confesses his perplexity
after years of confronting the female mind*

ANY MAN who thinks that biological differences are all that distinguish the male from the female is in trouble.

After an exploratory trip, which as I write has lasted for nearly 62 years, I venture to set down a few observations on the matter. The trip took me into the dark continent of the feminine mind, a bewildering land where a lamb can turn into a lioness or a butterfly into a hornet at the drop of an ill-considered word. It is uncharted country, so at no time could I plan for what might lie ahead except by looking over my shoulder at the footprints of my past mistakes.

It has eventually become plain to

me, for instance, that women would rather be right than reasonable, and they usually are. Sometimes, taking off from a false premise, they will leap with the speed of light to a correct conclusion. At other times, with the correct conclusion looking them in the eye, they will wander through a myriad of fascinating by-ways before seizing on it.

This latter characteristic is clearly exemplified in the case of Mrs. Judith Loftus, at whose riverside shanty Huck Finn turned up clad in a calico gown and sunbonnet, giving his name as Sarah Williams. It was instantly obvious to Mrs. Loftus from the way Huck bungled the threading of a needle that he was

Condensed from Homes and Gardens

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WOMEN

not a girl, but her devious feminine mind required further proof of the already proven, so she dropped a lump of lead unexpectedly into his lap, causing him to clap his legs together on it (sure indication of a breeches wearer) instead of instinctively spreading them to make a basket of his gown. Actually, she could have spared herself all this trouble if immediately on the appearance of the little waif she had expressed admiration for its fetching bonnet and gown. Unless the reply was, "These awful things? I just picked them up from a little man round the corner," the calico-clad stranger was clearly an impostor.

This brings to mind another feminine trait.

Women, when about to set forth for a dance, the theatre or a speech day, have a tendency to pace the floor moaning that they look awful. Their clothes are out of fashion, their figures are out of control, their coiffure resembles a haystack and their shoes don't match their handbags. They are, they remark bitterly, nothing but frowzy old hags. The husband is now in a cul-de-sac, with the furies closing in. What reassuring phrase is expected of him? "No, you are not a frowzy old hag"? Unconvincing. "Yes, you are a frowzy old hag"? Impolitic.

The hard truth is that there is nothing a man can say without bringing the roof down on his head; best to hold his peace, remembering the aphorism of the Fool in *Lear*:

"There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass."

Women are at all times considerably less taciturn than men, and this difference is accentuated when they are on their feet. I attribute this to high heels, which tilt the body forward so that the blood flows into the front of the brain, thus stimulating the speech centre.

The fact is that a standing woman is a talking woman. A glance round your favourite restaurant will confirm this statement. Pick a table, any table. The diners, a husband and wife, are gazing rapturously at a perfect soufflé which has just been set before them. As they pick up their forks they are startled by a shrill cry of recognition from a lady on her way out. The husband, napkin in one hand and the other pressed against the table for balance, half rises to a compromise position that resembles the paralysed crouch of a Unitarian at an Episcopal service who thought the prayer was over when it wasn't.

The visitor then enters on a ten-minute conversation with the wife, beginning with her wonder at the coincidence of their both being in the same restaurant, and touching lightly on children and the difficulties of finding domestic help. She finally departs and the husband sits, only to find that the soufflé has already sat.

Another bit of the feminine mystique shows itself at the dinner-table when a man asks his wife to pass the

salt, and she says she'll thank him not to swear at her. The cause of this unprovoked irritation is simple: she is on a diet, some fantastic piece of jiggery-pokery she has come across in an article illustrated with photographs of sulky sun-tanned models scrawny enough to be drawn through a wedding ring like a fine silk scarf. She has gained nearly two pounds in the last 15 years and is concerned about her figure.

Her husband is not concerned about her figure, only her disposition, on which the diet has a devastating effect. When she faithfully adheres to a regimen of yoghourt, skim milk and oyster juice, her constant hunger turns her testy; when she defects to a round of fried chicken and thick gravy, hot scones oozing butter and jam, her conscience will not be still. A man feels no remorse in abandoning a diet; indeed he faces the forbidden with the same glee that illuminated Don Marquis when, after a long period of abstinence, he turned up at the bar of his favourite club, remarking that at last he had conquered that damn will-power of his.

Unpredictable as a woman's conscience may be, it is the North Star itself compared to her memory. She can forget where she laid down her engagement ring five minutes ago, but, like a hawk soaring high above the landscape of her life, she can spot minuscule episodes so many years away that they are invisible to the earthbound masculine eye. I

once attended a silver wedding celebration where gaiety was embarrassingly ended when the wife suddenly remembered that she had prepared lamb chops for the first supper after the honeymoon and the husband had remarked that he was sorry but he had had lamb chops for lunch. She said this proved that he hadn't loved her then and hadn't loved her since.

Such vagaries are eternally beyond the comprehension of man, who expects a woman to be as level-headed as he is.

Man cannot understand woman's propensity for gossip, for instance, because men don't gossip. Who says men don't gossip? Men say men don't. Men possess what is termed the executive mind, and the executive mind is too busy making decisions and delegating responsibility to have time for gossip. It takes hard-headed masculine thinking to decide to offer a woman a bunch of flowers while she has both hands in a sink full of dishes, and real generalship to pass along to a capable lieutenant those orders which are too trifling for the big chief.

It is because of these different approaches to life that the world is full of men saying, "Isn't that just like a woman?"

But who would care to live on a planet where the women thought like men? Not I. As long as we can cry, "*Vive la différence!*" we are in business.

A noted commentator on international affairs suggests that the U.S. commitment in South Vietnam will lead the way towards the containment of communist aggression everywhere

THE NEW FORWARD THRUST OF FREEDOM

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

THE COLD war is at a turning point—in the Free World's favour.

The communists are losing momentum; the Free World is gaining momentum. The United States and its allies have it within their reach to win ascendancy for freedom if they do these things:

- Recognize that they now face the hardest test—not giving up when victory is in sight and when the communists will be tempted to carry the world to the brink of holocaust before yielding their ambition.

- See clearly that the communist tactic of *détente*—crying peace, when they do not mean peace—is a

device for promoting a take-over by every means short of nuclear war.

- Always act to defeat “wars of liberation” as relentlessly as the communists promote them.

The dates of the turning of the tide in the cold-hot war are February 7, 1965, when, with air strikes, the United States took the defence of South Vietnam to the source of the war, North Vietnam; and April 7, when President Johnson proclaimed his policy of simultaneously defending and talking (if the communists wanted to talk). On that day the President said, “We will not be defeated. We will not grow tired. We will not withdraw, either

Condensed from The General Electric Forum

openly or under the cloak of a meaningless agreement."

This was the crucial decision, the turning point. This was a total commitment to defeat communist aggression before it accumulates the momentum of success and reaches the point where it cannot be defeated. The doctrine itself is not new. What is new is that in Vietnam, for the first time anywhere, it rests on a commitment to *succeed* in defeating the aggression. This is why it changes the whole face of the cold war.

The stronger commitment has not come any too soon. I believe it has not come too late. It may have come at just the right time because the communist world is in deep disarray, with Moscow and Peking irreparably split, and with the Soviet Union losing control of its East European satellites. Moreover, American military and economic strength is at a peak.

Is the decision to win the war in Vietnam worth the sacrifice?

In order to answer this question, Americans need to look at how much they have risked and won already. First, the Marshall Plan rescued all of Western Europe from the overhanging threat of communism. Then the Western Allies' airlift saved West Berlin from the Soviet attempt to starve the city's more than two million people into submission. The United Nations turned back the armed communist aggression against South Korea.

President Kennedy struck from Khrushchev's hands the instrument of nuclear blackmail in Cuba.

Thus, the Free World has either defeated or blunted three forms of communist aggression—(1) economic aggression in Western Europe; (2) conventional-arms aggression in Korea; (3) nuclear blackmail in Cuba.

I am not suggesting that all is well in this turbulent world. It isn't. But one tends to forget how much has gone right. This is a considerable record of risking and winning. It has a direct bearing on the stake in preventing the communists from unhinging the Vietnamese gate to all South-East Asia.

In Vietnam the United States may well be dealing with the last means of aggression which the communists have open to them—aggression by guerrilla warfare and subversion across an open frontier. This form of aggression has not yet been successfully countered. (It was not halted in Greece until the Stalin-Tito split caused Yugoslavia to close the frontier across which satellite guerrillas and arms were being sent to aid the Greek insurrectionists.)

If the North Vietnamese aggression can be defeated, therefore, not only will the independence of South Vietnam have been preserved but the whole pattern of communist wars-of-liberation to which China and the Soviet Union remain committed will have been set back. Proof will be provided that aggression

does not pay. And that is what the cold war is all about. Nothing less.

The ingredients of a successful U.S. policy that are coming into view—and into action—in Vietnam are applicable elsewhere. That is why Vietnam casts its light ahead. The major ingredients are: unconditional determination to defend and unconditional willingness to negotiate—simultaneously.

I do not believe there is any intention on the part of either President Johnson or of the majority of U.S. Congress to let up until the aggression is ended by agreement or by military action. But it will be well to watch and to measure their resoluteness against these basic premises of a successful cold-war strategy:

Demonstrate persistency of effort. America cannot afford to “grow tired,” because the aggressors will not grow tired until they see they cannot win.

*Be willing to use U.S. power—*political, economic and military—to achieve the Free World’s objective. “We will use our power,” said the President, “with restraint and with all the wisdom that we can command. But we will use it.”

Honour our commitments always. “We are in South Vietnam because we have a promise to keep,” said the President. “I intend to keep our promise.”

Match U.S. objectives to U.S. power and will. The objective in Vietnam is crucial but properly

limited. President Johnson and his supporters do not seek to overthrow the communist regime in North Vietnam, nor to touch its territory, nor to maintain a military base in South Vietnam after the aggression is settled. They seek only the independence of South Vietnam and its freedom from future attack.

On a broader scale, Americans hope that internal forces and necessities will ultimately bring increasing freedom to the people of the Soviet Union and China; but the objective is not to overthrow or even harass either power. The real objective is to establish conditions for a peaceful world in which diversity can flourish.

The U.S. purpose, therefore, must be to resist all forms of communist aggression against other countries until aggression is abandoned. Americans must use maximum economic and diplomatic resources to help countries and peoples to recover their independence from foreign domination and freedom from regimes imposed on them.

Communicate fully the U.S. purpose to allies, neutrals and adversaries and seek consensus, where possible, with major allies. This President Johnson has done in Vietnam.

Be sensitive to, but not the captive of, world public opinion.

With this strategy the winning of the cold war is today more attainable than at any time since the end of the Second World War.

THE SÛRETÉ: Eyes and Ears of France

By IRWIN ROSS

Meticulous methods and a nationwide intelligence network have made this French police organization one of the most highly respected in the world

ONE MORNING in 1959, four thugs armed with sub-machine-guns walked into a savings bank in Lyon and fled with 30,000 francs. The men were masked; they left no clues. Yet 13 hours later the gang's leader was in custody.

Hero in the case was the *Sûreté Nationale*, France's 65,000-man national police force which handles everything from counter-espionage to juvenile delinquency in all towns of 10,000 or more population, except Paris. Minutes after the holdup,

Sûreté operatives were at the Lyon bank, interviewing witnesses. Two hours later, a description of the case was telegraphed to police throughout France. Reading the brief account, detectives at the Sûreté's national headquarters on the rue des Saussaies in Paris noted that the job resembled several holdups in the Paris area which they suspected had been committed by one Nonce Luccarotti. Paris informed Lyon, giving a description of Luccarotti and the aliases he used.

Sûreté detectives in Lyon under

THE SÛRETÉ: EYES AND EARS OF FRANCE

Henri Tarniquet—today assistant director of the *Police Judiciaire*—found Luccarotti registered in a local hotel, the Terminus, under a false name. A quick visit to the Terminus showed that Luccarotti had moved out, leaving a suitcase which he indicated he would pick up at night.

That evening, Tarniquet cast himself as a booking clerk behind the reception desk, with four other men in disguise stationed in the hotel. At 12.30 a.m., Luccarotti returned for his suitcase and was arrested. Taken by surprise, he blurted out a confession.

Organization and Structure. Luccarotti's swift arrest illustrates the efficiency of the French police system. Instead of having a multiplicity of independent local forces, France is policed by only three organizations.

In the countryside and in the towns of less than 10,000 residents, the *Gendarmerie Nationale* handles routine police duties. In Paris the *Préfecture de Police*, a force of 25,000, has command, but works in liaison with the Sûreté. The Sûreté not only covers all other towns but has nationwide jurisdiction in such matters as drugs, counterfeiting and art frauds.

The Sûreté's structure is complex. It has five main divisions: the *Police Judiciaire*, a force of 1,300 detectives based in Paris and 17 regional headquarters; the *Police Urbaines*, who handle routine law enforcement in

over 2,000 communities; a counter-intelligence branch, the *Surveillance du Territoire*; a political and social intelligence branch, the *Renseignements Généraux*; and a mobile, semi-military organization, the *Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité*, whose members are probably the best riot police on the Continent.

The Sûreté's Paris headquarters is a labyrinth of dingy, poorly-lit offices. The setting is characteristic: throughout France the Sûreté is ill-housed, has insufficient transport and far less scientific equipment than do many of the world's police forces. But what the Sûreté lacks in material means it makes up for in centralization and technique. Its detective division—the *Police Judiciaire*—solves more than half the crimes it investigates.

The Memory File. The advantages of centralization are nowhere more evident than in the massive compilation of data on French crime and criminals. There is, of course, a national fingerprint file, which is maintained at the Paris *Préfecture de Police*. The Sûreté's files, however, are of a different sort. The general file at Paris headquarters, called *le fichier central*, contains four million dossiers on crimes and criminals, with ten million index cards providing ready cross-references. This massive file is the Sûreté's "memory," which can be tapped in a matter of minutes by any regional office.

Even when there is no charge

against them, professional criminals are under continual scrutiny. One of the chiefs of the *Police Judiciaire* boasts that he usually knows within 24 hours when an important criminal moves from one part of France to another. This is possible because each is catalogued in a circular titled *individus à surveiller* (individuals to be watched).

The circular is a red flag to police officers throughout France. It alerts them to new faces which suddenly turn up in underworld cafés; they check it against hotel registers and the daily records of people questioned for traffic violations and minor offences.

Each circular, distributed in 6,000 copies, provides photographs, physical description and methods of operation of the suspect, together with his nicknames, friends, family, mistresses, favourite hangouts and car number. Any police officer encountering the individual is to report his whereabouts and activities both to the regional office of the *Police Judiciaire* and to Paris headquarters.

In this fashion the *PJ* collects a mass of information helpful in solving cases. In July 1963 thieves burrowed a hole through the wall of a bank in Beaune and opened 49 safe-deposit boxes with an acetylene torch. Not long afterwards a similar theft occurred in Geneva. Both times a roll of asbestos was left behind.

Later, during a police raid on a

café 60 miles from Beaune, in connexion with another matter, an alert detective noticed an asbestos roll behind the bar. The bartender said it had been left there by a customer, to be picked up by someone else.

The *PJ* regional office ordered the café to be placed under surveillance; everyone coming in and out was photographed from a van stationed near by.

On the second day a man emerged with the asbestos roll. His photograph was checked against the file of *individus à surveiller*. He was identified, along with his friends and associates. They were all shadowed. Soon two suspects were arrested, including the one who had picked up the asbestos roll. A search of their effects turned up a ring stolen in the Beaune robbery. The men confessed.

Even more unusual than the *individus à surveiller* circulars is the file for so-called *individus recherchés*, which consists of nearly a million multicoloured cards containing information and photographs of individuals wanted for questioning, runaway children, expelled aliens and others. The file is maintained in its entirety at 300 police headquarters throughout the country.

Every day hotel registration cards all over France are checked against it; so are the embarkation cards of foreign visitors and the driving licences of traffic offenders. Thus,

each year 20 to 25 thousand people wanted by the police are tracked down.

The *fichier complet*, combining the *individus recherchés* and the *individus à surveiller* files, illustrates the advantage of centralization, for the Sûreté can enforce a uniform filing system on all its subordinate units.

The astonishing range of information at the Sûreté's command was recently underlined when Swiss police arrested two suspicious individuals driving a French car in Geneva. The Sûreté not only identified one of them as a French criminal but named and described eight others likely to be in Geneva with him if he was planning a job there.

The Swiss rounded up all eight, together with a small arsenal—precisely the men the Sûreté had named.

Informers Help. The Sûreté is one of the most assiduous cultivators of informers of any police force. Charles Chenevier, a former deputy chief of the *Police Judiciaire*, says, "During my 35 years' service I kept repeating to my inspectors: 'Have you any informers? No? Then take another job. You will never be a success as a policeman.'"

In France, police have little money to pay informers; a detective will offer a drink, but seldom a fee. In return for information the Sûreté may overlook a minor delinquency or help to get a sentence reduced.

They also have a valuable persuader in the court practice of forbidding a criminal to live in a certain area. Such an individual is often willing to be an informer if the police offer not to enforce the order.

Use of informers once even enabled the Sûreté to solve a British murder. Police found a dead man in a ditch near St. Albans in Hertfordshire, and Scotland Yard identified the victim as a French-Canadian named Allard who ran a small jeweller's shop near Soho in London. But endless questioning of Allard's neighbours and customers failed to find the murderer.

On the hunch that Allard was not French-Canadian but French, Scotland Yard turned to Commissaire Divisionnaire Jean Belin of the Sûreté, now retired. Sûreté files quickly revealed "Allard" to be a Latvian immigrant, Max Kassel, who had been expelled from France for dabbling in drugs and white slavery.

Belin questioned underworld sources and passed on to Scotland Yard enough information to enable the Yard to deduce that Edouard Lacroix, a customer of Kassel's, might have been the murderer.

The Yard checked further and found out that Lacroix had fled to France with his mistress.

In Paris, Belin went back to his informers. In a few days he pieced together the story of how Lacroix had murdered Kassel after a bitter argument over an unpaid debt.

Lacroix was now in a Paris hotel with his girl friend. Belin hastened to the hotel. The girl, who had witnessed the crime, broke down under questioning; Lacroix confessed.

In Belin's view, this case typifies the differences between the French and British approach to a crime. "Scotland Yard does not encourage the employment of informers," he observed. "The science of British detection is based on deduction, the close following up of small clues

and the full exertion of the reasoning faculties. It suits the English temperament, but to my mind, it takes up too much valuable time."

Wool and Crêpe from the Lebanon. A capacity for endless pains and mountainous detail is another characteristic of the Sûreté's style. A few years ago, its drugs branch, the *Office Central des Stupéfiants*, suspected that a Lebanese recently arrived in Paris was involved in a large-scale drug-smuggling operation. The contraband apparently came from the Lebanon to Marseille, and was then shipped out to North America, the big market.

The problem was to get proof. The police reasoned that the ring obviously had to communicate frequently—perhaps by telegram and doubtless in code. In France, telegrams are kept on file for eight months.

Marseille seemed a reasonable place to look, and so eight detectives were given a herculean task—to go through the 1.2 million telegrams sent or received in Marseille during the previous eight months.

The first break came when the police found a great many birthday and anniversary greetings telegrams exchanged between a small group of people in Beirut and Marseille; one marseillais, for example, received three birthday cables in one week from the same person in Beirut. The police then found that greetings



tended to be exchanged before and after the arrival of ships.

The senders and recipients of these jolly messages immediately became the prime suspects. Tracking down all the cables that bore their names, the police discovered that some were transparent in meaning, such as a cable from Marseille to Havana stating, "Sending you loading bill 35." At other times, words such as *luine* (wool) and *crépe* were used to describe the merchandise; only the initiated knew they were slang for drugs.

After a month, the Sûreté's red-eyed detectives had found 400 cables which documented an elaborate traffic in drugs between the Lebanon, Marseille and Havana, the money being wired back through a correspondent in Paris who used Swiss bank accounts to screen the transfer to the Lebanon.

The proof established by the telegrams was so conclusive that 21 Frenchmen and Lebanese were ultimately convicted. Finding those tell-tale cables was like looking for uranium in a slag heap, without benefit of a Geiger counter—but that is the sort of diligence that has made the Sûreté famous.

Fringe Operators. Recently the *Police Judiciaire* has adopted a novel method of monitoring the underworld, establishing task forces in half a dozen major towns known as "*groupes de pénétration du milieu délinquant*." These detectives never join a criminal gang,

but operate on the fringe, frequenting underworld haunts, making friends with thieves and racketeers, chatting to their girl friends, and filing away every promising scrap of information.

This information will provide valuable help for the new *Brigade Nationale de Recherches Criminelles*, specially created in September 1964 by Minister of the Interior Roger Frey, who controls the Sûreté, to fight the big-time gangsters who have been operating in Paris and on the Riviera. Teams of crack detectives have been posted to this new squad; their job is to track down not single, run-of-the-mill offenders, but the organized gangs who specialize in major crimes minutely planned by expert and dangerous operators.

Intelligence Department. The Sûreté branch known as *Renseignements Généraux* (General Intelligence) is equally adept at penetrating the ranks of political groups of the far right and far left. Its primary instrument is again the informer—either a member who is ideologically disaffected or some weakling to whom pressure can be applied. On one occasion, the RG gained an invaluable informer after discovering that a leading member of an extremist group, a habitual gambler, had given a dud cheque to a casino. The RG agreed not to press charges if he would supply information. The arrangement has gone on for years. In another case,

THE READER'S DIGEST

an *RG* staff member managed to become the lover of a secretary of a suspect organization. She helpfully provided the agent with copies of important correspondence.

Curiously, however, the *RG's* mission is not limited to gathering intelligence about subversive groups. It is charged with the general collection of "social, economic and political" intelligence—which means everything from public opinion polls to information about labour disputes. The *RG* regularly compiles information on all citizens and foreigners of any prominence—leading industrialists, important trade unionists, journalists, every member of the National Assembly and Senate, every municipal councillor, even every schoolteacher who engages in politics, no matter what his party. In all, the *RG* has over 400,000 dossiers.

Critics complain that it runs a

vacuum-cleaner type of operation which may easily suck up masses of misinformation along with the facts. But the *RG* justifies its massive coverage by pointing out that it never knows when the government will ask for some fact or other.

Minister of the Interior Roger Frey stresses that, today more than ever in its long history, the *RG* is "the eyes and ears of the government." At a time when large sections of the population can be made the innocent tools of subversive movements, many Frenchmen agree that it is a primary duty of their government to guard against surprise.

In its gathering of political intelligence, as in other aspects of law enforcement, the *Sûreté* thus displays the painstaking thoroughness and scrupulous attention to detail that have made it one of the world's most respected police organizations.



Small World

"I HAVE the kind of boy," said one mother, "who nearly drives you mad when you try to get him to carry out the rubbish, and then on the way back he'll bring you a flower."
—M. H.

MY FOUR-YEAR-OLD sister went to my mother at work in the kitchen, looked up at her adoringly and exclaimed, "Mother, I like you better than any other leading brand!"
—K. K.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD's essay: "A mother is a person who takes care of her kids and gets their meals and if she's not there when you get home from school, you wouldn't know how to get your dinner and you wouldn't feel like eating it anyway."
—*Executives' Digest*

The touch of a hand can create an atmosphere of affection and understanding that goes far deeper than words

The Magic of Being in Touch

By DR. SMILEY BLANTON

As a psychiatrist, I have good reason to know how often human problems are caused by the simple failure of people to make contact with each other. This is the great paradox of our time. We can bounce messages off the moon and send space probes to Mars, but we are finding it harder and harder to communicate with the minds and hearts of those we love.

Day after day in my consulting-room I hear bewildered people say, "But, doctor, I just can't reach him." Or, "I can't get through to her." Or, "I talk my head off, but that child doesn't listen."

My questions must puzzle these already-puzzled souls. "How long has it been," I ask, "since you've gone for a walk with your arm round your wife?" "Do you ever get down on the living-room floor and

romp with your children?" "Has your family ever tried holding hands round the dinner-table when you say grace?" Such questions are designed to crack the shell of isolation surrounding the troubled person, to show him perhaps the most effective of all channels of communication: the universal but sadly neglected language of touch.

I have great faith in "touchingness" as a remedy for sick souls because I know what it can do. Love is the climate in which all living things flourish, and sometimes a single touch can evoke the atmosphere. A father ruffles his son's hair lightly and in that casual gesture expresses infinite pride and joy. A husband, helping his wife on with her coat, rests his hands for a moment on her shoulders—and thus says "I love you" as clearly as if he

Condensed from Guideposts

had written the words in letters of fire.

But in the last few decades we have persuaded ourselves that there is something weak, dubious or wrong about showing affection physically. We pride ourselves on our restraint, our well-thought-out verbal and written communications. But actually we are isolating ourselves.

Perhaps the emphasis medicine has placed on cleanliness is partly to blame, leaving in people's minds a lurking fear that physical contact is unhygienic. Whenever I see newborn babies in hospitals, guarded in the isolation of their sterile cribs by masked nurses, some instinct in me protests. As a psychiatrist I would rather see those babies in their mothers' arms or in cradles by their beds, or even held by clumsy and apprehensive fathers. Babies who have these privileges are likely to be more emotionally stable later on. I have known cases where older babies went into convulsions because they were deprived of cuddling, holding and rocking, never fondled, never touched. Too often, something of this clinical isolation is allowed to persist as the child grows into adolescence.

Closeness. Tenderness. Touch. These are the ingredients so often missing in the lives of people who need help. Fortunately they are ingredients that can be put back, if their importance is understood.

Love is like gratitude: not much

good unless you show it. If you have to scold or punish a child, it's not enough just to speak reassuringly to him when the penalty period is over. You should also put your arms round him, literally enfold him with your forgiveness.

I have always had a warm feeling for the father of the prodigal son in the Bible parable. He had every reason to be hurt by his child's conduct. But when the prodigal came home, the father did not wait in the door with a prim word of welcome and a reluctant handshake. He "ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." In contrast, I once heard a magistrate say that although hundreds of juvenile offenders and their parents had been brought before him, he never once had seen a parent put an arm round a youngster's shoulder or show any physical sign of affection or protectiveness.

With small children, I think a degree of touchingness in their teachers is an absolute necessity, because learning is possible only in an atmosphere of warmth and security. An education officer told me that he looks specifically for this quality in selecting teachers for the younger children. Years ago his own infant-school teacher, a warm motherly person, used to let the child who read his daily lesson best sit on her lap while she read a story to the class. He still remembers how his classmates vied for that honour.

I know of a holiday camp for

withdrawn, badly disturbed youngsters where it has been found that the most helpful thing is for gentle and sympathetic adults to hold these terribly frightened children, hug them, talk softly to them. What such a child needs most is a signal from the terrifying outer world that says, "Don't be afraid. I'm concerned about you. I'm here to protect you." Through the medium of loving touch, contact can be re-established—and sometimes the beginning of a cure is set in motion.

For thousands of years religion has been aware of the tremendous power that resides in touch. The Founder of Christianity, when children ran to Him, took them in His arms. When He wanted to heal a leper or restore a blind man's sight, He touched them.

The belief that healing may sometimes be effected by "the laying on of hands" was practised in ancient Babylon, in Egypt, in Greece, and is still being practised today. It is not so much a question of miraculous physical cures (although all doctors know that the healing process is greatly influenced by the patient's state of mind); perhaps it is auto-suggestion. But the relief from pain seems to be quite real, and the reports are remarkably consistent. Its

value appears to lie in helping the sufferers make contact with something outside and beyond themselves.

But dramatic instances of the healing power of touch are not limited to religious environments. Marta Korwin, a concert pianist, was in Warsaw when that city was besieged by the Nazis in the Second World War. She volunteered to work as a nurse in a hospital, caring for the wounded.

"Late one night," she wrote, "going through the wards, I noticed a soldier whose face was buried in a pillow. In his agony, he was sobbing and moaning into the pillow so that he would disturb no one. How could I help him? I looked at my hands. If I could transmit vibrations in harmony through the piano, why could I not transmit harmony directly without an instrument? When I took the boy's head in my hands, he grabbed them with such force I thought his nails would be embedded in my flesh. I prayed that the harmony of the world would come to alleviate his pain. His sobs grew quieter. Then his hands released their grip, and he was asleep."

The magic of being in touch. It can express love and ease pain, and can give mankind its humanity.

THE travel books ranged in price from Rs. 10 to Rs. 30, and my sister was undecided about which to get for a friend going abroad. The kindly saleswoman said, "Well, dear, if your friend *can* afford to go away and you *can't*, then get her the one for Rs. 10."

—M. V. W.

Cuba's Brazen Blueprint for Subversion

*The inside story of Castro's most
audacious attempt to establish communism
on the mainland of Latin America*

BY KENNETH GILMORE

ON THE northern coast of Venezuela's Paraguaná Peninsula, there is a lonely stretch of beach in a small inlet known as Macama. Half a mile from this beach, in a two-room stucco hut, lives 24-year-old Lino Gerardo Amaya, a wiry, quiet *campesino*. On the morning of November 1, 1963, Lino and his 18-year-old brother, Pedro, set out along the beach in search of a lost goat. They came upon two men in bathing suits, standing on the shore looking out to sea. Beside them was a shiny 16-foot aluminium boat with a handsome outboard motor. The taller of the two calmly waved his hand. "Hallo, Frank, how are you? Don't you work for the Creole company?"

"I'm not Frank," replied Lino, "and I never worked for Creole."

Lino didn't find his goat that day.

But shortly before 5 p.m. he and his brother headed back to the beach, fishing poles in hand. All that day a thundercloud of suspicion had been building up in his mind. What were those two strangers up to?

At the beach the brothers found the boat and outboard motor. And more. The coarse dark sand was scuffed with footprints—lots of footprints now etched by the lengthening shadows. And something else. A rope mark, its coils clearly imprinted in the sand, led from the water towards a tree.

Lino followed the mark, Pedro behind him. At its end they spotted the corner of a piece of canvas. They pulled it up. Underneath lay a large dark bag. They dragged it out and loosened a thick drawstring. Four automatic rifles! And layers of bulging cartridge belts.

On hands and knees they pawed

CUBA'S BRAZEN BLUEPRINT FOR SUBVERSION

away more sand and found more sacks of rifles, more cartridge belts. And now that they looked harder, it was apparent that a large section of sand was loose and soft ahead of them.

Lino sprang up. "We've got to tell the police," he said.

Buried Treasure. Shortly before 10 p.m., Lino arrived at the Jadaquiva police station. He told his story to the prefect, Antonio Lugo, who immediately relayed the news to Police Commandant Eusebio Olivares Navarrate, at Punto Fijo, the largest town on the peninsula. Olivares roared off for the lonely beach with five jeep-loads of policemen.

Soon the police were digging into the sand like pirates seeking lost treasure, grunting, heaving, hauling. In 15 minutes, Olivares had seen enough. He switched on the radio in his patrol car, gave the stunning news to the state governor, Pablo Saher.

It took four hours to hoist the entire deposit from its temporary grave. The hole in the ground was eight feet deep, six feet wide and 90 feet long. The cache—automatic rifles, machine-guns, anti-tank guns, mortars, bazookas, demolition charges and thousands of rounds of ammunition—weighed three tons!

In Caracas, the Venezuelan capital, President Rómulo Betancourt was awakened at home and briefed by phone. He ordered a naval patrol

of the peninsula and sent a special alert to every security and military agency in the country. For two years Fidel Castro had boasted that he would export his Cuban revolution to the mainland of South America. Oil-rich Venezuela was his prime target. "With victory in Venezuela," cried Cuba's old-line communist boss Blas Roca, "we shall no longer be a solitary island in the Caribbean confronting the Yankee imperialists." Castro-trained guerrillas of Venezuela's communist Armed Forces of National Liberation (FALN) had terrorized the countryside in an attempt to paralyze the nation. They had dynamited oil pipelines and bridges, burned stores and warehouses, robbed banks, raided police stations, kidnapped and murdered officials and blasted the streets with sniper and machine-gun fire. More than 50 policemen had been cut down in the streets of Caracas alone, and twice as many civilians.

But never before had the FALN been equipped with mortars and bazookas. Something special was afoot.

A New Lead. At the heavily protected Caracas headquarters of Venezuela's state security police (DIGEPOL), chief of investigation Orlando García Vázquez studied a surveillance report that had just reached his desk. It was late on Monday afternoon November 3, exactly 48 hours after Lino had looked under the canvas. The report

disclosed that at 10.30 a.m. that day a young woman known to have communist connexions was seen near the home of Eduardo Machado, a Venezuelan Communist Party boss. She was followed to a café on Negrín Street, where she sat chatting with three men. Fifty minutes later all four drove to a complex of four housing units known as "Urbanización Simón Rodríguez."

The woman strolled to Building No. 1 and took the outside lift to a fourth-floor apartment, No. 49. Her companions loitered in the area, making sure she was not being followed. Two hours later she came back to the car and sped to the old section of the city, where she was observed talking to several leaders of Central University's communist-controlled student federation, some of whom had recently returned from Cuba.

Inspector Garcia was sure apartment No. 49 was "hot." Too many precautions had been taken. "I think we had better raid this place as soon as possible," he told his boss.

Shortly after midnight five DIGE-POL agents in two groups sauntered towards Building No. 1, chatting and laughing as if returning from a party. Garcia and two agents took the lift to the fourth floor, while the others climbed the stairs, the only other exit.

Garcia knocked gently at apartment 49. There was a shuffling of slippers. The door opened a crack,

revealing a middle-aged woman in a nightgown.

"We've come with a search warrant," said Garcia, shouldering his way in. "Is anyone else here?"

"No," she replied.

In a bedroom they found a young man in bed. "Stay very still," warned Garcia. "Who are you?"

"Germán López Méndez," the man replied, and handed over his identification card. No. 618945—Germán López Méndez—born November 27, 1941—five feet six inches—hair brown—eyes brown. On the left-hand corner was pasted a small identity picture: a slim face, placid eyes, thin moustache, wavy hair. It matched the man.

"What's your occupation?" Garcia asked.

"I'm a teacher. Just visiting here for a couple of days."

"O.K., don't move while we search," Garcia said.

Bible on Terror. The men began to hunt, opening cupboards, pulling out drawers, looking under beds and in toilet tanks. Under one corner of the suspect's bed two objects were extracted: the first, a small light-blue airline travelling bag full of drawing equipment and materials—pens, tracing paper, rulers, compasses, crayons.

"What are you doing with these?" Garcia asked López.

"I've never seen them before," López answered, as if bored.

At first, Garcia thought the second item was a Bible. Book-size,

it was enclosed in a dark-brown leather case with a zip on three sides, the kind of covering often used for a Bible. Inside was a loose-leaf notebook. Garcia flipped through some 70 pages. He found that he was holding an instructor's manual on the handling of arms and explosives—a FALN "bible."

Garcia glanced at the man on the bed. "This belong to you?"

"No."

At about 5 a.m. Garcia returned to headquarters with his two suspects. "Keep searching," he told two agents left behind. "Mattresses, pillows, everything. When you're finished, start all over again. There's bound to be more than we've found."

DIGEPOL's files indicated that the woman, who claimed to be a nurse, was a contact for a fugitive FALN leader. The man who called himself López was fingerprinted, and a search through the files disclosed his real identity: Luis Eduardo Sánchez Madero, aged 24. On the margins of the FALN sabotage manual were notes jotted down in his handwriting, among them a precise schedule of his last day of instruction on October 21: 6 a.m.—rise; 8 to 12—courses in artillery and mortar; 2 to 6 p.m.—training in recoilless rifle, bazooka and machine-gun and cryptography; 8 to 10—study; 11—bedtime.

Puzzle Becomes Picture. Meanwhile, at apartment 49, an agent had found, taped to the bottom of a desk

drawer, a two-inch thick stack of papers. Included in the material were lengthy descriptions of arms and explosives plus an intricate checklist for pulling off a successful sabotage or kidnapping operation. escape routes, floor plans, guards, alarm systems, cover stories, hiding places.

There was also a large map of Caracas showing every street and major building in the city, and four pieces of transparent paper—overlays for the map—dotted by rectangles, circles, arrows, asterisks, crosses, parallel bars and triangles.

What did it all mean? Garcia and his men studied these and other items, concentrating on several papers crisscrossed with neatly ruled lines. At the top of each perpendicular column were large letters: "F," the symbol for *fusil*, Spanish for rifle; "PERS" for persons; "M" for mortar; "Csr" for *cañone sin retroceso*—recoilless rifle; and "B" for bazooka. The same type of arms found at Macama!

More notes were studied, such as a list of apartment buildings, offices and streets with specific designations of weapons. These numbers were compared. The map was pulled out, and the overlays with their symbols were arranged and rearranged. At last the puzzle became a picture. The rectangular figure meant "artillery," the triangle "fixed group," the open circle "troop positions," the slanted parallel lines "barricade," the cross "emergency station," the

five-sided figure surrounded by arrows "object of attack." Sánchez Madero had drawn up a detailed plan for attacking Caracas using the weapons delivered at Macama.

The Urdaneta barracks was the prime objective. A walled fort perched on the city's highest ground, it held a concentration of troops. Here also were tanks, near a jail holding top FALN terrorists. The scheme: isolate the troops and free the prisoners to join in the attack. This one phase in the operation called for three artillery units, six fixed groups of three to four men, three mobile groups plus positioning of 12 FALN troop units in carefully chosen locations. Assigned to do the job were 374 men, 195 rifles, eight mortars, 12 bazookas, four recoilless rifles, 75 machine-guns.

Apartment houses near the barracks were selected from where snipers and machine-gunners could pick off soldiers trying to reach jeeps and armoured cars. Mortars would knock out key exits, sabotage units would cut telephone lines, seize power stations and blow up vital streets; bazookas and recoilless rifles would be waiting for tanks—if they made it through the carnage.

Fantastic? At Miraflores Palace the attack plan was laid before President Betancourt. "To those of us who have witnessed FALN's murder and arson for three years, it doesn't seem so shocking," he confided to a colleague. "But this is

going to look fantastic to the outside world."

Indeed, the question was: Would the "outside world" believe it? Could they prove conclusively where the plan had originated, where the arms had come from?

The first point hinged on Sánchez Madero. An exhaustive check of all airline bookings was undertaken. It was a long shot but it paid off. Sánchez Madero had fled from Venezuela to Jamaica on March 5, 1962, listed as "Luis E. Sánchez M.," after an armoured-car robbery in which his fingerprints were found. In Jamaica he had boarded a K.L.M. special flight, No. 977 from Kingston to Havana, Cuba. He had cockily given the airline his destination address: House of Americas (headquarters in Havana for the infamous Institute of People's Friendship, the processing agency for Cuba's Latin-American terrorist trainees).

Tracing of the arms was turned over to the Venezuelan army. An elaborate effort had been made to disguise the weapons. All serial numbers had been ground off. Near the trigger of each rifle, a hole had been cut, obviously to remove the insignia. But *whose* insignia?

Several of the weapons were rushed to the Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre at Herstal-lez-Liège, Belgium, whose trademark had been left on. Fabrique Nationale, the largest private arms-manufacturer in the Western world, had

completed an order by the Cuban army for 22,500 automatic rifles on March 23, 1959. Now company experts examined the rifles dug up at Macama and reported that "the coat of arms of Cuba was stamped in the place where a cut has been made." Moreover, the Cuban weapons had their serial numbers uniquely located on the left side of the trigger guard, as these had been before they were ground off. Rifles with these characteristics had never been delivered to any country but Cuba.

As for the 31 "UZI" 9-mm. machine-guns, the Belgian company also confirmed that they had been bought by Cuba. But the Venezuelans went a step further. Where a seal had obviously been ground away, an etching solution was applied. Slowly the chemical made decipherable the outlines of a legend. Under a magnifying glass a crest could be distinguished—the crest of the Cuban army. The case was airtight. It was time to bring charges.

Irrefutable Proof. The wood-panelled main council room of the Pan American Union Building, four streets from the White House in Washington, was packed on December 3, 1963. Venezuela had called the Organization of American States into emergency session to charge Cuba with aggression. Ambassador Enrique Tejera-Paris of Venezuela was speaking: "The people of Venezuela have been

the constant victims of the insults and attacks of Cuba's Castro regime. Now in the face of the new act of aggression by Cuba, for which there is definite and irrefutable proof, Venezuela is forced to take this action."

An investigating commission was immediately set up, composed of representatives of the Argentine, Colombia, Costa Rica, Uruguay and the United States. On December 8, the commission flew to Caracas, together with a team of military advisers. There they heard detailed accounts from a score of witnesses ranging from Minister of National Defence General Antonio Briceño to Juan DeDios Marín, a young Venezuelan who had been in Cuba for several months receiving military training in the handling of arms and guerrilla tactics.*

Venezuelan army officials picked out weapons at random, and before the eyes of the investigators demonstrated how the Cuban insignia could be raised chemically. Ward Allen, chief U.S. representative, was especially curious about the aluminium skiff and outboard motor that had been left behind on the beach that morning by the two strangers.

Odd, he thought—a Johnson motor with the manufacturer's marking: The Outboard Marine Corporation of Canada, Ltd., serial number C367809. The Canadian Ambassador in Caracas was asked to have the motor investigated. A report came back through Canadian

* See "Inside a Castro 'Terror School'," *The Reader's Digest*, March 1965.

government channels: four Johnson outboard motors, including C367809, had been purchased in Montreal and flown to Cuba on October 1, 1963, consigned to the National Institute of Agrarian Reform, Poultry Division.

A Damning Verdict. On February 24, 1964, the OAS commission presented its verdict: "The shipment was made up of arms originating in Cuba that were surreptitiously landed at a solitary spot on the coast for the purpose of being used in subversive operations to overthrow the constitutional government of Venezuela. The objective of the 'Caracas Plan' was to capture the city of Caracas, to prevent the holding of elections on December 1, 1963, and to seize control of the country."

This plan, plus Cuba's "propaganda methods, provision of funds, training in sabotage and guerrilla operations," concluded the investigators, added up to "a policy of aggression."

A 112-page report was submitted with a mountain of facts and proof, much of which is the basis for the preceding account.

La Tribuna, a major newspaper in Lima, Peru, commented: "What is important is the next step: that is, what kind of action will be taken against a government convicted of armed intervention?"

Incredibly, the answer to that question was in grave doubt. Several

Latin-American countries balked at imposing firm measures against Cuba, clinging to the ancient concept of non-intervention which had originated years before Soviet communism moved into the hemisphere. Principal backsliders were Mexico, Uruguay, Bolivia, Chile and Brazil, all of whom at the time maintained diplomatic relations with Cuba.

Sanctions—Or Not? Venezuela would not be put off, and pressed for a foreign ministers' conference of the 20 American republics to punish Castro. It called for mandatory steps such as cutting off all trade, air travel and diplomatic relations with Cuba.

"If the OAS does not apply sanctions to Castro's Cuba, it means the bankruptcy of democracy and the inter-American system," warned Venezuela's Foreign Minister Marcos Falcón Briceño.

Then in April 1964 a revolution in Brazil led by General Humberto Castelo Branco, a firm anti-Castroite, ousted left-leaning President João Goulart.* Soon after, Brazil expelled Cuba's diplomatic delegation. Now those seeking stern measures against Castro felt that the continent's largest nation could be counted on when the showdown came.

Still, weeks, then months, dragged by while diplomats argued over sanctions that would assure the necessary two-thirds vote. Finally, on July 21, more than eight months after Lino stumbled on the arms at Macama, the hemisphere's foreign

* See "Brazil, the Country that Saved Itself," *The Reader's Digest*, May 1965.

ministers gathered in Washington for the crucial voting.

The hemisphere states should not maintain diplomatic or consular relations with Cuba: 14 yes, 4 no, 1 abstain. They should suspend their trade, either direct or indirect, with Cuba, except for humanitarian reasons: same vote. They should suspend all sea transportation, again with the humanitarian exception: 14 yes, 3 no, 2 abstain. Any new attempts to subvert an American republic could bring quick armed retaliation without consultation: 15 yes, 4 no.

By the time the final resolution had passed, it was 12.15 a.m. July 26, the day Castro annually celebrates the birth of his revolutionary July 26 Movement. At long last the American republics had branded an outlaw in their midst. Within six months Chile, Bolivia and Uruguay broke off relations with Cuba. More significant was that key resolution giving the green light to OAS nations, alone or collectively, to strike back without delay should Castro be caught in further subversion.

Whether this provision *will* be used for direct retaliation against the Cuban sanctuary is quite another matter. Only last November representatives of Latin-American communist parties slipped into Havana to map out a bold new strategy with the Russians to accelerate Red revolutions.

A secret declaration was signed promising "active aid" to "freedom

fighters" in Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, Paraguay, Panama, Haiti and Venezuela.

Operations centre for this guerrilla warfare is Cuba's subversion and espionage agency, the DGI (whose biggest unit promotes Latin-American revolutions), advised by at least five Russian intelligence specialists. Squads of Latin Americans are trained by the DGI's Department of Special Schools. This department and other Cuban organizations have turned out at least 5,000 graduates. "This training today represents the most serious threat to democracy in Latin America," says U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Jack Vaughn. "We know of cases where the individuals of a given country trained in Cuba return by the hundreds. These people form a cadre of guerrilla units, and the larger the number, the greater the threat that they will make a move."

An Appalling Scoreboard. The scoreboard of riots, bombings, assassinations, violence and espionage emanating from Cuba is appalling. Last February, during a festive parade in the capital, ten Guatemalan soldiers were killed by a grenade lobbed into the back of their truck. Chief of these guerrillas is stocky, tough Marco Antonio Yon Sousa who has secretly received over Rs. 9.5 lakhs from the DGI.

Next door in Colombia, banditry and kidnappings, once confined to remote rural regions, are closing in

THE READER'S DIGEST

on the cities. Former Cabinet Minister Harold Eder was grabbed by communist kidnappers and a Rs. 12 lakhs price put on his head even though he had been murdered before the ransom demand. A newly-organized Cuban-backed Army of National Liberation (ELN) directs much of this violence. In Moscow, *Pravda* propagandizes that events in Colombia are "very little different from the dirty war being fought in Vietnam."

Finally, look at the grim tragedy in the Dominican Republic. In classic style a band of skilled communists swiftly exploited an explosive chaotic revolution. At least 77 known communists were pinpointed, and, as President Johnson has disclosed, "two of the prime leaders in the rebel forces were men with a long history of communist association and insurrections." He noted that many of the "conspirators" were "trained in Cuba" and, "seeing a chance to increase disorder, to gain a foothold, joined the revolution."

Where Next? Where will the graduates of the Soviet-Cuban communist combine strike *next*? And will the United States and its friends be able to discover and act against the *next* blueprint for subversion before it is too late?

No one can say—as long as an operations centre for "wars of liberation" functions with impunity in Cuba. Time and time again U.S. officials have said this subversion

"must stop," yet it continues. Words and warnings are scorned, and Washington goes on merely *reacting* to one Cuban-fomented foray after another.

One long-overdue solution is for the OAS to modernize its rules and machinery so that *it* can act swiftly against communist "interventions." Otherwise, Latin-American countries must accept U.S. fast action when lives and liberties of nations are in the balance, as in the Dominican Republic.

Another solution lies in tightening the economic noose around Cuba. Considering the mess communism has made of the Cuban economy, experts say it would collapse within weeks if most outside assistance was cut off.

Why, for example, should a procession of Soviet oil tankers be permitted to steam into the Caribbean to fuel Cuba's industries and utilities so that this springboard for subversion can survive? And why should non-communist nations be allowed to furnish vital items—867 shiploads since 1963?

When Secretary of State Dean Rusk called for sanctions against Cuba last summer, he pointed out that "subversion supported by terror, sabotage and guerrilla action is as dangerous a form of aggression as an armed attack." And he added: "Today it is Venezuela which is under attack. Is there any one of us who can say with assurance, 'It cannot be my country tomorrow?'"



By JOHN CHAPMAN

COUPLE of years ago a rather unusual pupil turned up at a New York art school. The cigar-chewing, grey-haired beginner was cartoonist Rube Goldberg, who had decided, at the age of 80, to embark on a brand new career as a sculptor.

The career worked out even if the school didn't. "I felt like a fool with all those kids and beatniks," Rube said. So he made a sketch of what he wanted to sculpt, went home and started to teach himself.

Rube had already achieved success in several fields. Though celebrated for his comic art, he was long a serious editorial cartoonist and

won a Pulitzer Prize in 1948. He was well known as a witty raconteur and popular after-dinner speaker. In 1961 he had written his first novel, a burlesque of ghost-written confession books. Now he hoped to emulate Daumier, the great nineteenth-century French caricaturist, who turned to sculpture late in life.

Today, erect and jaunty at 82, he is succeeding beautifully as a sculptor and still looking for new worlds to conquer. "Find new places and faces," he once wrote in a magazine article on the subject of growing old. "Loosen your hold on the past and latch on to something connected with tomorrow."

Rube hasn't drawn cartoons for years. But some of his characters and ideas have become part of the common lore. His best known is Professor Lucifer Gorgonzola Butts and his complicated, slightly mad "inventions." In the professor's blueprints a wild device, such as an egg dropped into a fan, triggers an elaborate chain reaction of improbable sequences that results in the solution of a problem such as removing a gravy stain from a waistcoat. The term "Rube Goldberg invention" now describes anything outlandishly complicated, from space satellites to women's hats.

I first met Goldberg in the late 1920's when I was a fledgeling reporter on the newly established New York *Daily News* and he was a cartoonist for the *Evening Mail*. I had followed his cartoons for years, and he was just as I had always imagined him: big, handsome, easygoing, full of laughter and fun to be with. It

has now been more than 30 years since that first meeting, and Rube remains as funny, spry and salty as when I first set eyes on him.

Although he has spent a lifetime making people laugh,

Rube is serious about his work. He even drew Professor Butts and his wild inventions with the intensity of Michelangelo painting

the Sistine Chapel. "I owe much of what success I've had," Rube says, "to a sign painter who at heart was an artist. He taught me the secret of success in art and everything else. He taught me to work. He believed in doing good work even on a sign. He wouldn't tolerate slipshod work or loafing."

Rube pursued his studies under the sign painter in San Francisco, where he was born in July 1883. Rube's father had come to California as a penniless lad of 13, rose to become police and fire commissioner of San Francisco, and lived to 96.

Despite Rube's interest in art, he studied engineering at the University of California at his father's urging. There his sense of humour started sprouting, and he turned his drawing skill to cartooning for the student humour magazine. After graduation he got a job designing sewers for the city of San Francisco.

"The job was just as interesting as it sounds," Rube says, and he soon gave it up for a lowly job with the San Francisco *Chronicle*. "Fortunately I had chosen the right kind of father," Rube says. "One who understood."

His job was to clean the art department and draw one cartoon each day. But every time he emptied the wastepaper-basket he found his daily cartoon amid the rubbish. One day he got his first big assignment—to draw some cartoons of an athletics meeting. Excitedly, he laid out pens and paper to have all in readiness



when he returned. When he arrived breathless back at the office there was a shock in store. His pens and paper had been shoved in his drawer, the drawer was nailed shut and all the artists were gone! Young Rube decided on massive retaliation. He nailed shut every drawer in the department.

"The next morning I arrived expecting a battle," he recalls. "But the art department welcomed me like a brother. A chap who had nerve enough to fight back was the kind they wanted."

Before long Goldberg had become cartoonist for the San Francisco *Bulletin*; then at 23 he struck out for New York, where he got a job on the *Evening Mail*. In the beginning he made little splash. A group of his friends suggested he would do better if he changed his name; some readers might be prejudiced. "At first I considered changing it," he says. "Then I realized that I would be ashamed for the rest of my life. Instead, I determined to try to add a little to the honour my father and mother had brought to the name. My work became easier and my resolve to succeed greater."

Success was not long in coming to him.

One day he drew a cartoon of a man who had fallen out of a 50th-floor window. A woman, bending over solicitously, was asking, "Have an accident?" The man's reply: "No thanks. I just had one." The next day letters began pouring into

the office, and the phone rang continuously. Hundreds of people were anxious to suggest other foolish questions. "Foolish Questions" became Rube's first big cartoon success.

Rube says that cartooning is 90 per cent studying human nature, eight per cent fitting the resulting knowledge to an idea and two per cent actually drawing. Most of his most successful ideas are the result of his own shrewd observation of people and their foibles and follies. For instance, a professor at California who taught Rube analytic mechanics inspired Professor Butts and his inventions.

"Professor Freddy Slate asked me to operate a machine he had invented," Rube says. "It was a mass



of test-tubes, cogs, ratchets, chains, dials and levers which, the professor said, would register the weight of the earth. The last thing I wanted to know was the weight of the earth. I swore then and there that I would devote some part of my small talents for cartooning to lampooning the mechanical blight and perhaps start

people back on the road to original simplicity." In a few years Professor Butts and his wonderful inventions were earning Rube a thousand dollars (Rs. 4,750) a week.

Rube married pretty Irma Sceman in 1916, and they moved into a New York house, where they entertained lavishly. For one party they moved their furniture to the house next door and brought in an entire delicatessen, complete with proprietor. So lavish was the Goldberg hospitality that Rube sometimes had difficulty getting guests to leave. He told of one who came on a visit, stayed two weeks, rearranged the furniture, made long-distance phone calls and otherwise made himself at home. "I eventually got him out through a ruse," Rube confesses. "I told him I was moving and had our furniture loaded into a big red van. The driver kept driving round until the guest left."

In 1938 Goldberg became editorial-page cartoonist for the New York *Evening Sun*—a task which demanded a different frame of mind and a different technique from comic art. It meant following world events and commenting on them perceptively with brush, crayon and

pen. Rube's Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoon showed an American family seated on top of an atom bomb in the shape of the earth and teetering towards destruction.

In 1948, Rube, drawing for the *Journal American*, found himself red-faced when Harry Truman upset supposedly sure winner Thomas Dewey in the election for the Presidency. The paper had supported Dewey, and Rube had a drawing of the victorious Dewey all set to go. When Truman scored his surprise win, Goldberg found himself with no drawing. So he left his space on the editorial page blank—except for a line at the bottom which read, "Rube Goldberg regrets." Truman roared at this. He asked for the original and hung it in the White House.

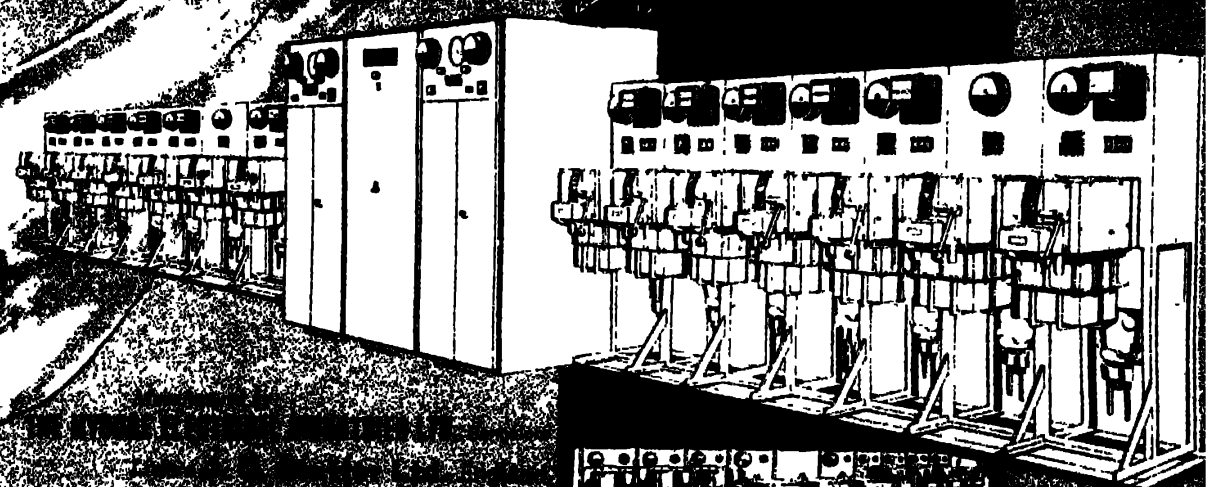
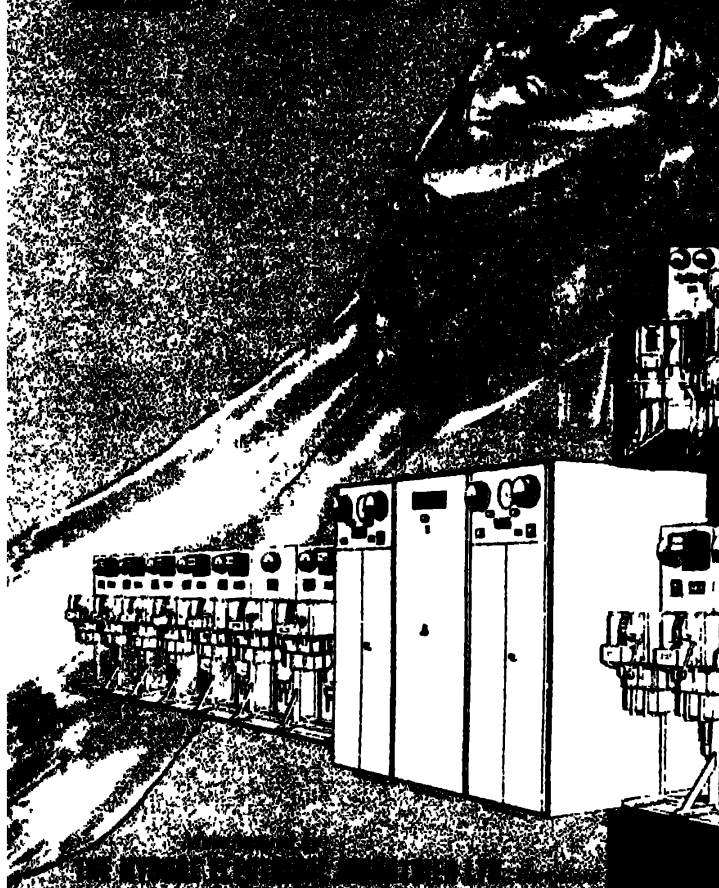
Rube has a happy home life and a multitude of friends. "Our home has always been filled with love and laughter," his wife of 49 years says. Their son Tom is a modern painter. Their younger son, George, is a successful theatrical producer. At 80 Goldberg retired from his editorial post, but he remains as busy as ever. He is still going strong, still working with single-minded intensity. .



Wet and Windy

RADIO announcer: "We hesitate to say that it is raining as the Met. Office doesn't call it that, but the fog is running down the gutters" . . . Beneath the barometer in a country hotel is the sign: "Don't hit me. I'm doing my best." —W. A. H. SCOTT in *The Times*, London

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HUMOUR IN UNIFORM

As a signals officer in Korea, I frequently called my outlying posts by radio to give them directions for the movements of troops. To ensure that the names of villages and other landmarks were properly understood, I would always follow my pronunciation of a Korean word with "And I spell that - - - -."

After a particularly trying period in combat, our unit was due to pull back to a reserve position. But at the last moment the plans were changed. I had the unpleasant task of notifying all my posts that they would be staying on the line. The only answer I received from one post was: "Yes, sir. And I spell that C-U-R!"

—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRANCIS DOHERTY

THROUGHOUT the U.S. Navy, pre-printed forms are constantly used. But occasionally a form does not exist for a particular purpose. Recently I borrowed a camp bed from the Navy's Special Services Stores so that my father would be able to stay with me in my flat for a brief visit. Several days passed, and Special Services sent me this preprinted form: "It is requested that the recreation gear that you have checked out from this office be returned."

—LIEUTENANT I. J. BALINK

I was instructing a class of N.C.O.'s in aircraft-corrosion control. The day's lesson dealt with methods of washing aircraft including the use of alcohol

and naphtha cleaners in below-freezing temperatures. At the end of the lesson I quizzed the class on key points. "And what do we use," I asked a flight sergeant, "to wash aircraft with in freezing weather?"

His answer attested to his "old soldier" status. "Aircraftmen," came the quick, self-assured reply.

SERGEANT HENRY GARRISON

As a part of their rehabilitation programme, prisoners in the glasshouse were given leadership lectures. Included in a series of lectures on "Conduct as a Prisoner of War" was one on "Escape and Survival." The effect on the prisoners was vividly demonstrated the next day when six of them escaped from detention, using techniques described in the lecture.

- R. C. J.

INSPECTING the 3,000 men aboard a U.S. carrier, Fleet Admiral Ernest King demanded of a lieutenant in charge of a deck division: "Are all your men wearing socks?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young officer.

The admiral pointed to an elderly chief petty officer and said, "Tell that man to take his shoes off."

The grizzled chief petty officer took off his shoes—and stood barefoot. The lieutenant was horrified, but a grin cracked the frozen face of Admiral King. He said, "Don't let it worry you, lieutenant. Thirty years ago I gave up trying to make McGillicuddy wear socks."

—F. POLIARD

THE READER'S DIGEST

AN OVERBEARING officer was returning to the station after a night on the town. He sped past the guard on duty at the gate without stopping. Then he slammed on the brakes, staggered back to the guard and stated belligerently that the job of the guard was to "shoot to kill" at anyone going past the gate without stopping.

After the officer stopped ranting, the guard looked him in the eye and asked, "Care to back up and try it again, sir?"

ANNA WILSON

ONE PHASE of our course on explosives as air force recruits dealt with the exacting job of removing fuses from live bombs and other projectiles. After days of exhaustive study of many types of fuses, one troublesome and obnoxious student asked the instructor, "Isn't there an easier way to learn this?"

"Yes," the instructor replied. "In your case, I strongly recommend trial and error."

-GORDON BRAINARD

DURING the Korean War, I was driving an ammunition truck to the front when the situation became almost too much to bear. Enemy fire was striking all round me with such force that I stopped the truck and hid underneath. Once there, I realized I wasn't in a very good position with all that ammunition above me. So I jumped back into the truck and drove through the hail of fire to the front.

A few days later, when I was summoned to headquarters, I was worried in case someone had seen me hiding under my truck. I could visualize a court-martial. I was right—several officers had seen me dive under the truck, and they had made a report.

But I was amazed to discover what they had written: "This man is cited for outstanding heroism. While he was driving ammunition to the front lines, his truck broke down under intense enemy fire, and he climbed under to repair it, then continued to his destination to complete his mission."—R. S.

ANCHORED off Italy during the war, an American task force seeing a fighter plane approaching at high speed and low level, shot it down—only to discover that it was a U.S. Air Force plane.

The pilot was fished out and brought aboard the flagship, unhurt but dripping and chastened.

"Lieutenant," asked the admiral, "what were you doing in this area?"

"Sir, I had completed my mission, and this was the shortest way back to my base in Africa."

"But," continued the admiral, "didn't your superiors tell you never to fly over our fleet?"

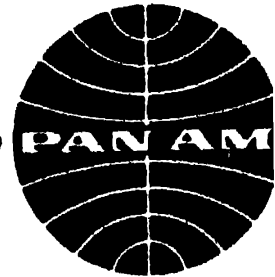
"Yes, sir, they did," admitted the pilot. "But, sir, they also told me that the Navy couldn't hit anything!"

--HENRY MRAD

WHILE awaiting transport overseas from an army base, our group was kept busy by a number of what we considered degrading duties for combat soldiers. The crowning indignity came on the day before we sailed—we were instructed to seed the lawn in front of the general's quarters. All morning we worked, spading, hoeing and sowing grass seed. During our lunch break several of us visited the local stores. That afternoon we finished seeding the lawn—with turnip and spinach seed.

—FRED FARRIS

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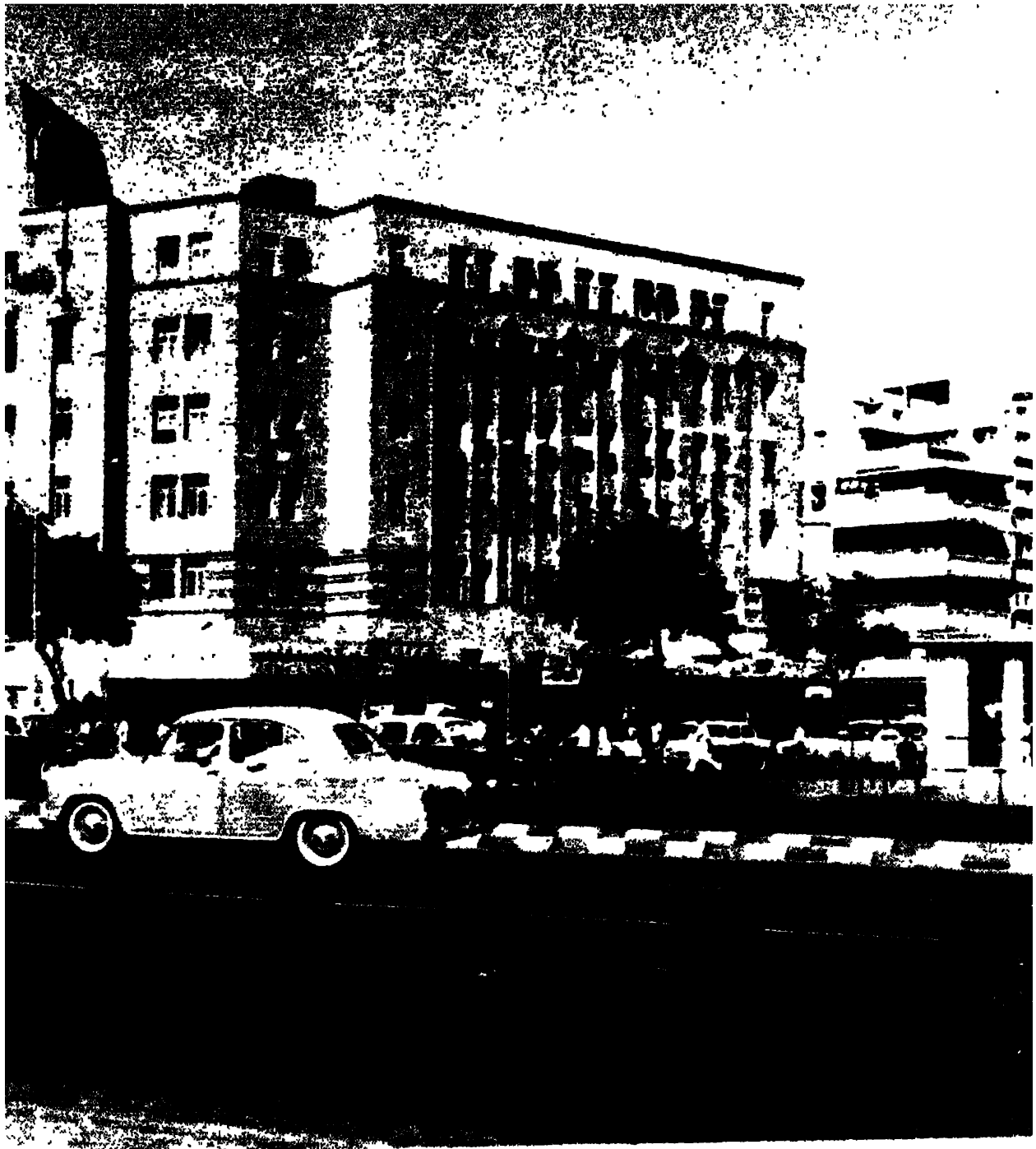
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The cult of "the good clear-out" is a major cause of constipation. Your intestinal tract is quite capable of taking care of itself

Nature's Way—Without Laxatives

By J. D. RATCLIFF

ADVERTISMENTS drum relentlessly on the virtues of "regularity" — suggesting that radiant good health, new vigour and a clear skin are to be achieved by taking some patented lavative. Result? Millions of us have become laxative addicts. Expenditures on laxatives have steadily increased in the last 25 years.

Indiscriminate use of laxatives is foolish, sometimes dangerous. They interfere with the proper absorption of foods from the small intestine, and with the reabsorption of critically important sodium and potassium in the large intestine. Mineral oils pick up such oil-soluble vitamins as A and D and sweep them

out of the body; and all laxatives depress production of the B vitamins in the large intestine.

Use of laxatives can mask diseases in which constipation is a symptom; intestinal infections, for example. Or they can muffle the alarm signals of kinked intestines, ulcers, even cancer. Moreover, some widely used laxatives are powerful irritants. If used regularly they overstimulate intestinal muscles to a point of flaccid exhaustion, and thus actually *cause* the constipation they are supposed to combat.

Early in this century, public imagination was captured by "auto-intoxication"—the theory that intestinal wastes retained in the body

Condensed from Today's Health

NATURE'S WAY—WITHOUT LAXATIVES

poisoned the blood, led to headaches, fatigue, and other miseries. Wiser doctors pointed out that if a true systemic poisoning were present it would not vanish with a bowel movement, any more than a drunk is instantly sobered by vomiting. Any poisons present are converted into harmless compounds and disposed of by the liver and kidneys.

But the idea of "poisons" in the intestinal tract still retains a firm grip on the public mind. Millions of people believe that the colon requires regular flushing. These people, say doctors, must learn that there is no universal pattern of regularity. It is not unusual for an individual to have only one movement a week.

A clearer understanding of the intestinal tract can do much to dispel false ideas that some laxative manufacturers perpetuate. Although the 20- to 25-foot-long small intestine looks like a singularly unimpressive sausage skin, it is in reality a remarkable chemical factory that breaks food into utilizable components. With the help of a daily pint to quart of bile from the liver, plus an equal amount of digestive juice from the pancreas, the small intestine converts starch into usable sugars, proteins into amino acids, fats into fatty acids. The process is speeded by five to ten quarts of daily secretion from the small intestine's 20 million glands. Millions of microscopic villi in the lining of the intestine absorb digested proteins and

carbohydrates into the bloodstream, and fats into the lymphatic system.

After three to 15 hours a gruel, which consists almost entirely of mucus and cells shed from the intestinal wall, plus undigested food residues, reaches the five- to six-foot-long large intestine, or colon. Here the reabsorptive function requires three to four hours, sometimes more. While the small intestine is mainly sterile, the large one teems with bacteria. Most are friends, not enemies—manufacturing valuable vitamins.

The chief function of the large intestine is to extract water and salts from the material received from the small intestine. But for this, the body's critically important fluid and mineral balance would be upset. Indeed, most babies who die because of diarrhoea perish from dehydration—food passes through the large intestine so rapidly there is no time for it to extract the water. When laxatives push foods through the large intestine too quickly, precious potassium is lost. If the loss is severe, breathing muscles and heart may be affected.

Many things can upset the chain of normal digestive activity. Nervous tension and anger are prime offenders. With the help of a sigmoidoscope—a tubular apparatus with which it is possible to look directly into the colon—researchers have observed the effect of stress on volunteers. When a person is angry or worried the normally pink

THE READER'S DIGEST

tube becomes beet-red and goes into a spasm. This slows or halts normal bowel activity and allows the lower intestine to absorb too much fluid from wastes passing through it. Constipation may result.

Today, doctors tend to believe that worry is the chief cause of constipation. Further, they believe that *excessive worry about elimination itself* can be *the* principal culprit. Observes one doctor: "It is not the colon which needs treatment but the man who surrounds it."

Typically, a person frets about missing a movement for a day or so. A laxative is taken, which empties the entire tract. Most people fail to realize that it will be perhaps three days before the tract fills again and resumes normal function. Noting lack of activity during this period, the person swallows another laxative. Thus the first steps towards becoming a laxative addict are taken.

Laxatives and cathartics fall into three general classes: mineral oils, such as liquid paraffin, which act as lubricants; saline cathartics (Epsom salts, citrate of magnesia, mineral waters, etc.), which draw water from the tissues into the intestine; irritating drugs (cascara, senna, phenolphthalein—widely used in patent medicines), which inflame the intestinal wall causing increased motility. All have essentially the same drawbacks in varying degree. With continued use, natural function diminishes.

There are, of course, situations

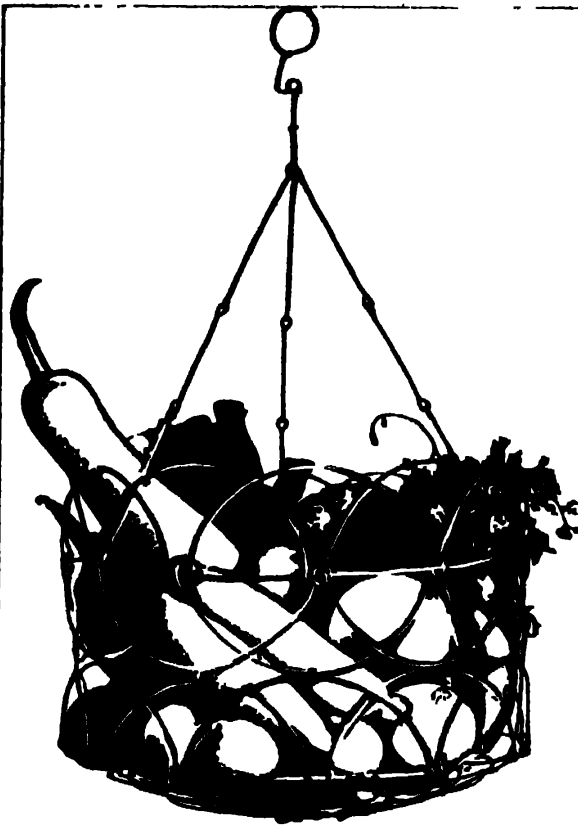
in which use of laxatives is valid: emptying the intestinal tract in preparation for X-rays or an operation; in hospital patients whose digestions have grown sluggish from lack of exercise; in those older people whose digestive tracts have been so abused that normal function is no longer possible.

But the misuse of these substances is assuming alarming proportions. A study quoted by Britain's Consumers' Association showed that a quarter of mothers questioned gave children laxatives regularly whether they needed them or not! Reason: they wanted to *prevent* constipation. Many adults subscribe to the same silly notions, feeling that they need a "cleaning out" at regular intervals. Nothing, of course, is "cleaned." All that is accomplished is the disruption of the vital digestive process.

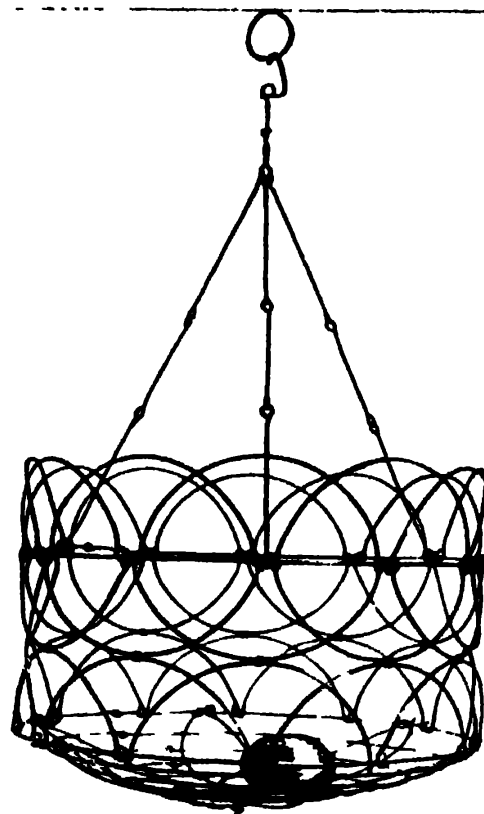
How can the insidious laxative habit be broken?

Doctors usually advise plenty of fluids, perhaps six glasses of water a day; a diet containing ample quantities of cooked fruit and leafy vegetables to provide roughage; and the immediate response to nature's call when it comes. Repeated postponement can, indeed, actually lead to constipation.

Increasingly, doctors are stressing a guiding principal for all of us: let the intestinal tract alone. It is quite capable of taking care of itself. If difficulties do arise, go to a doctor. He is the man best qualified to prescribe the remedy you need.



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L.P.E. Abner

The listener should form his own opinion of contemporary music—posterity has always proved him right

You Can Trust Your Own Ear

BY ABRAM CHASINS
Musicologist, critic and lecturer

AS I STROLLED out of the concert hall, my ears buzzing from the symphony orchestra's performance of a piece of experimental music, I overheard a couple in agitated conversation. "The trouble with you," the man shouted, "is that you just don't understand what the conductor's trying to do!" "Well, what *is* he trying to do?" the woman demanded in a voice of grinding glass. "Obviously," the man said, "he's trying to break the lease!" The answer broke the tension between the couple and made all three of us roar with laughter.

Such comments, in varying degrees of exasperation and humour, reflect public reaction to extremism in the art of our time. Yet most people are hesitant or downright afraid to express their opinions. This lack

of conviction or courage is unwarranted, particularly in the ordinary music lover. In every age, it is *his* collective judgement that has most accurately selected the greatest men and their greatest works. Unaware of technicalities and uncorrupted by professional prejudices, the layman, relying on what he "likes," has invariably been validated by the judgement of posterity.

Why, then, have we become so uncertain of our reactions to the music around us? Because we have been brainwashed by the Big Lie of Modernism, intimidated by the theory that every genius is so in advance of his time that few can understand him and that he therefore has to await recognition from future generations. The belief is as false as it is widely accepted.

Condensed from McCall's

If you mention Bach, you are talking of a genius whose sons referred to him as "the old pigtail" because he was writing in what was already regarded as an old-fashioned style.

If you mention Mozart, buried in a pauper's grave at 35, or the poverty-ridden Schubert, who died at 31, do not equate their heartbreaking financial struggles with wild-eyed revolutionism in music: both took over a language that was fully familiar to their audience. As for Wagner, the alleged arch-victim of an uncomprehending public, keep in mind that his genius for music was equalled only by his genius for making enemies. Despite that, he was among the top box-office successes of operatic history, and the theatre at Bayreuth was built, in his own time, for the production of his mighty works.

How, then, did the Big Lie come to be accepted as gospel?

The answers are very human. Most people concerned with the arts feel that some favourite living creator is not getting his due. Sometimes they themselves are the subject of this conviction. And what could be more natural than for them to justify themselves by proving that no true genius ever received proper recognition from his contemporaries?

The easiest way to prove this is to dig up all the adverse comments that have been levelled against composers and compositions we now

call great. But when we look beyond the hostile comments, we almost invariably find that they were counteracted by at least equal praise. Of course, some great music took longer than it should have to be properly esteemed, and there were always critics who immortalized themselves by their blunders. But music history shows that the public never remained fooled for long. Its final estimation and conclusions are our estimation and conclusions today, and this should convince us that we do not have to leave to posterity the job of separating the great men of our time from the phonics, or the good works from the bad.

Haven't we been doing just this for the better part of our lives? Hasn't the music public of London, Rome, Paris, New York, Moscow, Sydney, Tokyo, been reacting with amazing unanimity to many kinds of new music? Just look at the international concert programmes, recording releases and radio programmes. They teem with the identical works of Bartók, Copland, Gershwin, Menotti, Prokofiev, Rachmaninov, Ravel, Shostakovich, Sibelius, Richard Strauss, Stravinsky, Vaughan Williams and Villa-Lobos.

These men all produced works that found little or no favour with the public. Stravinsky especially, who has long been acknowledged as the greatest living artist in his field, has also sown the wind and



SEAMAN AND THE ELEMENT OF LUCK

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SPECIALISTS IN QUALITY LUBRICANTS SINCE 1878

reaped the whirlwind in his experimental works. A sizeable number of these compositions have been heard by a vast international public, but not often, for they were judged as trivial as his earlier works were judged to be masterly. Inevitably, because Stravinsky has for almost 50 years been the ranking musical genius of our day, he draws the heaviest critical fire when he lets us down by not employing his genius fully. A century from now, the perpetuators of the Big Lie will very likely excavate these criticisms, to show how much abuse and misunderstanding we heaped on poor Stravinsky. What nonsense!

As for the other composers I have mentioned, is there one who has not been censured for some work that disappointed us? But is there a single one who has not also been cheered or even idolized for works that we have acclaimed as classics? Among them are such favourites as Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and "The Rite of Spring," Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" and "Bolero," Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf" and "Classical Symphony," Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Porgy and Bess," the tone poems of Sibelius, and the piano concertos of Rachmaninov.

I seem to hear a chorus of protests: "But *they're* not really modern compositions!" Oh, yes, they are. If we accept the dictionary definition of modernism as "of our time" or "of recent period," it may

clarify some of the current confusion. If we agree to call all the art of our time "contemporary" and only that part of it which is in total revolt against the past "experimental," we will understand one another and the art of our time far better.

Experiment is inevitable in every art form, in every age, because a living language is always changing, always evolving. Our world has been and still is in the throes of genuine revolution. So is the world of art, and in musical art we have witnessed the ruthless repudiation of former ideals and techniques, in classical and popular music alike. Virtually no extremism has captured the heart of the public, yet hardly anyone in the Western world has escaped some exposure to it. No concert goer, no one who has a radio can avoid it.

There was a recent concert at which the chief instrument, instead of a Steinway or a Stradivarius, was a coiled-metal slinky toy that slithers downstairs. One end of it was attached to two gramophone pick-up cartridges wired to an amplifier, and into these cartridges went a feather, strands of wire, toothpicks, nails, pipe-cleaners, a tiny Japanese parasol, and even a miniature flag. The "solo instrument" was then shaken, bounced and stroked, to create blasts, crackles, booms and shrieks, which were heralded as "a new world of sound." Actually, it was merely a



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medley of sound *effects*, common to horror films and television chillers, and its claim to being a brand-new kind of art would give a big laugh to any boy who has ever tinkered with hi-fi equipment.

Every clan and clique of extremism has so militantly stressed "originality" that many otherwise intelligent artists feel it their duty to produce something the like of which has never before been seen or heard. That is not much of a trick. But the public's business is masterpieces, those finished products that are as far beyond technical processes as the plain man's subconscious response to them. The public's concern is with what has been done, not how it has been done; with results, not methods.

When a creator emerges who feels the fundamental artistic need to *impart* and *communicate*, the public knows him instantly. He is too preoccupied with expressing what burns within him to give a second thought to whether his materials are old or new. No matter what he chooses to utilize, the force of his

individuality and the power of his organization make it his very own.

None of us has the right to say that such a man may not take some of his inspiration from the experiments of our time. They may well stir his mind and imagination to the creation of convincing works of art.

Who can tell if they are such works? I think *you* can and will, as so many before you have told, and with prophetic vision. The age-old process will cease only if you permit the Big Lie to browbeat you out of selecting and rejecting. When you encounter a piece of musical extremism you neither respond to nor understand and are asked how you like it, don't duck the issue. Don't just murmur, "Interesting." Express your reactions honestly.

Inevitably someone is bound to say that every great work of the past has suffered similar non-appreciation from the likes of *you*. Make him prove it. In the attempt, perhaps he will realize great musical works were established only through the appreciation of the many like you, not by the Anointed Few.



Holy Fire

IN A LETTER in the *British Medical Journal*, Stephen Power of the Royal London Homeopathic Hospital recalls a case where a parson's breath caught fire every time he tried to blow out the altar candles. Cause of the fiery breath turned out to be a duodenal ulcer which led to the build-up of an inflammable gas inside the parson. After he was operated on, Power continues, "the parson was able to carry out his duties in a more decorous fashion."

—AP

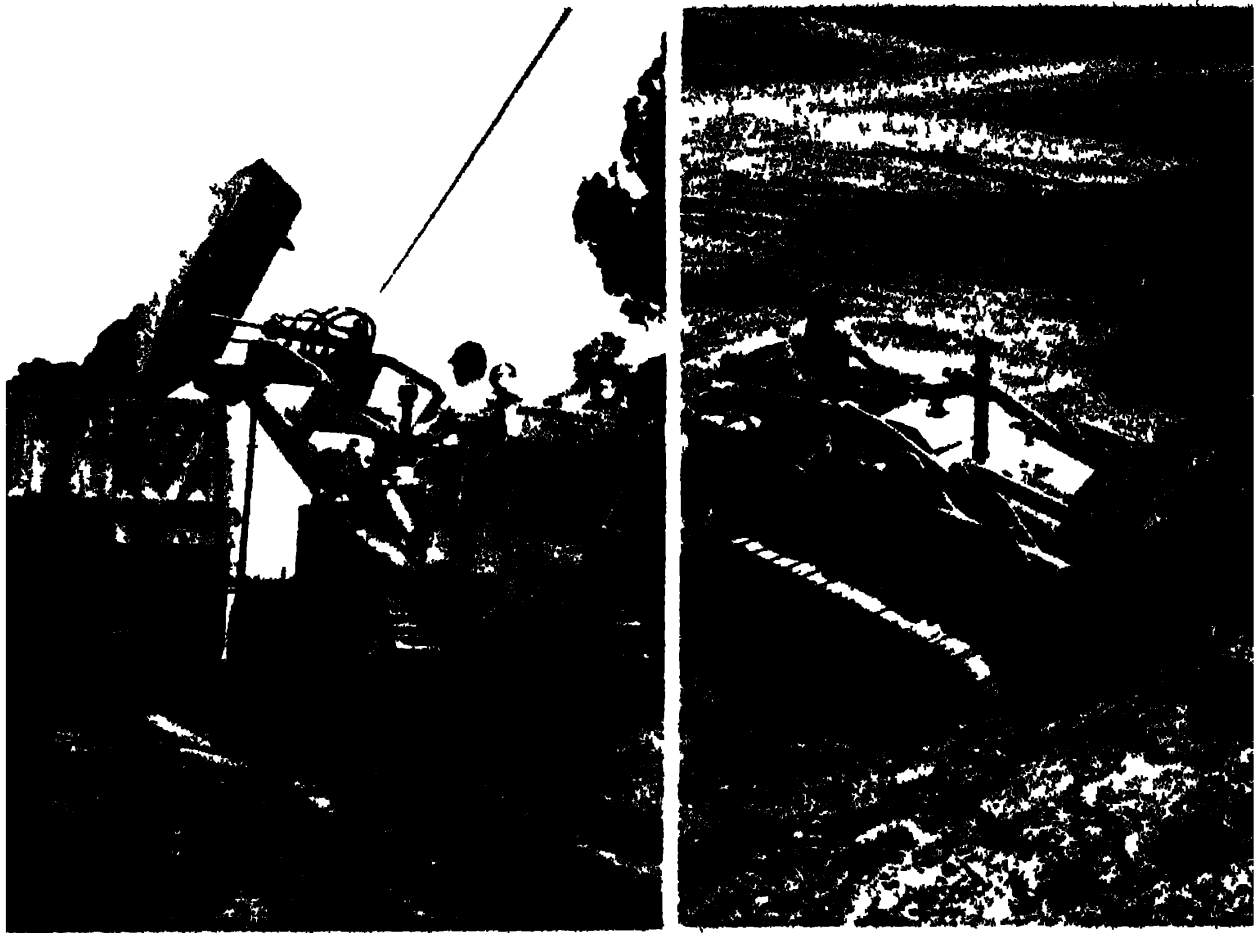


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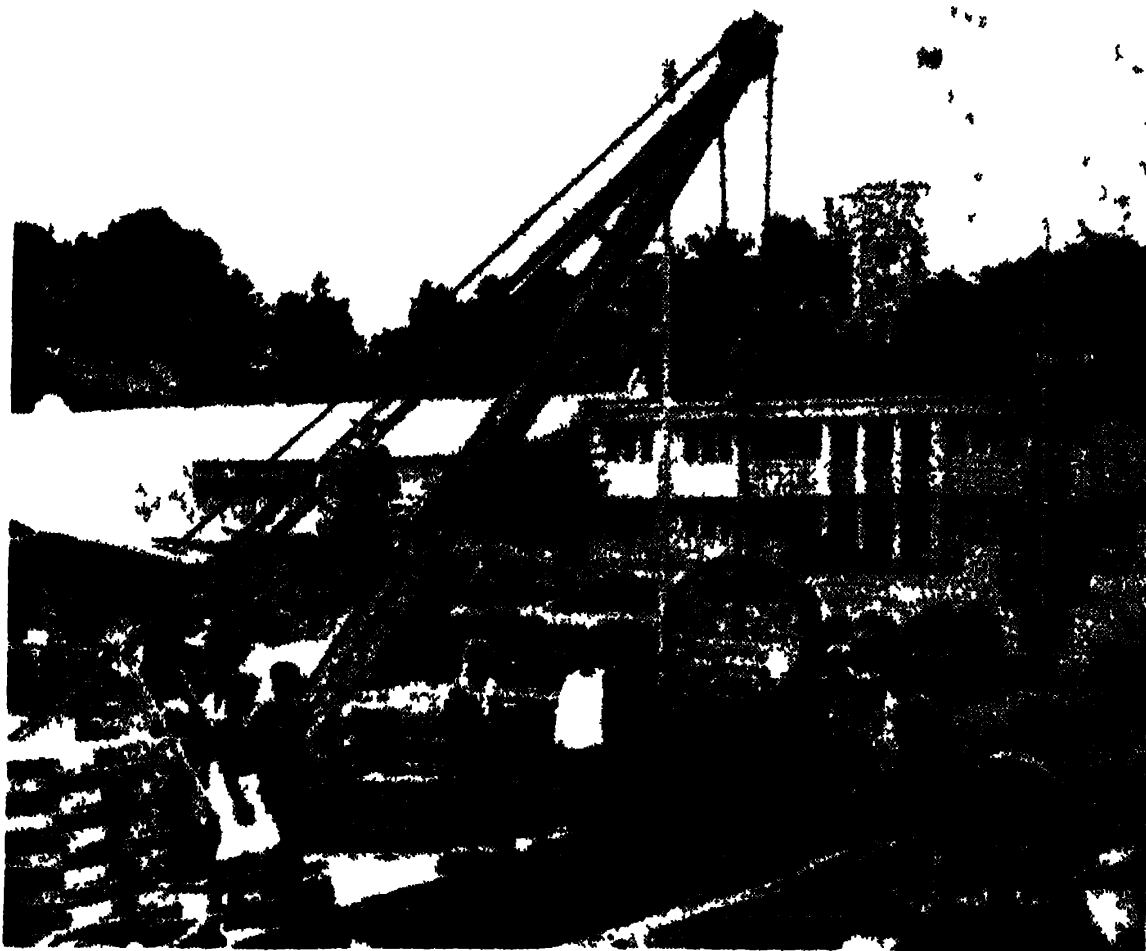
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The Long Steep Hill to Victory

By LOIS HENDERSON



As THE serpentine line of the graduation procession crawled slowly by, my husband and I, like all the other on-lookers, craned to see the one member of the procession who made the day important. "There," Al whispered excitedly. "Coming along now. There's Dave."

I turned my head and my eyes misted, so that he appeared through a haze—a slight boy, his face tense with concentration, the black robes blowing about his legs, his left hand holding the stiff leather harness of his guide dog. I suppose I had never believed this day could come, that our son would actually receive a

degree in physics. It wasn't an ordinary situation for a boy born blind. There had been so many people who had said it would be impossible; so few who said, "Let's try." Only a few—and, of course, Dave. I think he had never ever faltered—not once.

I let my mind go back, searching the years, assembling the events that had led to this day. Dave had been about ten when his father, a chemical engineer, took him to visit a chemical plant. When they came home he was almost incoherent in his eagerness to describe the smells, the sounds, the feel of the experience. As abruptly as that, his life was different.

Dave was at a boarding school for blind children at that time. Along with his regular lessons, he studied braille and learned the complicated art of living comfortably with blindness. But he came home at weekends, and Saturdays were his. He awoke at dawn so that the hours would not be wasted in sleep. After that visit to the chemical plant, Saturdays were devoted to experiments.

He mixed bicarbonate of soda and vinegar (it fizzed delightfully), he mashed up cereal and cleansing powders, he stirred diligently at odd and odorous combinations. Shortly before his eleventh birthday Dave began badgering us for a chemistry set. We told him he was too young, avoiding the words we really believed—that chemistry sets were not for blind children. But he pleaded so

hard that eventually we gave in—on condition that he never touched the set unless his father was with him.

Dave and Al went through all the experiments that produced smell (this is easy in chemistry sets) or sound or objects that could be felt. To Al's immense delight, Dave began to understand the theories behind the experiments. Soon he was reading a university chemistry book printed in braille. I decided the time had come when we had to get this child of ours to face reality.

"Dave," I said, "listen. You can't be a chemist. I don't think there ever has been a blind chemist—not one born blind at any rate."

"All right," said Dave calmly. "Then I'll be the first one."

"But, Dave . . ."

"I'll get a sighted assistant to read the labels," he said stubbornly.

But we knew that reason was on our side, so we took steps to introduce Dave to other scientists. We even took him to meet Thomas Benham, physics professor at Haverford College. Benham, who had been blind most of his life, was wiser than we. He said nothing *against* chemistry: he simply opened the door to physics, and Dave slowly walked through, dazzled and thrilled by what he discovered. By the time he was 14, he was convinced he wanted to be a physicist.

Because Dave felt a need to compete with sighted youngsters, we wanted him to attend our local secondary school. We discovered that

textbooks could be brailled or recorded on tape; and Dave could type his homework on a regular typewriter using the conventional touch system. The only other obvious difficulty was tests, and the teachers said that they would be willing to dictate them.

A major crisis arose in his third year. The science teacher, Joseph Rogers, had decided to let Dave take a course in chemistry. On the first day in the lab, Dave went to school in a state of excited anticipation. At long, long last he was to handle and touch the equipment he had only read about before. Because his joy has always been very contagious, I waited eagerly for his return from school. To my horror, he arrived with tears on his cheeks.

"He won't let me work in the lab," Dave choked out. "He won't even let me go into the lab. I have to stay in the class-room."

I wanted very much to put my arms round him and let him cry out all his frustration and disappointment. I wanted even more to go to Rogers and demand that he forget his fears and cautions. I knew why he had taken this action—he was afraid Dave might be injured. But knowing this did not help the boy who was so cruelly hurt.

Somehow I didn't hug Dave or phone Rogers. I just said, "Dave, no one ever told you life was going to be easy. At school *you* have to make adjustment. You have only one chance—to be so good at

chemistry that Mr. Rogers will be forced to reverse his decision."

And that's what happened. Dave studied with such intensity that in every test he got the highest mark. He questioned other pupils about lab procedures and even made lab reports. I do not know what day Rogers changed his mind. I only know he had the courage to admit he might have been wrong. One midwinter afternoon, Dave came home, his face shining with happiness. He was allowed to help with lab procedures. He wasn't different any longer.

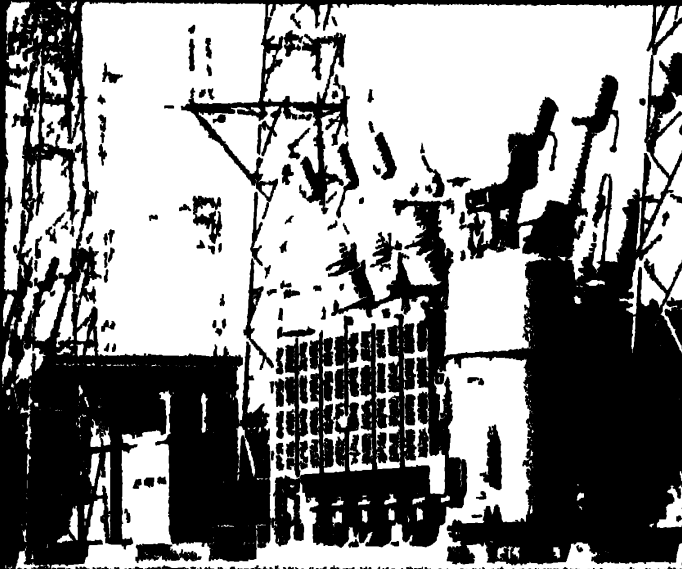
Rogers also taught physics, and when Dave went into that class in his last year at the school, there was no question about the lab, no hesitation, no reluctance. Later, Rogers stated without reservation that he believed our son could successfully enter the field of physics.

Anxious to continue his studies, Dave applied to the university both my husband and I had attended. Dave was top of his class; he did well in his college entrance. We waited confidently for his acceptance.

When the answer came, the words leaped out like a slap in the face. The university had neither room nor proper equipment, they said, for a blind student seeking a degree in science. However, since his parents were graduates, they would be willing to discuss this in person. Perhaps if he were willing to consider another field . . .



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THE LONG STEEP HILL TO VICTORY

We went to see the admissions committee. They tried to be kind, but their automatic reaction was that the whole idea was impossible.

"How would he do maths?" one of them asked.

"As he has done it before," I said. "In braille, using a braille slide rule."

The man looked surprised. "Is there a braille slide rule?"

The arguments became more picaresque. "Our pavements get very slippery in the winter," they said. "He might fall."

"Our pavements get slippery, too," we said. "He's not a cripple."

At last they were totally honest. "Frankly," they said, "we feel it would be a burden on our staff."

We didn't stalk out in anger. There was too much at stake. We pleaded for a chance. We told how Dave had coped with things at school. We told of his independence, his energy, his motivation, his methods of study.

Several weeks later Dave got a letter. It said, "We are happy to tell you that the committee has reversed its decision, and we will accept you on a trial basis for one year. During that time you will have the opportunity of showing our staff what you can do."

This is not the reason a boy goes to university—to show the staff what he can do. But we sent a registration fee because we believed that Dave would meet this same attitude wherever he went.

However, he applied at several other universities. One, Thiel College in Greenville, Pennsylvania, invited us to come for an interview. Thiel is a small college with an enrolment of about 1,000, but it has a good reputation academically, especially in physics.

When we arrived, we were apprehensive, defensive, filled with arguments and persuasions. We needed none of them. We were made welcome by friendly people who were quite casual about Dave's blindness.

"Can you take gym?" the admissions director asked.

Dave gulped. He loathed gym and had invented every excuse known to man and boy to get out of it at school.

"Of course you can," he was told. "You can take swimming. No problem."

"I'm going to get a guide dog," Dave said. "Can a dog stay in college with me?"

There was no hesitation. One might have thought that half the first-year students came with dogs. Certainly the dog could stay with Dave.

"Dr. Bela Kolossvary is waiting to see you," they said to Dave. "He's the head of the physics department." Dave tensed. Dr. Kolossvary came in, spoke briefly to my husband and me, then strode over to Dave. He shook hands and spoke in a heavily accented voice that was vibrant with enthusiasm.

"Dave," he said, "I'm so glad to

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THE LONG STEEP HILL TO VICTORY

meet you. And I am so *excited* at the thought of teaching you."

There was no denying the almost tangible feeling of having come home. All of us relaxed and sat back, knowing that we belonged here. Dr. Kolossvary went on, telling Dave that he had phoned Mr. Benham, the physics professor at Haverford College whom Dave had met six years before. The two men had discussed modifications that could be made in his studies to help Dave master the subject. There was no pity or softness in Dr. Kolossvary's attitude, only confidence and affirmation. Dave grew straighter and more filled with hope as he listened.

Dave entered Thiel in the autumn of 1960, and the four years spent there were filled with work and success and some failure—as are the college years of any normal boy. He joined a student club, took part in two plays, and completed all the maths and science courses necessary to give him a degree in both physics and mathematics. He had also been awarded a graduate fellowship at the University of Pittsburgh. Now it was graduation day, and, although there were future problems to be met, future difficulties to overcome, those things belonged to tomorrow.

The names of the graduates were

being called. The audience had been asked to hold its applause until all the seniors had received their diplomas, but when Dave stepped on to the stage with his dog, applause began. It started softly, hesitantly, and built up to a thunderous ovation as Dave took his diploma, shook the president's hand and moved across the stage.

I wondered, watching him walk down the steps, what the applause meant to him. When I asked him, he laughed. "I hardly heard it. I was just trying to get safely across the stage without falling head first into a pot of gladioli."

But his face, when he said goodbye to Dr. Kolossvary, expressed the emotion that was his. He knew, as well as I, that the applause had been earned by many people—by all who had dared believe in him and had let him do his difficult task. If anyone had tried to say, "How marvelous to do this thing in spite of being blind," Dave would have replied impatiently, "Just because there's a knock in the engine doesn't mean the car won't go."

I had heard him say it many times. He believed it. And because he did, and because there were others who believed it, he had come up the long steep hill to victory.

Sighs of Progress

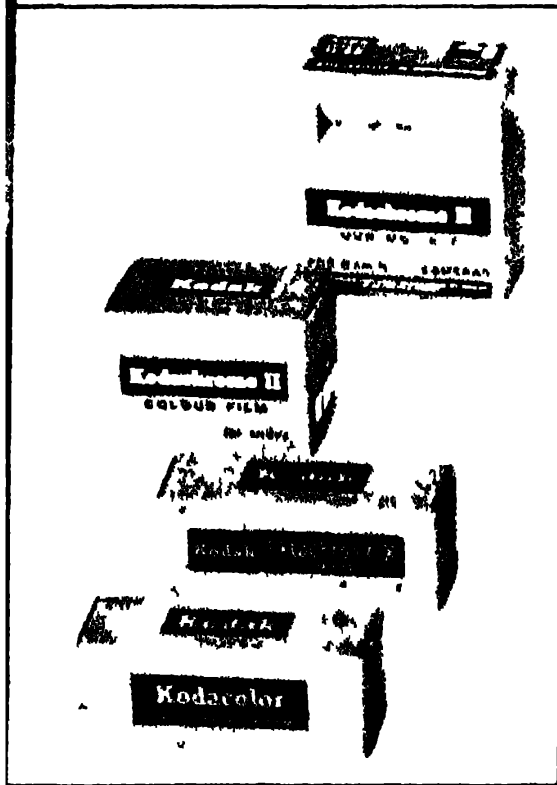
THE air-conditioned office gains in popularity—but there is still something to be said for the old-fashioned electric fan which gets rid of the day's work by blowing it off the desk.

—B. V.

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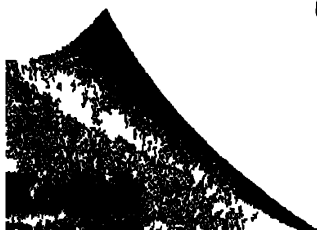
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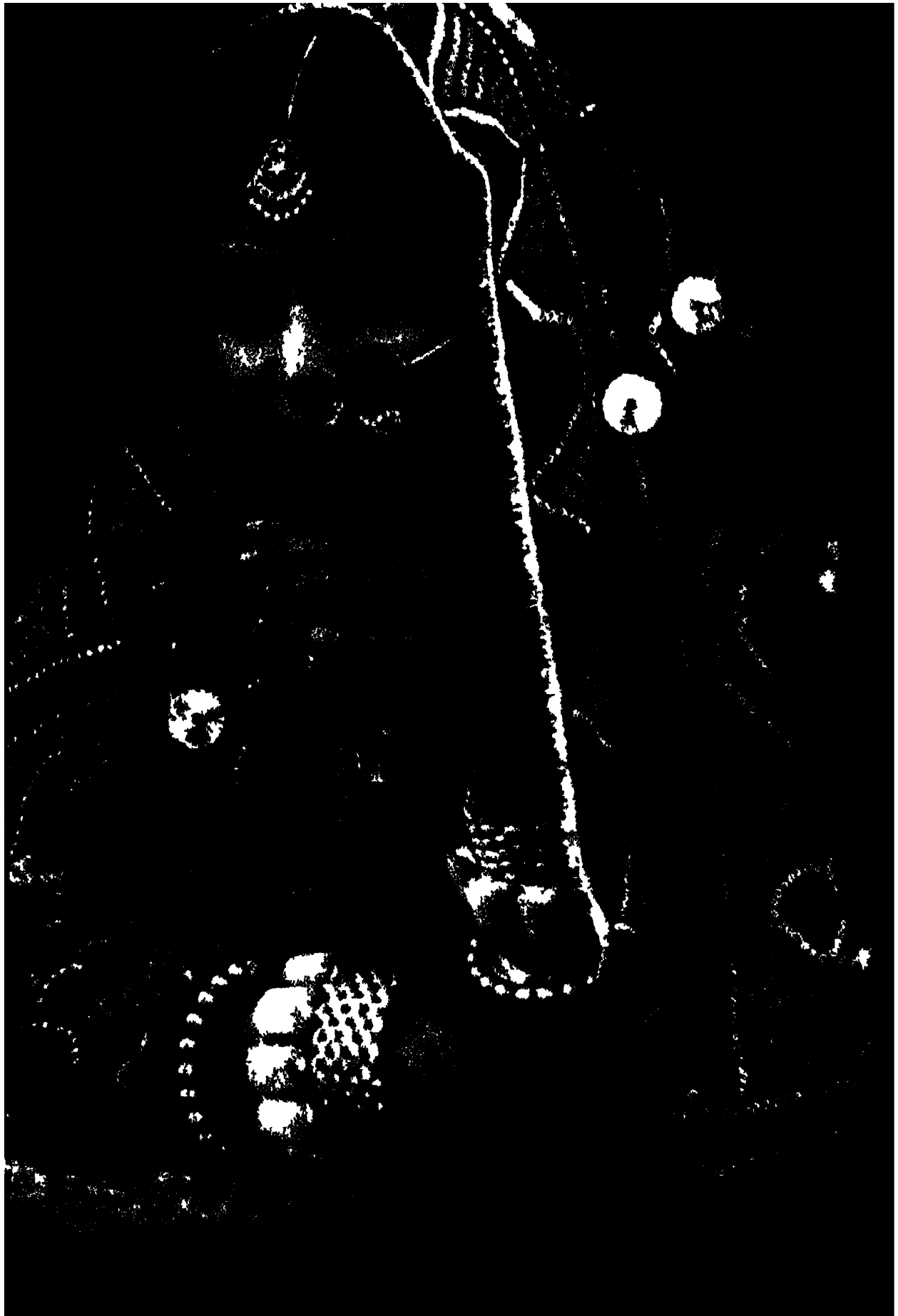
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The Art of Asking Questions

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Simple techniques for successful interviewing, recommended by those who are experienced in finding out the answers

NO MATTER who we are or what our way of life, it has become increasingly important to discover what people feel and think—about almost every subject under the sun. When we hire someone or apply for a job, when we discuss our work with a boss or a subordinate, when we see our doctor, our bank manager or the children's school-teacher, we interview or are interviewed. Even when we talk to husband, wife, children, friends, we are often in the position of the interviewer, trying to get beneath

the surface and find out what *really* happened or what someone *really* thinks.

How can we do this more successfully? A number of techniques, developed by experts, are useful:

Recognize that every encounter is "emotional." There is no such thing as an impersonal meeting of minds. Look inward: there is a human awareness, an exchange of feelings, with the waiter who takes your luncheon order, the shop assistant who adds up your bill, the unseen person at the other end of a telephone wire. (Witness the difference, the *impersonality* of it, when the telephone voice turns out to be recorded.)

But to enter into any real give-and-take we have to let down our defences. Every human encounter is an emotional experience in which we risk some of our self-esteem. Under stress of that anxiety, people may become suspicious or resentful or downright hostile.

How can we penetrate this defensiveness and find the answers we seek?

Make your purpose clear. "When you start asking questions," says the well-known pollster Dr. George Gallup, "the other person immediately wonders, 'Why does he want to know?'" Unless your purpose is clear, he may be reluctant to talk, or he may seize the opportunity to tell you all about his problems."

When you go to your doctor for

an examination, the situation is self-defined and he can ask you intimate questions which you would resent from anyone else. In applying for a loan, though, you accept questions from a bank manager that you would resent from your doctor. It is a matter of defining the situation, and a clearly understood agenda lessens the natural anxiety that otherwise impedes the flow of information.

How often have you said, "But why didn't you *tell* me what you were after?" Once at a party someone I had never seen before started questioning me about an old friend. How long had I known him? What did I think of this and that thing he had done?

When I asked a little huffily what business he had checking up, he said, "Oh, Lord, didn't you know? I'm his brother!"

Respond to expressions of feeling. This is a powerful tool which many professional advisers—psychologists, doctors, clergymen—have learnt to use in getting to the bottom of personal problems that people bring to them. Instead of trying to reassemble the facts (who said or did what to whom) or to give specific advice, they listen for and encourage all expressions of feeling, however faint or fleeting. Statements that begin "I feel" or "I wish" or "I don't care if," the interviewer acknowledges, perhaps by repeating their content. Or he may just note, "You feel very strongly

about that, don't you?" or "Is that so?" Having such feelings recognized, without judgement or criticism, often has an almost magical effect in making a person open up. The truth comes out, and with it, often, self-insight.

A friend in hospital told me about one of his ward-mates, Sanderson, who had upset the whole floor with his constant petty complaints and even threats of lawsuit. The sister and the resident doctor tried to question him in detail about his grievances but could get nowhere. Eventually a houseman got to the root of the trouble.

"They don't care what happens to me," Sanderson said.

Quietly, the doctor rephrased the statement: "It seems to you the nurses don't really care."

"It's as if the whole world had turned against me," Sanderson said.

"It makes you feel lonely," said the doctor, again responding to the feeling instead of impatiently brushing it aside to get at "the facts."

That was what the patient needed, someone who paid attention not merely to his ailments but to *him*. He opened up and talked at length. Most of the things that annoyed him were trifles, and, now that someone understood, the unavoidable inconveniences no longer upset him.

People skilled in human relations—notably, those women credited with "feminine intuition"—have always used this potent technique of

Scientific packaging must keep pace with the planned growth of consumer goods industries

Each of the products listed below needs scientific packaging for its preservation and distribution. And so as their production grows from Plan to Plan it is essential that the consumer packaging industry keep pace. □ The packaging industry like any other must grow by its own efforts. By utilising its resources to maximum advantage. By undertaking ceaseless research and imaginative development. By keeping constantly in touch with the mainstream of international packaging know-how. □ And while the packaging industry is doing and will do

all these things it must be assured of one thing—adequate supplies of the basic raw materials it needs to keep production moving and growing. □ Especially supplies of tinplate—the primary consumer packaging medium. Until such time as the expanding local production of tinplate meets the packaging industry's requirements fully, this essential metal will have to be imported. □ Without adequate tinplate the growth of the packaging industry will be seriously hindered—much of the fruits of planning go waste.

PRODUCTION TARGETS FOR SELECTED INDUSTRIES (Third & Fourth Plans)

Industry	Unit	1965-66	1970-71
FOOD PRODUCTS			
1 Biscuits	000 tonnes	40	75
2 Confectionery	"	25	50
3 Vanaspati		450	550
4 Fruits & Vegetables (Preserved)		75	150
NON-FOOD PRODUCTS			
1 Lubricating Oils		100	800
2 Paints & Varnishes		120	200
3 Cosmetics	Rs million	150	250
4 Arc Welding Electrodes	mill meters	274	550
5 Soap	000 tonnes	220	320
6 Drugs & Pharmaceuticals	Rs million	1750	3000

Commodities	1965-66 +		1970-71	
	Quantity 000 tonnes	Value Rs Crores	Quantity 000 tonnes	Value Rs Crores
FOOD PRODUCTS				
1. Fish & Fish preparations	23.90	9.02	89.90	33.80
2. Fruits & Vegetables	121*	30.73	193*	49.00
3. Cashew, Kernels & Nuts	63.48	24.52	83.61	32.40
4. Vegetable Oils	137.9	18.80	249.8	34.00
NON-FOOD PRODUCTS				
1. Medical & Pharmaceutical Products	246*	2.46	1000*	10.00
2. Soaps & Cleansing Preparations	200*	0.84	714*	3.00

* Represents index with base 1961-62 100 + Revised

Source: Notes on Perspective of Development—India 1960-61 to 1975-76
New Delhi, Perspective Planning Division, Planning Commission.

EXPORT TARGETS (Third & Fourth Plans)



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THE ART OF ASKING QUESTIONS

listening for emotional overtones. Often in this way they achieve a true understanding so fast that it baffles the purely logically-minded.

Use the open-end question. Don't ask too many questions. Instead of the cross-examination approach, professional interviewers nowadays often start just by getting people talking—about the weather, sport, anything. And for depth interviewing they have developed the open-end question, which does not restrict the other person but lets him assume the initiative and carry the conversation wherever he likes.

A teacher I had used this technique skilfully to release ideas and talents in his students. Instead of just lecturing, he would bring up a point developed in something we had read, then ask one of us, "How about that?" or "What do you think?" By responding with an occasional "hmm," or a flickering smile or a puzzled frown, he would keep us on that elusive rainbow path that leads to an original idea. We frequently had the experience of discovering that we knew more than we thought we knew.

Don't tell the other person what to say. According to expert pollsters, "feedback" from the interviewer's own predilections or wishes is the greatest single source of error in public-opinion polls. Quite unconsciously we throw out clues that suggest what we want people to say. That is why a top executive often has a hard time avoiding yes-men.

Fathers often run into the same trouble when they try to find out just what their children are up to.

"In polls, some of the best respondents are teenagers," says an opinion research expert. "This always amazes parents, who say, 'They never talk to *us* so openly.' The reason frequently is, of course, that the children feel they must doctor reports of their thoughts and activities, to avoid unpleasantness."

Watch your wording. Finding in the other person just what you expected to find usually means that you are putting words into his mouth. At a birthday party for eight-year-olds, I saw the guest of honour reach for the last piece of cake while asking, "Nobody wants any more cake, do they?" Adults are hardly more subtle.

Because of this human tendency, "question building" for professional polls has become an art in itself. Tricky or badly constructed questions can push or mislead others into giving completely false answers. Questions that ask if people are *for* something always get more favourable answers than those which ask if they are against something.

Protect the other person. Detective novels and courtroom dramas usually show an interview as a duel of wits in which the object is to probe for the other person's weak spots. In real life, detectives, lawyers, social workers and others who have to ask for sensitive information

generally follow the opposite rule—they lead to strength. The reason: looking for weaknesses always puts the other person's guard up. Recognizing a strength creates a bond.

Protecting the other person's pride is a vital part of getting information. As economist Stuart Chase points out, "Experienced interviewers in an unemployment survey would never ask, 'You're not working now, are you?' but rather 'Are you looking for a job immediately, or waiting for a while?'" An expert marriage counsellor does not ask, "What do you and your wife quarrel about?" but "When conflicts arise, how do you try to settle them?"

Start where the other person is. "Beginners," points out one medical diagnostician, "often rush into an area of feeling where the other person is not yet ready to admit them. They sometimes build up so much resistance they never even get close."

A worried heart patient, for example, may have to discuss the effects of his illness on his work and

his family before he can plunge into an objective discussion of symptoms. A woman preoccupied with immediate problems of children and household cannot be expected to shift focus instantly and give an opinion-poll interviewer sensible views on foreign policy or abstract art.

It is up to the interviewer to find out what is on the other person's mind and to start from there, for the shortest distance between two subjects or points of view may well be the long way round.

The successful interview, more like a good conversation than an interrogation, leaves the interviewed person feeling somehow heartened and uplifted. Why? A journalist, after many years of successful interviewing for radio and television, explains it like this: "The Greeks had a word for it—*agape* (á' gá pay). It's one of the most wonderful words man possesses, and it means broadly 'to have concern for.'"

To have concern for the other person, and show it, is the rule that makes all the others work.

Loan Star

WHEN a sheriff travelled hundreds of miles to California to pick up a prisoner, he tried to board a plane at a local airport for the return trip, only to be told that the airline didn't allow prisoners on its planes.

The sheriff gave that one a good think, walked his man off a few paces, took off the handcuffs, mumbled a few words and came back to try again.

"You cannot take this prisoner aboard," the clerk insisted.

"He's not exactly a prisoner," drawled the sheriff. "I just made him a deputy."

—K. G.

*In a remote German village an all-but-forgotten
art is still practised*

Farmer Grösch and His Singing Birds

BY JAMES STEWART GORDON



IN THE centre of Tratzhof, a tiny hamlet in the foothills of the Rhön Mountains, north-east of Frankfurt, West Germany, is a small, red-roofed farmhouse that is alive with the sound of music. The farmhouse belongs to a stocky, greying man of 52 named Christian Grösch. The music is produced by the hundred or so bullfinches Grösch trains to whistle old German folk-songs on command. Grösch, a descendant of a famous line of bird singing teachers, is one of the last practitioners of the dying art, using skill and patience to convert the

bullfinch from a mere whistler into a virtuoso.

Grösch's pupils are all middle European bullfinches, lovely songsters about the size of sparrows, with terracotta red breasts, bluish-black bodies and grey wings. They don't warble like canaries, coo like pigeons or even hoot musically like owls. They whistle, with a flutelike purity of sound, complete songs. A perfectly trained bullfinch's repertoire consists of two songs and lasts about three minutes. During that time, the bird stands on its perch, beak seemingly closed, and only the

Condensed from Die Weltwoche

magnificent sound of its song and the slight cocking of its head indicate that it is singing at all.

To reach this perfection, the bullfinches are trained by Grösch for from six to eight months with infinite care. The graduation exercises take place early each December. From the farmhouse comes a twittering, a sound of a baton being rapped sharply, a low-pitched whistle from Grösch and then a concert, as 100 bullfinches burst into *Blau Bluht ein Blumelein* ("Blue are the blossoms of a little flower"). Soon the less talented pupils begin dropping out, and by the end of the song half the class has stopped singing. Then without any urging, the remainder of the birds launch into a second number, *Grad aus dem Wirtshaus Komm ich raus* ("As I am stepping out of the pub"). Two minutes later, only ten or a dozen of the initial 100 are still whistling, but their tone is positively philharmonic. These are the top graduates—the *Kommandovogel*—sent to customers all over the world and, at about £35 apiece, the highest priced singing birds anywhere.

Herr Grösch's singing academy is in his home. He rises each morning at dawn, grasps his baton in his ham-sized fist and begins his work. Entering the room where the birds are stacked in foot-square wooden cages, he raps smartly on the cages to waken his drowsy students. The birds come to life like a barracks full of recruits hearing reveille. When

Grösch feels the twittering and wing stretching have gone on long enough, he turns his sharp blue eyes on his pupils, giving every cage's occupant enough of a schoolmasterly glare to let him know who is boss. Then he starts the lesson, whistling first one tune and then a second, every time in the same key, making sure that both are exactly on pitch.

The birds, meanwhile, like a roomful of schoolboys, listen with varying degrees of attention. The star pupils, who will go on to bright careers, watch Grösch carefully. They practise the notes in bird-type whispers until they have mastered the tune; then they burst into song. The less adept watch as long as their limited attention span permits; they usually bugle back the notes without secret practice. Those unlikely to make the grade keep one eye cocked at the master while contriving to move to the side of the cage, where they feel Grösch cannot see them. Then they sneak pecks at seeds and generally behave like bad little boys at school.

Grösch, however, is no man to be trifled with in his classroom. He bestows warm praise on the scholars and scorn on the ne'er-do-wells. "*Schön Hänschen*" (most pet birds in Germany, by custom, are called *Hänschen*) he coos when a bird responds to his teaching. "*Du bist ein Stümper!*" ("You are a bungler!") he grates at a non-tryer. After a life-time of observation, he is able to spot early in the course which

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birds are going to turn into sensational singers and those which are not.

The bullfinch is called the *Dompfaff* in German (the word means cathedral clergyman) because of the black cap of feathers which supposedly looks like the biretta, the cap priests wear. Despite the fact that the finches are the largest and most widely distributed order of birds in the world and are found everywhere but Australia, the bullfinch is the only one that seems to be able to learn tunes. (Its natural song resembles a bugle call to assembly.) Other finches such as sparrows and canaries seem to lack the gift of rendering a tune.

The singular talent which the bullfinch possesses is a two-edged blessing. Grosch's best pupils must be zealously guarded against imitating less desirable sounds—canaries, for example. Among bullfinch fanciers, there is deemed no worse fate than for a *Kommandovogel* to pick up the song of a canary.

Bullfinches imitate other sounds as well. One bird of which Grösch was immensely proud (although he has trained thousands of birds, he seems able to recall the characteristics of almost every one of his pupils) was sent to a lady bullfinch fancier who owned a poodle. Several weeks after receiving the bullfinch, the woman was amazed to have her dog, who had been dozing, suddenly leap to life and begin jumping all over her. After this had happened a

number of times, she discovered that her bird, observing that she always called the dog by whistling, was sneaking in whistles when no one was looking. Since then, the bird has inserted the whistle into the middle of his song, and when he starts to sing, the dog has to be hustled into another room.

Although Grösch receives requests for birds to be trained to sing special songs, his policy is to teach the entire class the same repertoire. Some years ago, however, he received an order too big to resist. An Argentinian asked Grösch to produce a bird capable of singing the Argentine national anthem. Grösch agreed, although he stipulated that the Argentinian must buy the entire class. (To be sure of producing one bird he would have to teach the entire group.) Eventually Grösch had a bird which could sing the anthem. He also had a lot of birds which could sing half, some which could sing four notes and some which refused to do anything more than flick their tails.

Because exact repetition is one of the keys to the training of bullfinches, Grösch once bought a tape recorder, whistled his two tunes on to the tape and planned to have automated teaching. The experiment was not rewarding. The birds' response was mechanical. Grösch shrugs the experience off philosophically. "Records," he says, "can reproduce sound, but they cannot show the birds love—which you



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need to do if you want a good pupil."

In the halcyon days before the First World War, Germany's woods were full of songbirds and part-time bird instructors. Imported canaries were, at first, their specialties, and farmers and woodcutters, to augment their meagre incomes, bred them in kitchens and woodsheds. The "Harzer Roller" (those bred in the Harz Mountains) became world famous. But the woods yielded a steady supply of finches which, it was soon discovered, could imitate their masters as the men whistled folk songs.

Today Christian Grösch, who is also a successful farmer, is the only one taking advantage of the woods full of bullfinches. He is a bird man by inclination and descent. His father, Wilhelm Grosch, and his grandfather, August Grosch, both famous bird singing teachers of their time, travelled throughout Europe exhibiting their birds and selling them to merchant princes and the nobility.

One of August's trips took him to Russia where the Tsarina, who had been a German princess and knew about piping bullfinches, ordered one. Thereafter, it became fashionable for Grand Dukes, princes and other bird lovers to have a Grösch bird swinging from his perch in the parlour and singing away on command.

Although Christian Grösch is not a trained ornithologist, he probably

knows more about the practical facts of life of the middle European bullfinch than anyone alive. In late spring every year, he scours the countryside for fledgelings. (No poacher, he has a special permit for supplying his singing academy.) Carrying a rucksack for the birds on his back, he tramps an area of roughly 50 square miles. Finches are migratory but tend to return to their previous breeding spots. Thus Grosch knows the location of nests which are most likely to produce good students—over the years he has listened to parent finches and tracked the proficient singers to their homes. The fledgelings Grösch gathers are hand-fed on hard-boiled eggs by Frau Grösch until, after a few weeks, they are old enough to eat seed and fend for themselves in individual cages. He trains the birds by whistling to them three times a day.

Once the training period has been completed, before being shipped, the birds are farmed out to various houses in the village where they grow accustomed to the presence of strangers.

Shipping the birds used to be a harder task than it is now. Today, when orders are filled, the birds are loaded into special paper containers, with elaborate instructions in several languages about feeding and watering, then flown by jet to the far corners of the earth.

Four of Grösch's best customers are a Stuttgart engineer who orders



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the bullfinches for Christmas presents, a brewer from Essen, a Düsseldorf stockbroker and an Athenian businessman. The Athenian likes his bullfinch so much (he is now on his third) that he sent Grösch a gift of Greek wine. The stockbroker, a bachelor, falls in love each year at Christmastime and gives his current girlfriend a bird. Since 1950, Grösch has shipped a bundle of feathered affection to 13 different ladies for him.

Grösch's songsters are in short supply. A woman in Scotland had been looking for a singing bullfinch for years, ever since her uncle had brought one from Germany when she was a little girl. At last she located Grösch through the Frankfurt Museum of Natural History. In time, the bird arrived at her home,

and she was enchanted by it. When the bird died, the Scotswoman wrote to Grösch hoping for a replacement. Unhappily, Grösch had to tell her that it would be a while before he could fulfil her order. Although he has attempted to breed *Kommando-vogel*, he has been unable to raise enough to fill his classes, so the woods are still his best source of supply.

Because of the worldwide ramifications of his business, Grösch uses the international banking facilities of the Deutsche Bank in the near-by town of Fulda. The bank, which also handles far larger enterprises such as tube and tyre and textile exports, is happy to take care of the details for Grösch. "We consider the birds our most charming export," the manager said.



What's In A Name?

IN A DELIGHTFUL BOOK ON language, *Naming-Day in Eden*, Noah Jacobs amplifies a subject that fascinates me—how each nation attributes distasteful habits and acts to foreigners. What is called "the French disease" in England is called "the English disease" in France. Likewise, the phrase to "take French leave" is known as "taking English leave" in France.

"Each nation," remarks Jacobs, "associates a host of vulgarities and disagreeable traits with foreign countries." The Japanese phrase for foreigners means "stinking of foreign hair." The Czechs call a Hungarian a "pimple." In Hungary and Austria, the cockroach is known as a "Swabian," in Poland as a "Prussian," in Germany as a "Frenchman." The Frenchman refers to a louse as a "Spaniard," and the Italians have at times denoted a privy as an "Englishman." In Czech, excessive drinking is "to drink like a Dutchman," but in Holland it is "to drink like a Pole." In Spain, "to work for the English" is to work for practically nothing, and in Yiddish "to repay in Turkish" is to do a dirty trick.

We have come a long way from naming-day in Eden to name-calling day in the capitals of the world.

—Sydney Harris

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Drama in Real Life

THE STORY began on a street corner in New York. An elderly man had collapsed while crossing the road, and an ambulance rushed him to hospital. There, during his few returns to consciousness, the man repeatedly called for his son.

From a smudged, oft-read letter, a nurse discovered that the son was a Marine stationed in North

Carolina. Apparently, there were no other relatives.

Someone at the hospital rang the local Red Cross office, and a request for the boy to rush to New York was relayed to the Red Cross director of the North Carolina Marine Corps camp. Because time was short—the patient was dying—the Red Cross man and an officer set out in a jeep. They located the sought-after young man wading through marshes on manoeuvres. He was rushed to the airport in time

Condensed from The National Observer

Night Watch

By ROY POPKIN



THE READER'S DIGEST

to catch the one plane that might enable him to reach his dying father.

It was mid-evening when the young Marine walked into the hospital. A nurse took the tired, anxious serviceman to the bedside.

"Your son is here," she said to the old man. She had to repeat the words several times before the patient's eyes opened. Heavily sedated because of the pain of his heart attack, he dimly saw the young man in the Marine Corps uniform standing outside the oxygen tent. He reached out his hand. The Marine wrapped his toughened fingers around the old man's limp ones, squeezing a message of love and encouragement. The nurse brought a chair, so that the Marine could sit beside the bed.

Nights are long in hospitals, but all through the night the young Marine sat there in the dimly-lit ward, holding the old man's hand and offering words of hope and strength. Occasionally, the nurse suggested that the Marine move away and rest a while. He refused.

Whenever the nurse came into the ward, the Marine was there, oblivious of her and the night noises of the hospital. Now and then she heard him say a few gentle words. The dying man said nothing, only held tightly to his son through most of the night.

Towards dawn, the patient died. The Marine placed on the bed the lifeless hand he had been holding, and went to tell the nurse. While

she did what she had to do, he smoked a cigarette—his first since he got to the hospital.

After a long time, she returned. She started to offer words of sympathy, but the Marine interrupted her. "Who was that man?" he asked.

"He was your father," she answered, startled.

"No, he wasn't," the Marine replied. "I've never seen him before in my life."

"Why didn't you say something when I took you to him?" the nurse asked.

"I knew straightaway there'd been a mistake, but I also knew he needed his son, and his son just wasn't here. When I realized he was too ill to know whether or not I was his son, I decided he really needed *me*. So I stayed."

With that, the Marine turned and left the hospital. Two days later, a routine message came in from the North Carolina Marine Corps base informing the Red Cross office that the real son was on his way to New York for his father's funeral. It turned out there had been two Marines with the same name and similar service numbers in the camp. Someone in the personnel office had pulled out the wrong record.

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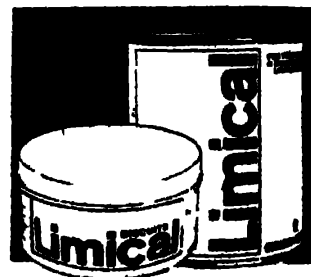
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Personal Glimpses



TURKISH President Cemal Gursel beamed with pride as he roared away from Ankara's parliament building in the first car ever made in Turkey, with a chauffeur at the wheel.

A bare 100 yards later, Gursel's smile froze as the engine coughed and died. "We made this car with the Western part of our minds," he berated the chauffeur, "but with the Oriental part we forgot to put petrol in it." —*Time*

U.S. SECRETARY of Labour W. Willard Wirtz received a letter from 11-year-old Mary Grace Celucci saying that she had been elected "labour secretary" of her class. Her duties consisted of "cleaning the blackboard and putting the chalk back. On Fridays I have to clean up the room and take care of anything that is in the wrong place. Please write and tell me what *your* duties are."

Mr. Wirtz's reply was simply: "Same here." —*New York Times*

IN CONVERSATION with the late J. B. S. Haldane, the geneticist, about something whose outcome seemed to us predictable, I said, "It's no use going on. I know what you will say next, and I know what you will do next." In

answer Haldane lay down on the floor and turned two back somersaults. Resuming his seat, he remarked, "That's to prove you are not always right."

—Dorle Soria

ANDRÉ MAUROIS opened his speech at the American Club of Paris: "Gentlemen, I unfortunately have been asked to speak today in English, and, as a result, the language you will hear will be neither yours nor mine."

—Richard Faville

WHEN Mexico's new President, Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, accepted nomination, he pledged that his government would "protect and guarantee all liberties but one—the liberty of doing away with the other liberties."

Díaz is expected to follow a middle course that will not tolerate extremism from either the left or the right. He once remarked, "I like to operate like a submarine on sonar. When I am picking up noise from both the left and the right, I know my course is correct." —*New York Times*

CARY GRANT, on an actor's problems in speaking a line while drinking iced tea: "If I bring the glass up too soon, I sound like a man hollering in a barrel. If I hold it up in front of my mouth, I spoil my expression. If I put it down too hard, I kill a couple of words on the sound track; if I don't, I make it seem unreal. I have to hold the glass at a slight angle to keep the reflections out of the lens. It has to be absolutely still to keep the ice from tinkling. And, finally, I have to remember to keep my head up because I have a double chin." —Walter Winchell

THE READER'S DIGEST

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is one of the few men Picasso has always admired, and in 1952 Chaplin visited Picasso in Paris. Chaplin didn't speak French, nor Picasso English. The interpreters were doing their best, but the thing was dragging badly.

Then Picasso had the idea of getting Chaplin alone and seeing if perhaps by themselves they could establish some kind of communication. He took him upstairs to his studio and showed him the pictures he had been working on. When he finished he gave Chaplin a bow and a flourish to let him know it was his turn.

Chaplin understood at once. He went into the bathroom and gave a wonderful pantomime of a man washing and shaving, with every one of those little involuntary reflexes like blowing the soapsuds out of his nose and digging them out of his ears. When he had finished that routine, he picked up two toothbrushes and, using them instead of bread rolls, performed the famous dance of the bread rolls, from the New Year's Eve dinner sequence in *The Gold Rush*. It was just like the old days.

Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake
Life With Picasso (Nelson, London)

SOMERSET MAUGHAM accumulated thousands of pesetas in royalties in Spain which he could not take out—and decided to go there for a holiday and live it up. He went to a good hotel and ran the bill up to just about what he had on deposit in the country. The day he was leaving, the manager said, "It has been an honour having you. You have brought much good publicity to us. Therefore, there is no bill!"

Norton Mockridge

I WAS TALKING to Professor Basil Gildersleeve, the Greek scholar. He was an old man, and he had been honoured everywhere. I asked him what compliment received in his long life had pleased him most. He thought a moment, then said, "I believe it was when one of my students said, 'Professor, you have so much fun with your own mind.'"

Edith Hamilton

OPERATIC tenor Jess Thomas was rehearsing *Oberon* in Stuttgart with soprano Inge Borkh. Both singers were imprisoned in heavy, awkward costumes. The day was hot. The sweat poured. The rehearsal was one of those maddening ones when nothing seems to go right. During a pause of exasperation Miss Borkh said to Thomas, "Isn't this the most frustrating, dirty, disgusting, aggravating—*wonderful* profession in the world!"

—Edward Downes

THE SIGHT of the Victoria University Library in Toronto prompted Canadian Prime Minister Lester Pearson to tell this anecdote about his enlistment in the First World War. "I was in the library in 1915, studying a Latin poet, and all of a sudden I thought, 'War can't be *this* bad.' So I walked out and enlisted."

—John Beal, *Pearson of Canada*

SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME was introduced at a luncheon as a man who on his honeymoon had created a crossword puzzle and later sold it to *The Times*. Sir Alec rose to make one minor correction to the crossword-puzzle story: "I would like to make it clear that I did it in co-operation with my wife."

—*New York Times*

If you can read this, it's not surprising. Yet your eyes are one of the most precious gifts you have. With them you can find your way in busy, grit-laden towns, drive along noisy crowded roads, work hard all day in office, factory or home—and in the evening watch TV or

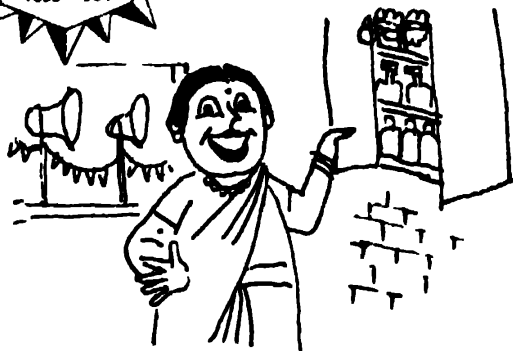
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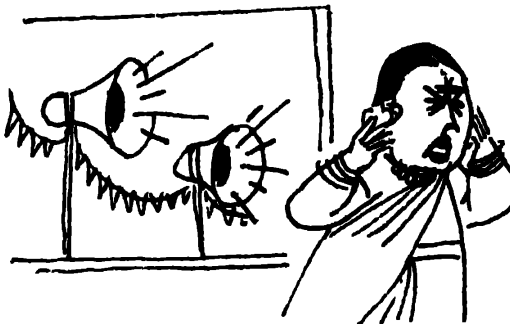


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The rewards of seeing bridges rather than pitfalls

One Step to Adventure

By ELIZABETH STARR HILL

ONE MORNING my husband phoned from work unexpectedly. His voice was exuberant: "Darling, we have a big choice to make. I've been offered an eight-month assignment overseas. If I take the job, you and the children would fly over with me next week. What do you think?"

For a minute I was too stunned to

answer. All I could see was a formidable array of problems. How could I ever pack, close the house and leave *next week*? Suppose our two small children did not adjust to foreign schools? And what about keeping house without many of the conveniences we had taken for granted in our own home? I was stammering the list of difficulties,

Condensed from Christian Herald

when, suddenly, a memory came to me of another day and another choice. I was 16 years old, a city girl visiting my Aunt Alice in the country. One day we went for a walk. It was hot, the road was rough underfoot. I clung to the shade, worrying about sunburn.

We came to a stream half-screened by beeches, with a glimpse of meadow on the other side. Impulsively Aunt Alice said, "How pleasant that meadow looks! Let's wade across and see what it's like over there!"

I shrank back, complaining that we would cut our feet on the stones. And there would be little shade in the meadow; my nose would peel. We had walked a long way, this would make an even longer trip home, we would be tired tomorrow . . .

Exasperated, Aunt Alice cut in. "What a misuse of imagination! You're picturing pitfalls where bridges ought to be!"

The brusque words startled me into silence. She pulled off her shoes and stockings and plunged into the stream. I followed. On the other side, we pushed past a branch of beech and came upon a field of daffodils, hundreds of them, just as in the Wordsworth poem—a vast orchestra of golden trumpets sounding the Hosanna of spring. Did my nose peel? Did I hurt my feet? I don't remember. But I'll never forget those glorious daffodils.

With that moment again vivid in

my mind, I spoke to my husband on the phone with more courage. "Well, if we do go, what a wonderful experience it might be!"

"I think so, too," he answered quickly. "If we want adventure, let's take just one step towards it."

The next week, we flew to eight marvellous months in a distant land. We have crossed the ocean many times since on various assignments. Troubles? Of course we've had them. But so does everybody, even in the most play-it-safe life. We're glad that we didn't turn our backs on adventure.

So often we act as though some ironclad rule prevented us from setting foot on unfamiliar ground! We tend to repeat the same old things in the same old ways, to be wary of trying anything new. Yet just one step from our well-beaten paths of habit can, on occasion, take us to the land beyond the rainbow.

Such a step need not be large or risky or irrevocable. It need not even have a particular goal. But, for it to fill our hearts with that special thrill of discovery, it must be a genuine start towards an unexplored realm.

Sometimes it's difficult to believe how short a distance we need to travel to put ourselves on a desired path. As a little girl, I was ill a lot and didn't go to school regularly until I was almost nine. I still remember clearly that first awful day. The other children seemed to know everything—games, lessons, one another. How I yearned to be like

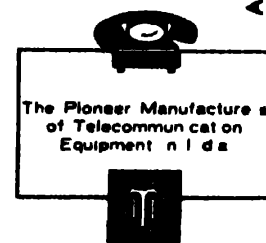
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them, and how unlikely it seemed that I ever would be!

Silent and frightened, I hid in corners. When break-time came, I stood alone at the edge of the playground. After a while, my teacher came over and commented gently, "It seems hard, at first, to become one of the gang. But if you'll . . ."

Before she could go on, I burst out weeping. I told her that I knew she wanted me to join in games and talk, but I couldn't possibly. I didn't know how to skip; the rules of hopscotch were Greek to me—and so on.

When at last I ran down, the teacher said mildly, "I was only going to suggest that you go over to someone and say hallo."

Nothing complicated. And I managed to do it. And, of course, it worked. One step leads us to another and then to the next, and so we travel distances we never would have believed possible.

I have a friend whose mother was a wonderful gardener, justly famed for her beautiful and inventive landscaping. The mother had always dreamed of having enough land for an all-white garden. Finally she managed to buy the property she wanted—and died three weeks later.

Her daughter, who inherited the property, was not noted for her green fingers. But she had been inspired by her mother's dream and decided that somehow she would create the white garden. As she took

her small daughter on a tour of the bare, unplanted grounds, however, a dreadful sense of inadequacy oppressed her. Half laughing, half despairing, she asked, "Darling, if you wanted to make the most beautiful garden in the world here, how would you begin?"

The child thought for a moment, then replied, "I'd buy a packet of seeds."

My friend did exactly that. Now, three years later, the white garden is a glowing testament to a daughter's love and a child's common sense. The child had seen the first step, not the first pitfall.

Trying to encourage my young nephew to tackle a difficult task, I told him about the feat of the Reverend Vivian Symons, a young English vicar, described in the article "The Faith That Moved a Church."* Symons dismantled an unwanted, war-damaged church in London and, virtually alone, moved the old timbers, bricks and stones 17 miles. There, with the old materials, he built a new church.

After I had finished, my nephew commented, "I see how he did it. He never tried to hold the whole church on his shoulders at one time."

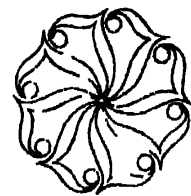
Just one step with one brick is a good beginning.

My father, who loved art, was confined to his home by illness for the last years of his life. Realizing that he would never again be able to visit museums or explore galleries,

* The Reader's Digest, May 1965.

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he refused even to discuss art. All of us in the family grieved, but we could not seem to help.

One day Mother showed him an advertisement for inexpensive reproductions of paintings. "Why not send for one of these?" she suggested.

At first my father dismissed the idea, with a dozen objections. Later we saw him re-reading the advertisement. Finally, he sent off an order. When it arrived, he spent several hours in a half-grumbling, half-appreciative examination of the pictures, ending with a grudging, "Interesting, anyway. Wonder what other prints these people have?"

He sent for a catalogue. Before long, prints, art books, etchings were flooding into the house. My father was a busy man again, sitting on the couch with a card table before him, sorting, cataloguing and studying.

When Father died, he left a fascinating collection. Even more, he left shining proof of the fact that God rings us all round with chances for happiness. If one path becomes closed to us, we can simply step off to another—unless we are afraid to try.

One night I met a charming and animated young woman at a party.

We found that both of us wanted to learn to play the guitar. "I've heard that the local school has an adult-education course in guitar and folk singing," she told me. "I'm going to phone them tomorrow."

"That sounds a good idea," I agreed enthusiastically. But next day, thinking it over, I could not see how I would find time for practising. And I didn't own an instrument. And the course was probably expensive. And . . .

I met this girl a year later. She was sitting in the middle of a circle of people, playing the guitar and leading them in a song. She was obviously having a fine time, and so were those around her. She explained that she had hired a guitar and taken the course, which had cost very little. She had also learnt chords and songs from self-instruction books. The practising? She managed it by getting up half an hour earlier, before her toddler awoke for the day, or during his afternoon nap. She had travelled a happy way since I had seen her last. But I was still standing in the same place.

The roads to adventure are never distant. There are many of them, and they all begin at our own front door—just one step away.

Autobiography

*I*N A LIBRARY in Hampstead, London, a long-haired, black-stockinged girl said to a friend, "I never read books myself. I want to preserve my individuality."

—"Peterborough" in *The Daily Telegraph*, London

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Corporal Hardy



*A soldier remembers the
battle of Chancellorsville. One
of the most moving short
stories ever written about the
American Civil War*

BY RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

IN THOSE DAYS, during the harvest season on our Connecticut farm, the farm hands were given their "dinners" out in the fields. I always carried his victuals to Mr. Hardy, because I liked to sit with him while he ate and listen to the stories he told in his racy vernacular. He was an American Civil War veteran. Congress had given him the Medal of Honour--

THE READER'S DIGEST

and men regarded him with respect.

I'm sure Mr. Hardy never thought of himself as a hero. He was poor, he lived alone, he was unsuccessful. But he would accept no pension. "I'm able-bodied. I can work, can't I?" Alas, he was not really able-bodied. He had been grievously wounded several times, and in 1895, when I fetched and carried for him and sat at his feet, it was pitiful to see his valiant efforts to fork hay on to the wagon or do the other farming tasks which require muscular strength. He was thin and bent, but his face was brown and clean, and his blue eyes bright and indomitable.

I remember the last day I served him. I was ten years old. I brought him his dinner in a basket—cold meat and potatoes, bread and butter, cold coffee and pie. He was seated in the shade of an oak tree, leaning against a stack of hay.

"Thanks, Jackie," he said. "I don't seem to be hungry today. It's hot and this tree don't give much shade. Why, dammit, it's like that mean little oak tree down at Chancellorsville."

I said, "Oh, Mr. Hardy, you've told me about Antietam and the Wilderness, but you've never told me about Chancellorsville. What was it like?"

"I ain't never told nobody about Chancellorsville," he said slowly, "and I don't aim to tell nobody—grown-up, that is. But I'd kind of like to tell somebody that don't

know nothing—like you—about it, for the first and last time. You'll forget it, and it would kind of ease my mind."

MR. HARDY hoisted himself a little higher and made a pretence of eating some bread and meat.

"Chancellorsville," he said, "was a bad battle, an awful bad battle. We didn't fight good and they was too many of them and I lost my captain."

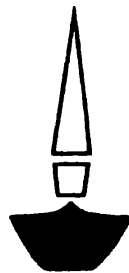
"Who was he?" I asked.

"Why," he said incredulously, "you oughta know that! He was Captain William Armstrong, commandin' Company B, 39th Connecticut. His twin brother, Ezra, was lieutenant. They never was two men as much alike—in looks, that is, for they was quite unlike inside. The lieutenant was always stompin' around an' shoutin' an' wavin' his arms, an' the captain he was always quiet an' soft-spoken an' brave an' gentle. He was a good man. I guess he was the best man I ever knowed."

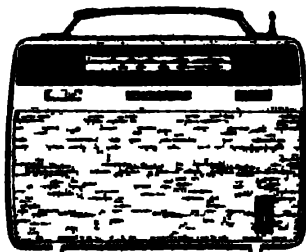
He paused and took a sip of his cold coffee.

"Chancellorsville was a bad battle," he continued. "Them Rebels come charging out of the woods hollerin' and yellin' and hell raisin'. The lieutenant, he kept stomping up and down, shouting, 'Never give ground boys! Stay where you are! Never retreat!' But my captain—I was next to him—says, 'They're too many; we can't stop 'em. Tell the

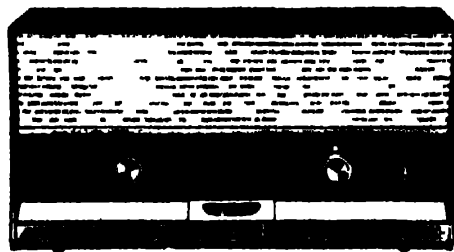
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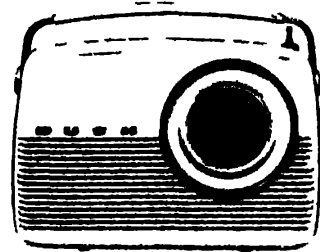
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THE READER'S DIGEST

men to retreat slowly, firing as often as they can reload.' Just then it hit him right in the chest. *Thunk!* was the noise it made. I caught him as he fell, and the blood began to come out of his mouth. He tried to speak, but all he could do was make faces, and his lips said, 'Tell Elizabeth . . .' and then he died. I put him down and noticed we was under a mean little oak tree on the edge of our trenches.

"Then they was around us, hairy men with bayonets, stabbin' and shootin' and yellin', and the lootenant was shouting, 'Don't retreat, men!' He got hit in the knee and fell down; so I picked him up and put him across my shoulder and started for the rear. He kep' hittin' me in the face and swearing, 'You damn coward! You left my brother there and you're making me retreat!' I says to him, 'Ezra, be reasonable; I'm takin' you to an ambulance. You ain't fit to fight, and as soon as I can I'm comin' back to bury William. They ain't goin' to shovel him into no trench,' I said. So he stopped hitting me.

"I was strong then, and I musta carried him a mile till we come to a place where surgeons was carving men up. I handed over the lootenant and stayed with him while they sawed his leg off. They havin' run out of chloroform, it took four of us to hold him. And when it was over he was unconscious, and they put him in a cart with some others and took him away.

"I went back to a house where some burial men was loafing. It was pretty ruined, but I found a shingle and I wrote on it:

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ARMSTRONG
COMMANDING CO. B., 39 CONNECTICUT
He was an awful good man

"Then I borrowed a spade from this burial party and started off towards the Rebel lines. It was gettin' late an' I decided I couldn't find the captain in the dark, so I set down and tried to sleep, for I was tired.

"When it come grey the next mornin', I went along till I was challenged by the Rebel sentries. I answered, 'Union burial detail. I'm comin' for to bury my captain.' They began shootin' at me in the mist, and one bullet struck me in the left thigh and I fell down. I took my belt off and strapped it real tight over the wound, and I got up and went on.

"They stopped shootin' and a man with a bayonet said, 'Yank, you're my pris'ner.' And I said, 'I know I be, but I ain't your pris'ner till I bury my captain.' And I held up my shingle and spade. He says, 'You may be crazy, Yank, or you may be a spy. You come with me to the captain.'

"So he took me away with his bayonet in my back and the blood was squelchin' in my boot, but I got along to where his captain was and the captain asked questions, and the Rebel soldier, he told all he knew, an' the captain says, 'Where's he



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CORPORAL HARDY

lie?' An' I says, 'By a mean little oak, where our lines was yesterday mornin'.'

"An' the captain says, 'That ain't far away. I'll send a detail to bury him.' I says, 'Ain't nobody goin' to bury the captain but me,' I says. 'After that, I'll be your pris'ner.'

"Then the captain says, 'What is your name an' rank?'

" 'Corporal Nathan Hardy, Company B, 39th Connecticut,' I says.

"An' he says, 'Corporal, you and I an' these men,' turnin' to the five or six Rebels who was listenin', 'will go together to find your captain.'

"So we went and I found him, under that mean little oak tree. He was lyin' all sprawled out an' undignified an' the first thing I done was to brush him off and lay him out regular. Then I started diggin', an' it would have been easy if it hadn't been for my leg and all the blood in my boot. Six foot four or thereabouts it was, and three foot deep—not as deep as I wanted, but I couldn't dig no deeper, I was so tired.

"Then I laid the captain in the grave. An' as I stood lookin' down at him lyin' there, I says to myself, 'Ain't nobody goin' to shovel no dirt on the captain's face!' So I took my coat off and laid it over him, coverin' up his face best I could.

"The Rebels pulled me out of the grave, real gentle and considerate. An' then I noticed there was a Rebel general there, settin' on a purebred horse. He could see I was

wounded and peaky, and he says, stern an' hard, 'Captain, what's the meanin' of this? Do you force wounded men to bury the dead?'

"The captain went over to him and began talkin' low and earnest, all the time I was fillin' in the grave. An' when I had patted the mound even, and stuck the shingle in the new earth at the head of the grave, I come over to where the general was an' saluted, an' I says, 'General, I ain't a great hand at askin' favours, but I was raised Episcopal, and so was the captain. I'd kind of like to say a prayer before I surrender . . .'

"The general said, 'Corporal Hardy, I am an Episcopalian, too, and you shall say your prayer.'

"So he dismounted and took off his hat, and he and I kneeled down by the grave, and it was awful hard for me to kneel. I looked up for a minute and all them Rebels was standin' with their caps off and their heads bowed, nice and decent, just like Northern people. An' then I had a dreadful time, for to save my life I couldn't remember a prayer, not a line, not a word. My brains was all watery an' thin, like, an' I don't know how long 'twas till somethin' come driftin' into my mind. It wasn't from the burial service; 'twas somethin' we used to chant in Evenin' prayer. So I says it, loud as I could, for I was gettin' awful feeble.

" 'Lord,' I says, 'now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word . . .' An' I couldn't remember or say any

more. The general helped me to my feet and, by creepers, they was tears in his beard. Soon as I could speak I says, 'General, you've been real good to me and I thank you. An' now I'm your pris'ner, wherever you want to send me.'

'Corporal Hardy,' he says, 'you will never be a pris'ner of our people as long as I command this corps. Captain, I want a detail of six men an' a stretcher an' a flig of truce to take this brave soldier an' Christian gentleman back to the Union lines, an' I want this message delivered to the commanding officer to be forwarded to the President.' He put a paper against his saddle and wrote for some time.

"All this while I was kind of waverin' around because I was feeble from losin' blood an' the battle an' burvin' the captain an' a kind of feverish feelin'. Things begun to spin around. I heard someone yell, 'Catch him!' An' the next thing I knowed I was in a bed of straw and they was probin' for the bullet in my leg. Then I don't remember nothin' till I woke up in a bed, a clean bed, with a nice lookin' woman leanin' over me, wipin' my head with a cold, wet towel. I says, 'Where am I?'

"An' she says, 'You're in the hospital of the Sanitary Commission in Washington. An', oh, Corporal Hardy,' she says, 'I'm so glad you're conscious, for today the President is comin' to give you the Medal of Honour. Now you just drink this

an' go to sleep for a while, an' I'll wake you when he comes.'

"When I woke up again there was the ugliest man I ever see, leanin' over and pinnin' something to my nightshirt, an' he says, 'Corporal Hardy, even the enemy call you a brave soldier and a good man. Congress has voted you this medal. God bless you,' he says."

MR. HARDY closed his eyes, and leaned against the haystack.

"But, Mr. Hardy," I said, "what happened to the lieutenant, and who was Elizabeth?"

"Who?" he said. "The lieutenant? Oh, Ezra went home and married Elizabeth and they went to live in Massachusetts."

Just then my father came up. It was unlike Mr. Hardy to sit in the shade while other men had started to work again, and Father looked worried.

"You've had all the sun you need, Nathan," he said. "I'll send the wagon and they'll take you up to the house, where you can be cool and rest for a while." And, for once in his life, Mr. Hardy made no protest over having "favours" done for him. Father took me aside. "Jackie," he said, "run up to the house and tell your mother to make the bed in the spare-room ready. Then go to the village and tell Dr. Fordyce he's wanted. I don't like Nathan's looks."

So Mr. Hardy was put to bed in the spare-room. For several days he



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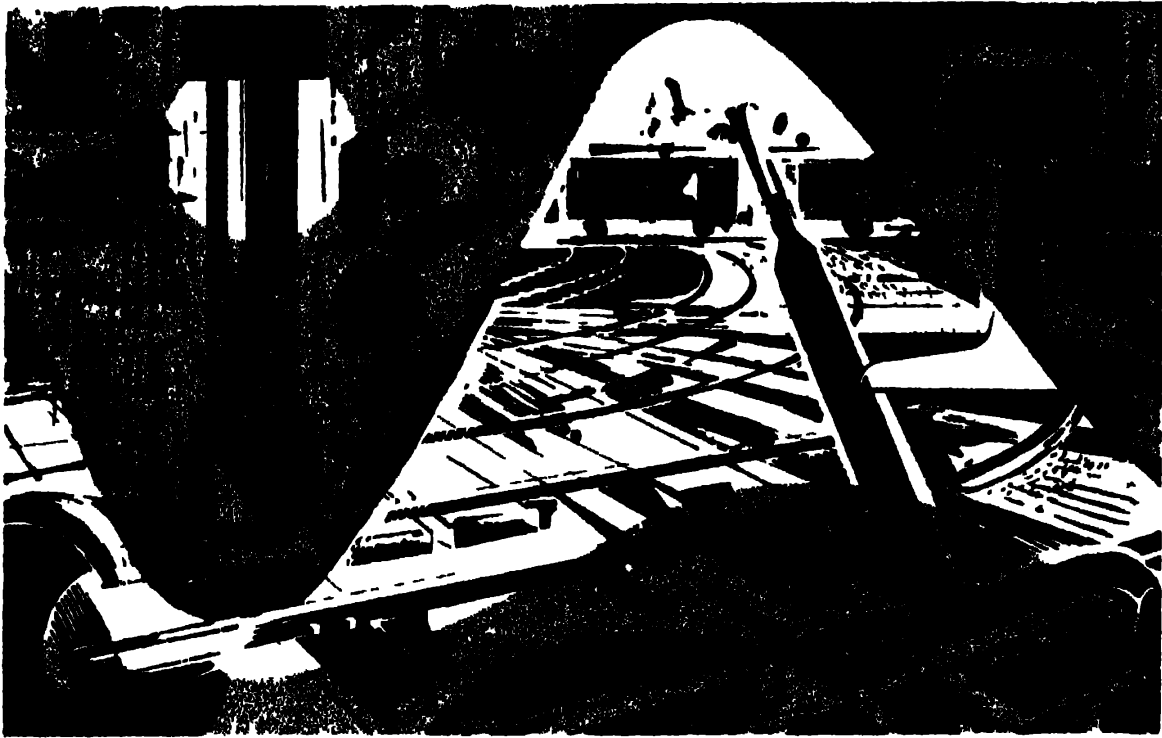
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CORPORAL HARDY

alternated between unconsciousness and a mild delirium. He kept mumbling phrases: "Take that quid out o' your mouth. 'Tain't soldierly!" . . . "Ain't nobody goin' to bury the captain but me."

One day he opened his eyes and said, "Here I am and I'm real easy in my mind. Call the boy in. He knows what I want said. He's young and 'twon't hurt him and he'll forget." So Mother beckoned me to come in, and I said, "What can I do, Mr. Hardy?"

"You can say what I said for the captain when I knelt down with the general."

So I knelt down and, having the parrot-like memory of childhood, I

said, "You knelt down and so did the general, and then you couldn't remember any of the words of the burial service, but you did remember something that was sung in the evening, and you said, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy Servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word . . .'" And I began to cry.

"That's right," he said very faintly. "That's it. Yes, Captain . . ."

My mother gathered me up and took me out and held me very close, rocking back and forth with me while I wept out how I loved Mr. Hardy. And that was why I was sent to my aunt where I could swim and fish and forget about Mr. Hardy. But I didn't forget.

Back to Nature

SOMEBODY said of the naturalist-philosopher Thorcau: "He could get more out of ten minutes' watching a marmot than most men could get from a night with Cleopatra."

—Paul Brooks, *Roadless Area*

LA FONTAINE, famous for his *Fables*, was a devoted student of nature. Late for a dinner party, he explained, "I have just come from the funeral of an ant; I followed the procession to the cemetery, and I escorted the family home."

Will and Ariel Durant, *The Age of Louis XIV*

NATURALIST writer Paul Brooks spotted a small owl motionless on a dead limb in the woods near his home. "As the owl and I looked each other over," he wrote, "I thought of a humorist's classic reply on being asked if he watched birds: 'Yes,' he said, 'and they watch me.'"

—Roadless Area

* * *

Relatively Speaking

SUCCESSFUL pop artist Jasper Johns tells this story of his first exhibition. One woman said, in audible tones. "I say, that's a beautiful painting." The woman standing next to her turned and said, "Oh, are you a relative, too?"

—Leonard Lyons

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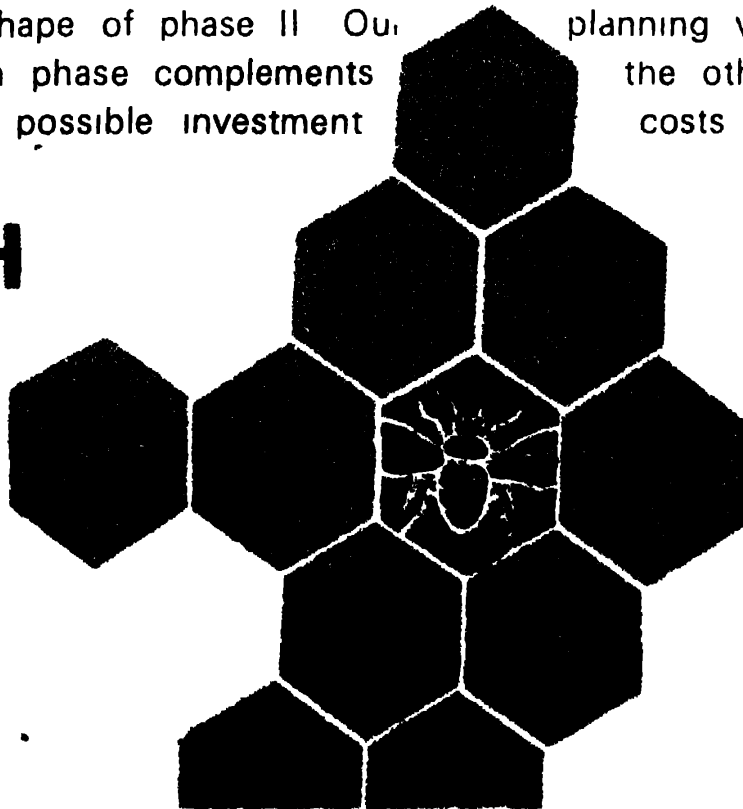
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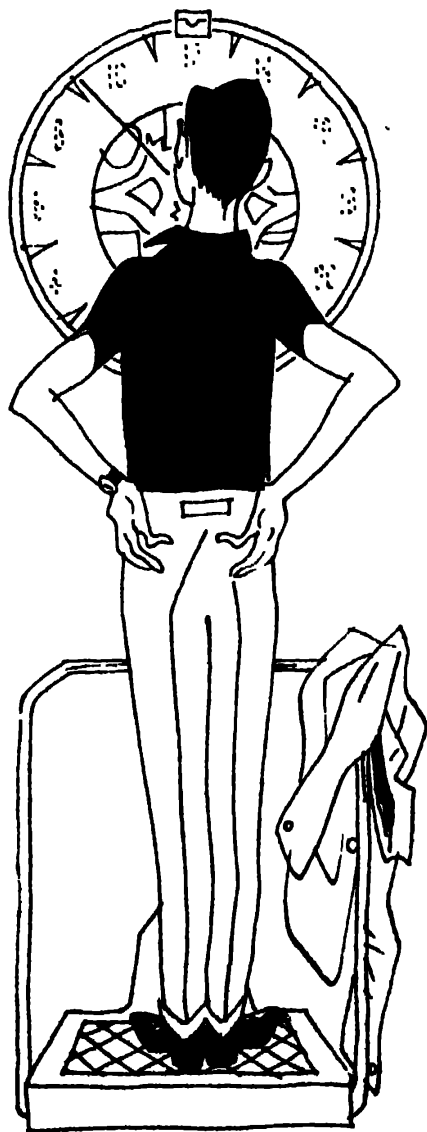
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SWISSAIR

I Always Get My Figures Wrong!

BY ELLIOTT CHAZE

The lament of a man whose physique is never in fashion



A SOURCE of wonderment and sorrow to me is the fact that my metabolism is perpetually out of tune with the times.

During the first 28 years of my life I was slender as a sword. But in those days it was considered unfashionable, if not dangerous, to be thin.

Even now I can hear my Uncle Lane saying to my mother, "That boy needs some *meat* on his bones. He looks peaky."

"Well," she would say, "his daddy was thin. You remember Louis." Then, darkly: "It sort of ran in his *family*."

My uncle, who was fat as a hog, was an oil-drilling type and he drove a plump, mud-covered Buick. Invariably the Buick was almost new and filthy and there was something dashing in the idea of a fine car

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune

treated with such carelessness. He had three sisters, two besides my mother, and one or other of them was generally saying something complimentary about him whenever he stopped in our town. If you offered no comment they would jog you with a finger and say, "Now, tell me, isn't Uncle Lane a fine figure of a man?"

Once my Aunt Clara said she certainly hoped I grew up to look like him; but you could tell she thought I never would become so gross and marvellous.

Anyway, every summer he would take me off for a week or so and try to fatten me up and make a man of me.

We tramped round the woods surveying drilling locations, inhaling mosquitoes and eating in roadside restaurants where the dishes were divided into compartments, one for the greens, another for peas and so on. My uncle cleaned out hundreds of the little compartments, getting larger and more manly every day.

But the fresh air and abundant food did nothing to fatten me, and my mother was barely able to conceal her disappointment when he brought me home.

"He'll fill out," my uncle promised. "Anyway he's tougher now than he was."

The worst thing you could say about anyone in those times, man, woman or child, was that he looked puny or peaky. If you described a

male as skinny it meant he was a weakling or inclined in that direction. It didn't matter that he had the courage of a lion, he was to be pitied and stuffed with food.

Then, after the war, everybody started talking about dieting and being trim; no one used the word skinny any more, it was *trim*. Well, I was still as trim as a bayonet and I was in vogue for perhaps six months.

It took me a year after my discharge from the services to pack three and a half stone of meat on my bones, and at 16 stone I weighed about as much as my uncle did when we were stumbling through the woods. I still do. Broad and deep in the belly, a face maroon as embers. When I eat fried chicken, people expect me to rear back and fling the bones and laugh a great heraldic kind of laugh.

But nowadays it's out of style to be tubby and neither my mother nor my sisters ever refer to me as a fine figure of a man. I was at home last week and my mother and my aunts were telling me about a slimming powder you mix with water and swallow instead of eating real food.

While we were talking my uncle drove up in a Cadillac without a speck of mud on it. He had lost four stone and was as lean and fit as a wild boar.

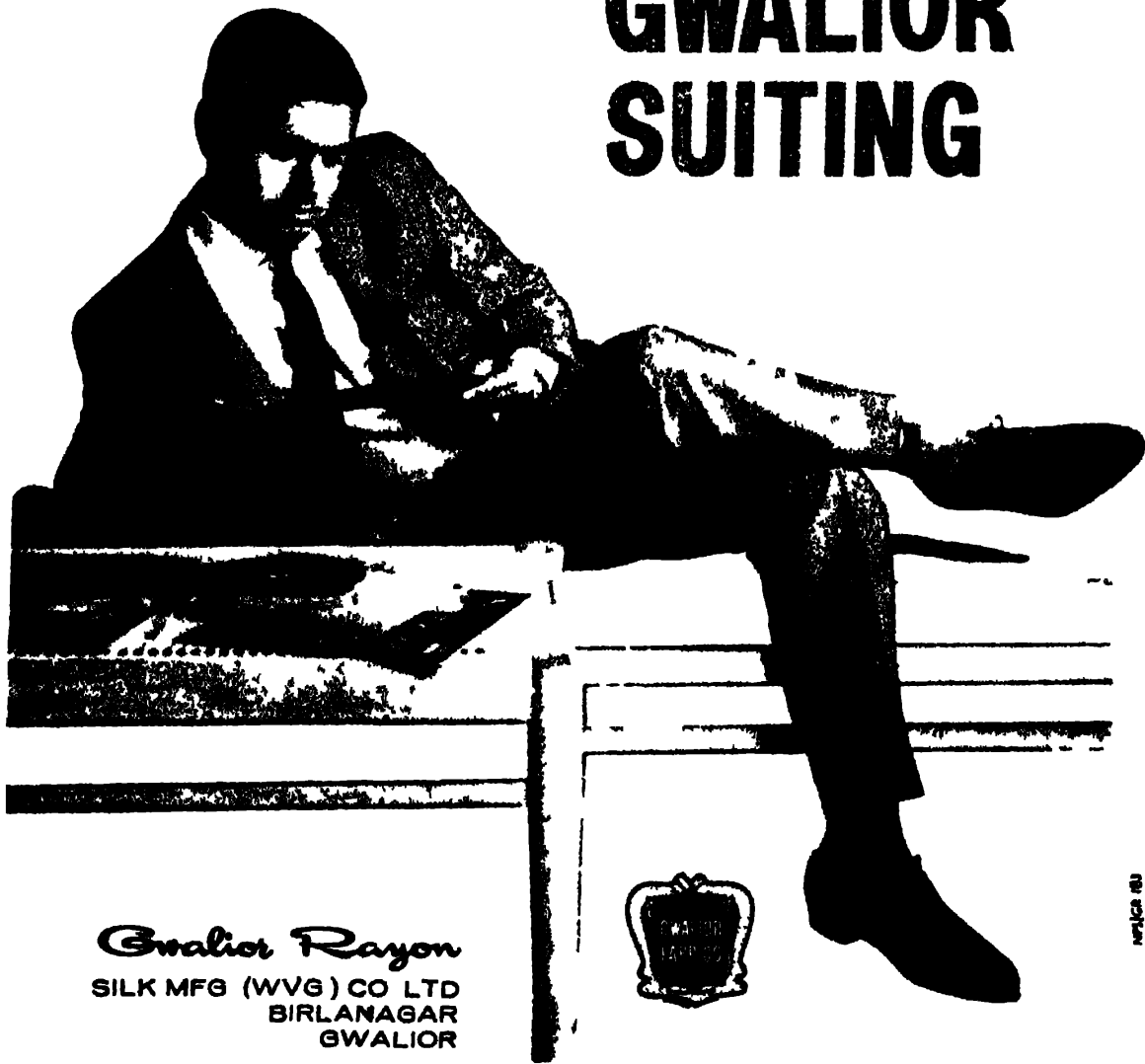
"You really ought to get rid of that extra weight," he said to me. "It's bad for the heart."

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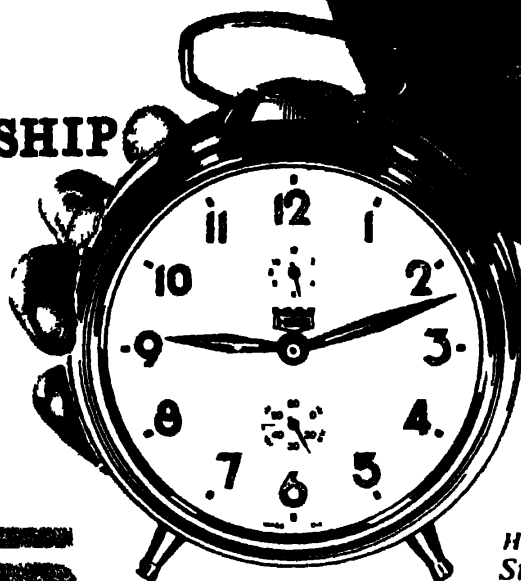
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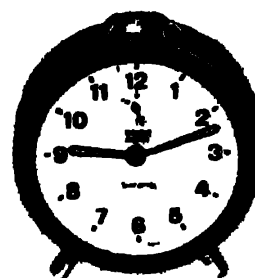
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SECRETS OF THE SPIDER'S WEB

BY JEAN GEORGE

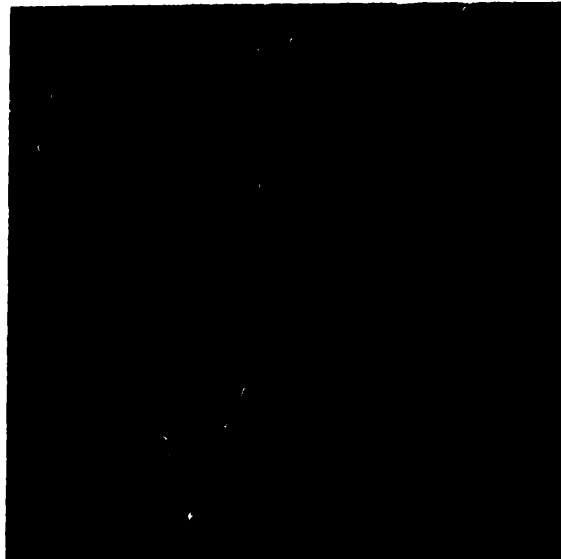
FROM ROCK to grass blade, from twig to petal, the earth is strung with signal lines, traps, love nests, nurseries and railways as some 40,000 species of spiders talk to each other, express fear and desire, hunger and anger through their complex and beautiful webs. Largely unnoticed by humans, thousands of spiders are working industriously on every acre of countryside.

The tons of spider silk, for which the earth is a mere spindle, comprise hundreds of varieties and weaves to meet the multiple needs and crises in the spiders' lives. Where one thread suffices for dropping over a cliff, another tension, a different weave, is required to fasten webs to leaves, and still another to send warnings or receive messages from a stuck fly or courting male. The webs of spiders are, in fact, their eyes, ears, voice and fingers.

Spiders are such a different form of life that we cannot say they have a head and body; after all, their legs are attached to the front part, a head and thorax, while silk glands lie in

their belly. Seven different kinds of glands, not all present in all spiders, lead out to the spinnerets. Most spiders have three pairs of complicated spinnerets tipped with many minute spinning tubes. These move like human fingers. They card, pull, weave, twist as they turn the fluid silk coming from the glands into the right thread for the right situation.

The first need in a spider's life is



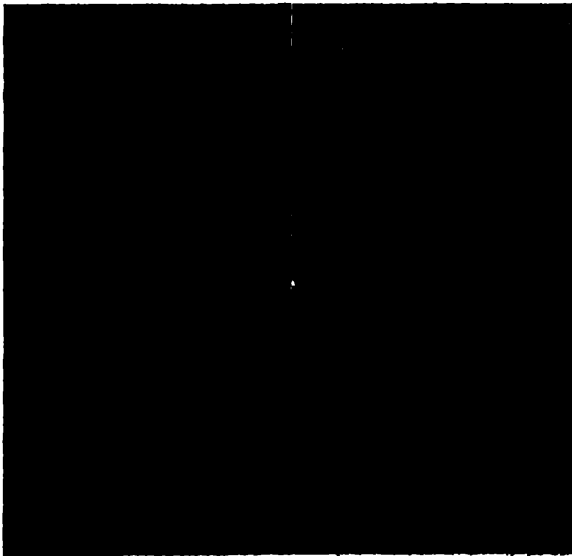
The construction of an orb web begins with a framework which varies in shape according to the site. First line made by the spider is more or less horizontal

to get away from home in order to prevent being eaten by parent or sibling. To this end, the spiderlings fly on a silvery thread over field and mountain. And they take off on this voyage like expert circus performers.

Last spring I watched a hatch of grass spiders emerge from their egg case and crawl down silken avenues to disappear in the garden plants. As they went they trailed behind a veil of threads that heaved and rippled between the leaves of the iris and ferns. One spiderling eight-footed its way to the top of a dried chrysanthemum stalk, where it circled until it faced the wind. Then it threw up its hind feet and stood on its head like an acrobat. In this position it spun out two or three feet of ballooning thread, a dry and wide strand. Then it let go of the stalk, grabbed the silk

with its front legs, and in the best circus tradition went flying through the air. Aided by the wind, it guided itself round the elm in the garden by pulling in on the streamer and then letting it out. The wind bowed it. As it billowed away it struck the edge of the house and was stopped. There the spiderling reeled in its slender balloon and hurried to the porch roof to take off again. In this splendid manner it sailed out of sight.

During the spring and autumn when spiderlings go ballooning, as this is called, the sky is filled with tons of dragline, known as gossamer. In some places it will fall to earth with the rain in such abundance that the grass is swathed in white silk. In Yosemite Valley, California, it is periodically trapped



Dropping a vertical thread from the top of the framework as the diameter of the web, the spider spins out radial spokes



Then the centre is reinforced and the spokes are connected by dry threads which anchor them during the final spiral construction

in sheets between the stone arches. When the sheets are thick enough the wind carries them off like glittering laundry and wraps them over the trees, until the forest is eerily shrouded in silk, like furniture in a deserted mansion.

Gossamer and trapping threads are perhaps the best-known webs, but some of the lesser-known are more exciting. There are the "wild threads," for instance. These fine, almost invisible strands can surround a simple sheet trap—that flat, silver platform between grass blades—with a sunburst of trip lines. As clear as air, these lines are nevertheless tough enough to trip a flying insect and send it tumbling on to the sheet below.

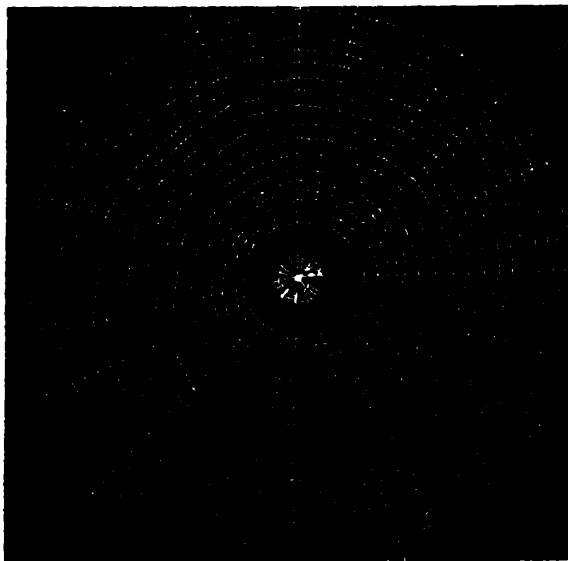
The swathing band is the most dramatic production of the spider

because of its size and quantity. It rolls out in broad ribbons and is composed of strong parallel threads that come from the lower spinnerets, plus a criss-cross of finer silk from the upper spinners. So instinctive is the production of this band that anyone can induce a spider to produce it by tossing an insect on to its web.

Before the thread appears, however, the insect must struggle on the web, a rhythm that impels the spider to rush forward and sink its poison fangs into the prey. It is the activation of the poison glands that sets off the spinners. Next the spider's feet turn the insect so that the river of silk is spread evenly until the prey is engulfed.

Some spiders use their webs as trophy walls when the meal is done. Because they "drink" the insect, by turning its interior into liquid with powerful digestive juices, the insect grows smaller and smaller as the feast goes on. Usually a mere dot remains, swathed in silk.

The most beautiful combination of threads is the famous orb of the garden spiders. Walking one day in a garden I saw a spider among the phlox. She had just built a triangular frame for her web. Now she began the laborious task of constructing the orb. She walked to the middle of the top thread and dropped on a vertical line to the bottom. Back she climbed to the centre of this line, and, establishing a hub, she spun out spokes, using a



Starting at the outer edge, the spider draws a sticky spiral line towards the centre, leaving a space between the completed orb and the hub

A high-contrast, black and white image of a Firestone tire, showing the tread pattern and the 'Firestone' brand name on the sidewall. The tire is shown from a side-on perspective, highlighting the tread pattern and the brand name. The image is stylized with a high-contrast, almost binary appearance, where the tread pattern is rendered in white against a black background. The 'Firestone' logo is visible on the sidewall, and the overall image has a grainy, high-contrast quality.

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SECRETS OF THE SPIDER'S WEB

dry, hard thread. Then circling outwards from the hub she built a scaffolding for her wheel. Next she spiralled back again, leaving behind a line with sticky fluid on it. To space this shining glue perfectly she gave the line a quick flip and secured it. The line vibrated, spreading the fluid evenly. When the thread lay still, it was hung with droplets of equal size, nearly equally spaced. How, I wondered, had her race learnt and passed on this wisdom?

Spiders are predators, the best insect killers known; in fact they will even kill one another if there is no communication between them. So spiders, too, must be careful of others' webs, for most of them work in the dark of night, are nearsighted and have no ears but their threads.

Under these conditions it is no wonder that their means of reproduction is the most complicated on earth. For the reason that every advance towards a female is fraught with danger, the males have evolved a strange narcissistic love. They make love alone, to a web, before they carefully hand their cells of life to a female.

The tarantula's method is particularly spectacular. He spins a sheet in which there are two holes, one large, one small. Between the holes he leaves a narrow band of strong silk, different from anything else he spins. He steps through the large hole and, hanging below, strengthens its edges. As he does

this, his body touches the exquisitely woven band. The sensation induces him to release a drop of sperm fluid. He crawls back to the top, and, reaching round the weaving, draws the fluid into bulbs in leg-like attachments near his head, to be handed to his mate later.

The male spider then destroys the web and sets out upon the risky task of courting and mating. Almost invariably the female, who matures later than the male and is usually larger, is not ready to receive his gift. She gives him a bad time, charging and threatening, and sometimes eating him.

Because of the danger, the tarantula male uses caution. He approaches his mate. She rears in hostility. He jumps and pets her. She opens her fangs to bite and poison him; but in a quick manoeuvre he grabs her fangs with hooks on his front legs and hangs on to them while he deposits the sperm in a pocket in her abdomen. Now he can walk away safely.

There are as many ways of subduing a female as there are kinds of spiders. One of the most intriguing ways is that of the crab spider. He ties his mate down with strong threads. Approaching her gingerly, he criss-crosses her body with threads, until, when he is done, he has staked her to the ground with a veil of silver. This special piece of craftsmanship is known as the "bridal veil" of the spiders.

With the renewal of the species—

and it does go on in spite of the dangers—the female spiders now weave the most important webs of the spider world: the cases for the eggs. Some are golden silk, tough, windproof, waterproof and resilient, while some are merely poorly constructed bags. The eggs are laid in the sac. Some species lay as many as 3,000, some lay only one, but all of them spin round their precious offspring a beautiful thread that is carded and twisted by the last spinnerets. The egg cases may be glittering baskets, or dense whorls of hard thread.

The silk of a spider egg case is so beautiful that a Frenchman in the eighteenth century wove it into stockings and gloves. The gleam of the cloth impressed the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and it commissioned an investigation into the commercial possibilities of silk from spiders' egg cases. It was found impracticable mainly because spiders, unlike silkworms, are not gregarious. They could not be induced to live close enough together to produce easily gathered egg cases.

Most spiders spin certain traps and designs, then stop. But not the grass spiders. They add to their webs all year long until, when the frost falls, there may be yards of huge white sheets in the fields. We

erroneously call autumn the time of the spiders. In truth it is the end of the time of the spiders, for most of them live, as mature spiders, only eight or nine months, and the white sheets are their shrouds.

Of all the weavings and webs—the funnels and snares and trip lines, the sperm webs, the draglines, the orbs—the one whose creator has the most faith in nature is the fishing-line of the bolas spider. It is a single line with a sticky ball on the end. It is swung from a limb of a tree, back and forth, back and forth, as the little spider fishes the vast night for a passing insect.

I met a bolas spider recently while sitting out at night under the apple tree. I was struck on the cheek by something sticky; and as I tried to wipe it off, my fingers became caught in the line. I turned my torch on, and at the end of the line was a fat bolas who looked more like a bud than a spider. She was balancing on a web trapeze and reeling up her line that had struck so noble a bite. I jiggled her line again. She lifted her fangs and reeled in faster. Then I leaned towards her, looming into her world. At that she crept off into the leaves, and I did not see her again. I often wonder how she felt, in the limits of her spider brain, about the "big one that got away."

CLAUSE in the will of Harriet Hartbyrne, who died a spinster at the age of 87: "I don't want anybody to put 'Miss' on my tombstone—I haven't missed as much as some people may think!"

—*The Carpenter*

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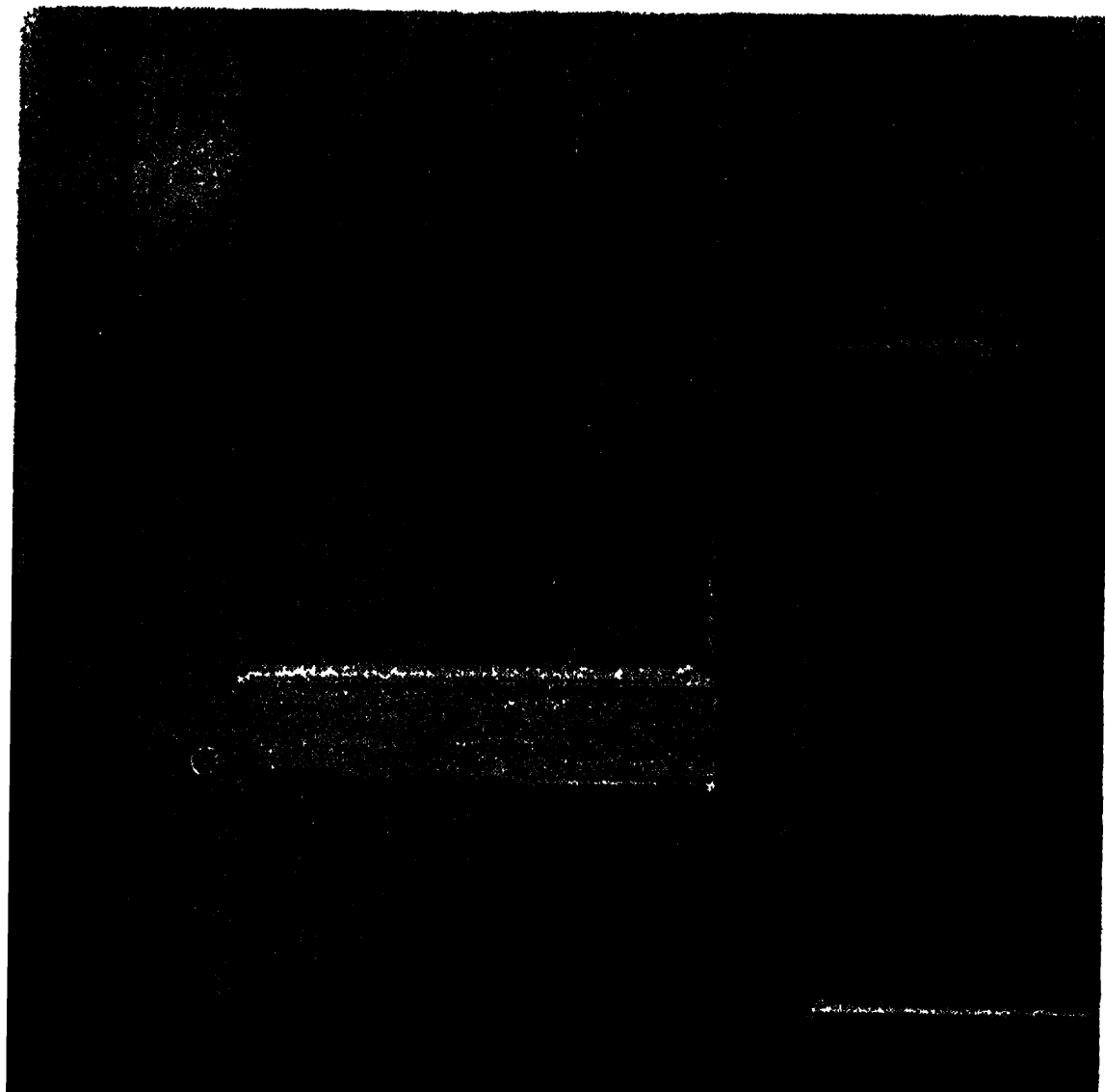
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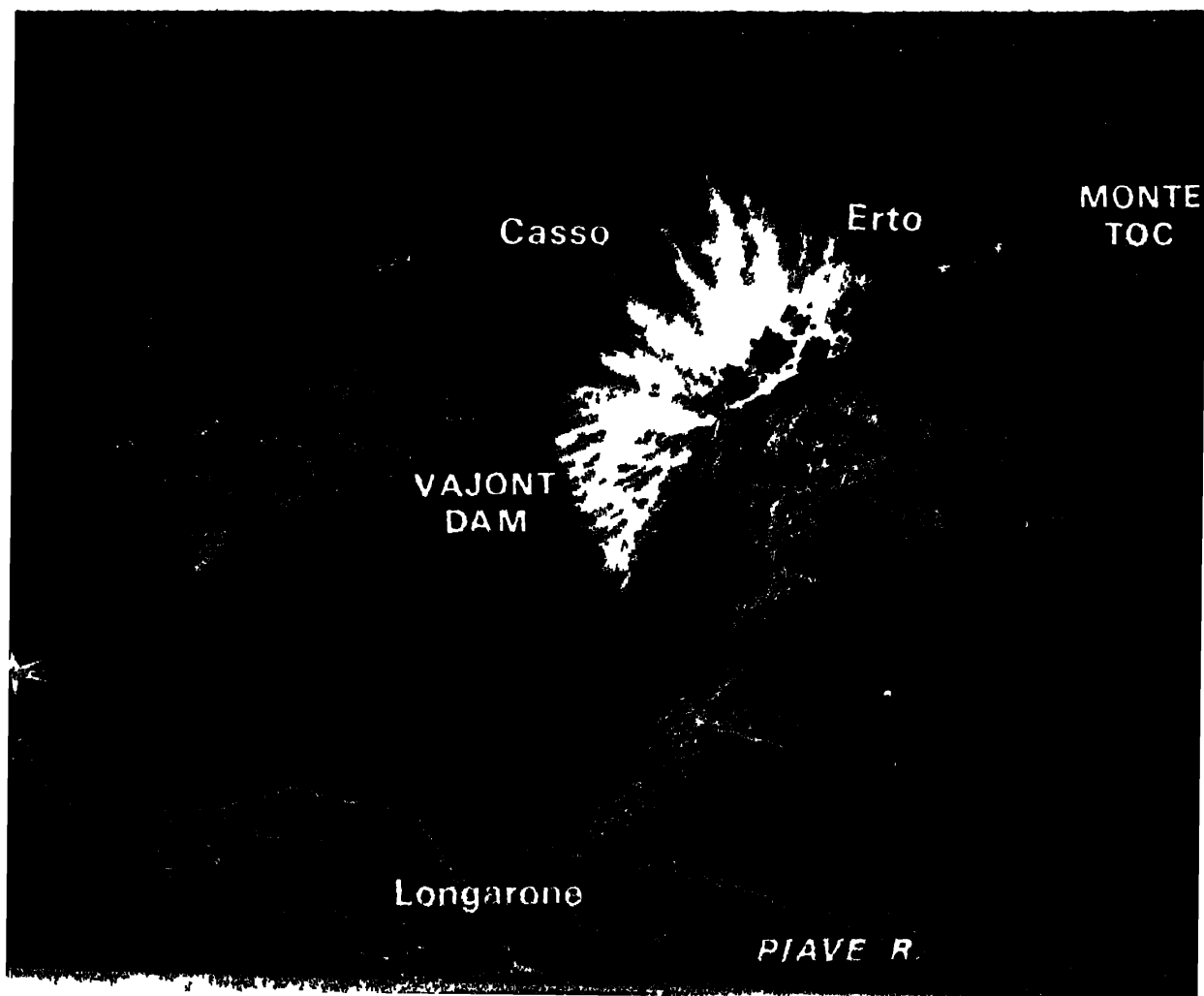
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The Night the Mountain Fell

By GORDON GASKILL

In the last few minutes of the day, the village of Erto, which was cut off from the outside world, probably suffered its greatest disaster.

THEY SAY the animals knew. In that last peaceful twilight—Wednesday, October 9, 1963—hares grew suddenly bold and, oblivious of passing men and cars, raced silently, intently, down the paved road—away from the lake. As darkness gathered, cows milled uneasily in their stalls, dogs whimpered, chickens stirred in their coops, unwilling to sleep. A couple



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watching television were irritated by the unnatural, noisy fluttering of their caged canary. Then the fluttering abruptly stopped: in its strange panic the bird had caught its head in the cage bars and strangled to death. Husband stared at wife: "Something's going to happen! The dam . . . ?"

Life or death that night in the small town of Longarone, in north-east Italy, would turn on a simple, single fact: how high up the hillsides of the river valley below the Vajont Dam you happened to be. All but those in the highest parts would soon die.

An engaged couple, due to marry in six days, had a slight difference of opinion. Giovanna wanted to go to the cinema at Belluno, the provincial capital about 12 miles away, but her fiancé, Antonio, felt too tired and begged off. They separated for the night, he to his higher home, she to a lower one. Next morning he would be digging in the muddy waste where Giovanna, her family and home had disappeared, repeating endlessly, "If only I had taken her to the cinema . . . If only I had taken her to the cinema."

A teenage boy astride his motorbike fidgeted with embarrassment as, from a window, his mother tried to talk him out of riding off to another village to see a girl. But from inside the house his father, remembering his own salad days, called out indulgently, "Oh, let him go!" The mother sighed, gave in and the

boy rode off to safety—never to see home or parents again.

Visiting Longarone were three Americans of Italian descent, all staying in a low-lying little hotel. One of them retired to his room—never to be seen again. Two others, Mr. and Mrs. Robert De Lazzero, had panted uphill nearly 150 steps to have dinner with his great-aunt, Elisabetta, and two cousins. Shortly before ten, dinner over, they were about to walk back down to the hotel when Aunt Elisabetta said, "Don't go yet. See, I've saved a special bottle of wine for you." Somewhat reluctantly, they stayed on a little longer. They were lucky.

For the clocks of Longarone would never strike 11 that night. Just before that hour, Longarone and the hamlets clustering near it would be erased from the earth, and more than 2,000 people would die in perhaps the world's most tragic dam disaster.

FOR FOUR years the great new Vajont Dam had been both the pride and the fear of people living around Longarone, a sub-Alpine town not far south of the Austrian border. Flung across the near-by Vajont gorge—so deep and narrow that sunlight touched its bottom only fleetingly at noon—the dam was the highest arch dam in all the world, a showpiece for visiting foreign engineers, a magnet for tourists. Its graceful curving wall of tapered concrete rose 858 feet above its base.

Its impounded lake, not yet full, would provide enormous amounts of electricity to bring industry, jobs and prosperity to mountain folk for miles around.

Still, many feared it.

Ever since 1959 a swelling chorus of protest had demanded that the dam be stopped or that absolute assurance be given that it was safe. But the site had been approved and all work had been carefully supervised by some of Italy's most respected geologists and engineers. Chief among them was the very father of the Vajont project, Dr. Carlo Semenza, an internationally known engineer who had built dams in several countries. He and others concluded that there might be a little minor land slippage at first—as with nearly all new artificial lakes—but nothing to worry about.

People living near by were not so sure. Above all, they distrusted the stability of Monte Toc, which anchored the dam's left shoulder and hung nearly 4,000 feet above the new lake. They gave it an ominous nickname, *la montagna che cammina*—"the mountain that walks." The villagers of Erto, just above the lake, felt especially menaced and made most of the early protests.

With construction having begun in 1956, all was ready for a partial test-filling of the lake by March 1960. The results caused concern. Even modest amounts of water produced, on November 4, 1960, an

alarming crack in the earth high up on Monte Toc—a gaping split more than a foot wide and about 8,000 feet long. At the same time, half a million tons of earth and rock slipped into the still-small lake, churning up waves six feet high.

Disappointed, Società Adriatica di Elettricità (SADE), the firm building the dam, lowered the lake and, its time-table wrecked, turned to two years of expensive testing. Also, it performed extensive remedial work: strengthening the dam, digging a large bypass tunnel and sealing suspected rock fractures with pressurized concrete.

But, less than six months after the warning slide, Dr. Semenza himself began to lose hope. In an April 1961 letter, not divulged until after the disaster, he wrote to an engineering friend: "The problems are probably too big for us, and there are no practical remedies to take." He died six months afterwards. Yet neither he nor others sharing his worries ever dreamed of any serious danger to *human life*. They feared only that landslides might so clog the basin as to make it useless for water storage.

One test (No. 19) on SADE's elaborate scale model (1/200th of the actual size) of the entire dam and basin was to have especially disastrous consequences. The formal report on this test said that *if the lake's level were 75 feet below maximum*, this would be "absolutely safe, even in the face of the most catastrophic landslide that can be

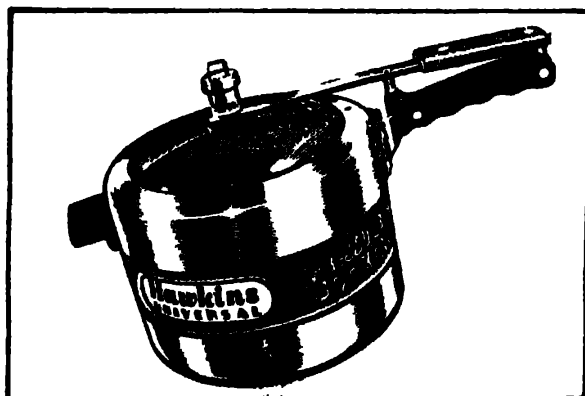
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foreseen." Such a fantastic slide, said the test, would churn up dangerous waves about 80 feet high on the lake.

The safety measures to counteract this seemed obvious: if a slide seemed imminent, (a) get the lake down at least 75 feet below maximum, and (b) evacuate everybody from the shoreline belt so that the expected waves could spend their rage harmlessly. As for people in Longarone, one and a half miles *below* the dam, there was no reason to worry. With the lake down to this "safety level," only about five feet of water, a harmless trickle, could possibly go *over* the dam.

IN APRIL 1963 the situation seemed ripe for the new test-raising of the water. By now a new factor had entered the picture. SADE and many other private electric power companies had been forcibly nationalized under a new state power board, ENEL (Ente Nazionale per l'Energia Elettrica).

The exit valves were closed, and the water started up again. As the waters crept higher, the old disheartening signals appeared. Another long, frightening crack split the earth high on Monte Toc. From July to September, small earth tremors shook the area. Strange rumbling came from deep in the earth; the lake water "boiled up" ominously.

SADE had earlier implanted dozens of sentinel bench marks on the

mountain's flanks. These, watched regularly by optical instruments so sensitive that they noted even a hair's breadth of movement, would signal any tendency of the earth to slip downward. And signal they did.

Quiet for months, they suddenly began reporting an ever-rising tendency of Monte Toc's earthen flank to slip . . . 6 . . . 8 . . . 12 . . . 22 millimetres per 24 hours—edging up towards the highest "danger reading" of 40, registered three years earlier at the time of the first slide.

Perturbed, ENEL-SADE halted the test-raising with the waters still 41 feet below maximum, hoping that the earth would settle down to a new stability. Unfortunately, it did not. And, to make matters worse, thrice-normal rains, the heaviest in 20 years, had made the earth unusually sodden.

Nino Biadene, ENEL-SADE deputy director-general for technical matters, from the head office in Venice, declared that there would be no question of letting the water go any higher, even though it was authorized. On the contrary, he would order the water to be lowered if the alarm signals continued.

They did continue—and got worse. Thus, on September 26—with disaster 13 days away—Biadene gave the emergency order: "Take the water down!" Instantly, the great exit valves were opened, and water began rushing out. But not *too* fast, for this would too quickly

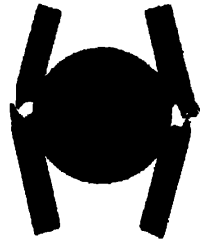
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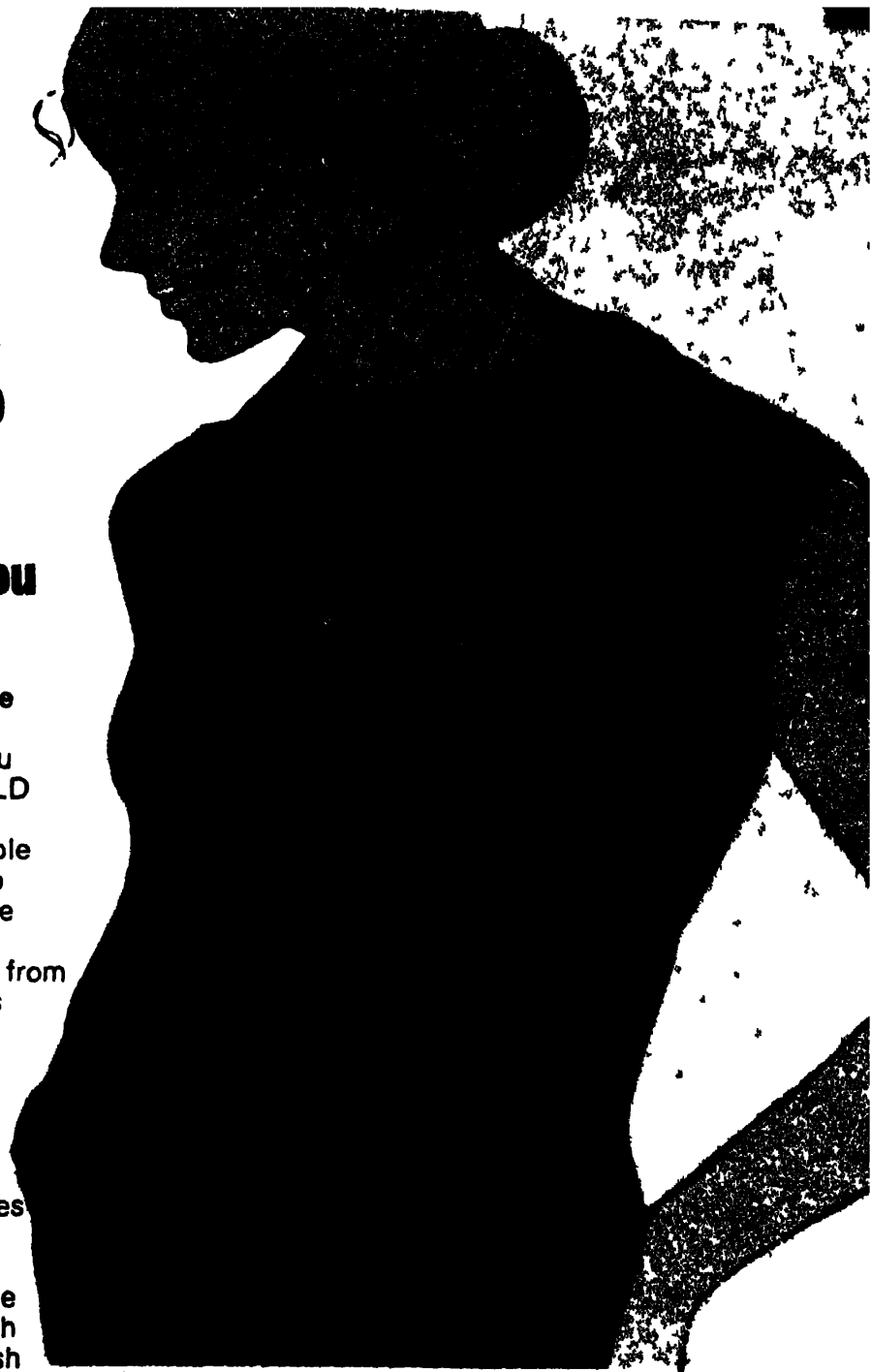
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remove the water-cushion supporting Monte Toc's soaked earth and make it even more unstable. Experience and tests had set the "safe" emptying rate at not more than 3.28 feet per 24 hours. At this rate it would take ten days to get the water down to what Test 19 had said was an "absolutely safe" level.

Dismayingly, the lowering brought no relief. In fact, as the water went down, the bench-mark warnings of earth slippage went *up* . . . 22 . . . 30 . . . 36 . . . until on October 3 they touched the previous danger-level of 40.

Here was a desperate dilemma: It seemed dangerous to keep the waters high, but it was also dangerous to lower them. The authorities compromised by continuing to let water out, but more slowly. Previously the bench marks had been read only by daylight; now their warnings were so dramatic that great floodlights were installed, bathing the whole mountainside, so that the marks—fitted with reflectors—could be read all through the night.

On Tuesday, October 8—with disaster one day off—the picture was swiftly darkening. The slippage was now up to 150 millimetres per 24 hours and still rising. Biadene spent the day in furious action. Warning notices were rushed throughout the lakeside area, in which the local mayor urgently advised all people to leave on ENEL-SADE trucks which would come at 4 p.m. this same day to remove

families and livestock. *Carabinieri* (police) began enforcing evacuation.

Biadene returned to Venice that night exhausted and depressed, but satisfied that everybody was out of the danger area around the lake. In fact, nearly 200 ignored the evacuation warning, eluded the police, and paid with their lives.

And Longarone? As he testified later, Biadene so far gave only fleeting thought to people *below* the dam. Hadn't the scale-model tests proved that only a few harmless feet of water could possibly slop *over* the dam into the Piave Valley?

THE NEXT day was golden and merry in Longarone. Most of the harvesting had been done. The year's harvest had been good: new factories had been coming in; ever more tourists had come to visit the dam; everybody had jobs and fatter wage packets. Best of all, Longarone's famous ice-cream makers, who fanned out over Europe every March to make and sell their delicacy, were now streaming home to spend the winter with their families. It was a gay time of homecoming, of matchmaking and marrying, of meeting old friends in the bar-café, of swapping stories of the season's business over a glass of wine.

True, the great dam above cast a certain shadow on the merriment. Word had gone round that the slippage rate was high today. A truck driver named Antonio Savi said that he had driven over the paved road

on Monte Toc and that it was buckling so much he refused to go there again. But this seemed familiar stuff somehow.

Hundreds of men stayed at the bar-café's later than usual that evening. They were ardent soccer fans, and at 9.55 began a television relay from Madrid of a match between the Real Madrid team and Glasgow Rangers. Most would never live to know that the Spaniards won 6-0, and later the match was bitterly cursed for luring so many to death. In fact, it probably made little difference in the final death toll; it doomed some, but saved others.

Meanwhile, up on Monte Toc the sentinel bench marks had gone wild. Far in the past was the old danger-reading of 40. Now the signals were reading 190 . . . 200!

Just before 9 p.m.—with disaster barely 100 minutes away—Biadene in Venice decided that it would be wise to institute *below* the dam and around Longarone some of the same precautions already in force up around the lake itself. By phone he ordered a subordinate engineer in Belluno to get the police to bar all traffic on the below-dam roads in and around Longarone. And from the dam went out a series of phone calls to people and establishments down by the Piave—to the sawmill, the spinning mill, the quarry, a tavern—passing on the message: "Probably a little water over the dam tonight . . . nothing to get alarmed about."

At 10.39 the mountain fell. Not all of it, but a greater single mass than has fallen in Europe since pre-historic times—with a shock so great that it simulated genuine earthquake effects on seismographs in five countries. About 600 million tons came down—roughly equivalent to a football pitch piled with earth and rock to a height of 40 miles. It did not fall slowly, by inches, as predicted, disintegrating as it went. Instead, the mountain split away cleanly, as if cut by a knife and fell straight into the lake.

Don Carlo Onorini, parish priest of Casso village perched high on a mountain just across the lake, happened to be watching. In the bright glare of the floodlights he saw the mountainside suddenly slip loose "with a sound as if the end of the earth had come." A muddy flood leaped up towards him and he saw, just below him, the mountainside clawed away, a church and some lower houses vanish, before the flood fell back into the valley. An enormous blue-white flash filled the sky as the great 20,000-volt high-tension lines short-circuited, fused and broke, plunging the valley into darkness.

All round the lake shore the tormented water raced—not 80 feet high but, in places, clawing up to 800 feet above lake-level. It thundered at the dam—and the dam held. But the water went over the dam not five feet high but up to 300



feet high, and smashed to the bottom of the gorge 800 feet below. There it was constricted as in a deadly funnel, and its speed fearfully increased. It shot out of the short gorge as from a gun barrel and spurted across the wide Piave riverbed, scooping up millions of deadly stones. Ahead of it raced a strange icy wind and a storm of fragmented water, like rain, but flying *upward*. By now it was more than a wave, more than a flood. It was a tornado of water and mud and rocks, tumbling hundreds of feet high in the pale moonlight, leaping straight at Longarone.

In the next minutes—about six—it thundered far up the hillside where Longarone stood, then recoiled into the Piave Valley with a fearful sucking noise, as if a mile-wide sink were emptying. In those six minutes Longarone vanished from the earth.

Hardly any of the survivors—even those watching from so high up that they were never in danger—could give any coherent account of what they saw. One man remembers “a great milky cloud settling over our town.” Another, “a huge greyish-silverish mass that seemed so big it hardly seemed to move at all. Then I saw things swirling in the mass—bodies, timber, cars.” Most remember the strangely cold wind and the horrible noise “like a thousand express trains rushing on us . . . a noise so great the ears refused to hear it.”

At one bar, somebody yelled,

“The dam’s broken! Run for your lives!” Those spry enough got away; those too old or too dazed died. In another bar, those who jumped out of uphill windows were safe; those who went out of the front door were not.

A girl of 12, Maria Teresa Galli, was just closing her balcony shutters when she felt a great cold wind, and somehow the house seemed to dissolve around her. Some great force, part wind, part water, picked her up and whirled her along as she thought dazedly: “I’m flying . . . walking . . . swimming!” Two hundred yards away, an old couple, Arduino Burrigana and his wife Gianna, watched from the top floor as the flood invaded the ground floor—and dropped some dark bundle which emitted a groan. It was Maria Teresa Galli, fainting with shock, bruised, but little harmed.

A paralysed man, helpless in his chair, called out in panic to his wife, “What is it? What is it?” She went out on the balcony to look. He felt the house tremble, and called out, “Where are you?” She never answered. A passing edge of the wave had flicked her away.

The visiting American couple had nearly finished the special bottle of wine when the roar came. One of the cousins pulled open the door, stared out, slammed it shut again and cried, “We’re all dead!” Water poured over them, and the man remembers dazed thoughts passing through his mind like, “What’s the

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use . . . with a thousand feet of water over us?" Yet, in a moment, miraculously, the water retreated. He was safe, and so were his wife and cousins—except for fractures—but it had been too much for Aunt Elisabetta. She lay dead.

It took some time before the outer world learned how enormous the tragedy had been. The flood had isolated Longarone in a sea of mud. The first reporter waded in at about

2.30 a.m., and well before dawn in came 1,000 of Italy's mountain troops, the *Alpini*, vanguard of nearly 10,000 rescue workers—soldiers, police, firemen, Red Cross, Boy Scouts, volunteers of all kinds.

The most eloquent journalists could find no words to describe what Thursday's sun revealed. "A coffin of mud ten miles long . . . a Biblical disaster . . . a Hiroshima without houses." Of more than 300 buildings in Longarone proper, only about a

*Longarone, before
the fatal night of
October 9, 1963*



*The scene of
desolation after
the catastrophe*



dozen still stood. Strange, shining sheets of metal sparkled in the sun—the remains of cars; the raging, sand-filled flood had scoured off every particle of paint.

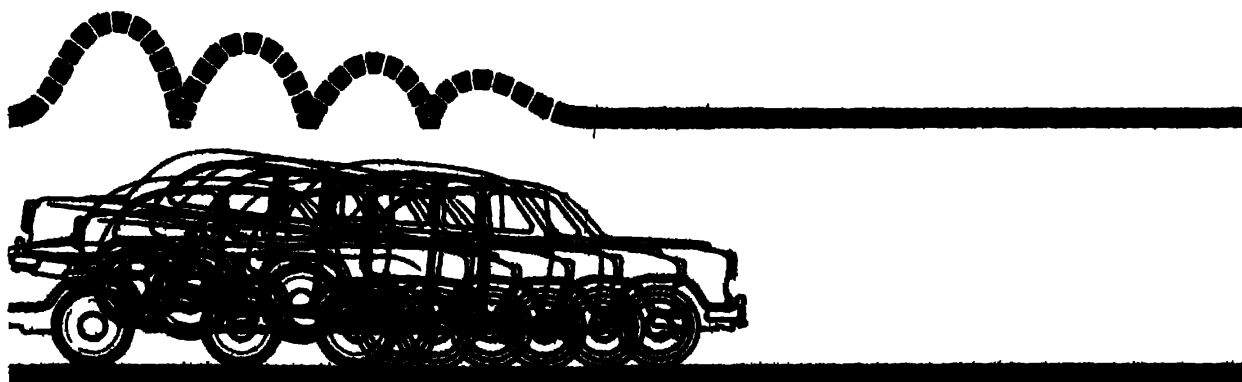
In one family group of 55 people, only one woman survived. Of another of 36, only Giacinta Vignago and her grandson, Giacomo, remained. She wept steadily all that day, but went on automatically helping others.

An unharmed woman with an unharmed baby in her arms, the only survivors of a large family, wandered from soldier to reporter to priest, to anybody, begging in a gentle voice, "Kill me. Please kill me."

An old woman named Carmela Buttet, saved because she had been visiting a married daughter in an uphill village, came down to find home, husband, son, daughter-in-law and three grandchildren gone. She found a spoon and began digging where she thought the house had been. Nobody could stop her.

Out of every six children in Longarone proper, five died. So few children were left that when the government gently suggested that the survivors be taken to school in Belluno, with one fierce voice Longarone refused, saying, "We want them here—right in front of our eyes!" One boy said wonderingly, "When I walk past grown-ups, they

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all look at me as if they want me."

The search and the digging went on for weeks, night and day. Survivors kept begging, "Oh, please dig carefully. My mother is in there." Endless and pathetic were the things dug up. When a yellow vase with a gilded horse turned up, a neighbour wept. "She was so proud of that. She was always afraid her children would break it." Wedding photographs . . . a wooden box reading "Souvenir of Sorrento" . . . a twisted bicycle.

Somebody fished up a soggy letter, read it, then burst into hysterical laughter to read aloud: "Next time you write, tell me what's happened in Longarone."

THE GREAT flood of death was matched by an equal flood of compassion and help from all over Italy. While no single Italian admitted to any blame for the disaster, somehow the whole country felt responsible. The state radio-television network put on a "Let's Rebuild Longarone" drive, which collected Rs. 1 crore. The Milan newspaper, *Corriere della Sera*, collected from its readers the astounding sum of Rs. 95 lakhs. Hardest-hit survivors were given savings accounts, or outright grants (up to Rs. 23,750 per family), and trust funds were set up to help widows and orphans. The Italian Government has allocated nearly Rs. 9 crores to rebuild roads,



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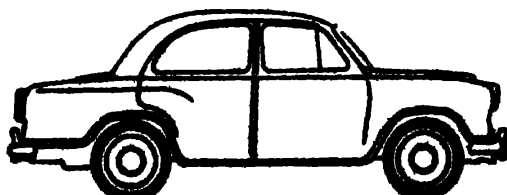
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railways, bridges, water and sewage pipes; to replace vanished houses, shops and factories; to support thousands of refugees scattered in Italy until Longarone is rebuilt.

All over the world the news produced horror and offers of help. From Australia to Canada, many Italian communities—often led by local Italian-language newspapers—gave money.

A FEW months ago, with an engineer who had no connexion with the dam, I climbed a narrow, muddy road, still being rebuilt, up to the village of Casso—where, on that terrible night, the parish priest had looked across to see the mountain fall. Here, 800 feet above the lake, the whole scene lay clear before us. Below, to the right, stood the great dam, still intact save for a few minor bruises at the top. Directly below us lay the huge mass of the slide, looking as if it had been there for ever, its trees and bushes still growing, already being called Monte Nuovo—"the new mountain." It

nudges up against the dam and is, in effect, a new natural dam about one and half miles² thick with earth and rock, towering nearly 300 feet higher than the man-made dam, now useless.

The lake has shrunk to about half its former size. But Italy will soon need all the electric power it can get, and there is an unspoken hope that later, when fear and feeling have cooled, some absolutely safe way may be found to use what is left of the lake for precious water storage.

As we stood at Casso looking down, my engineer companion pointed with his pipe stem to the great dam, still a proud work of man. "In building things these days," he said, "man can calculate stresses and strains just about 100 per cent—as that dam proves. But so far, not even the best experts, using the best equipment, can be absolutely sure of what goes on deep down in the earth. These days engineering is pretty much an exact science. Geology isn't—not yet."



Playing it Cool

GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION has a huge new complex network of buildings in Delaware, U.S.A., that boasts an extensive heating, ventilating and air-conditioning system. However, its most unusual installation last summer was not in the main building but in the contractor's shanty housing two engineers. A pair of bright-yellow fisherman's wading trousers was suspended from the vent in the air-conditioning ductwork. By pulling a string fastened to the bottom of each trouser leg, the men could channel the stream of cool air directly to where each one sat. —J. K. C.



**Book of
the Month**

***The Light
in the Forest***

from the book by CONRAD RICHTER

The Light in the Forest



For 11 of his 15 years "True Son"—John Butler until his capture by the Delaware Red Indians—had been brought up as the adopted son of the great Red Indian warrior Cuyloga, enjoying a way of life that made the white world incomprehensible. When by treaty the boy was returned to his own people, his parents found him suspicious, rebellious and determined to go back to his beloved Red Indian family.

"The Light in the Forest" is developed from this dramatic situation by Conrad Richter, Pulitzer Prize-winner and author of such historical tales as "The Trees," "The Fields" and "The Town." In his research into early records Richter was struck by the numbers of white captives, reunited with their own people, who tried desperately to return to their Red Indian foster homes. Based on fact, his book is an eloquent and skilful evocation of the remarkable frontier epoch.

THE BOY was about 15 years old. He tried to stand very straight and still when he heard the news, for his father had schooled him to endure pain, and to be strong against hardship. But inside him everything had gone black.

When word reached the Red Indian village that the Lenni Lenape and Shawnees must give up their white prisoners, the boy had never for a moment dreamed that it meant him. Why, he had been a Red Indian since he could remember! Cuyloga was his father. Eleven years past he had been adopted to take the place of a son dead from the yellow vomit. More than once he had been told how, when he was only four years old, his father had said words that took out his white blood and put Red Indian blood in its place. His white thoughts and meanness had been wiped away and the thoughts of a Red Indian put in their stead. Ever since he had been True Son, the blood of Cuyloga and flesh of his flesh. For 11 years he had lived here, a native of this village on the Tuscarawas River, a full member of the family. How could he be torn from his home like a sapling from the ground and given to the whites who were his enemy!

All morning on the path with his father, crazy thoughts ran like squirrels in the boy's head. Never before had he known his father to be in the wrong. Could it be that he

was in the right now? Had he unknowingly left a little white blood in the boy's veins, and was it for this that he must be returned?

Then they came in sight of the ugly log redoubts and pale tents of the white army pitched at the Forks of the Muskingum, and the boy felt sure there was in his body not a drop of blood that knew these things. At the sight and smells of the white man, strong aversion and loathing came over him. He tried with all his young strength to get away. His father held him, then dragged him, twisting and yelling to the whites' council house and threw him on the spread leaves.

"I gave talking paper that I bring him," Cuyloga told the white guards. "Now he belong to you."

He lay among the other captives with his face down. He was sure his father had stayed. He could feel his presence and smell the sweet inner bark of the red willow mixed with the dried sumac leaves of his pipe. When dusk fell, a white guard came up. The other soldiers called him Del, perhaps because he could talk Delaware, the name the whites gave the Lenni Lenape and their language. True Son heard Del tell his father that all Red Indians must be out of the camp by nightfall. From the sounds the boy guessed his father was knocking the ashes out of his pipe and putting it away. Then he knew he had risen and was standing over him.

"Now go like a Red Indian, True Son," he said in a low, stern voice. "Give me no more shame."

The boy heard his footsteps in the leaves. The rustling sound grew farther and farther away. When he sat up, his father was gone. Never before was the place his father was going to so clear and beautiful in the boy's mind. He could see the village in the autumn dusk, the smoke rising from the double row of cabins, and the shining, white reflection of the sky in the Tuscarawas beyond. Through the open door of his father's cabin shone the warm red fire with his mother and sisters beside it, for this was the beginning of the Month of the First Snow, November. Near the fire heavy bark had been strewn on the ground, and on it lay his familiar bed and the old worn bearskin he pulled over himself at night.

Hom sickness overwhelmed him, and he sat there and wept.

A Message From Cuyloga

IT WAS a grey morning when they left the Forks of the Muskingum. For a while their way lay on the path by which the boy and his father had come. True Son's heart rose. It was almost as if they were going home. When they came to the parting of the trails, something in him wanted to cry out. An ancient sycamore stood at the fork, one dead limb pointing the way east to Pennsylvania. On the far side, a live branch indicated the path running

bright and free towards home. The boy's moccasins wanted to race on that path. Violently he struggled to escape, but Del pushed him on.

Then, through the blackness in his heart, he heard a voice calling in Delaware. "True Son! Look! Not yonder. I am here."

The boy's eyes found a young Red Indian, in leggings, breech-clout and strouding, moving in the woods abreast of him. He would know that form anywhere—his favourite cousin, Half Arrow, with whom he had ever fished, hunted and played.

"Is it you, Half Arrow? Do you still live?"

"No, it's Between-the-Logs," Half Arrow called back in delight, for Between-the-Logs was very old and lame and that was a joke between them. "I wait a long time. I think you never come. Then you come, but I see you bound up. How is such a thing? I thought you were among your people!"

"I am not among my people, but my enemies," the boy said bitterly.

"Well, I am your people and am with you. If Little Crane marches with his white squaw, I can march with you. But let's talk of pleasant things—how we can kill these white devils so you can come back to the village with me."

"Sehe! Watch out," True Son warned. "Some can understand our language." But Half Arrow laughed, and True Son knew he was talking mostly in joke, for there were nearly 2,000 armed white men,



and not all the Delaware and Shawnee warriors in the woods had dared attack them.

Half Arrow brought gifts—a pair of moccasins embroidered in red by True Son's mother and sisters, and the worn bearskin that had been True Son's bed in the cabin. And for days he accompanied him on the long march into Pennsylvania, keeping up a light chatter of such determined cheerfulness that even Little Crane sometimes left the side of his beloved white squaw to listen.

Eventually they approached the river where they must part. A gloom settled over them and silence replaced the constant talk. When True Son's arms were freed to let him carry his pack above the water,

he lunged at a guard and knocked him down, determined to get his knife or his hatchet. Over the ground they rolled, while a second soldier drew a bead on Half Arrow and others came running to pull True Son off.

As they tied his arms again, True Son still struggled.

Half Arrow stood by, grave and impassive.

"I would like to give True Son a message from his father before we are separated," he said.

"You can give him the message," Del answered sharply. "But don't try to give him a knife. If you do, you'll get a bullet between your ribs."

He moved away and Half Arrow

spoke to his cousin. "I talk now for your father, True Son," he began. "These are his words: 'True Son. Remember the time we hunted on the White Woman's River? We came on a bear and the shot broke its backbone. The bear fell down and started to cry like Long Tail, the panther.' Your father went up and struck it with his ramrod across the nose. He said, 'Listen, bear. You are a coward and not the warrior you pretend to be. You know our tribes are at war. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage and died like a warrior. But you, bear, sit and whimper like an old woman. You disgrace your tribe with your behaviour.' True Son. Do you remember?"

"I remember," the boy groaned. "Tell my father I will bear my disgrace like a Red Indian and will wait to strike till the time is in my favour."

Half Arrow stepped aside and True Son waded into the water. It grew steadily higher till it reached above his waist. He shivered, but he did not turn round. Not until he was out and dripping on the other side did he look back. Far across the water he could make out two figures. They were Half Arrow and Little Crane, standing at the water's edge.

Their eyes, he knew, strained after him. He wished he could hold up his hand in farewell, but his arms were tied. Then he passed with his companions into the forest.

"He Is Not My Father!"

NOTHING of the scene in the white man's town of Carlisle would ever leave True Son's memory: the block-like space in the centre where no houses had been built, the swarming whites in cloaks and greatcoats, their heads scarved and hatted, and in their midst the sacrificial cluster of captives in simple Red Indian dress, with parts of their bodies exposed to the early winter wind. One unwilling young captive after another was brought forward, what was known about him or her announced, then a hearing given those who claimed relationship. Several times the crowd, including many of the white soldiers, gave way to emotion, wiping eyes and blowing noses. Only the captives took it dry-eyed and restrained. True Son thought their Red Indian fathers and mothers would be proud of them.

When few were left unclaimed, and no one had come for him, the boy felt relief and hope. His white father did not want him after all. Now perhaps they would let him go back to his far-off home along the Tuscarawas.

But presently a small man rode up on a sweating bay horse, leading a saddled but riderless grey. A chill ran up the boy's backbone. Surely he had nothing in common with this insignificant person, with a face as colourless as clay and a silly hat on his head. But the man came up



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anxiously, and his light blue eyes misted into the boy's face while the ashen hand he held out trembled visibly.

True Son stood rigid and unmoving.

"Put out your hand and shake Mr. Butler's," Del Hardy ordered in Delaware.

Reluctantly the boy gave his hand. The man spoke a stammer of strange-sounding words.

"Your father welcomes you back," Del translated. "He thanks God you're safe and sound." When the boy's lips compressed, he added, "Can't you say you're glad after all these years to see your own father?"

True Son's heart felt like a stone.

How could this inferior figure in a long, fawn-coloured garment like a woman's be anything to him—this pallid creature who revealed his feeling in front of all? In the boy's mind came the picture of his Red Indian father. How differently he would have looked and acted. With what dignity and restraint he could conduct himself in any situation, in peace or war, in council or the hunt, with pipe or tomahawk, rifle or scalping knife. This weak and pale-faced man was nothing beside him!

"He's not my father," he said.

When Del Hardy repeated this in English, the white man seemed to recoil. He conferred briefly with the

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red-haired guard, who then turned to the boy with a scowl.

"I thought I was rid of you," he spoke in Delaware. "Now I've got to go along and translate you to your own family."

But the boy knew instinctively that the armed soldier was being sent along mostly to guard him.

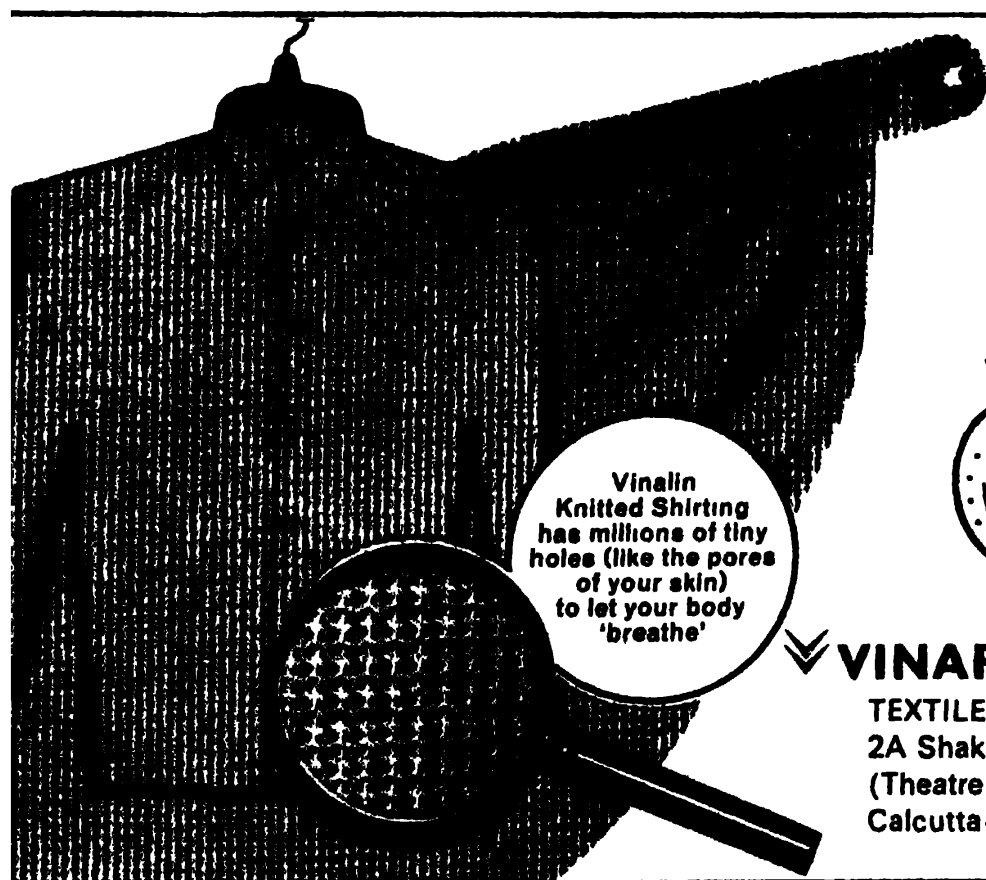
They left the next morning for True Son's new home, the boy riding near his father, silent and sullen as a young spider. Only when they took a ferry across a great river, which his father called the Susquehanna, did he consent to talk. His eyes took in the great stretch of water, a noble tide a mile wide, with the fields and the houses on its far

shore. Then he poured out bitter words in Delaware.

"What's he saying?" his father asked.

Del made a face. "He says the Susquehanna and all the water flowing into it belongs to his Red Indian people. He says his Red Indian father lived on its banks to the north. The graves of his ancestors are beside it. He says he often heard his father tell how the river and the graves were stolen from them by the white people."

Mr. Butler looked weary. "Tell him we'll talk about it some other time. Tell him he's getting close to home now. If he'll look up at those hills across the river, he'll see



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Paxton township, where he was born."

Even before he translated it, Del was sure the boy understood. He gazed at the far bank with a sudden look of horror.

"Place of Peshtank white men?" he asked in a thick English accent.

His father put an affectionate hand on the boy's shoulder. "That's right, son. Peshtank or Paxton. It's the same thing."

The boy looked as if a whiplash had hit him. Suddenly, before the boat touched shore, he kicked his moccasin heels into the sides of the horse and plunged with him into the shallow water. At once he was urging the grey with sharp Red Indian yells up the high, steep bank.

"They'll stop him at Fort Hunter," the boy's father said.

But before reaching the fort they came on the boy's horse standing riderless where it had shied. In the ground were marks where the boy had landed. His tracks on foot were harder to follow, but Del ran down a path that led to the river. In a tangle of alders and sweetbrier he stopped and soon pulled out the kicking and biting boy. Mr. Butler had to help drag him back to his horse and lift him on the saddle. Then, with the grey firmly tethered between them, they rode back down the river trail. Mr. Butler's face was uneasy. He had looked forward to a time when his son would come back to him. But hardly had he counted on a homecoming like this.

A Stranger in the House

THE BOY'S father turned into a lane lined with young walnuts. Ahead was a limestone tenant house, and beyond the opening a stone mansion with a wide front door. As the riders approached, a boy and a servant girl came out on the porch with a determined-looking woman beside them. Mr. Butler and Del dismounted, but the boy had to be ordered from his saddle. Then Del took him by the arm and led him to the porch.

"Your brother is home," the father said uncomfortably to the small boy standing there, and to True Son, "You never saw Gordie. He was born while you were away. But you ought to recollect your Aunt Kate."

The older boy stood silent in his Red Indian dress, ignoring all. The servant girl had started towards him. Now she stopped painfully while Aunt Kate stared in frank disapproval. Only the small boy seemed to see nothing unusual in the scene, gazing at his brother with open delight and admiration.

"Well, let's go in," the father said, and they moved into the wide hall.

"Harry!" a woman's voice called eagerly from upstairs.

The father gave a look as if there was no help for it. "You better come along," he told the soldier.

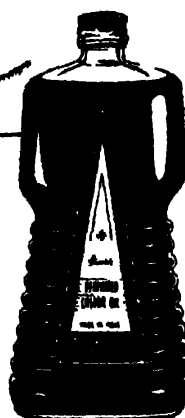
The room they entered on the first floor was large and sunny. By



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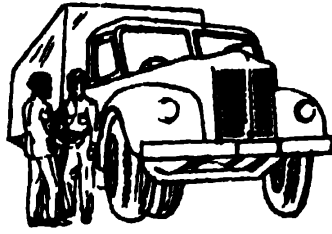
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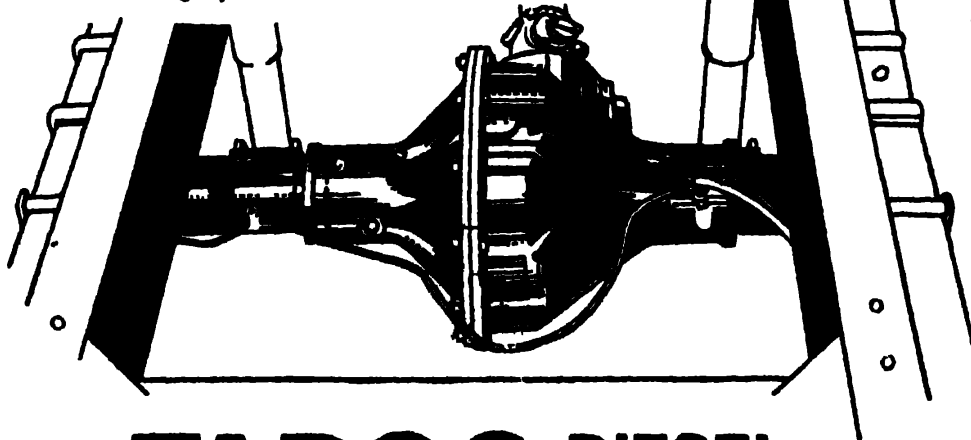
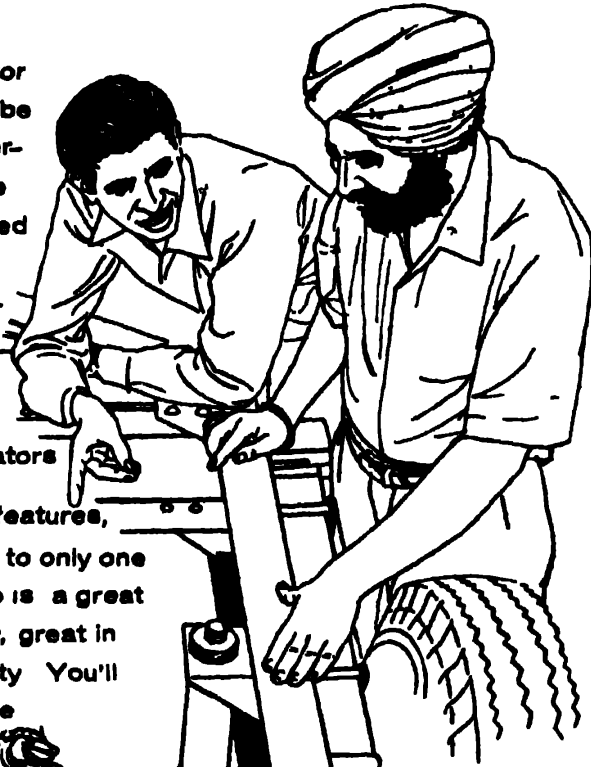
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THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

the window a lady in a blue dressing gown half sat and half lay on a couch. You could tell by the black hair and eyes and by the eager look she gave the boy that she was his mother. She was an invalid, having taken to her bed 11 years earlier when her son was kidnapped. Countless times she had mentally relived that nightmare.

It had been harvest-time and her husband was helping the reapers. He had brought little Johnny along. They were cutting wheat in the farthest field that curved like a wide scythe-handle into the timber surrounding it on three sides. The savages had hidden in the woods and watched the reapers. With devilish cunning they waited till the harvesters were in the middle of the field, far from their rifles stacked along the fence. Then they opened fire.

Tom Galaugher was killed, and Mary Awl, who helped in the binding was wounded. The others made their escape, all but little Johnny, who had been left in the shade of a big hickory. When the men came back with help, the boy was gone. They had kept the news from his mother as long as they could, but in the end they had to tell her the savages had her child.

For all the notice this long-lost son took of her now, she might not have been there. Only when she pulled down his head and kissed him did he acknowledge her presence, stiffening painfully.

"Why, you look like a Red Indian, John!" she exclaimed. "You even walk like one. You've had a hard fate, but thank God your life was spared and you're home with us again."

True Son wrapped himself in aloofness like a blanket. His mother turned with quick compassion.

"Doesn't he remember any English?"

"He understands a good deal, we think," his father said. "But we don't know how much he can talk. So far he's only said a few words."

"You've been away a long time, John," his mother said kindly. "Your education has been arrested. You've had to live in heathen darkness and ignorance. Now you must make up for lost time. You're almost a young man. The first and most important thing to know is your native English tongue. We'll start right now. I am your mother, Myra Butler. This is your father, Harry Butler. Your brother is Gordon Butler. And you are John Butler. Now repeat after me. John Cameron Butler."

The boy said nothing, only stood there impassively.

"I want you to repeat your name after me. Say John, John!"

Mrs. Butler seized his arm and shook it.

You could tell that the boy understood. Resentment crept into his dark face. He spoke rapidly in Delaware. Del had to translate it.

"He says his name is Lenni Quis.

In English you'd call it Original Son or True Son."

"But he's not with the Delawares any more. He's at home under our roof, and here he'll have to recognize his real name."

The boy regarded her with burning dark eyes so like her own. "True Son my real name," he said in thick English, having trouble with the letter *r*. "My father and mother give me this name."

"He means his Red Indian father and mother," Del explained.

Mrs. Butler flushed, "Well, I think that will be enough for today," she said. "He has spoken a few words in English at any rate."

She took from beside her some clothing she had been mending. A feeling of constriction crept over the boy when he saw they were a pair of light grey pantaloons and a yellow jacket.

She went on. "When I heard you were coming home, I borrowed these from your cousin Alec. Now I'd like you to put them on and see how they fit."

The boy stared with loathing at the breeches and jacket. You might as well ask a deer to dress itself in the hide of its enemy, the wolf

"Do you hear your mother?" Del asked sharply and repeated the request in Delaware.

The boy still held back. How could he touch such things? Then Gordie reached out and took them for him.

"When you put these on, will you

give me your Red Indian clothes, True Son?" he asked eagerly as they went from the room? "Then I can be a Red Indian."

The older boy did not say anything nor did he take off his Red Indian dress when they reached the room where Gordie took him, but for a moment a look of mutual respect and understanding passed between the brothers.

The Peshtank Story

• THAT NIGHT the boy lay in the alien place provided for him and Del.

Walls and ceiling had been closed up with some kind of thick mud. To make it airtight, his white people had covered the dried mud with paper.

The only holes in the walls had been blocked off by wooden doors and glass squares.

He felt sealed up as in the grave. He knew now why the English looked so pale. They shut themselves off from the living air. They were like green grass bleached white under a stone or the pallid ghost pipes that grow in the dark woods where no sun reaches.

But what mostly kept the boy wakeful this first night was the feel of his enemies around him. He could still hear in his mind the "Peshtank story" that had swept through his village and the other Indian towns like a pestilence.

"It was the month that the white men claim their good, kind Lord



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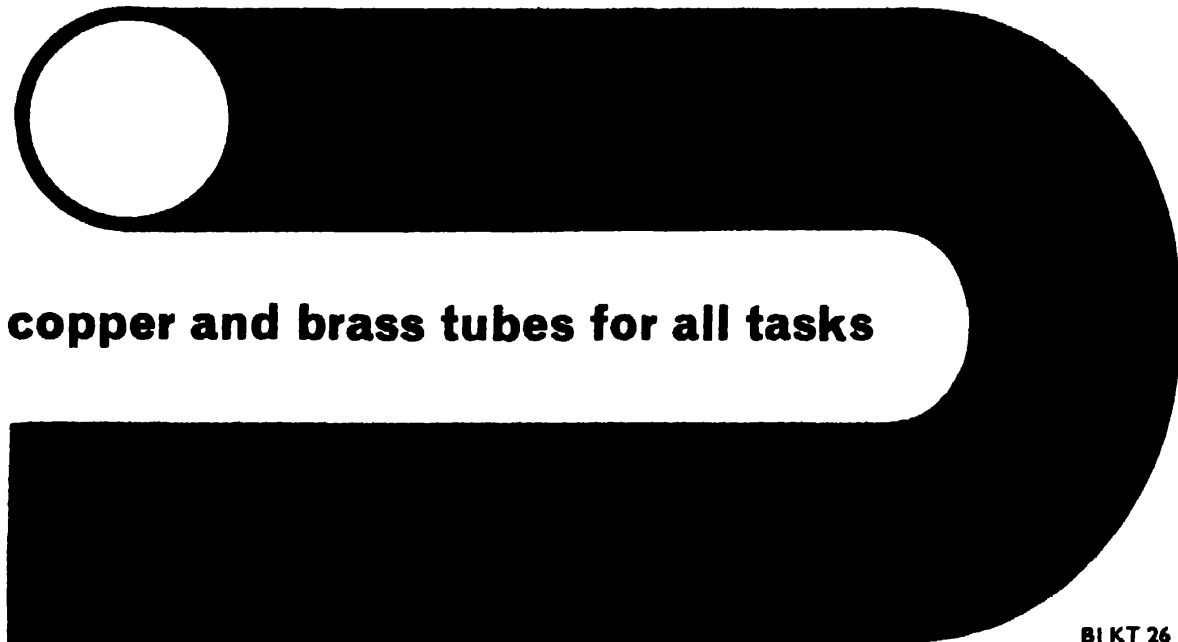
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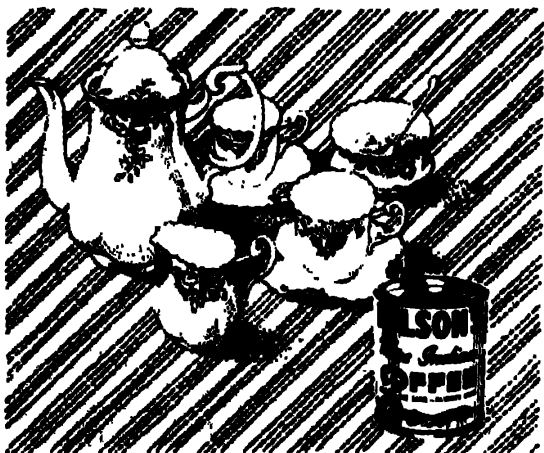
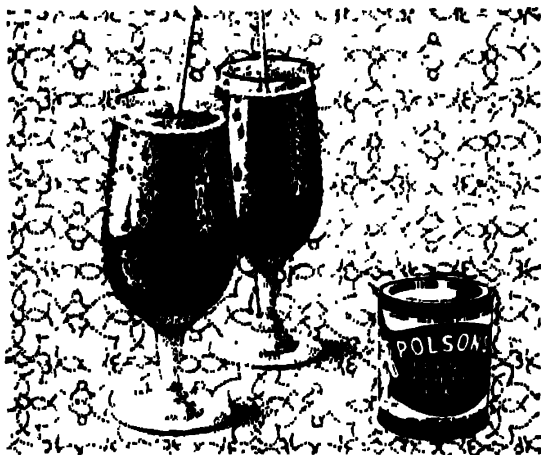
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was born in," his father had told him. "Our Conestoga cousins had taken the white man's religion. They were only a handful, living at peace among the white men. Then the white savages from Peshtank came on horseback with guns and hatchets. The Conestoga were true to their religion. They made no resistance. Only those away from the village escaped."

"How many escaped?" True Son's sister, A'astonah, had asked.

"None escaped in the end," her father had said harshly. "When the Conestoga who were away came home, there was no village. Their cabins had been burnt. Their brothers were killed. So they went to the white man's town of Lancaster. They asked to stay in the white man's jail. Here they would be safe, they thought. They had lost their Red Indian caution. They had lived too long among the white people. A day or two before the birthday of their Christian chief the white barbarians came again. They broke down the doors of the jail, and no white man in the town lifted a hand to stop them.

"The young Conestoga called out not to kill them, that they liked the Yengwes. Now you know it is the custom of us Red Indians to adopt prisoners who like us. We make them one of us and everything we have, they have. But the white men do not want the Red Indians even to share the common air."

True Son could still hear in his

1965

mind his father's great wrath and scorn for the white cowards as he spoke the names of their victims.

"Shalehaha, a little boy, and Exundas, another boy. Tonquas was just a whip of a boy and Hyyennaes not much bigger. Koquaneunquas was the name of a little girl, Karen-douah another girl, and Canukie-sung the littlest girl of all. Not satisfied, the white barbarians scalped them. They chopped off the hands of the men and squaws. They put guns in the mouth of one of our Conestoga cousins while he was yet speaking and blew his head to pieces."

Tonight True Son lay cold with hate just to remember. Hardly could he bear even this white soldier, now in deep sleep beside him. At each snore, the boy began moving away from him, little by little, first one foot, then the other. It took a long time to work his way to the bed's edge and still longer to lower himself clear. Like a panther cub he crawled to the fireplace where embers glowed. Here he stretched out.

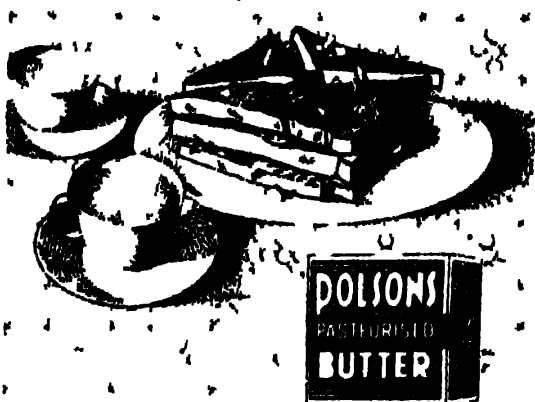
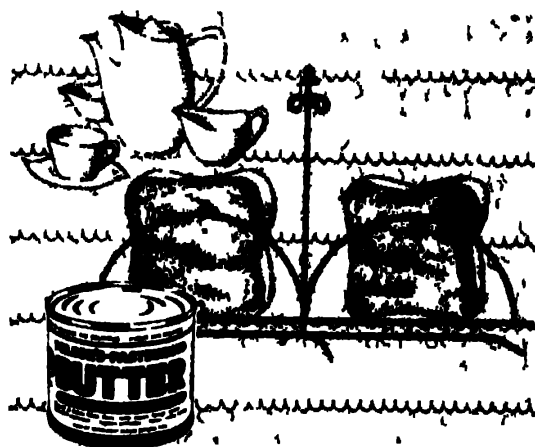
It was good to feel the hardness and coolness of the hearthstone beneath him. A little air drifted under the door and across his face. He pulled his worn bearskin over him. Its familiar smell calmed him. It took him back to his father's cabin, blotting out the offensive scent of these white people.

With the fur moving from his breath, he fell asleep:

The next day he still could not

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bring himself to put on the hated jacket and pantaloons. At breakfast his white father and Aunt Kate looked disapprovingly at his Red Indian dress. He did not see his mother. Gordie told him that you did not go into her room of a morning.

When True Son came to the mid-day meal still in hunting frock and leggings, his Aunt Kate was very stern.

"I've had enough of this, Johnny," she said. "Your own relatives are coming to see you and we won't have you rigged out like a dirty savage. You're to put on those clothes. And you're going to wash yourself all over first or I'll do it for you!"

True Son flinched. This strong, ugly-looking squaw looked as if she meant it.

Gordie caught his brother's involuntary reaction and stepped in quickly.

"I'll show him how, Aunt Kate!" he promised.

Eagerly Gordie taught him how to sop soap and water on his body from the white crockery basin, interrupting again and again to ask questions of his brother about his life as an Indian.

When the washing was done, True Son drew on the despised garments of the white boy and presented himself to his mother in her room. By that time the guests had arrived, and slowly he went downstairs. His father led him

around the big parlour. A dozen people shook his hand, white uncles, aunts and cousins.

Seeds of Hatred

AT THE END his father took him to his two uncles. The lean and rangy one with loose skin on his jaw was his Uncle Owens. "Well, you can thank your lucky stars you're out of the clutches of those devils, Johnny," he said.

His Uncle Wilse, a powerful, heavy-set man swept the boy with less friendly eyes. "He still looks like a Red Indian to me," he grunted. "How long was he with those savages? Eleven years. Well, once a Red Indian, always a Red Indian."

"Johnny is not Red Indian," the boy's father said uneasily. "He has the same white blood as you and I."

"It might have been white once," Uncle Wilse admitted. "But those savages brought it up red. It's the heathen notions they drill into him. Bad is good and good is bad. Stealing's a virtue. Lying's an art. Butchering and scalping white women and young ones is the master accomplishment. Look at him now. Standing there cold-blooded as any redskin. I'll warrant he's hatching out deviltry in his heart." His slate-blue eyes flamed with a smoky, violet light that had only smouldered in them before. "Tell the truth, boy! Isn't that what you're doing?" True Son gave no indication that he heard.

"What's the matter with him?"



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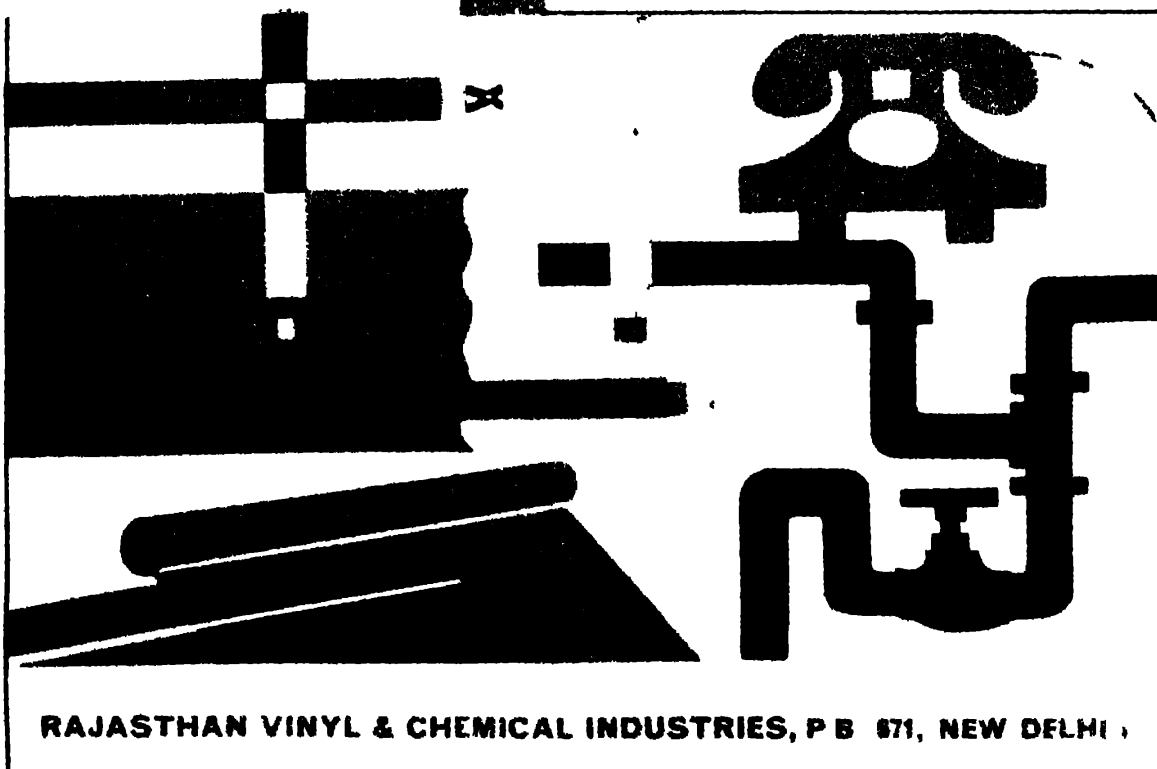


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THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

Uncle Wilse growled. "Is he deaf? Why doesn't he give his betters a civil answer?"

Del Hardy repeated the questions to the boy in Delaware.

"What kind of language is that? Can't he talk English, only that scrub Red Indian stuff?" Uncle Wilse demanded.

Del translated. The boy felt he could be honourably silent no longer. Holding himself as erect as he could, he made an answer in Delaware.

"He says Delaware is not a scrub language," Del translated again. "When Indians of different tribes meet, they talk to each other in Delaware. It is the master language."

"He says white people talk the Delaware language, too," Del went on. "He says we say *tomahawk* and *wigwam* and *Susquehanna* and other Delaware words. He says it's not a poor but a rich language. There's so many ways of saying the same thing. You can always say just what you mean. He says, in English we say God. But his Red Indian father Cuyloga told him there were more than 20 ways to say God in Delaware, and each one means something different."

"I can't stand this!" Uncle Wilse interrupted. "You mean this heathen, Cuyloga, who stole Johnny and claims to be his father, talks about God before he goes out to murder Christian men and women?"

The slur on his Red Indian father

made True Son's hackles rise. Suddenly a translator was too slow for him. He spoke to his Uncle Wilse direct, as best he could. "Uncle. You talk about being Christian, but you murder the Conestoga!"

The heavy face flared. "So you were lying to us when you said you couldn't talk English!"

"I no lie. I say nothing."

"No, but you tried to deceive us just the same, keeping quiet and making believe you didn't understand. That's a Red Indian trick, and that's why the Conestoga got their just deserts at last. They only pretended they were Christians so they could murder white people without being suspected or caught."

"You had 40, 50 men. You had horses, knives, tomahawks, rifles. You blow heads off Red Indian men. You kill Red Indian women and young ones. You scalp, you chop. You cut off hands."

Uncle Wilse did not bother to deny the accusation. Instead, he threw an angry, meaningful glance at his brother-in-law. "All I have to say, Harry, you better watch him. If he goes around siding against his kin and neighbours, he's liable to get hurt." His head swung back to True Son. "I'll tell you something else. No Red Indian friends of yours better come to see you around here. If you expect that heathen abductor of yours, you better send him word to stay away."

A sudden fear struck the boy as he thought of the possible coming of



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THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

his Red Indian father. Bitter words poured out at his white uncle.

"Once a white man lived with Red Indians. He married Red Indian woman along the Muskingum. They had three young ones. All girls. One day white man makes mind he goes back to his people. He kills his squaw and three girls. He takes their scalps back to Philadelphia for scalp money. His name David Owens. Maybe you are his brother."

With the quickness of a giant cat, his Uncle Wilse moved to his feet and slapped the boy. The force of the blow almost knocked him down.

"No, I am not his brother!" he shouted. "But I wish I was. He only did his duty to his country and his people. He believed in getting rid of vermin and so do I!"

With great difficulty, True Son regained his posture. Now he stood straight and rigid. No more words, he told himself, would come out of his mouth today. Around that mouth the white mark of his uncle's hand still lay. At the owner of the hand his eyes burned with black, consuming hatred.

Chafing Bonds

THAT EVENING True Son pulled off the tainted clothes of his cousin Alec and no one could induce him to let them touch his body again. Each day he put on his Red Indian dress. When his father forbade his coming downstairs in it, he made a prison of his room. In a few days

Peter Wormley, the township tailor, came. He drew a painful face at the rude hunting frock and leggings. What was he coming to, he complained, to dress a half-naked Red Indian boy?

A shoemaker arrived to measure his feet, and in time clothes and new footwear were ready. True Son ignored them both. Then, one night when he lay asleep, Aunt Kate came in and carried away his moccasins and Red Indian dress. And if the boy did not want to languish in bed, there was nothing for him to do but put on his prisoner garb and clatter about in his hard leather boots.

Del went back to his regiment. At first True Son welcomed his going, but once away, he missed him keenly. He'd been the only link to Half Arrow and his people along the Tuscarawas. He had no one to speak Lenni Lenape to any more.

And now all the odious and joyless life of the white race, its incomprehensible customs and heavy ways, fell on him like a plague. Every afternoon but the sixth and seventh he must be a prisoner in his mother's bedroom learning to read, making the tiresome Yengwe marks on a slate. On the seventh morning, he must sit, a captive between his father and Aunt Kate, in what they called the Great Spirit's Lodge. The whites were very childish to believe that the God of the whole Universe would stay in such a closed-up and stuffy place. The Red Indians knew better—the Great Spirit loved the

freedom of the woods and streams where the air blew pure, where the birds sang sweet, and nature made an endless bower of worship places.

Most of January, the Month When the Ground Squirrels Begin to Run, he stood at the window looking north through the small panes at the Kittaniny Mountains. Near its foot a broad path ran level to the westward. It must be a Red Indian path, the boy told himself. In his mind he could see it running on and on, fording the Saosquahanaunk, crossing the mountains and rivers beyond until it reached the Tuscarawas, where blue smoke rose from the cabins and quiet peace lay over all.

Then it was February, the Month When the First Frog Croaks. One day the cold went and the rains came. He thought he could smell the forest as it smelt along the Tuscarawas after rain, with the trees soaked black as ebony, and mosses on the bark and ground, green as splashes of paint.

The boy's heart filled with a wild longing.

"He's a trial to all of us but Gordie," his Aunt Kate declared. "He still thinks he's a Red Indian. He say Red Indians don't have regular meal hours so he doesn't want to come to meals except when he's hungry. He believes Red Indians are sinless and perfect. He even



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believes it's right to lie and steal."

"I'm sure that's untrue," Myra Butler said quickly.

"Well, if it's untrue, then things here walk off by themselves. First it was one of your butcher knives. Then Harry's rifle went. I've missed meal. In fact, twice the bin was lower than I remembered."

One day in March True Son stealthily saddled Dock, the grey horse he had ridden from Carlisle, put bread and cold beef in the saddlebag, and set off for a distant mountain. He had heard that Corn Blade, an ancient Red Indian who spoke Delaware, lived there, and he hungered for the sight of a dark Red Indian face and the sound

of a familiar, friendly language.

"True Son! Where are you going? Take me along!" Gordie called, running after him. And he lifted the boy to the front of the saddle and rode away with him.

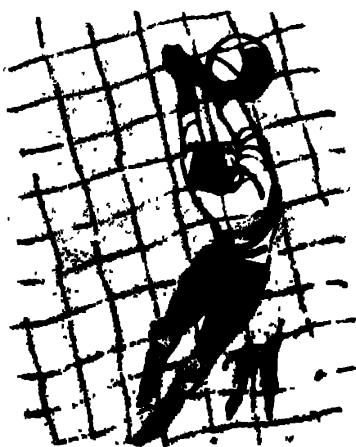
They had not even reached the narrows, five miles away, before his father and Uncle Wilse caught up with them and brought them back.

"I told you what to expect, Harry," Uncle Wilse said.

No one knew what to do with the boy, and Parson Elder, the pastor of the Derry church, volunteered to come out and talk to the culprit. Most boys brought in front of the formidable parson were reluctant, some terrified, all uneasy. True Son



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stood before him without fear or inferiority. The long and earnest lecture which ensued ended with the admonition that you should "treat your father and mother with love and obedience."

"Always I treat my father and mother with love and obedience," the boy asserted.

"He means his Red Indian father and mother," Aunt Kate explained. "He won't believe that his Red Indian father ever did anything bad and horrible like scalping white children and dashing their poor brains out."

"Is not true!" the boy cried. "I see many scalp but no children scalp in our village. My father says men are cowards who fight children."

"What can we do, Pastor?" Mrs. Butler asked piteously, when her son was gone.

"Just what you have been doing. Be grateful that God has given Johnny back while he's still a youth with a pliable mind. Teach him daily. Don't get discouraged. Despite himself, his English is better. Already he walks and gestures less like a Red Indian. Guide him little by little. One day he'll notice some pretty and desirable girl. Pray God he takes a fancy to her. Then it won't be long till he's settled in our white way of life."

A Stubborn Sickness

"THE REASON why whites act so strangely is because they are not original people," Little Crane had

commented as, spending the last possible hours with his white squaw, he had marched with the column of returning captives. "The Great Being made *us* from the beginning," Little Crane went on. "Look! Our hair is always black, our eyes and skin dark, even True Son's here. But the whites are of colours like horses. Some are light, some are dark, some in-between. Some have black hair, some have light hair, some even red. It's because they are mixed people, and that's what makes them so foolish and troublesome. The Great Being knows their disposition. He had to give them a Good Book and teach them to read so they could learn what is good and bad. Now we Red Indians know good and bad for ourselves without a book or the cumbersome labour of reading."

After his months of exile, True Son knew just how right Little Crane had been.

The ways of the whites were foolish beyond bearing, and, ever hopeful of rescue, the boy continued to watch the far hills, straining for sight of a word-bringer from his people. Surely when Hatawaniminschi, the dogwood, bloomed, there would be some word from his Indian father, some message to keep up his courage. But the dogwood came into bloom, and afterwards its petals began to fall, and still he heard nothing. Then it came over him that he was dead to his Red Indian people, his name

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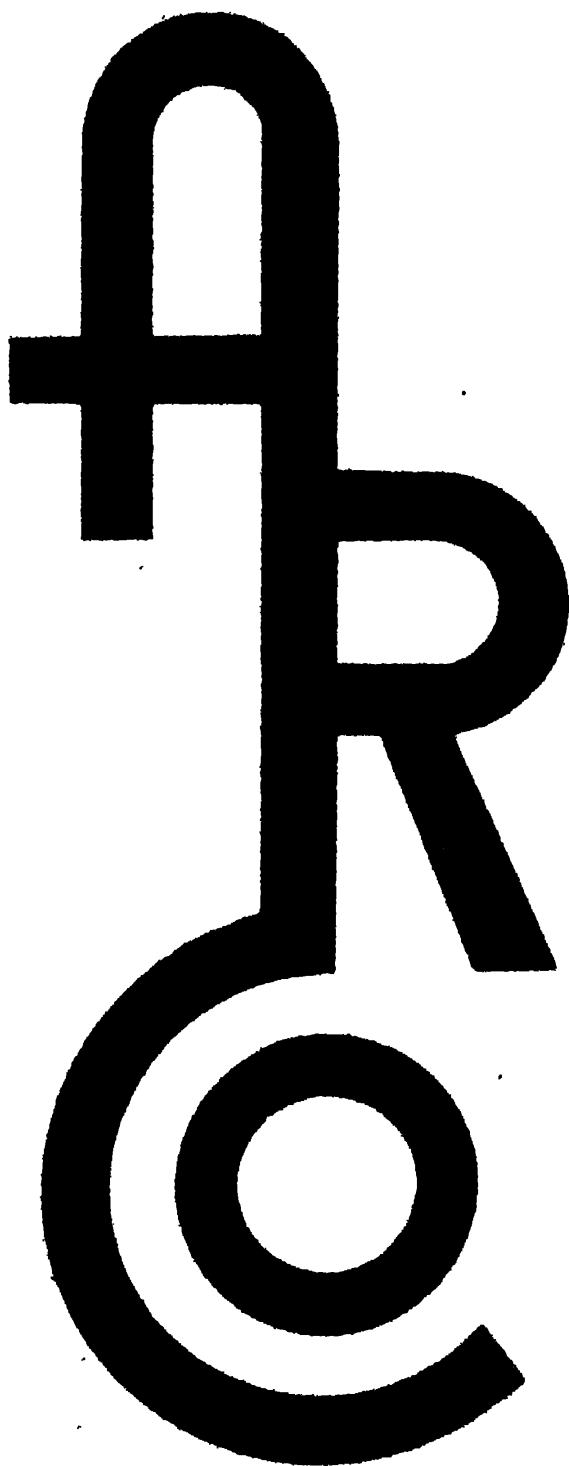
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October

forgotten as last autumn's leaves.

The worst of it was that something had happened to his unquenchable Red Indian soul. When first they had taken him from the Lenni Lenape, he would have fought an army for a chance of returning. But now he had stayed in the insidious company of the white people too long. Their milk-warm water had got into his blood. He had become tamed, submissive as a plough horse in a field.

At first he had rebelled against the hoe. He had told his white father how once when he was a small boy the squaws had got him to help them hoe their corn. His Red Indian father had reproved him. He was a man and should never dishonour himself with the labour of squaws.

But his white father could see no point in the story. "We look at things differently here," he said.

A day or two later old black Bejance, a Negro slave, came hobbling up the road. He gazed gravely over the fence at True Son and his hoe.

"They got the harness on you," he said. "The straps is buckled and the singletree fastened."

The boy kept on down the row. That evening his white father spoke to him. "It wasn't so bad, was it, Johnny?" he smiled. "You did tolerable well for the first time."

His praise meant little to the boy, coming as it did from this man whose fondest place was his desk, his bald head bulging like a storehouse with useless figures of land,

1965

crops and money. He was incomprehensible to his son.

At length True Son fell ill. The pain in his forehead refused to be wiped away. It was just his eyes, he told himself, and came from looking too hard for word from his Red Indian people. But the sickness grew worse, and he was put to bed. Lying flat, the dark eyes in his flushed face gazing straight up at the ceiling, the boy seemed deaf to all. When his father spoke to him, he at first gave no sign, then eventually responded briefly and mechanically, as if the older man were a complete stranger.

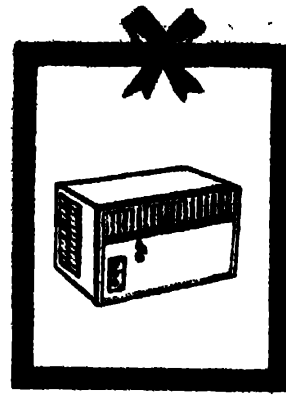
Dr. Childsley came, looked grim and muttered that the boy had lived too many years among the Red Indians, subject to their uncivilized fare, hardship and mode of life. Red Indians were liable to mysterious forest miasmas, the doctor said, and at times died like pigeons. All he knew definitely was that the boy had some unknown fever, probably a result of his long, unhappy captivity. Sooner or later it would reach a crisis and send the boy either into slow recovery or the grave.

A Visit From Half Arrow

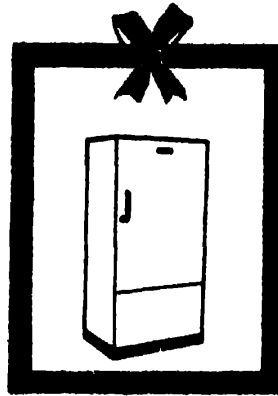
ONE EVENING True Son became dimly aware that something unusual had happened. He heard the gallop of a horse. Later the sounds of commotion rose from the back porch.

"Go 'way! Vamoose!" he heard Aunt Kate call. She sounded very cross.

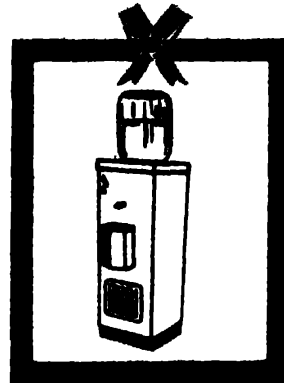
Soon Gordie came to the big bed



AIRCONDITIONERS

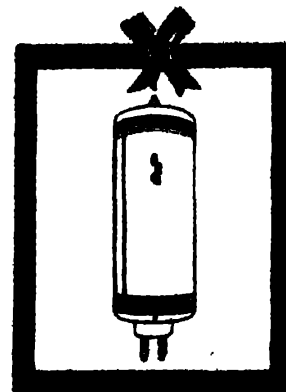


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the boys shared. He was excited. He said Aunt Kate had seen a Red Indian looking through the kitchen window. The Red Indian had run like a coward when she went to the door with her broom.

True Son lay very still, letting the words sink into his mind. One of his people was near! Perhaps the long-awaited message had come. At the thought, a hard lump inside him melted. A door opened in his breast, and the first trickle of life-giving substance came through. Motionless, he waited till Gordie slept. Then he sat up.

He felt very weak but stronger than he expected. After a while he put his feet to the floor. His Red Indian dress hung beside his white man's clothes. Since his illness, Aunt Kate had returned it, hoping it might console him and her own conscience as well. From time to time he rested on a chair from his small exertions as he put it on. At last he climbed out of the open window, lowering himself till his moccasins touched the roof tiles of the low kitchen wing. Then he let himself fall and slide like a spider down to the lap of his mother, the Earth.

Across the big field of corn, he stopped where the fence row of sassafras trees made a shadow in which he could hide. Into the stillness he threw out the regular spaced notes of Chingokhos, the big-eared owl. After an interval he called again, telling a listener what white men would never notice: that, although

owls called from near and far in flight, his own calls came from the same place. He called the third time, and now he added the unmistakable rasping *whoo-haw* of Schachachgokhos, the barred owl, on the end.

An answer rang so close from across the fence row that he almost jumped.

"*Auween Khackev?* Who are you?" True Son called very low in Delaware.

"*Lenape n'hackey.* I am Red Indian." The voice was guarded, but he was sure he had heard it before.

"*Lenni Lenape ta koom?* Delaware, where do you come from?"

"From the town on the Tuscarawas," the answer came, and now True Son was sure of the voice. A surge of joy lightened him.

"Half Arrow! Do you still breathe!" he cried. In the dim light the two boys rushed to one another. They embraced and cried out, gripping each other's arms.

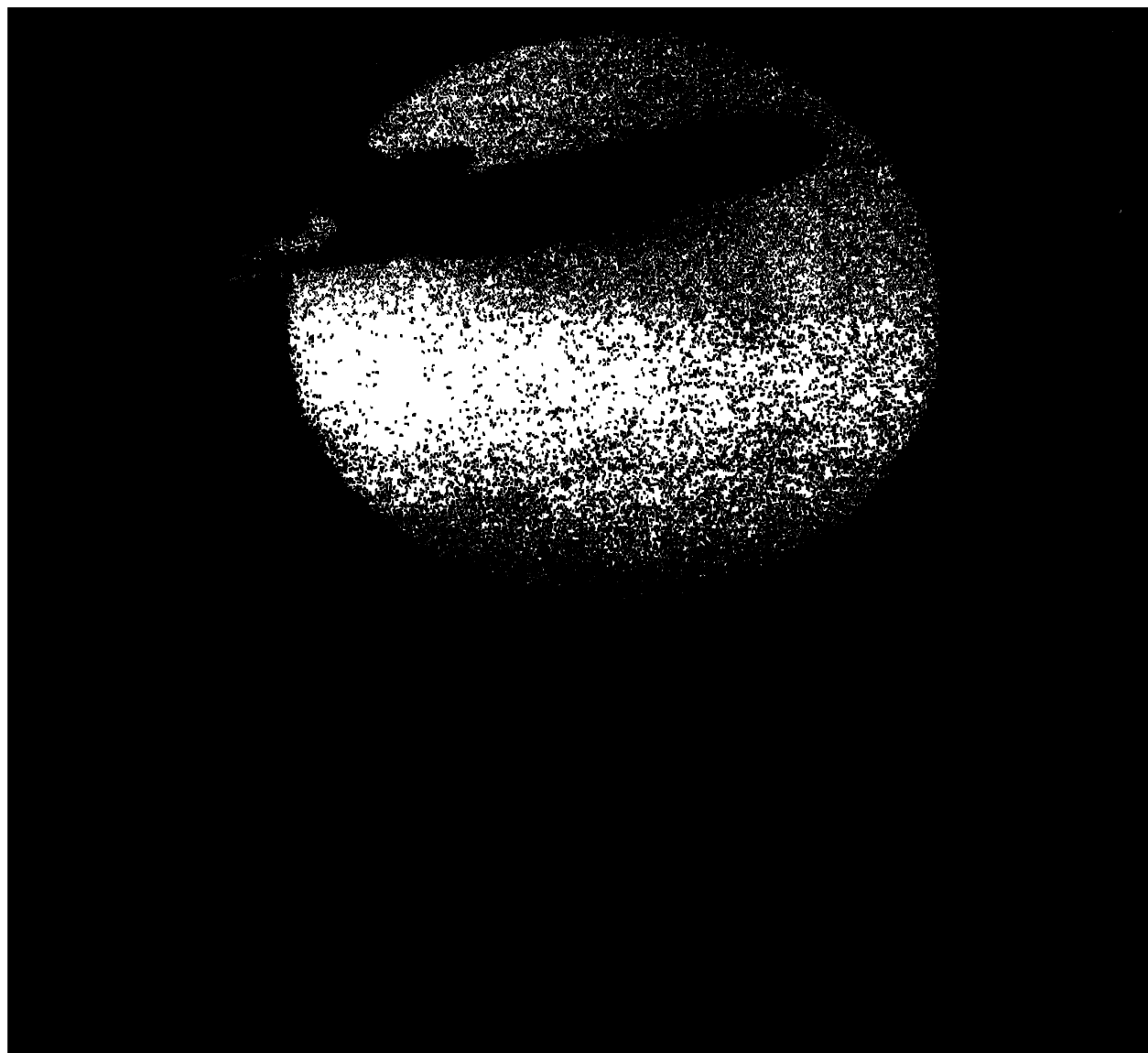
"Cousin! I didn't know you. Your voice was like a Yengwe's trying to be Red Indian."

"*Ehih!* Am I that bad?" True Son muttered.

Then Half Arrow told of being chased away from the house, and True Son explained that the white people were young and hadn't learnt yet the hospitality of the Indian houses. "If I ask them," he said, "they will feed you."

"No, I am not hungry. I ate yesterday with Little Crane."

"Little Crane!" True Son said the



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THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

name with delight. "Does he still breathe! And how is his feeling for his young white squaw?"

"All the way from the Tuscarawas he talked of her. But she is still two days' journey off."

"I hope he's not gone to her so I can still see him."

"No, he's not gone, and you can see him," Half Arrow promised, but his voice sounded strange.

On the way, one ahead of the other, True Son plied questions, and Half Arrow answered. It was like medicine to hear the familiar tongue with the good whistling sound of the Red Indian consonant which the white people did not have. His spirits lifted so that he didn't notice where they were going. Then suddenly he saw they approached a pasture.

Half Arrow had stopped speaking and was moving with slowness and caution.

"Why do you drag?" True Son asked. "If you whistle like the crane, then he will answer unless he has become deaf."

"He is deaf enough," Half Arrow answered, moving from tree to tree where he listened as if for an enemy. At last he halted.

"Here he is," he said.

True Son strained his eyes through the shadows. Slowly he became conscious of a dark mark on the ground. He had taken it for one of the short logs of the white people.

He came closer. Even in the

dimness he could make out the familiar design of the matchcoat Little Crane had worn last autumn. It had been spread like a blanket, but the body beneath it neither moved nor spoke.

"That which lies like a cut tree isn't Little Crane?" he asked.

For answer Half Arrow ran and knelt at the dark mound.

He lifted the coat from the body, and True Son saw with horror that their friend had been scalped.

Good Red Indian Hate

"HALF ARROW! Who did this evil thing?"

"The shots came from behind. When I looked the butchers were over there behind the trees."

"Cousin! Where were you and what did you do that men would shoot after you in peace?"

"We did nothing and stopped at only two places. The first place we asked for you. They sent us to the second place. It was your white uncle who has men making kegs and barrels."

That was his Uncle Wilse, who operated a cooper shop, the man who had slapped him.

"Did you or Little Crane say anything to make him cross?"

"Cousin. Before we went in, Little Crane said we must remember we are guests of the white man. We must be happy and tell happy stories."

True Son stirred uneasily. However gay and humorous Little Crane

had been, he had somehow offended—and was now dead.

"Let us give Little Crane rest," he said. "Then we go to my white uncle and ask him who is the murderer."

With Half Arrow's knife and tomahawk, they cut out a shallow grave. Then, weak with exertion and covered with sweat, True Son led the way to the two-storey house with the cooperage beside it. A shed was piled with hoop poles and stacked with new barrels and kegs, shining white as skeletons in the moonlight. True Son knocked and the short thick form of Uncle Wilse came to the door. At the sight of him, the boy's hate rose and his voice with it.

"Where's Little Crane?" he accused shrilly.

"If that's one of those Red Indians that was here," his uncle said, "he's where he won't do any more mischief." He suddenly recognized the caller. "So it's you boy! I thought you were sick and going to die. Does your father know where you're at? I reckon I better keep you till I tell him."

His stubby fingers shot out and caught hold of the boy. True Son struggled to free himself, but the powerful, hairy hands easily held him fast.

"*Itschemil!* Help me!" he gasped, and with a rush Half Arrow came out of the shadows. He struck with such force that the unprepared man went down. Even so he was more

than a match for the two boys. Partially rising he threw Half Arrow back with one hand while he choked the kicking and writhing True Son into submission with the other. Things were going black before the boy's eyes when he saw Half Arrow return.

The good Red Indian hate was on his face and a hoop pole swinging in his hands. It struck the head of the white man who grunted and fell forward.

"Half Arrow pulled out his knife. "Now watch me cut out his black heart!"

"*Matta*. No," True Son said. "He calls himself my uncle."

"Well, anyhow, we will take his hair like he took Little Crane's. *Lachi!* Quick!" Half Arrow gave him his tomahawk and the two set to work together, one cutting, one hacking.

But before they had got very far steps sounded on the floor above them, and a cooper hand who boarded with Uncle Wilse appeared suddenly on the stairs. With an exclamation of dismay, he hurried back.

"He goes for his gun," True Son said. "Let us run together."

Giving up their trophy with regret, the two youths faded into the night. True Son led the way across the fields to his father's farm. In the pitch blackness of the barn, he felt his way to a mow where he burrowed deep under the hay. He brought out a bag of meal, a wallet

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THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

of lead balls, a knife, a horn heavy with powder, his old bearskin and a long rifle.

"*Ju!*" Half Arrow exclaimed with delight at the sight of the rifle. "What a pity we did not have this at your uncle's. Then we could have got his scalp and the other white devil's, too."

"Listen," True Son said. "Somebody goes for help against us."

They could hear plainly the gallop of a horse across the valley. Most of their way to the wall of Kittaniny Mountain, the sounds followed them of other horses pounding the roads, raising the alarm in Paxton township.

True Son shivered with wet and cold. Since the day before yesterday he had tasted no food save raw meal and water. And yet now as he climbed out on the western Saosquahanaunk shore, he felt around him a golden and purple brightness as if the sun had risen over the mountains behind him. He had escaped from his Peshtank prison at last.

His only shaft of regret was leaving Gordie. He could see him in his mind now, lying alone on their wide bed, a chattering squirrel by day, a bed-warming stone by night, only a little minny of a fellow waiting for his Red Indian brother who would never return. For a long count while Half Arrow watched silently, True Son stood on a point of land, gazing down the broad watery road through the mountain gaps towards his white father's house.

"You sorry? You don't want to go?" Half Arrow asked.

"Cousin. I leave a small white brother. Out along the Tuscarawas I have only sisters. From today on, you must be my brother."

Only twice did the boys have to lie in the woods while parties passed, once when three white men came suddenly on foot, and another time when a train of pack horses swung by. Every bale of pelts on the horses' backs was a message from home. Surely, Half Arrow chattered, they were on the right track, for those pelts could only have come from Red Indian country.

They travelled for several days till they came to the Allegheny River. Then they took a dugout from a trader and floated downstream at night, lying up and hiding each morning.

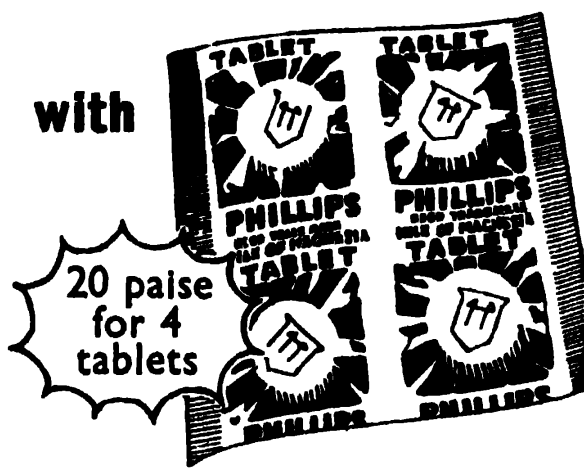
Just before the break of the second dawn they passed Fort Pitt, standing bristling on a point between two rivers. Then their dugout sped silently to the great meeting of the waters and passed into the sweep of the Ohio beyond.

"Indian world now," Half Arrow said. "Nobody comes after us here."

Their eyes feasted on the passing richness of the forest. Mile after mile it stood, untouched as the Great One had made it. Here were no roads bringing a plague of Yengwe carts, no prison fields, no fences, no clocks enslaving the fun. Where small rivers flowed into larger, they saw

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October

the good bark shelter of Red Indian camps and villages. Twice canoes shot out to hail them in their own tongue for news from the English fort. All the while, there was before them the constant wheeling unfoldment of the river.

At sunset the deserted mouth of a creek drew them in. Cautiously they paddled up to find a place for the night. The great butts of the forest stood on either hand, guarding the watery glade. It was utterly still. Only the drip from the lifted paddles ringed the glassy water. The last slanting rays of their father, the Sun, laid a red benediction on them. Then suddenly the thick darkness of the forest fell.

What kind of place it was they could not be sure of till morning. When it came they found themselves lying on a ferny bank looking up through a lofty network of branches. Their sister-in-law, the Creek, crept slowly past them. Their brother-in-law, the South Wind, rippled her with his breath.

"It's a place prepared for us," True Son said. "We mustn't offend the Preparer by going away without tasting it."

They didn't leave next day or the next. This was the fortune they had dreamed about as boys in the village, the greatest boon the Lord of Heaven could give them, a life of fishing and hunting, abandoning themselves to the forest and the bounty of its wild beasts. Up to now they had gone as wards and lackeys

1965

of their fathers. At last they were their own masters.

They passed their days in a kind of primitive delight. On moonlight nights in the forest they saw what the deer saw. Swimming under water with open eyes, they knew what the otter knew. No one stood between them and life. They took their joy and meat direct from its hand.

Part of each day they squatted by the fire, cutting each other's ears to make them seemly, pulling the other's unnecessary hair, their wet fingers dipped in ashes. Only the long centre growth on the head was left hanging. They were in no hurry, drifting with the day, mingling with slow time. Always the fertile forest spread around them. Abundance supported them. Completeness was for the taking. Days unfolded, rich and inexhaustible.

But even though they wished it, they could not stay for ever. Their families would be wondering. After the Month When the Deer Turns Red came the Honey Bee Month. Soon would follow the Month When Corn Is in the Milk. The sun had passed its northern meridian and was beginning its slow return south. The foliage of the great forest wall had turned from light green to dark. It was time to leave.

The first thing they did when at last they reached the mouth of the Muskingum was to bathe in the home waters. And now every bank and sandbar was familiar until they



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THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

rounded the final bend and there among the great trees stood the bark village with blue smoke rising from the high-pitched roofs, with the forms of home villagers moving among the cabins and the sun throwing long shadows across the river over bank and street. It was as True Son had seen it so often in his mind, but never had he trembled like this at the sight.

By the time they beached the dug-out, a little group of squaws and young people stood smiling and chattering to them from the high bank. The two youths answered with fitting restraint. Weren't they men now, and hunters, home from an alien land? With dignity they picked up their belongings and stalked up the bank, trying to see no farther to the right or left than they had to.

At the door of his cabin his mother waited. He saw her look of joy and that she had quickly fastened buckles to her blanket at news of his coming, but now she drew back to let him pass first to his father who stood straight in the shadows. Cuyloga's face was strong and impassive. Not a line could you read from its muscles, but from his eyes True Son thought he discerned a deep welcome. Here in the shelter of the cabin, while others who had the right crowded in and many eyes watched from the doorway, they embraced.

"*Elke!* Do you live yet, True Son! And are you come home to stay?"

his father said, breathing heavily.

For several days the village celebrated the boys' return. The cabins of True Son's father and uncle stood open to friends to come and share their rejoicing. The delicacies of bear's oil and tree sugar were poured on hominy and venison and offered to the men. Warriors and hunters went from one house to the other, visiting, smoking, eating.

But True Son was aware that not all the men of the village joined in the festivities. The cousins of Little Crane did not come. They sat on a log in a group with their cronies and refrained from greeting True Son when he passed.

"If we had fetched back your white uncle's scalp, this would not have happened," Half Arrow said. "But take no notice. My father says it will pass."

Just the same both boys felt uneasiness when the brother of Little Crane came from the Killbuck. His name was Thitpan, which means Bitter, and his mouth was puckered up as from a mocker nut. With him were High Bank, his father-in-law, and Niskitoon, which means Put-on-Paint, whose skin was tattooed from head to foot with signs of valour; also others, including Cheek Bone, a Shawnee. They carried rifles, mallets, tomahawks, and packs for the trail. With Thitpan's cousins they met in the council house. Here they started beating a drum.

True Son knew from his father's

face that this was serious. Not often had he seen his father so unbent, even jovial, as since he had returned to him. But now his father's joking and easy bearing were gone. Grimly he listened to the drum and the songs for vengeance and war.

"Look this way!" Little Crane's brother kept calling from the council house. "The cause of my brother is loud! It cries for blood! It's high in the sight of Heaven!"

"It's not necessary for everybody to join," True Son's mother ventured in the cabin.

"No, but I am not everybody," Black Fish, the father of Half Arrow, answered. "My son was Little Crane's companion. He walked with him on the journey when he was scalped. How can I turn my back?"

"Your back and mine are too broad to turn," Cuyloga agreed gravely. "It was going to visit my son that deprived Little Crane of his life. *Ekih!* In my son's own white village."

"If you go, you wouldn't take True Son and Half Arrow along! They are only boys!" his mother begged them.

There was no answer from the two fathers. Behind their backs, Half Arrow and True Son exchanged glances. Anyone could see they were bursting to go. When the war party in the council house sang its war songs, both were filled with excitement. The chanting moved them so that scarcely could they

contain themselves at the fearful scalp yells that followed. The long *ow-w-w-w-w* turning into a sudden *uw-w-w-w-w-w-w-w* and held on a fierce tingling note set their blood on fire.

Eagerly to each other they made the swift motions of tomahawking and scalping.

True Son's mother watched bitterly. "Cuyloga. Think what the whites will do to our son if they catch him. They will burn him as a traitor to their side."

"Woman. Stay home and boil your pots," Cuyloga reproved her. "It is something I have no choice in. True Son is nearly a man. It would not look good for him to stay behind. Our friends would say he is surely white, see he is unwilling to fight against his white people."

"I go," True Son said quickly. He felt the flush of a great exultation.

He stood very straight, looking away not to see the quick pain in his mother's and sisters' faces. They were women and couldn't be expected to understand.

Much was healed between the friends of Little Crane and themselves when Cuyloga and Black Fish with their sons joined. Now they were all brothers in arms against the white murderers. Under-the-Hill, with an old purple wound in his cheek, also joined; as did Pepal-listank, Disbeliever and several others.

It is the custom that he who first



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THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

proposes going to war is the leader. As Thitpan did, the others followed. When he tied up his pack, they tied up theirs. When he took his musket, tomahawk and death mallet, the others took up theirs. When he sang his war song of farewell and promise not to return save with scalps and captives, the others made the chorus of brave ferocity and death noises. True Son felt a savage sweetness he had never known before. He saw before his eyes a redness that coloured all things like blood. He tasted a violence wilder than any root or game. Then Thitpan led the way out of the council house, followed in a single line by the rest.

The First Scalps

By the tree moss and slant of the sun, True Son knew they travelled with the east wind on one side and the south wind on the other. At a deep sand bank they crossed the Ohio and climbed hills strange to him. Then in a forest valley they divided. One party under Black Fish stayed on the path, and another with Thitpan, Cuyloga and others turned to the south, where Disbeliever said were white men's cabins. The two boys went with the party under Black Fish.

Late that afternoon when all were met again, True Son noticed at once that Thitpan's party carried booty and something else. A leaping ran through his blood like quicksilver as he saw their first scalps, one an ugly dark roan like rusted iron, one

brown streaked with grey and a smaller one with long fine hair the colour of willow shoots.

"*Jukella!* Oh, that I had been a lucky one!" Half Arrow wished.

By the fire that evening the two boys listened to a recital of the battle. The whole course of stratagem was recounted, every sign and movement, the successful deception and ambush, all the cowardly efforts of the whites to escape and appease them, together with the foolish and fruitless words they cried in their religion which was no help to them.

Eagerly the two boys watched the takers of the scalps dry them, stretching them on red hoops and trimming off the uneven pieces with their knives. Each time a piece was dropped, Half Arrow picked it up. With deerhide thread he sewed a small makeshift scalp for himself. The two boys put it on a pole and danced around it, singing fierce words of scorn and victory.

But all the time the tender pieces of discarded scalp with long soft hairs the colour of willow shoots in the spring kept entering True Son's blood like long worms clotting the free wild flow. He tried to forget what he had said to his white mother, that never had he seen a child's scalp taken by his Red Indian people.

Before he lay down for the night, he spoke to his father.

"Then the very young of the whites are our enemies, too?"

His father did not answer, only

sat there strong with a look of aloofness, as if to say this was none of his doing. But Thitpan, who claimed the young scalp, answered angrily.

"They are our enemies, yes. Was my brother young or old? He was not much more than a youth and yet he was murdered by your white uncle."

"It is clear to me now, cousin," True Son said humbly. "I ask you to forget my ignorance. I did not know we fought children."

His words produced a murmur of disapproval. "Young cousin. I don't fight children. On our way home I should have taken her prisoner. But a child holds us back on our way forward. It was lighter for us to carry her scalp than her body."

True Son said nothing more, but he was conscious of dark eyes resentful at criticism from a boy.

Next day they came on a wide river. When Under-the-Hill joined them from downstream, he said that a boat of whites had just passed. Had they been an hour earlier they might have enticed it to shore and enriched themselves with rifles and powder. The warriors held quick council. They would wait for another boat.

"Now your son will be good for something," Thitpan said to Cuyloga. "Tomorrow he can call in his white cousins. When the boat comes close, we will fall on them with lead and hatchet."

In the morning, Thitpan and Disbeliever instructed the boy in the

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1965

meritorious art of decoy. First they made him wade in the river and wash off his war paint with sand. They bade him pull on a pair of pantaloons and a blouse they had taken from one of the white cabins. Then Disbeliever and Cheek Bone went up the river to watch.

All day True Son waited for word that a boat was in sight. But the day passed and the next, and the only creatures that passed on the river were Those-Which-Go-Self-Suspended, the birds, and Those-Which-Go-Crooked, the butterflies. By the third day Thitpan said they had waited long enough. They took a vote to cross the river, but then Disbeliever, who had never deserted his post, came running down the path. He had seen a large flatboat of whites just round the upper bend. Hurriedly True Son was helped on with his white clothes and sent into the river. The water felt mild enough as he waded in, and yet the boy found himself shivering.

The boat was larger than he expected, filled with white people and their possessions. For a moment the thought of all the scalps and plunder gave his blood a fierce upward surge. Surely some should be allotted to him, for without him the others could do nothing. He lifted his empty hands and sent Yengwe words across the water.

"Brothers! Help! Brothers. I am English. I have white skin like you!"

The boat slowed visibly. There

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were both oars and poles among the men, but their use was suspended now. With its passengers staring, the craft drifted on the current. Presently it had lessened its distance enough for True Son to recognize the dress of several women.

"Mothers Take me with you! Mothers! See, I am white boy! Mothers! Take me or I starve."

He could hear the burden of argument rising from the boat and understand most of the words. Some believed him and wanted to pick him up. Others shouted to go on. They mistrusted this strange youth in the river. Why did he say

Brothers and Mothers, like the savages, and why was his hair cut round the edges in the Red Indian fashion? One man declared he would come no closer even though the boy had a Bible in his hands. But one of the women called them cowards. She said with spirit that if they were afraid to pick him up, she would take an oar and do it herself.

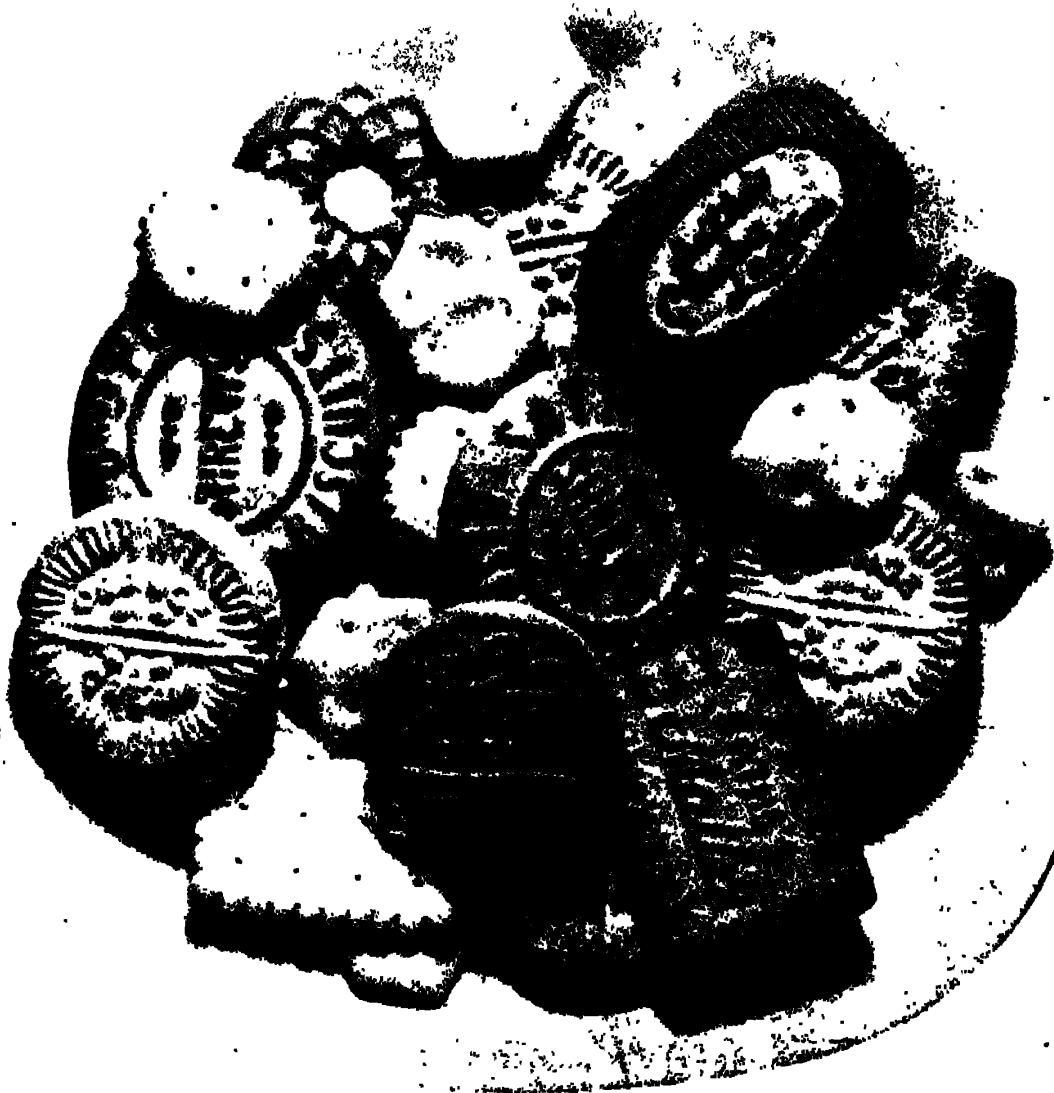
Some of the men gave in to her. Little by little the heavily loaded flatboat slanted across the river. At his back True Son could feel the rising exultation of his hidden friends.

Then someone in the boat moved

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THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

and disclosed a child. It was a boy about Gordie's age, in a dark-grey dress with a broad light band around it such as his small white brother used to wear. True Son stared and his begging abruptly ceased. Could it be that his white father and mother were on this boat, coming west to find him, and that they had taken Gordie along?

For the moment he forgot who and where he was. He was conscious only of this child so like Gordie coming closer and closer to the unseen rifles and tomahawks of his companions.

Once the child spoke to its mother and at the sound of the slender voice, True Son felt himself shaken.

"Take him back! It's an ambush!" he suddenly screamed.

For a moment the men on the boat stood startled. True Son saw terror and incredulity on the face of the white woman. Then in a panic the men bent their oars and poles to return the boat out of range. When it was seen that the prize was escaping, a volley of Red Indian shots rang out. True Son ducked as bullets went over him. He saw a stout man in the boat fall back, but distance kept most of the shots from taking effect. While the Red Indians came out on the bank yelling, reloading and firing again, the boat made off downstream, hugging the farther bank.

Not until the boy turned back to shore did he realize the gravity of what he had done. He had betrayed

his own brothers. None had welcome for him as he climbed the bank. Even Half Arrow turned away.

What could he say that they would understand? He didn't understand himself. He stood wet and miserable while the warriors withdrew to discuss him. From time to time he caught the words: *achgook*, snake; *schupijaw*, spy. Then Disbeliever and Under-the-Hill seized the boy. They bound his hands and feet with creepers. Disbeliever took charcoal from the fire and blackened half of True Son's face. Under-the-Hill fetched white clay from the river-bank. With this he chalked the remaining side.

The boy knew well what it meant. Here in their court under the roof of the Red Indian forest they would decide his fate, whether to do to him as the charcoal signified or let him remain alive.

Thitpan voted first, throwing a heavy stick on the fire to show his choice for burning. One after another followed, tossing sticks. When he saw how it was going, Half Arrow turned and stumbled off in the forest. True Son in pity watched him disappear among the leaves. His own father, he noticed, waited till last. Then deliberately he went to the fire. True Son's heart sank. He felt sure that his father joined in the vote against him. But he saw that his father carried no stick. Instead he picked up a charred one from the fire. Silently he began

blackening his own face, not one side, but both and the backs of his hands. When he was done, he faced them.

"Brothers. What do you expect of me—to stand idly by while you burn my son? My son has brought death to none of us. The scratches he gave us are not on our bodies but our pride. Brothers. How if my son is burnt do I go back and face her who lives with me in my house? How do I look in the eyes of his sisters who think the rainbow arches over him? Brothers. It is easier for me to fight you all than go back and say that Cuyloga stood by and did nothing while his brothers in anger put his son to the fire."

With the quickness of Long Tail, the panther, he took his knife and cut the boy's thongs. Then he stood there waiting for the attack, but none came. The warriors were too astonished. They watched, sullen and yet fascinated by the drama. This was the great Cuyloga at his bravest that they looked upon, and none knew what he would do next.

When he saw that they hesitated to fight him, he turned to the boy. His manner was not softened. He spoke, if anything, with sterner dignity. "True Son. When you were small, I adopted you in my family. You were to me like my own son. I taught you to speak with a straight tongue. I showed you right and wrong. You were taught the kinds and signs of game. You were taught to hunt and shoot. I told myself that when my bones creak, you will keep

me in bear's oil and venison. When the ashes of life cool, you will be the fire to warm my old age. Never did I think that you would turn against me and that I would have to send you back to your white people. All this time I looked on you as Red Indian. I leaned on you as a staff. Now it is broken."

True Son heard with emotion. "My father. Never will I go back to the whites. They are strange to me. They are my enemies. My father. If you send me away, I must go, but never to the white people."

His father looked at him with sternness and pity for a long time.

"True Son. Maybe not now, you think. But after you are away from us for a while you will go back. True Son. Your heart is Red Indian. Your head is Red Indian. But your blood is still thin like the whites. It does not mix with the brave redness of Red Indian blood.

"True Son. I and you must leave here together. When we come to a white man's road you must go one way, I must go the other. Afterwards the path will be closed between us. We are son and father no longer. We are enemies. When sometime you meet me in battle, you must kill me, for that is what I must do to you."

The boy's mouth was stopped. He could say nothing, only look at his parent whom he had never loved so much as at this moment.

Both gathered up their packs. There was no leavetaking. Cuyloga

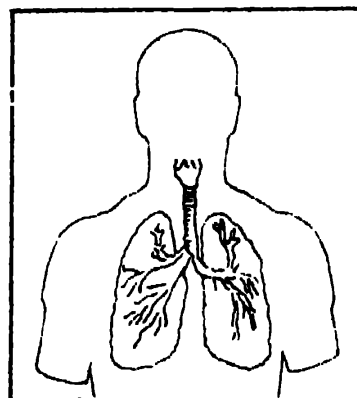
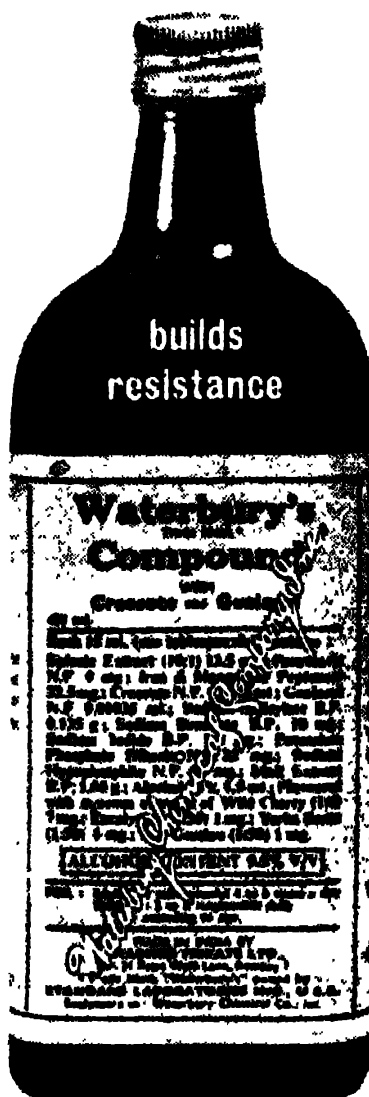
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had already left and True Son moved up the river-bank path after him. Near noon next day they came to a ford. A wide trail led down from the north and crossed the river. With a sickening feeling, the boy saw the track was rutted by white men's carts. His father spoke bleakly. "This is the parting place. This is where the path must be closed between us. My place is on this side. Your place is on that. If you come back, I cannot receive you and they will kill you."

The boy stood there a long time. He knew his father was waiting for him to go. At last he made the first movement, but at the edge of the water he turned.

"My father. Do we say good-bye to each other now?"

"Enemies do not do so," Cuyloga told him harshly. "I am no longer your father, nor you my son."

"Then who is my father?" the boy cried in despair and turned quickly to hide the blinding wetness in his eyes.

There was no reply from behind him. After a moment he forced himself into the water. It came to him then that this was the second time he was made to go through this living death. Not a year ago had he

been forced to part from Half Arrow and Little Crane. Then, like his father today, they had stayed on the afternoon side of the river. Then he had felt the same bitter grief as now. Then as today he was made against his will to take up his life among the white people.

But gladly would he exchange today for yesterday, if he only could. Then, no matter the ordeal, he could always go back. Then Half Arrow and Little Crane had waited faithfully on the bank while he crossed. So long as his trail ran by the water, he had seen them still standing on the afternoon side, raising their hands to him in loyalty and affection. But today when he came to the morning side and turned, no one stood watching him from the distant shore.

His father was gone. He stood alone in the forest by the river.

Ahead of him ran the rutted road of the whites.

It led, he knew, to where men of their own volition constrained themselves with heavy clothing like harness, where men chose to be slaves to their own or another's property and followed empty, desolate lives far from the wild beloved freedom of the Red Indian.

THE END



*Y*OU CAN SAVE a lot of breath if you will remember what an elderly justice of the peace told an oratorically-minded young lawyer. "Fuss," he said, "is the poorest substitute there is for sense."

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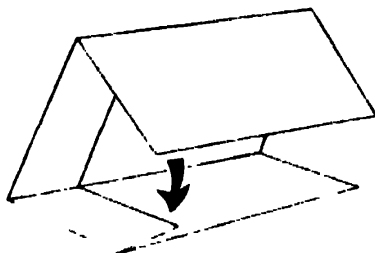
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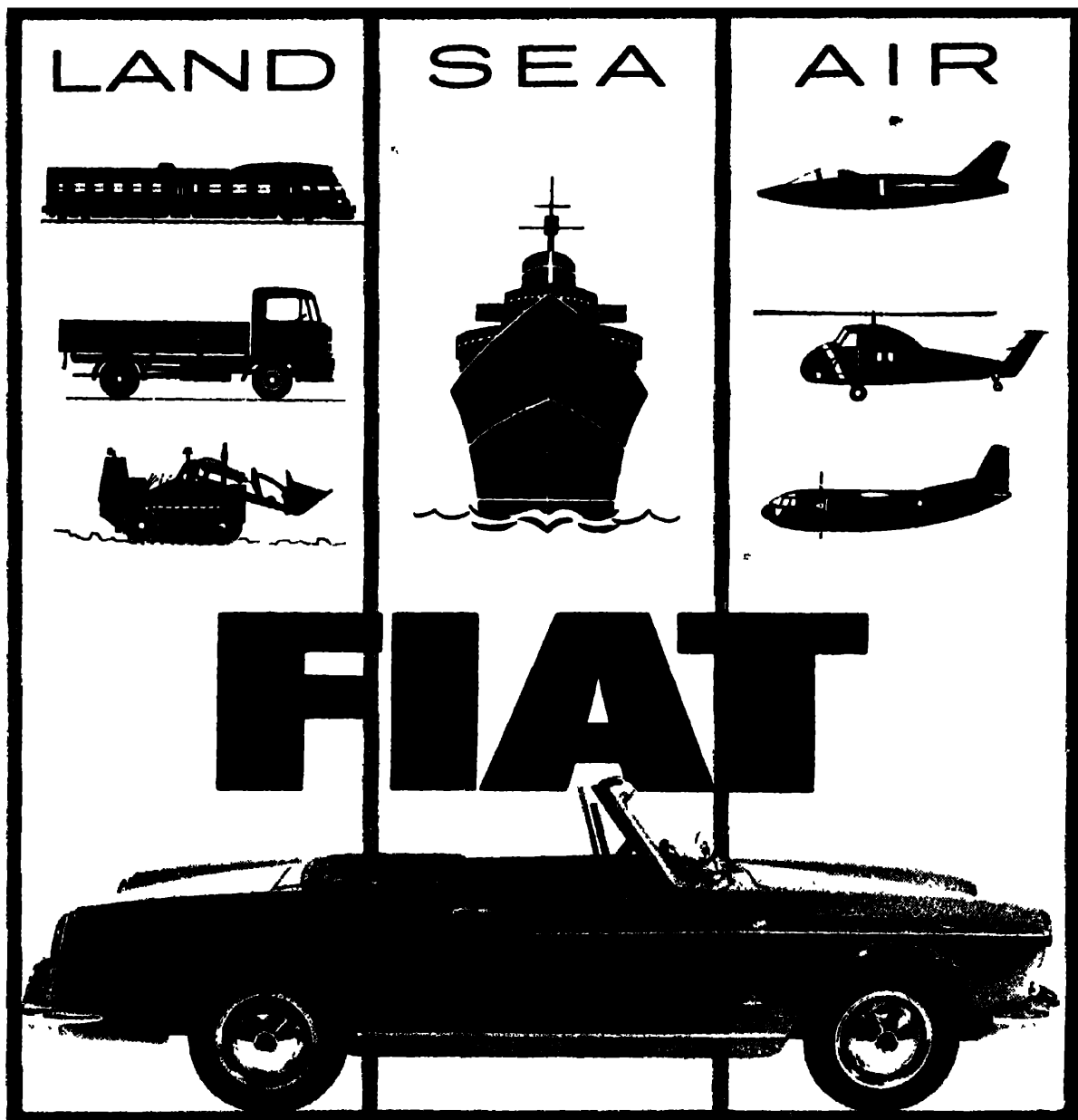
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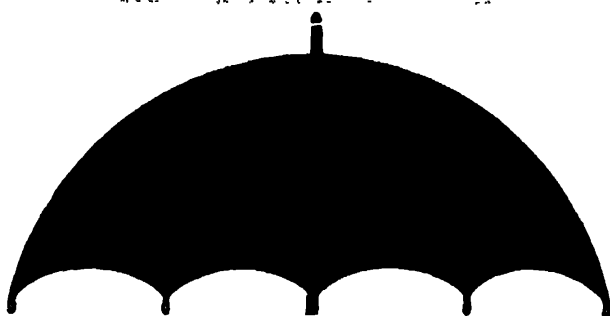
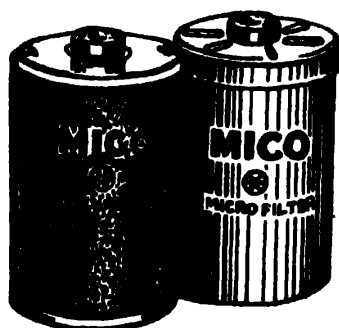
TO BE SENSITIVE to words is to be alive to our changing world. In the following list, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 18.

- | | |
|---|---|
| (1) isthmus (is' mus) - A: land jutting into the sea. B: river mouth. C: connecting strip of land. D: long, narrow gulf. | (11) opaque (ō pāke') - A: transparent. B: impervious to light. C: translucent. D: thick. |
| (2) hiatus (hī ay' tus) - A: interruption. B: flaw. C: Red Indian symbol. D: forgiveness. | (12) exultation (eg sul tay' shun) - A: triumphant joy. B: forced exhalation. C: swelling. D: collapse. |
| (3) milieu (mē lyu') - A: milling crowd. B: confused circumstances. C: high society. D: environment. | (13) redolent (red' o lent) - A: ornate. B: round and full. C: flourishing. D: fragrant. |
| (4) acclaim (ā klame') - A: to make a speech. B: show enthusiastic approval. C: insist upon. D: brag about. | (14) autocracy (or tōc' ra si) - A: independence. B: absolute government. C: members of the House of Lords. D: coalition of political parties. |
| (5) regimen (rej' i men) - A: political faction. B: body of troops. C: systematic manner of living. D: dictatorship. | (15) genteel (jen teel') - A: shy. B: gay. C: sturdy. D: well-bred. |
| (6) equate (ē kwate') - A: to become acquainted with. B: treat as equal to. C: tell a lie. D: place in the middle. | (16) delineate (dē līn' ē ate) - A: to enclose. B: do away with. C: set forth accurately. D: give detailed instructions. |
| (7) permeate (per' mē ate) - A: to spread through. B: change the order of. C: harden. D: force a way through. | (17) stereotyped (stēr' ē ō typt) - A: seen as in three dimensions. B: without originality. C: giving the effect of coming from two or more directions. D: unique. |
| (8) amorphous (a mor' fūs) - A: pertaining to sleep. B: soft. C: dark. D: formless. | (18) succinct (suk singkt') - A: quick. B: deliberate. C: concise. D: blunt. |
| (9) condone (kōn dōn') - A: to approve. B: accept. C: pardon. D: compromise. | (19) opulent (ōp' ū lent) - A: extravagant. B: rich. C: comfortable. D: productive. |
| (10) euphoria (ū for' iā) - A: pastoral scene. B: loss of speech. C: loss of memory. D: sense of well-being. | (20) minuscule (min ūs' kule) - A: very small. B: fishlike. C: difference between two numbers. D: fragile. |

(Now turn to page 18)

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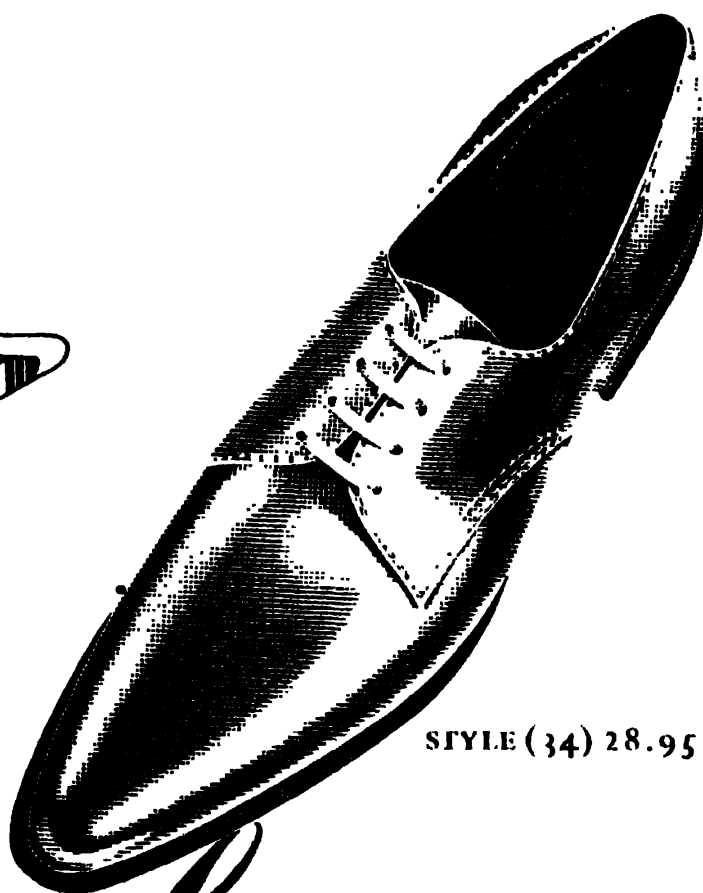
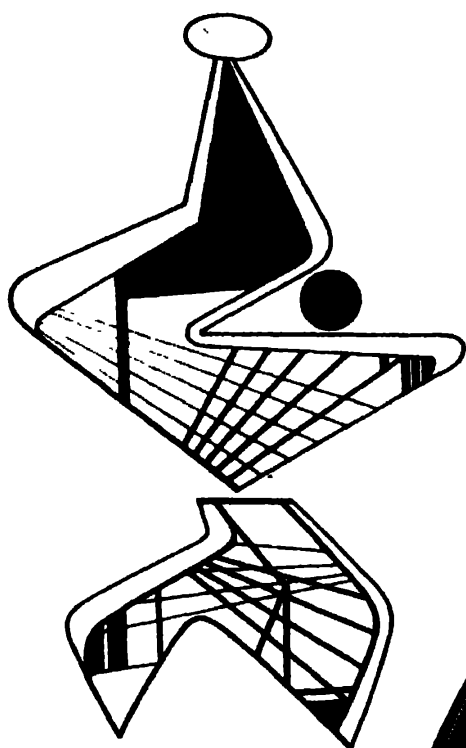
...just the other day I...**cOugh..**
Cough....I was saying...**coug**
gh...saying how good my health
cOugh..coUgh...my health has
 been...**coUgh**...when this...**cc**
ough...confounded...**cOughcO**
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

Answers to the quiz on page 13

- (1) **isthmus**—C: Narrow strip of land connecting two larger land areas; as, the *isthmus* of Suez. Greek *isthmos*, "narrow passage."
- (2) **hiatus**—A: Interruption or lapse in continuity; gap; break; as, a *hiatus* between reports. Latin *hiatus*, from *hiare* "to gape, yawn."
- (3) **milieu**—D: Environment; setting; as, a congenial *milieu*. Old French *mi*, "middle," and *lieu*, "place."
- (4) **acclaim**—B: To show enthusiastic approval; as, to *acclaim* the winner. Latin *acclamare*, "to shout at."
- (5) **regimen**—C: Systematic manner of living, or course of therapy; as, a strict *regimen* of diet and exercise. Latin *regimen*, from *regere*, "to rule."
- (6) **equate**—B: To treat, make or regard as equal or equivalent; as, to *equate* capitalism with democracy. Latin *aequatus*, from *aequare*, "to make even or equal."
- (7) **permeate**—A: To spread or pass through; pervade. "Confidence and optimism *permeate* the company." Latin *permeatus*, from *permeare*, "to pass through."
- (8) **amorphous**—D: Formless; shapeless; as, that *amorphous* entity called public opinion. Greek *amorphos*.
- (9) **condone**—C: To pardon; overlook; as, to *condone* an offensive remark. Latin *condonare*, "to forgive."
- (10) **euphoria**—D: Sense of well-being, often without apparent cause; as, to be in a constant state of *euphoria*. Greek *euphoros*, "healthy."
- (11) **opaque**—B: Impervious to the rays of visible light; hence, not transparent; obscure; unintelligible; as, an intentionally *opaque* and misleading explanation. Latin *opacus*, "shaded, dark."
- (12) **exultation**—A: Triumphant joy; jubilation; as, a day of wild *exultation*. Latin *exultatio*, "leaping from joy."
- (13) **redolent**—D: Fragrant; full of a pleasant odour; hence, suggestive (of); evocative; reminiscent; as, a day *redolent* of spring. Latin *redolentere*, "to emit a smell."
- (14) **autocracy**—B: Absolute government; as, many countries are still governed by an *autocracy*. Greek *autokrateia*, "having full power."
- (15) **genteel**—D: Well-bred, or trying to appear so; refined; polite; as, a *genteel* rejoinder. Middle French *gentil*, "gentle."
- (16) **delineate**—C: To set forth accurately; outline; as, to *delineate* every facet of the problem. Latin *delineare*, "to sketch out."
- (17) **stereotyped**—B: Without originality or individuality; trite; as, *stereotyped* opinions. Greek *stereos*, "solid," and *typos*, "impression."
- (18) **succinct**—C: Concise; terse; as, a *succinct* summary. Latin *succinctus*, from *succingere*, "to tuck up."
- (19) **opulent**—B: Rich; having a large estate or property; hence, amply provided; abundant; as, reminders of an *opulent* past. Latin *opulens*, "rich, wealthy," from *ops*, "power, help."
- (20) **minuscule**—A: Very small; tiny; as, delicate, *minuscule* drawings. Latin *minusculus*, "rather small."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct	excellent
18-16 correct	good
15-13 correct	fair



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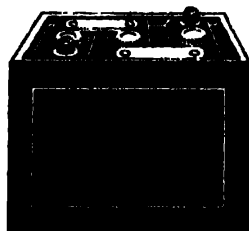


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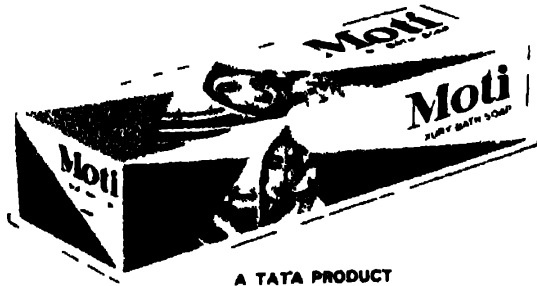
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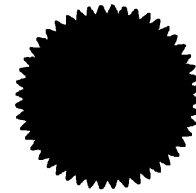
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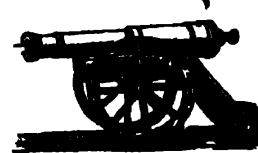
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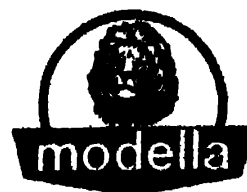
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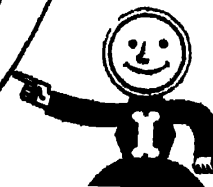
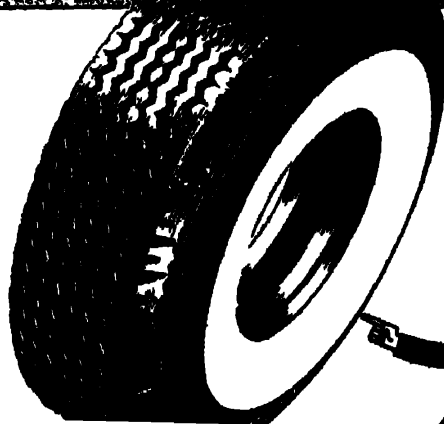




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* Points to Ponder *

SOME say kissing is a sin, but if it was na lawful, lawyers would na allow it; if it was na holy, ministers would na do it; if it was na modest, maidens would na take it; if it was na plenty, puir folk would na get it!

—Robert Burns

OLD age is the most unexpected of all things that happen to a man.

—Leon Trotsky

WHAT are the most delicious scents? Everyone could make a list. Mine would contain sweetbrier in the air, so vague and elusive that search cannot trace the source. Pine trees on a hot day. Mint sauce. Newly split wood. Cinnamon. Ripe apples. Tea just opened. Coffee just ground. A racing stable. A dairy farm. Cigars in a box. A circus. And I have said nothing of flowers!

—E. V. Lucas

THE first symptom of true love in a man is timidity; in a girl it is boldness. The two sexes have a tendency to approach, and each assumes the qualities of the other.

—Victor Hugo

MANY people die, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, with their music still in them. Why is this so? Too often, it is because they are always getting ready to live. Before they know it time runs out. Tagore wrote, "I have spent my days stringing and

unstringing my instrument, while the song I came to sing remains unsung."

—Robert Youngs

ONE of the striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.

—Mark Twain, *Pudd'nhead Wilson*,
(Chatto & Windus, London)

WHO would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns. Utter the You 20 times, where you once utter the I.

—John Hay

THE word "lady" is somewhat out of favour. Many a woman would rather be thought womanly than a lady, which has acquired overtones of smelling salts and screaming at snakes. Yet, a true lady is as lovely a phenomenon as she is hard to define. A start is made by the old rule: a lady is a woman in whose presence a man is a gentleman.

—Peg Bracken, *I Try to Behave Myself*

I am impatient with the notion that this age is one of the worst in the world's history. Matthew Arnold claimed the honour for the age before this. Wordsworth claimed it for the last but one. And so on back through literature. It is immodest of a man to think of himself as going down before the worst forces ever mobilized by God.

—*Selected Letters of Robert Frost*,
edited by Lawrance Thompson



Necessary evil?

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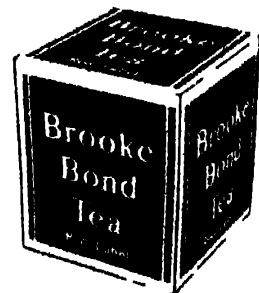
How ?

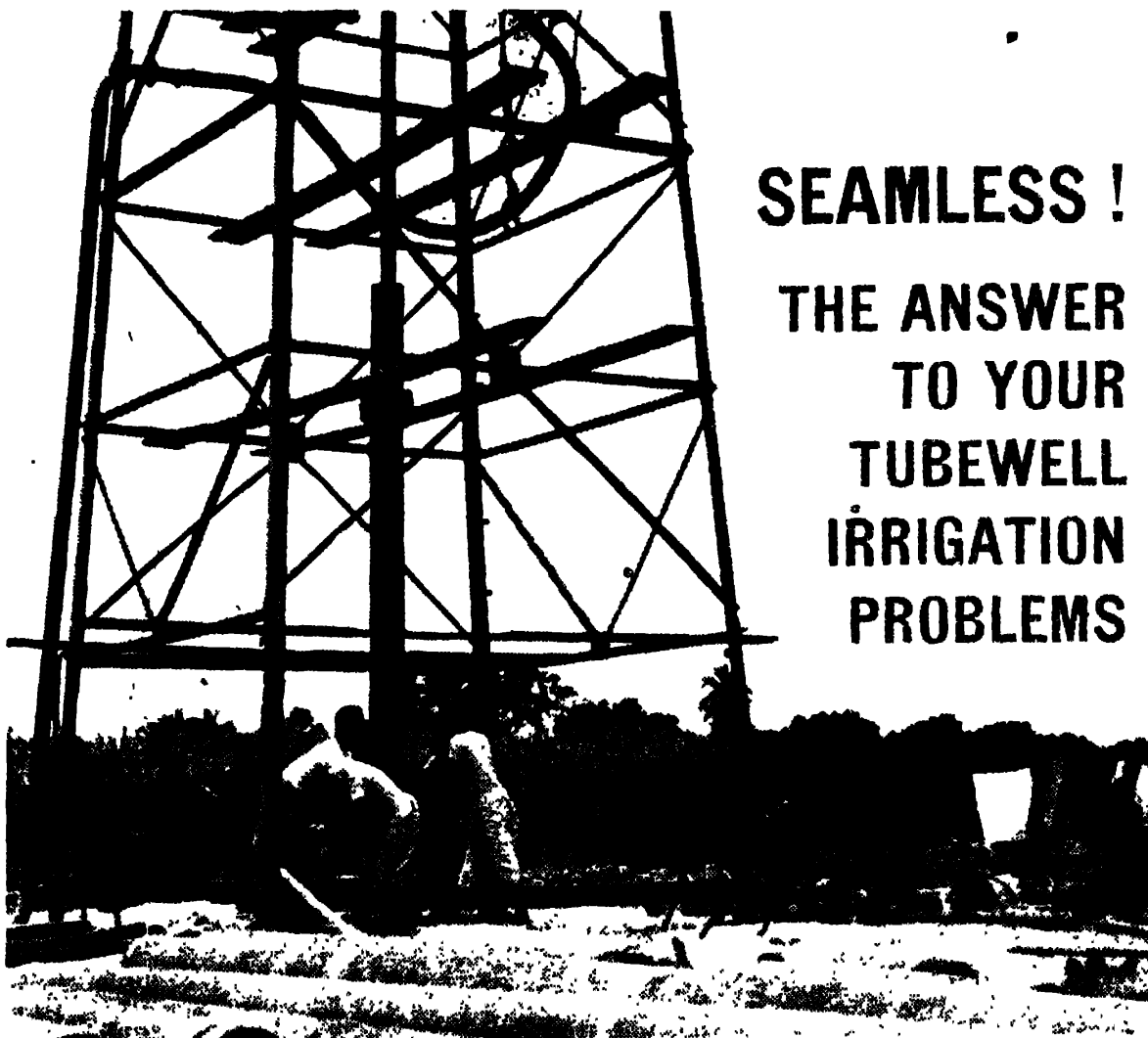
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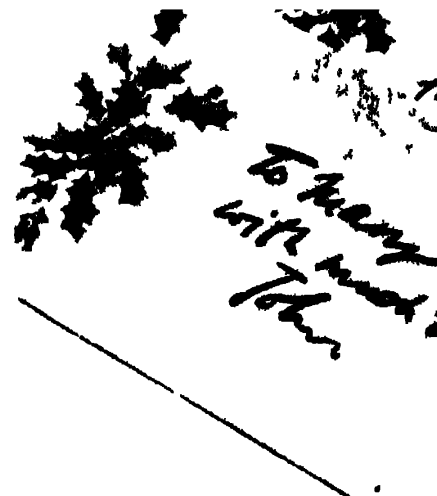
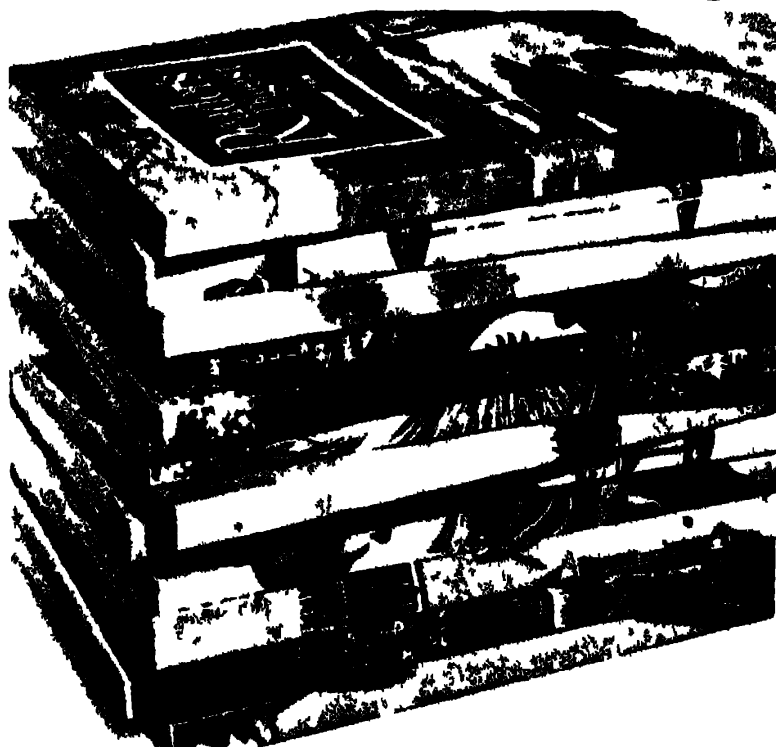
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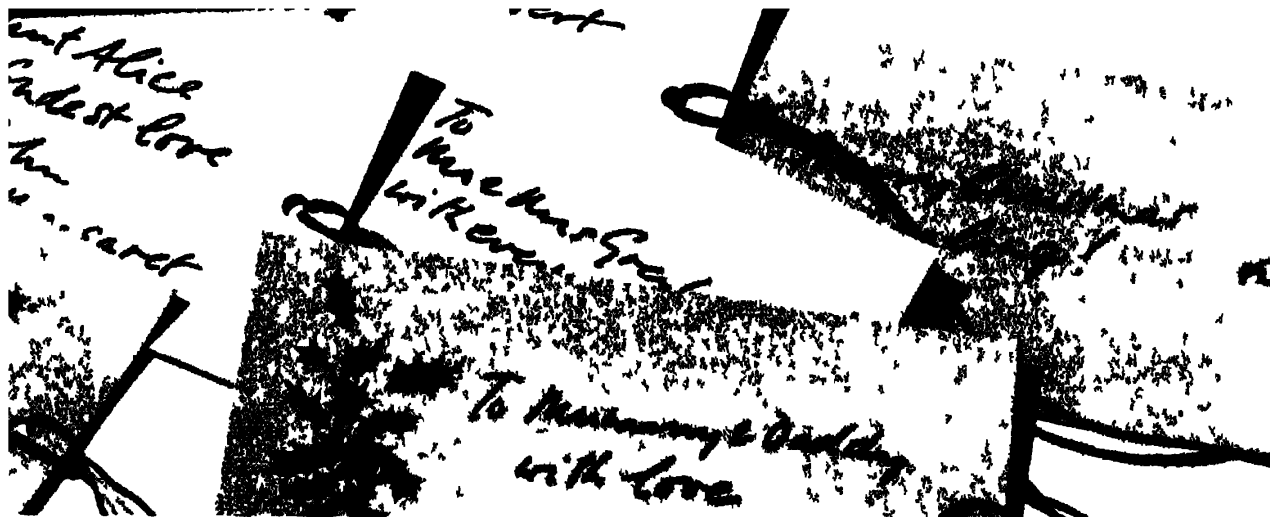
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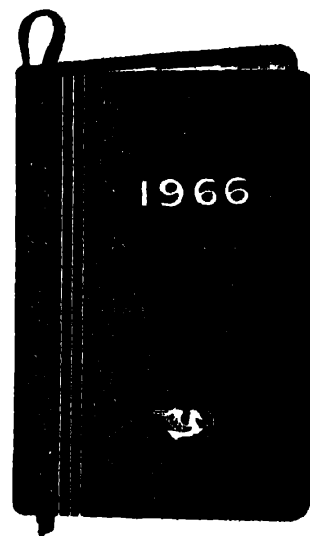
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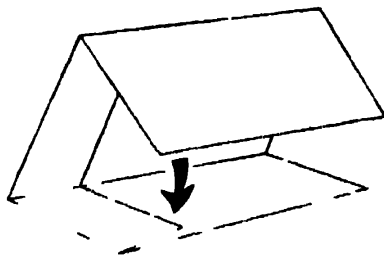
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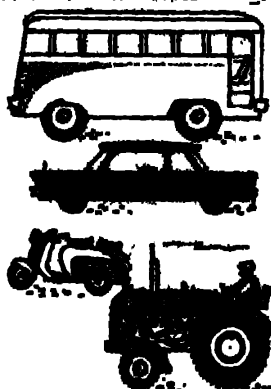
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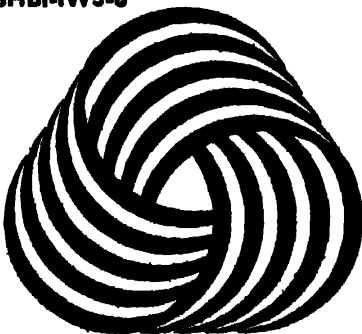
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“Man Belongs to Man”

BY ALBERT SCHWEITZER

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founded his personal creed on reverence for life*

THREE KINDS of progress are significant: progress in knowledge and technology; progress in the socialization of man; progress in spirituality. The last is the most important.

As soon as man does not take his existence for granted, but beholds it as something unfathomably mysterious, thought begins. Ethical affirmation of life is the intellectual act by which man ceases simply to live at random and begins to concern himself reverently with his own life, so that he may realize its true value. And the first step in the evolution of ethics is a sense of solidarity with other human beings.

To the primitive, this solidarity has narrow limits. It is confined, first to his blood relations, then to the members of his tribe, who represent to him the family enlarged. I have

such primitives in my hospital. If I ask an ambulatory patient to undertake some small service for a patient who must stay in bed, he will do it only if the bedridden patient belongs to his tribe. If that is not the case, he will answer me with wide-eyed innocence: “This man is not brother of me.” Neither rewards nor threats will induce him to perform a service for such a stranger.

But as soon as man begins to reflect upon himself and his relationship to others, he becomes aware that men as such are his equals and his neighbours. Gradually he sees the circle of his responsibilities widening until it includes all human beings with whom he has dealings. In the preaching of Jesus, as in that of Paul the Apostle, it is a fundamental tenet that man has a duty towards every other human being.

THE READER'S DIGEST

The idea of the brotherhood of all human beings is inherent in the metaphysics of most of the great religious systems. Moreover, since antiquity, philosophy has presented the case for humanitarianism as a concept recommended by reason.

Throughout history, however, the insight that we have a wider duty towards human beings has never attained the dominance to which it is entitled. Down to our own times it has been undermined by differences of religion and nationality.

Man belongs to man. Man is entitled to man. There is much coldness among us because we obey a law of proper reserve and do not dare to be as cordial as we really are. The ethics of reverence for life require that all of us somehow and

in something shall act as men towards other men. Those who in their occupations have nothing so to give, and who possess nothing else they can give away, must sacrifice some of their leisure, no matter how sparse it may be.

Fortunate are those who find some good cause in which they can act as a man for other men. Their own humanity will be enriched.

Open your eyes and seek another human being in need of a little time, a little friendliness, a little company, a little work. It may be a lonely, an embittered, a sick or an awkward person for whom you can do something, to whom you can mean something. Perhaps it will be an old person or a child. Or else a good cause that needs voluntary workers. Do not lose heart, even if you must wait a bit before finding the right thing, even if you must make several attempts.

None of us knows what he accomplishes and what he gives to humanity. That is hidden from us, and should remain so, though sometimes we are allowed to see just a little of it, so we will not be discouraged.

Our age must achieve spiritual renewal. A new renaissance must come: the renaissance in which mankind discovers that ethical action is the supreme truth and the supreme utilitarianism. By it mankind will be liberated.

Condensed from "The Teaching of Reverence for Life," © 1965 by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, to be published in January by Peter Owen, London.



Now that they have nuclear power, there is real danger that the Chinese will continue to believe that they could survive a nuclear war

THE BOMB: Is China Playing With Fire?

BY DR. RALPH LAPP

CHINA CAN, in a very few years, become the world's most dangerous nuclear power—not because she can match the West's might, but because her leaders do not seem to understand nuclear war and therefore may not be rationally deterred from starting one.

Chairman Mao Tse-tung and the men under him show signs of holding the unbelievably dangerous delusion that their country might survive a nuclear war. Thus, for

IN THE pioneering days of nuclear physics, Dr. Ralph Lapp served as assistant laboratory director of the first A-bomb project. Later he was executive director of the Committee on Atomic Energy, Research and Development in the U.S. Department of Defence.

them, the unthinkable conflict is thinkable. In 1963, when Russia and China quarrelled publicly over a nuclear test ban, Khrushchev reported that Mao Tse-tung said, "If half of humanity was destroyed, the other half would still remain, but imperialism would be destroyed and there would be only socialism in all the world. Within half a century or a whole century the population would again increase even by more than half."

Mao Tse-tung's estimate is not incredible. But there is no rational way to account for his weird view that "socialism," which he obviously equates with the Chinese nation, would emerge triumphant from

Condensed from Life

such a war. There are some "facts" which *appear* to support his reasoning. But Mao Tse-tung (knowingly or unknowingly) uses "facts" as a drunken man uses a lamp-post: more for support than illumination. For example:

Fact No. 1—China is the most populous nation on earth, with some 750 million people. Mao Tse-tung told a visiting Yugoslav in 1957, "We aren't afraid of atomic bombs. What if they killed even 300 million Chinese? We would still have plenty more. China would be the last country to die."

Fact No. 2—Only one-seventh of China's teeming population is crowded into cities. Perhaps Mao Tse-tung believes that his country, therefore, is protected from obliteration by the dispersion of its people.

Fact No. 3—China is on a very low rung of the economic ladder. Mao Tse-tung appears to believe that, in the event of a nuclear war, this condition is a positive advantage—China has less to lose.

Will Western Power Intimidate?

A man misled by such "facts" is a dangerous man in a position of power. True, the nuclear might of the West is great. The U.S. stockpile has reached a point where nuclear production to meet military demand has actually been reduced. The U.S. Strategic Air Command has hundreds of B-52 bombers, each able to carry horribly destructive bombs in its belly—the 25-megaton bomb, for example, which is the

equivalent of 25 million tons of T.N.T. In addition, the U.S. arsenal includes more than 850 nuclear-tipped ballistic missiles.

Surely, the argument goes, even when China's influence as a nuclear power grows, Western superiority will prevail. After all, Khrushchev backed down before President Kennedy's Cuban ultimatum. Won't Mao Tse-tung, or his successor, be equally intimidated?

The answer is that China is not Russia, and Mao Tse-tung is not Khrushchev. Ultimately, nuclear deterrence depends on a state of mind, and what we know or can deduce about Mao Tse-tung's state of mind is quite alarming. Khrushchev clearly grasped the essential nature of nuclear weapons, but Mao Tse-tung in an interview last year with Edgar Snow, U.S. correspondent and author, made it clear that he had been doing some homework on fall-out—and that he was drawing the wrong conclusions. For example, Mao Tse-tung told Snow that he had been reading reports on follow-up studies conducted at Bikini Atoll in the Pacific, where many nuclear weapons were tested in the 1940's and '50's. Mao Tse-tung noted that scientists have since observed flourishing wildlife and vegetation on the islands. He inferred that fall-out wasn't so bad—animals and, presumably, people would live on.

Mao Tse-tung has this all mixed up, but part of the blame can be laid

at the doorstep of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. In its early zeal to continue testing nuclear weapons the Commission originally pooh-poohed fall-out, using a wide variety of adjectives to describe its relative insignificance. This was a short-sighted policy. No nuclear power should undermine its own deterrent policy by playing down the potency of its weapons.

Megaton Warfare. Up to now, almost all U.S. thinking about nuclear deterrence has focused on the Soviet Union. So that the men in the Kremlin shall have no doubt about the consequences of nuclear war, Secretary of Defence Robert McNamara has widely publicized the extent of U.S. power. But he has not made public any estimates of what a nuclear strike at China would accomplish.

If war should come in the 1960's, the attack would be made principally by the Strategic Air Command's heavy-bombers and by carrier-based jets. In the 1970's the burden would shift to missiles. Suppose Mao brings on nuclear war in the next three or four years?

This is what would happen in a manned-bomber attack on China. We can make the conservative assumption that the equivalent of 400 bombs of the 25-megaton class could be dropped on mainland targets. The total: 10,000 megatons—equal to 10,000 million tons of T.N.T., or more than 13 tons for every man, woman and child in China.

A single 25-megaton bomb is a fearful instrument of destruction. It is 1,250 times more powerful than the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. The blast wave from one such bomb could destroy almost all Chinese housing over an area of 250 square miles and kill 80 per cent of the population.

Moreover, when a monstrous megaton explosion takes place on the earth's surface or close to it, the fireball sucks in immense quantities of pulverized debris to which atomic fragments of uranium glue themselves. This mass of radioactive particles is then sucked upwards by the draught of the bomb cloud. Most of it falls back to earth within hours, sometimes as visible powdery dust, more often as a faint drizzle that eludes the eye. This "dirty" fall-out adds a new dimension to warfare—and this Mao Tse-tung seems not to understand.

The fall-out from a single 25-megaton bomb can coat 15,000 square miles (nearly half the area of Natal) with a residue of lethal radioactivity. In some areas the contamination would be so intense that one hour's exposure would mean death. To survive this rain of death, Chinese peasants would have to go underground. Even if they did, the world into which survivors emerged would be far from safe.

Death on the Good Earth. How much of China would be drenched by fall-out? China's borders enclose 3,657,765 square miles—about the

size of Canada. But the bulk of the population is packed into the more fertile 13 of China's 22 provinces. Thus 500 million people live on one-fifth of China's land area—the Good Earth of China, which has long defied permanent conquest. It is not a large area when we consider the fallout patterns that would be created by 400 super-bombs.

Analysis of the overlapping zones of contamination from a 10,000-megaton attack shows that the prevailing westerly winds would spread death on a colossal scale, potentially killing 350 million Chinese and severely injuring 100 million more. No nation could survive such slaughter. Even if it managed to summon the collective will to survive, the disruption of welfare services like public health would make it impossible to maintain the elementary needs of society. Disease would make an unimaginable hell of what life remained.

War is a dirty business and always has been. But nuclear war has a special dirtiness, the full nature of which is still hardly perceived. The special factor is radiostrontium, or strontium 90. This is an atomic age atom produced when the uranium atom is split. It has a half-life of 28 years, meaning that if war broke out this year, half of the strontium 90 produced by nuclear bombs would still be present in 1993, and a quarter of the original amount would persist in the soil until 2021. Because of its chemical similarity to calcium, this

element would be absorbed into foodstuffs and would therefore enter human bodies and "lay down" to produce bone tumours and cancer. The potency of strontium 90 is such that it can inflict "agricultural defeat" upon any nation in the world—including China.

The conclusion is clear: *China would be destroyed in a nuclear attack.*

If Chinese leaders truly understand these facts, they will almost certainly be deterred from nuclear recklessness in the present decade. We must make sure that they acquire this understanding.

The Chinese Capability. Meanwhile, what is China's strike capability likely to be? Granted that her first test explosion at Lop Nor last year was the equivalent of tests in the West of over 20 years ago, we cannot assume that the West is so many years ahead of China.

China does not have to follow the same arduous trail blazed by us. Because of what the West did in the 1940's, the Chinese are more advanced now—they have had some benefits of our research. Also, there is considerable native Chinese talent. It will not be cheap or easy, but by the early 1970's China should possess impressive nuclear power.

Optimists who assume that China will have no missile delivery system by then would do well to recall that the Chinese invented the rocket nearly 1,000 years ago. Dr. Martin Summerfield, professor of aerospace

propulsion at Princeton University, warned recently:

"From my contacts with many Chinese students, professors and engineers over the past 30 years, I would say it is a serious underestimate to believe that they cannot plan and execute an efficient research, development and production programme for practical missiles, and it is a serious underestimate to believe that they are not already close to their objective."

When China does possess the

capacity to challenge the West, millions of lives will hang in the balance. One fervently hopes that such an apocalyptic confrontation can be avoided. In a sense, nuclear power is an idiot's weapon—if it has to be used, then it has failed in its purpose. But until some alternative international security arrangement is devised, we must make certain that our nuclear arsenal is adequate to keep the peace that Winston Churchill defined as peace maintained through "mutual terror."



Cartoon Quips

WOMAN GOLFER to husband: "Now if there's anything I do wrong, or you see something you can correct for me—just keep your big mouth shut!"

TRIUMPHANT father to mother watching teenage son mow lawn: "I told him I lost the car keys in the grass."

BANK MANAGER to customer: "And one of life's disappointments, sir, is discovering that the man who writes the bank's advertising is *not* the one who makes the loans."

DOCTOR to obese patient: "I've done all I can to get your weight down, Mr. Murphy—I suggest that you just learn to be jolly."

WIFE GREETING husband at front door: "Hallo, dear—*where's* for dinner?"

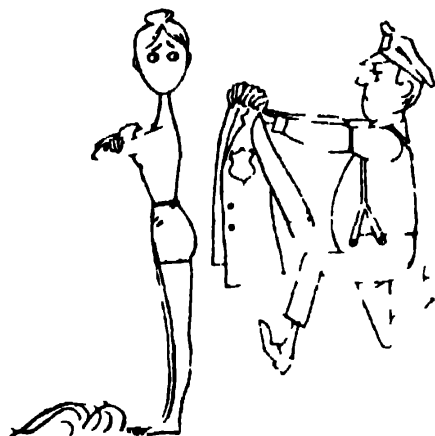
* * *

What a Relief!

IN A home cookery book, published in Canada in 1877: "To restore from stroke of lightning, shower with cold water for two hours. If patient does not show signs of life, put salt in water and continue to shower for an hour longer."

—M. W.

What Will Fashion Uncover Next?



*The history of
women's dress: a running
battle between prudery
and exposure*

By JAMES LAVER

TOPLESSNESS—that is, the exposure of the breasts in public—has recently made several attempts to become accepted. But in every case (except perhaps in a variety of night clubs, where topless waitresses have gained a degree of publicity) it has been cracked down on by the police.

Yet toplessness has been considered fashionable several times in history, notably at the Court of King Charles II and, in France, during the Directoire period. These two epochs are therefore labelled in history books as immoral. Yet why should one part of the female body be more “immoral” than any other?

Fashion is essentially a game of hide-and-seek. It requires two players, prudery and style, and the game has been going on for a long time. Psychologists, who have been slow in grappling with this problem, have come forward with an explanation.

*Condensed from This Week Magazine**

WHAT WILL FASHION UNCOVER NEXT?

They call it "the theory of the shifting erogenous zone."

The theory amounts to this: Woman as a whole is a desirable object, but man cannot take all of her in at once. He is therefore compelled to concentrate upon one particular bit of the female body. It is the object of fashion to draw attention to one bit at a time, to emphasize it in every possible way—by exposing it, or drawing the clothes tightly around it, or exaggerating its size.

Once a particular emphasis has been established, no woman feels well dressed without accepting it. In



1860, a woman who was not wearing a crinoline felt slightly indecent. The same was true of the exaggerated posterior of the bustle epoch and the flat chest of the 1920's. Today a woman whose skirts are too long feels out of place.

But, after a short time, this excessive concentration on an area brings its own penalty. The portion of the body in question becomes too

familiar; it becomes a bore; or, as psychologists say, it "exhausts its erotic capital." Now the emphasis changes, the zone shifts. The new zone always seems a little indecent at first. But that emotional impact is the real reason for the change.

Occasionally there comes a time when the "zone shift" game seems to be played out, when women cover themselves up completely. We then speak of a period of prudery. But it is never quite as prudish as it pretends to be, and it never lasts long.

The shifting-zone theory does a great deal to explain the vagaries of fashion. Nowadays we take fashion for granted, and see nothing strange in women changing



their styles, even their shape, every few years. Yet fashion, in our sense, hasn't always existed. In ancient Greece there was nothing recognizable as fashion. And from the fall of the Roman Empire to the middle of the fourteenth century, styles changed hardly at all.

Then, suddenly, in the luxurious courts of France and Burgundy, attractive women began to compete for the attention of the King or Duke by inventing, or having invented for them, the three most potent weapons in fashion's armoury: tight-lacing, décolletage and

JAMES LAVER was born 66 years ago in Liverpool. A critic, playwright and poet, he is best known as a historian of fashion and taste, especially in clothes: several of his books on the subject have become classics. For 21 years he was Keeper of the Departments of Engraving, Illustration and Design, and of Paintings, at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, receiving the C.B.E. for his work there. Mr. Laver is married with two children, and now lives in Blackheath, London.

funny hats—or rather headdresses with elaborate veils, no longer hiding the hair and face but rising triumphantly in horns, crescents and steeples.

Of course, these developments were received with disapproval by the moralists of the period. Preachers pictured the torments of hell of those who in life had worn “immodest” clothing—that is, any “fashionable” garment. The later Puritans were equally vehement. Any clothes that were more (or less) than protection against the weather were condemned. Did they not promote the lust of the eye? Of course they did. That was their object.

So fashion and prudery began the fencing match that has lasted to this day.

Most of the fifteenth century was, in Western Europe, a period of considerable erotic emphasis, notable for pinched-in waists and low-cut bodices. By contrast, the clothes of women in the Early Tudor period seem almost prudish. Then, a few years later, there was a change back: Queen Elizabeth I was extremely décolletée all her life, and the fashion persisted into the next century.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, the Puritan domination brought in a more modest style of

dress. But with the Restoration of Charles II, modesty was thrown to the winds. The Lely portraits at Hampton Court show us a series of “Court beauties” who certainly wear their clothes in no prudish spirit.

Curiously enough, the eighteenth century was prudish about shoulders. The corsage might be cut very low, but no respectable woman ever appeared in public with the point of the shoulder exposed. The period following the French Revolution had entirely different notions. Clothes were now light and flimsy. The legs, which had been hidden for so long, became discernible beneath the often semi-transparent gown. And it was no longer the “cleavage” of the bosom that was visible but its rounded forms above the high, ribbon-encircled waist.

Fashion worked by suggestion in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Skirts trailed so long that they had to be lifted when a woman walked—thus revealing a froth of frilly lace petticoats. This was a period when the suggestion of underclothes was deliberately exploited. The exploitation can be seen in its extreme form in the Toulouse-Lautrec can-can dancers.

A certain décolletage in evening dress was considered fashionable, but at other times of day the corsage was extremely proper, a neckline up to the ears being deemed essential. It is amusing to note that when this was abandoned, the



so-called V-neck which resulted was denounced from the pulpit as immoral and by medical men as likely to lead to pneumonia!

All this, however, was nothing compared with the horror evoked by the postwar styles of the 1920's. Women were showing their legs! That shook contemporary moralists. Even the most "immoral" periods of the past had been content with the glimpse of an ankle.

Yet the '20's were curiously prudish about one thing: the bosom. Film censors were particularly disturbed about what they called "cleavage." It was the suggestion of duality that mattered. The "bosom" of the flapper was *one*.

If the cinema had been invented a generation or so earlier, censors wouldn't have bothered about cleavage. But they would have banned immediately any film that drew attention to the female leg, which was considered highly stimulating. And of course, at the time, it *was*, for legs had been concealed for a long while and had thus accumulated considerable "erotic capital."

By the end of the '20's, legs had become a bore, however, and the emphasis shifted again, this time to the back. Evening dresses and even some daytime ones were open to the waist at the back, and they stayed

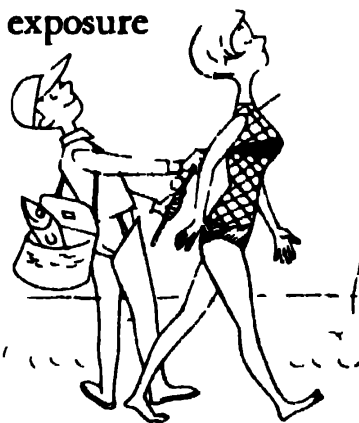
like that almost to the outbreak of the Second World War.

During the last few years there has been a deliberate return to the modes of the '20's and a new emphasis on legs. But it is possible that legs have overshot the mark. If skirts rise too far above the knee and tights are worn underneath, the effect of exposure will be lost; then the erotic emphasis will have to shift to something else.

What "something else"? If fashion progresses

from copying the 1920's to aping the 1930's, attention may be switched from legs to back: no dress at all down to the waist, and the material drawn tightly over the posterior. A few years ago, there was a shift to bare midriffs, and recently fashion designers have attracted attention with the "fish-net" look, which is perhaps an attempt at a kind of compromise toplessness.

As a historian, however, I am compelled to admit that the whims of fashion are never completely predictable. Who knows what it may cover—or uncover—next?



It is easier to suffer in silence if you are sure someone is watching.

—J. M. H.

Measure Your Mental Health

By HARRY LEVINSON

Here are the elements that go into it—plus yardsticks for calculating your efforts to attain or maintain it

SIGMUND FREUD said that in order to have mental health a person had to be able to love and to work. Well, what goes into being able to love and to work?

To answer this question we have to understand what motivates man, particularly his feelings. For man's behaviour is guided more by his feelings than by his rational thinking.

Man's feelings come from the interaction of four major forces:

1. Love and Hate. One constructive and the other destructive, a pair of drives form the basis for the feelings of love and hate. When the energies of both are combined and directed into solving problems, man is using them in his own interest and on behalf of others around him

—in supporting his family, pursuing his career, attacking social problems, building a business. The aggressive energy is tempered and guided by the constructive energy. When, however, these energies are diverted from ideally useful channels, a person makes less efficient use of them and to that extent is less healthy mentally.

For example, a man may control his feelings of aggression yet fume internally with anger or hate. This produces tensions which literally wear away his body organs and result in physical ailments called psychosomatic illnesses. Or a man may, instead of directing his anger to solving problems, transfer it to his wife, children, subordinates, shop assistants, waiters and other

© 1965 by Harry Levinson. Condensed from *Think*.

MEASURE YOUR MENTAL HEALTH

people who cannot defend themselves against him. This is the mechanism that lies behind scapegoating and exploiting others. Or a man may turn his anger on himself, in which case we see men who are their own worst enemies, who have painful accidents, or repeatedly get themselves into trouble, or, in extreme instances, commit suicide.

The same kind of thing can happen with feelings of love. Some people, tragically, can love only themselves, and find it extremely difficult to have affectionate two-way relationships with others. Still others are so narrowly confined to themselves that they spend inordinate amounts of time treating themselves and talking about their illnesses. These ways of mishandling love, of course, drive other people away.

2. Conscience. We are not born with a conscience; we acquire it. It is made up of values we are taught, such as religious values, moral precepts and proper behaviour.

Each of us, too, has an ego ideal, which is part of the conscience—a vision of ourselves as the people we could be if only we could achieve those aspirations our parents and other respected figures hold out for us. Our aspirations usually far exceed our achievements; so we are rarely satisfied with ourselves.

Finally, each of us has an internal magistrate which calls us to account if we have violated our values or are

not working towards achieving our ego ideal. This judging induces feelings of guilt. Inasmuch as the conscience must be strong if we are to conduct ourselves reasonably without constant control by somebody else, we all have a goodly share of guilt feelings which make us feel unworthy.

3. The need to master. Everyone wants to have the feeling that he is in charge of himself and that, as times goes by, he is more and more in charge of the forces that affect him. If a man feels he cannot do anything about these forces, he stops trying and becomes apathetic.

This is what happens to people when they are unemployed for long periods, or spend their whole lives on relief. They become dependent on someone else and, being dependent, feel childlike. Their consciences then make them feel even more worthless, and they redirect their drives to themselves, being at once angry and preoccupied with themselves. This is what we see as apathy; apparently these people just do not care. Or sometimes they get angry at the world and strike back by committing a crime. Any situation in which people are discriminated against, manipulated or degraded produces the feelings of being a target. It is a major social problem that so many people feel like this.

To be master of himself and the forces that affect him, a man must continue to grow psychologically.

He must have the feeling that he is becoming wiser as he grows older, that he is discovering new and interesting things about the world, that he has a more adequate perspective on what goes on in life and that he enjoys close, affectionate relationships with friends. In a word, to grow is to feel ever richer.

Man has many ways of trying to increase his mastery. For some, religion provides an important avenue; for others, science and reason; for still others, expertise in their work or profession; and, for many, the acquisition of money. Most people evolve some combination of these means of achieving mastery. Yet there are some who are afraid of growing up and who for ever remain dependent and childlike.

4. Environment. The three internal forces—love and hate, conscience, and the need to master—interact with the things that go on *outside* the person, in his environment. A person may or may not be able to master some aspect of his environment, depending on how his parents and schools teach him to cope with problems, what skills he has opportunities to develop, and what freedom he has to act on his own.

The most influential elements of the environment are other people. We may love them, hate them, laugh at them, sympathize with them. They may love us, become angry with us, boost our self-esteem, deflate our aspirations,

attack us, nurse us, amuse us, enrage us. Whatever they do, they stimulate our own feelings of love and hate, increase or decrease our feelings of adequacy, and support or thwart our wish to master.

Certain non-human forces have some of the same effects: a depression, which may cause a man to lose his job; an accident, which may make it difficult to pursue his career; the loss of a loved one in an accident or in war; a fortunate break on the stock exchange which eases financial pressures.

Man keeps trying to maintain his equilibrium by balancing all of these forces all of the time. Let us remember that it is easier to stand erect on ice skates or to remain erect on a bicycle when one is moving, acting, doing—and that the same is true for maintaining psychological equilibrium. This is what mental health really is. When we say that a man is mentally healthy, we mean that he is doing a good job of maintaining an equilibrium among the four forces that give rise to his feelings about himself and others.

How DOES one *act* to maintain mental health? There are as many prescriptions as there are people. Every prescription is based on a conception of mental health, either tacit or explicit. The conception I like best was derived from a study made by Dr. Charles Solley and Dr. Kenneth Munden at the Menninger Foundation in Kansas.* These men asked

each of 14 senior members of the Foundation's clinical staff to describe people he considered to be mentally healthy. They then analysed the 41 descriptions they were given and concluded that mentally healthy people behave consistently in five important ways.

- *They have a wide variety of sources of gratification.*

This does not mean that they chase phrenetically from one activity to another, but that they find pleasure in many different ways and from many things. If, for any reason, they lose some of their sources of gratification they have others to turn to. For example, a person who loses a good friend by death may grieve, but if he has other good friends, he draws psychological sustenance from them and recovers. But if a man loses his only good friend, he has little else to fall back on and continues to grieve in his loneliness. A person has the same problem if his only interest is his job, or his immediate family, or a single hobby.

- *They are flexible under stress.*

This means simply that they can roll with the punches. When faced with problems, they can see alternative solutions. Flexibility under stress is closely related to having a wide variety of sources of gratification. With more supports to fall back on, a person is less threatened by situations that produce fear and anxiety. With a wider, fuller range of experiences and relationships, he

can tackle his problems from varying perspectives.

- *They recognize and accept their limitations and their assets.*

Put another way, they have a reasonably accurate picture of themselves and they like what they see. This does not mean that they are complacent about themselves, but that they know they cannot be anyone else, and that is all right with them.

- *They treat other people as individuals.*

This is a subtle phenomenon and an important one. People who are preoccupied with themselves pay only superficial attention to others. They are so wrapped up in themselves that they cannot observe the subtleties in another person's feelings, nor can they really listen. Mentally healthy people really *care* about what other people feel.

- *They are active and productive.*

Mentally healthy people use their resources on their own behalf and on behalf of others. They do what they do because they like to do it and enjoy using their skills. They do not feel driven to produce to prove themselves. They are in charge of their activities; the activities are not in charge of them. When they are chosen for leadership of one sort or another, it is because they have the skills to lead in a given situation, not because they have to exercise power over others. They seek achievement for what they can *do*, not for what they can *be*; for when a man tries to

be something or someone, he is never satisfied with himself even if he achieves the desired goal.

ONE OF the best examples of a person in whom the prime characteristics of mental health were evident is Albert Einstein. Though he was a shy and gentle man, sometimes even remote from others, he had close ties to a number of people, to his work, his music, the sea and other phenomena of nature.

"He was," says his friend Dr. Thomas Lee Bucky, "the only person I knew who had come to terms with himself and the world around him. He knew what he wanted, and he wanted only this: to understand within his limits as a human being the nature of the universe and the logic and simplicity of its functioning. He knew there were answers beyond his reach. But this did not

frustrate him. He was content to go as far as he could."

Einstein turned down the presidency of Israel because he knew he did not fit the job. He could teach a boy to play with a yo-yo, another to sail a boat, and express his compassion for others in simple, eloquent communications. Medals, honours, fame—these meant nothing to him. Einstein never tried to *be*; he was content to *do*, and to let whatever he could do speak for itself.

How does one obtain this condition called mental health? As a matter of fact, you cannot *get* it. Mental health is had in the working towards, in the process of pursuit.

Life is short. It is to be lived. He who has good mental health lives it to the fullest, and he who lives it enjoyably has good mental health.



Many Happy Returns

A MAN lost his wallet, with Rs. 880 in it, at a race meeting. Two weeks later the wallet was returned in the post. His papers were intact, and the Rs. 880 had grown to Rs. 1,120. There was also a thank-you note, explaining that the finder had won Rs. 1,320 with the unexpected stake, and was returning it with a Rs. 240 bonus. —AP

A LONDON housewife parked her new car at a meter, and it was stolen. A week later she got a letter which read: "Your car is parked at Redbridge station. It is locked, and you'll find the key beneath the petrol cap. The car has been carefully run in. At no time did it travel over 50 m.p.h. The radio is sensitive to the ticking of the clock. May need attention. Brakes pull too much to the right. Need adjusting." —L. S.

By CLARENCE HALL

Neighbours to All the World



*An extraordinary
programme is dedicated
to the proposition that
the needy prefer a hand up
rather than a hand out*

IN APRIL 1951, a slim young professor of philosophy sat in his study running through a sermon he was to give as guest preacher the following Sunday. When Professor John Peters had finished, he idly switched on his radio. Coming over the air was the voice of General Douglas MacArthur, making his farewell address before the U.S. Congress. The professor's sermon slipped unnoticed to the floor as MacArthur described the Asian masses, hungry and leaderless, falling by the millions to communism. Warned MacArthur, "If we will not devise some greater and more equitable system to help these peoples, Armageddon will be at our door."

Peters had faced Armageddon. He could remember a shattering day six years before when, as a U.S.

Army chaplain in the Philippines, he had held in his arms a mortally wounded farm boy. Powerless to save the lad, he had vowed, "If I get out of here alive I'll do something, so help me God, to keep this thing from happening again!" Yet, actually, what had he done?

His mind aflame after hearing MacArthur, Peters worked on a new sermon throughout that night and the next day. When he stepped into the pulpit on Sunday, he spoke in a voice he scarcely recognized as his

Condensed from Christian Herald

own. Peters described the Asian poor as he had seen them during the war: "Mothers bringing their emaciated and fever-ridden babies to our first-aid stations, begging for medicines to check their suffering; long lines waiting patiently under the blazing sun or in the driving rain for the privilege of dipping into our dustbins to relieve their constant, gnawing hunger. Those millions ask, 'Who will help us?' and far too often the only voice they hear and the only hand they see are the voice and hand of communism."

He closed with a challenge: "There are men of means and intelligence listening to me this morning. This is the hour when, under God, they need to rise and show what they can do for their world!"

The sermon's effect was electric. At the door, a group of laymen surrounded him to say, "John, we're ready to practise what you've preached. Tell us what to do!"

A New Approach. Peters protested that he had no blueprint for action; he was only laying out "broad basic issues." Undeterred, the laymen called a meeting for the next day and, within hours, dispatched the professor to confer with mission boards and foreign-aid specialists, private and governmental, and to bring back "a workable plan of action."

Before long he resigned from the university, named the infant movement World Neighbours and was off on a world trip to survey needs.

Today, 14 years later, World Neighbours touches the lives of more than five million people in the world's neediest areas, and has put more than 3,000 villages of Asia, Africa and South America on the road to self-sufficiency. Operating on an annual budget of around Rs. 19 lakhs, World Neighbours commands the time and energy of some 2,800 workers (mostly unpaid volunteers), who supervise more than 90 major schemes in 18 countries—co-gent proof of what limited funds, carefully invested, can accomplish.

Three basic guidelines make World Neighbours extraordinary:

- Material aid must be kept to an absolute minimum; World Neighbours will offer "a hand *up*, not a hand *out*" Says Peters: "We are not called to be our brother's keeper; we are called to be our brother's *brother*."

- World Neighbours must work only at the village level, with the "man in the rice paddy"—the man who is by-passed in most grandiose foreign-aid schemes.

- Most important, World Neighbours must go where the need—and therefore the peril—are most pronounced. And WN will go there with no pre-packaged formula to impose. Instead, it will find someone who has already started a sound work but is having difficulty sustaining it, get into harness with him and, as Peters says, "see how far we can pull it together."

A logical place to begin was South

India, where poverty seemed direst and where, in 1952, millions of people voted communist.

At Katpadi, 90 miles west of Madras, Peters found "someone already attempting something": agricultural missionary Dr. J. J. DeValois. He had started a small, struggling agricultural institute to train orphan Indian boys. The dream he held to, though there was little chance of ever realizing it, was a "total community-development programme" for the surrounding impoverished, famine-stricken villages.

In the next few months the two men put together a team of agricultural advisors who knew something about helping people to help themselves. By the end of 1952 they had four specialists in agriculture, literacy, public health and village industries, with nine assistants drawn from the near-by area, hard at work in a score of villages.

Their first concern was to increase farm yields. New crops were introduced, their values demonstrated. Farmers were then encouraged to experiment with their own plots. Soon villagers were doubling their production.

Following basic World Neighbours procedure, nothing was given away. At Katpadi, villagers "bought" improved seed for an equal amount of poor, devitalized seed; a wizened native cock was traded for a pure-bred White Leghorn rooster; a wooden plough

exchanged for a steel one. Later, when goods, equipment or tools were needed to begin approved schemes, funds were advanced by World Neighbours and repaid into a "revolving loan fund," run by the villagers themselves, on a long-term, low-interest basis.

Says Dr. Walter Judd, a member of WN's board of trustees: "World Neighbours resists the temptation to give material away, not because it needs what the people are able to pay, but because the people need to pay it, as an essential part of the process of developing resourcefulness."

Within a few years scores of villages in South India were transformed. Pre- and post-natal clinics were established; a training programme set up for midwives, all-important where doctors and nurses were almost non-existent. Literacy clubs—members' first task after learning to read was to teach others—were formed. Rural youth clubs sprang up, with such schemes as the increased planting of papaya trees and vegetable gardens, the making of compost pits, even improving drainage facilities and building new roads.

Value for Money. World Neighbours' early successes in India sparked enthusiastic response from Americans. While no "big money" came in, thousands began making small contributions. Then, in September 1952, a group of 50 American business and religious

leaders concerned with promoting "private responsibility in the achievement of world peace" combined forces with WN.

Although World Neighbours has taken on a national character, its home office has remained modest. Says WN's director of administration, Dr. William Harmon, "We've seen too many organizations like ours grow in staff and facilities to outsize and inefficient proportions." Of World Neighbours' total budget, about ten per cent is spent on such administrative items as salaries, travel and maintenance of headquarters.

The big expense in most foreign-aid schemes, Peters believes, accrues from doing for people instead of challenging them to do for themselves. "In emergent nations," he says, "many officials are drawn from privileged classes who traditionally scorn those below them. The villager senses that scorn, and returns it measure for measure. But give him a chance to prove that he can raise himself economically, and he is quick to respond."

Joy in Helping Others. As proof, World Neighbours can point to Bago Bantay in the Philippines. Five years ago it was a bitter community of a thousand families ousted from their squatter homes in Manila in 1953 and dumped on to rocky, barren land ten miles from the city. There were no roads, no lights, no water; and all appeals for these amenities had been ignored.

Bago Bantay quickly became a hot-bed of anti-government sentiment.

Invited to Bago Bantay, a WN husband-and-wife team named Roman and Belen Almazan settled in to help the villagers rehabilitate themselves. Disease-ridden, Bago Bantay's first need was obviously sanitation; gutters were awash with sewage and paths piled high with refuse. Almazan brought in a mould for an inexpensive toilet bowl, got the people to provide cement, showed them how to make the bowls and also how to hollow bricks for septic tanks and refuse pits. From there the self-help club took over—and soon there were more than 300 families with their own toilets and refuse pits.

Next, an army bulldozer was borrowed to build roads, the people paying for the fuel and the operator's wage. When surfaces had been levelled, the village made a fiesta of lining the new roads with white-washed stones. Jobs for 150 were arranged with a near-by coconut fibre factory.

Seeds for vegetable gardens were obtained. Back-yard piggery and poultry schemes were begun; unemployed teenagers were soon learning bamboo crafts and other skills from their elders. A Good Neighbours club, started by the women to teach sewing and handicrafts, was soon producing items for sale in Manila shops. In a matter of three years Bago Bantay was a bustling, thriving community, drawing

envious visitors from neighbouring districts.

When one of these, Bahay Toro—an impoverished community of 600 families—asked, “How did you do it?” the people of Bago Bantay proudly went to Bahay Toro to demonstrate. Within six months, Bahay Toro was well on its own way to self-rehabilitation.

A Vote for the Bullocks. In many areas where World Neighbours has been active, communists have either departed or defected. A prime example is a man named Ponnuswamy, who was sent by the Communist Party into an impoverished valley in the Telegu section of South India. Charged with stirring up discord, he won over 14 of the valley’s brightest young men to communism.

But one day Joseph John, director of a World Neighbours-supported project in the area, learned that Ponnuswamy’s wife was desperately ill. John approached the communist. “Without medical care,” he said, “your wife will die. Let us help you.”

Hesitantly, Ponnuswamy brought his wife to the dispensary, where her disease was brought under control. While she was recovering, Ponnuswamy watched landless labourers getting land of their own, literacy classes operating, mothers’ clubs learning child care. Seeking out John, he said, “I became a communist because I was concerned about the needs of the masses. I was

taught that only communists care. Yet you are doing what we’ve only talked about. What makes you do these things?”

Replied John: “We know that a better world can come only from men who love their neighbours as themselves.”

Abruptly, Ponnuswamy blurted, “I would like to be that kind of man. Can I join you?”

Today Ponnuswamy is the valley’s social-education director, teaching literacy, preaching democracy based on Christian concern, writing dramas exposing communism’s weaknesses.

In India at election time the Congress Party’s symbol of two bullocks and the Communist Party’s symbol of a sickle are a common sight.

When, during a recent election, communist leaders came to Ponnuswamy’s valley to discover why the communist vote had fallen to almost nothing, they were met with this reply: “For years we were your sickle, reaping votes for you, and nothing happened. Now we have bullocks and ploughs; we no longer wear the rags of the outcaste. Do you wonder why we vote for the bullocks?”

Hopeful Hearts. In recent years World Neighbours has multiplied greatly its schemes in Africa and Latin America—largely under the direction of its energetic overseas director Merlin Bishop. There is, for example, Galindo on the

Cauca River in northern Colombia. Here, in one of the world's dreariest backwaters, World Neighbours in 1962 found Carlos Delgado.

A small, intense man, Delgado was dedicated to emancipating his people from the grip of feudal landlords. With little schooling he had nevertheless studied enough medicine, dentistry, law and pedagogy to meet the people's minimum needs. Freeing them from economic serfdom, however, was more difficult. Seasonal floods regularly washed off the topsoil and wiped out their crops. Wealthy landowners grazed their stock on the only public land available to peasants. Profiteers bought their raw rice for a quarter of what it later cost the people to buy it back processed.

Delgado was struggling to form a rice co-operative when WN came to his aid. A small loan provided a generator, rice mill and other needed equipment. Filled with new hope, the villagers accomplished the backbreaking task of erecting a waterproof rice barn, with storage space for grain and equipment; hauled tons of earth to lift the edifice above the flood line, made 4,000 concrete blocks, felled and hand-sawed trees to complete the structure.

The basic food shortage now

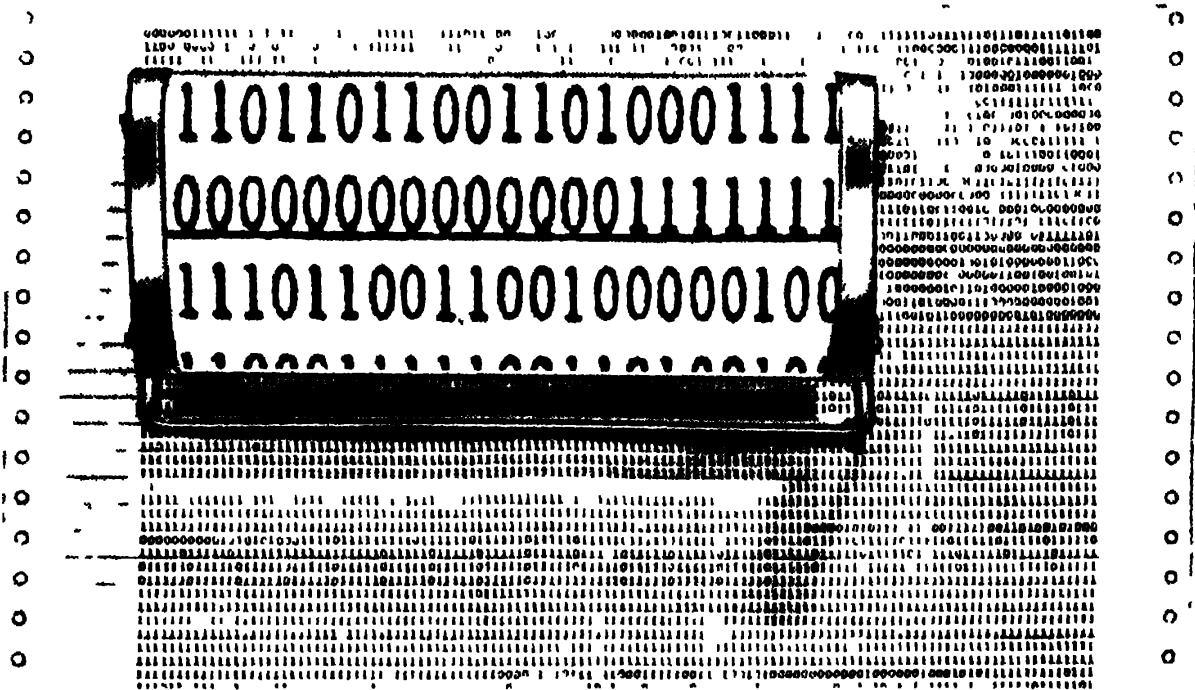
overcome, income from surplus rice is paying off the debt on the new equipment. Legal rights to use public lands have been obtained, new tracts of land cleared, and members of the co-operative are saving for a new school. Other poor villagers along the Cauca River have come to Galindo to marvel and gone back to start, with World Neighbours help, their own regeneration.

Says Delgado: "For the first time in memory, my people's bellies are filled with enough food. But, better yet, for the first time their hearts are full of hope!"

A Thousand Open Doors. World Neighbours schemes have proved conclusively that implanting the self-help incentive is the surest route to lifting the vast millions of the world's poor and disinherited. Says John Peters: "Once people are touched with the magic of pride in doing for themselves, they are on the way to a self-transformation that nothing can stop. Across the world there are a thousand doors standing ajar for those who will join hands and hearts in real people-to-people effort. The power of 'just people' is limitless. But it's a power that somehow becomes dissipated when delegated to bureaucratic institutions or to government."

A FATHER told his daughter that in his day young girls knew how to blush. "Whatever did you say to them?" was her reply. —R. S.

A Computer Looks at Mars



The first "snapshots" of Mars looked like this—because only "noughts" and "ones" could be transmitted to earth from Mariner IV. But IBM computers helped to convert them into photographs—including the remarkable "close-ups" of craters never before seen by man

LAST JULY man saw the first close-up photographs from Mars. Above you see how they arrived on earth—in a maze of millions of numbers. The way scientists changed these numbers into photographs is a fascinating story.

The problem was this. When Mariner IV snapped its pictures, it was 135 million miles in space—

with just enough power to speak back to earth in the simple digit language of "noughts" and "ones."

The camera on board Mariner IV took only still photographs. These pictures were scanned and broken into 64 different shades of grey. Each shade became a number, and the numbers in sequence were transmitted to the tracking stations of

Reprinted from an IBM advertisement

America's National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory.

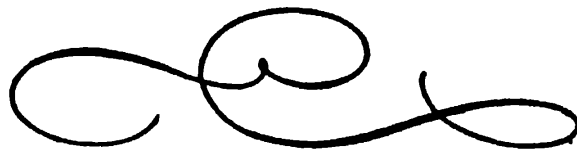
The signals were faint when they reached earth—*only one trillionth of a watt strength*. They were amplified, taped, and fed into IBM computers. Each sequence of six "noughts" and "ones" became a piece of visual information, which was then reconverted into one of 64 shades of grey to make a picture, much as the tiny dots make up the picture on a television screen.

But in the long trip from Mars, these electronic signals had been affected by "space noise"—interference from interplanetary space as well as from earth. How can it be eliminated to produce even sharper pictures?

The IBM computer can analyse 40,000 points in a given picture frame. By comparing each scan line with others, it spots the "space noise" and is eliminating it.

The transmitted signals also carried new clues to Mars' environment, such as the nature of its magnetic field, and the density of its atmosphere. This data was "unscrambled" and made usable by IBM computers.

Mariner's rendezvous with Mars is the longest and most precise feat of marksmanship in all space history. Many months of analysis will be necessary before scientists can abstract all the information gathered by Mariner. But man has made a historic step in the exploration of interplanetary space.



Explanation Points

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD, reprimanded for interrupting, explained: "But I must interrupt to get started."
—D. C.

AN OLD MAN had lived in an old house in the same town for 50 years. One day he surprised everybody by moving next door. When they asked him why he moved, he replied, "I suppose it's just the gipsy in me."
—L. C. M.

COLUMNIST Ralph Reppert says, "I cannot indulge in such sports as water-skiing, mountain climbing and water polo because of my poor back—it has a big yellow streak running down it."

A WOMAN paid her psychiatrist Rs. 10,000 then told friends she wasn't going to make any more appointments with him. She explained with a sigh, "I'm afraid that if I pay him any more money, it'll give him a guilt complex."
—M.T.



Quarrying for Carrara marble in the Apuan mountains of northern Italy

MARBLE, the Stone that Comes to Life

Matchless in texture, limitless in variety, the "substance of eternity" is experiencing a welcome modern renaissance

BY ERNEST HAUSER

THE DERRICK gently manipulated the 30-ton block of stone to the quarry floor, where it lay like a fallen animal, white with blue veins. Its owner, 72 year-old Alfio Franzoni, scrambled on to it, his experienced eyes searching for flaws. Then, he put his tanned hand on the stone in a caressing gesture. "Sound marble," he pronounced.

We were high in the marble-bearing mountains above the ancient

northern Italian town of Carrara—world capital of the marble business. The product quarried there today is still the same tough, sugary stone from which Imperial Rome turned the columns of its Forum; from which Michelangelo carved his "Pietà."

Signor Franzoni, head of a small family-owned company, is a living link in one of many proud Carrara dynasties. Three generations of Franzonis have hewn into this

mountainside, and there is still no end to the marble. Gazing up the 300-foot-high cliff from which the great blocks had been cut, he pointed to a mark made by the cutting tools.

"My grandfather started at the top in 1883, and worked down to that line," he said. "Downward from there, my father worked the quarry. And that point" —he tossed a bit of marble up against the cliff —"is where I came in." Two sons are with him, and Franzonis may be breaking marble here for generations to come.

Marble is coming back into popularity. Because of its close association with overbearing Victorian décor, the modern world for years relegated marble to the scrap-heap in favour of concrete, steel and glass. Then in the late 1950's architects noticed that a dreary blank wall would come to life when faced with marble, that a few marble touches would break the monotony of modern city streets. Since then, the durable stone, no more costly than certain glass or metal plates, has taken its place among modern materials. Marble now graces entrance halls and stairways, theatres, supermarkets, banks and restaurants.

Marble is very special stuff. The very word, derived from the Greek *marmairein*—"to glitter"—breathes grandeur. Beauty, nobility and permanence are its chief attributes. Ever since, some 5,000 years ago,

Greek fishermen used the translucent stone found on their islands to carve idols—now precious objects in the world's museums—marble has been the substance of eternity. What was to last for ever was wrought in marble, for though it will slowly wear away under the gnawing force of wind and rain, it stands the battering of centuries better than most materials.

Symbol of Power. From the start, the stigma of "conspicuous consumption" has been affixed to marble. Quarried in distant mountains at risk of life and limb, shipped to the market place at a huge cost in time and money, marble was for the rich and powerful. The "great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones" (I Kings, 5:17) that went into Solomon's Temple may well have been imported marble. The Roman Emperor Augustus boasted that he had found a city built of brick and left it one of marble. After the decline and fall, the palaces and monuments of Rome were stripped, and some of its famous churches, such as St. Peter-in-Chains, were built with marble columns snatched from pagan ruins.

As empires flourished and died, marble stayed close to the centres of power. Istanbul's St. Sophia, for nearly a millennium the largest, most sumptuous church in Christendom, is a sample case of the earth's choicest marbles. Pure white marble encrusted with precious stones forms the glittering envelope of the

matchless Taj Mahal. The Cathedral of Milan is marble-turned-to-lace. Louis XIV, the Sun King, adorned Versailles with the most precious marbles he could find.

Yet, like its distant relative the diamond, which is no more than crystallized carbon, marble is of humble origin. Its parent is the common limestone, formed in primeval oceans by the remnants of myriad tiny shellfish. Later—perhaps 25 million years ago—when mountains heaved and seas receded, great heat and pressure transformed some of the limestone mass into a crystalline rock: marble. Break it, and—without a magnifying glass—you will see the crystals.

Despite its durability, marble is relatively soft; granite is twice as hard. You can scratch marble with an iron nail, but you cannot scratch glass with marble. Its tough texture makes the stone so malleable that, chiselled by a sculptor's skill, it will assume any shape desired. No other raw material, for instance, could have produced so perfect an illusion as that wet, filmy, wind-blown garment that clings to the nearly nude body of the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

Among marble's charm is its translucency. Daylight will penetrate its surface to a depth—depending on the stone's compactness—of up to two inches. Reflected by the deeper crystals, the rays can transform the stone's whiteness into a close semblance of living flesh. The

famous statue of Hermes attributed to Praxiteles seems to pulsate with the warmth and vigour of youth.

Nature's Lavish Pigments. In fashioning marble, Nature dipped her brush into the same rich paints that mark her treatment of the butterfly. In the prehistoric writhings of our planet, all kinds of foreign matter became mixed up with the original limestone mass; folded in with the marble, like chocolate in a marble cake, these alien minerals and pigments show up as spots and veins, bands, clouds and flames. I have sampled reds and pinks, greens, blues and purples, yellows and browns. Solid colours are rare—three-tone and even four-tone marbles are common. I have seen marbles that reminded me of watered silk, bronze, snakeskin and rosewood.

Of the earth's several thousand types, no two marbles are quite alike, nor will two slices cut from the same block show precisely the same pattern. Prices vary enormously; three-quarter-inch slabs can sell at from Rs. 5 to Rs. 33 a square foot.

Few countries are entirely devoid of marble lodes. Italy, Greece, Spain, France, Turkey and the great northern shelves of Africa abound with the precious stone. The principal marble-quarrying area of India is in Rajasthan, but there are also important quarries near Jabalpur.

Men Against Mountains. Marble quarrying is a risk-fraught business. In an Italian quarry, I looked on as a

block of statuary white came off the mountain and split down the middle. The quarry owner's face turned marble-white. A hidden fissure had rent the block, and Rs. 24,000 worth of stone had, in the twinkling of an eye, shrivelled to Rs. 9,000.

Men labour in remote, inhospitable mountains, exposed to snow and freezing winds. Climbing steep hillsides, strewn with slippery rubble, they are apt to fall; serious accidents are frequent. For the employer, there is no security. "It's not like mining ordinary minerals where you know what you'll have when you refine them," a quarry supervisor told me. "In marble, it's the *block* that must be sound! Earth pockets, fracture lines, or patches of bad colour eat away its value. More losses are incurred in slicing up your block. What's left over in the end is often less than one-fifth of the mass you started out with: But, marble or no marble, the weekly wages must be met."

The marble business is run by a brotherhood of quarry managers, merchants or saw-mill owners whose respect for the stone verges on love. In Italy, today's most marble-conscious country, some 300 quarrying companies work the Apuan Alps above Carrara, mining an annual 600,000 tons of marble. (Italy's total annual output of a million tons of crude marble maintains an easy lead over all rivals.)

Carrara talks, eats, dreams and merchandises marble. In sprawling,

sun-baked yards, it is stacked five or six blocks high. In humming workshops, electric gangsaws slice up lumps of stone as if they were so many loaves of bread. Carrara's little port is alive with freighters, loading and unloading blocks and slabs. The central clearing house for the world's stone trade, Carrara buys, processes and sells every brand of marble known to man. "Whatever out-of-the-way stone an architect is looking for, the chances are he'll find it in Carrara," one of the largest dealers told me. The whole Carrara coast, a crowded, 20-mile-long strip, tinkles with marble. Tourists in the local resort browse in shops where souvenirs are wrought in statuary marble.

Sculptors are drawn to these hills. Late one afternoon, I met Henry Moore, the greatest sculptor of our time. He had nosed about the quarries, and he was stirred by what he had seen. "I carved my first small block of white Carrara as an art student in London," he said, "and I have loved the touch of marble ever since. Who knows, I might find the ideal block whose shape will lead me on to something big."

I looked at his inspired face, and then at the mountains where the white patches of the quarries still stood out dimly in the fading light. I could sense the magic of a stone whose empire was of both mind and matter, idea and form, imagination and reality. Men would go on dreaming, I was sure, in marble.

LAUGHTER THE BEST MEDICINE

ONE ZEALOUS art student went to a gallery and spent a bewildered hour looking over abstract and cubist works. She was finally attracted to a painting consisting of a black dot on a field of white and framed in brass. "How much for this?" she asked.

"That's the light switch," she was told.

—Vikki Carr

A FELLOW phoned his wife from his favourite club to tell her he'd been working overtime and would be late for dinner. "Don't give me that old rubbish about working late," came the voice from the other end of the phone. "Get out of that club immediately. This is a recorded announcement."

—Robert Sylvester

SOME American nuns felt understandable concern over the choice of Italian actress Sophia Loren to play the leading role in a forthcoming film about the life of Mother Cabrini, the only American citizen to be canonized by the Roman Catholic Church. They didn't mention the awkward matter of her disputed marriage to Carlo Ponti; they didn't fuss about her earthy film roles. "Mother Cabrini," the nuns explained with admirable tact, "was a small, slender woman. Miss Loren is bulky."

—*The Saturday Evening Post*

A MOTORIST was cruising along with his wife and mother-in-law in the back seat constantly bombarding him with

directions. Finally, the poor soul could take no more. He pulled off the road, slammed on the brakes and whirled round to face his wife.

"Look," he shouted. "Who's driving this car, you or your mother?"

—Dan Sempler

THERE'S nothing like a little girl to greet you after a long hard day at the office, reports a father whose seven-year-old met him at the door with a hug, a kiss and the comforting words, "Guess who was sick at school today, Daddy?"

—Roger Allen

IN THE CAPITAL of a shaky European country, they tell this story. One man asks, "What's the difference between a bikini and our government?"

The answer: "No difference. Everybody wonders what's keeping it up, and everybody's hoping it will fall."

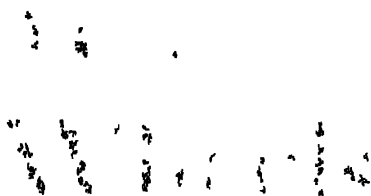
—Leonard Lyons

DURING the First World War, Will Rogers was delivering his monologue in the Ziegfeld Follies one evening when a hatchet-faced woman in the ninth row called out, "Why aren't you in the army?"

Rogers gave everybody in the audience time to turn round and look at his heckler, then drawled, "For the same reason, madam, that you aren't in the Follies: physical disabilities."

—Bennett Cerf

*In his home-made,
jet-propelled Green Monster,
Art Arfons set a new
land-speed record*



BY JOHN REDDY

ROLLING up to the starting line at Utah's Bonneville salt flats on October 5, 1964 was a racing car that looked like something designed by Emmett. It had "Green Monster" emblazoned on its side, and it was so ugly that spectators called it "the garbage truck." Over the cavernous jet intake on its nose was a stubby wing that looked like a coffee table. Bulging from its side was a cockpit in which the driver steered the car lying almost supine. But the Green Monster soon demonstrated that it was no truck.

Howling like a banshee, it

streaked through the measured mile at 396.34 m.p.h. Then it turned round and sped back through the mile once more, this time at 479.62 m.p.h. U.S. Auto Club officials checked their electronic timers which averaged the two runs with corrections for wind and other conditions. Art Arfons, the Green Monster's builder and driver, had set a new world's land-speed record of 434.02 miles an hour!

Easygoing Mechanic. A lean, easygoing six-footer, Arfons, 40, is something of a freak in the dangerous, fiercely competitive world

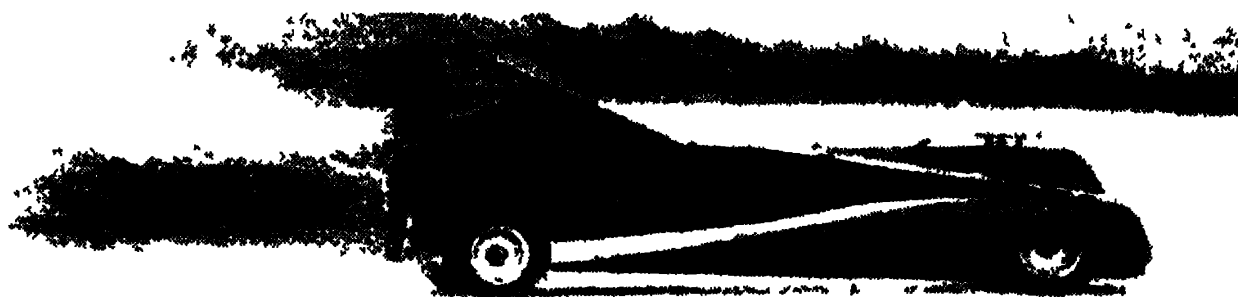
Condensed from Discovery

of speed. For decades land-speed records had been held by British drivers, backed by multimillion-pound subsidies from industry. Arfons built his car out of bits and pieces in a ramshackle garage in Akron, Ohio: it had a 1951 Dodge truck axle, a 1955 Packard steering system and an instrument panel from an old aeroplane.

The speed king was born in Akron, where his father had a feed mill powered by a car engine. As a youngster Art learned how to keep the engine running. Later on at secondary school he took special

parts from used-car junk yards and set to work in a little corrugated-iron garage Art built near his house.

Before long the place looked like a junk yard. Weeds grew amid the car parts scattered round it. Soon Art and Walt and a friend named Ed Snyder were building one dragster after another, always seeking more speed. Because Art painted them with war-surplus green paint they became known as "green monsters." They were not pretty, but he began winning races with them. In 1955, just one year after he built his first dragster, he won the World



evening classes in welding and aircraft mechanics. But he displayed no interest in racing until after the Second World War, when the family feed business began slackening off. Art, by then married, looked round for some way to make a little extra money.

Weeds in the Parts. One day in 1954 he attended a drag race—a contest in which pairs of stock cars or specially-built racers zoom over a straight quarter-mile course from a standing start. It looked like fun, and he decided to build a dragster. He and his brother Walt scrounged

Drag Racing Championships at Lawrenceville, Illinois.

In 1959 Art decided to go into racing full time. He and Ed Snyder built a dragster powered with an Allison aeroplane engine and in 1960 took it to Bonneville. A typical Arfons home-made product, the machine looked like a turtle, with Art seated in a protruding nose cockpit in front of the engine, an exhaust like a stove-pipe jutting up behind his head. The contraption averaged 270 m.p.h. over the salt flats—impressive for a dragster, but far shy of the land-speed record of

394 m.p.h. held by John Cobb. In 1961 Art got the same car up to 313.78 m.p.h.—still far short of the record.

Friendly Tinkerer. All the rest of that year Art raced at week-ends to win grocery money, and during the week he and Ed worked in his crowded garage. They picked up a jet engine, a surplus J-47, and Art splurged 5,000 dollars getting a designer to make a special streamlined body. In 1962 the new machine, literally no more than a jet engine on wheels, made a run of 342 m.p.h.—fastest yet for Arfons, but still no record.

Experts and other drivers at Bonneville considered Art an amiable eccentric, more a friendly back-yard tinkerer than a threat to the world speed record. But *he* didn't see anything funny about his bargain-basement methods and unusual cars; to him they were beautiful.

"That Technical Stuff." Undaunted by three years of fruitless effort, Art and Snyder returned to Akron to build yet another car. They bought a J-79 jet engine—the finest type, 17,000 horse-power—that had mistakenly been declared surplus because it was damaged. It had originally cost more than a quarter of a million dollars. Art got it for 5,000 dollars, then set about repairing the 60 damaged turbine blades, patiently filing them down and rebalancing them. To test the jet they lashed it up between two trees

behind the garage. The blast broke windows half a mile away. "It even dried up the marsh at the back of the garage," Art recalls. "The police came running every time we tested her."

This time he couldn't afford a fancy custom-built body. For 35 dollars he and Snyder made a gadget that duplicated the work of a 10,000-dollar metal-shaping machine, and built their own body for next to nothing. To expel the braking chutes which halt the car after its high-speed runs he rigged up a 12-bore shotgun bought for three dollars in an Akron pawnshop. Such releasing devices normally cost 1,000 dollars each.

The finished car weighed three and a half tons and was 21 feet long—very small for a high-speed car. "We had to make it short," Arfons explains, "so it would fit in the bus we had to haul it in." The bus dimensions also meant he could allow only three-quarters of an inch clearance for each foot of length in his car, under the Green Monster. "An engineer told me you have to have one-inch ground clearance per foot, otherwise you can't move the air underneath. I don't understand that technical stuff, so I ignored him." (Actually, what he did was to work out a way to suck the air under the car up *into* the engine.)

A car has a tendency to become airborne at great speed. Several drivers had been killed at Bonneville when their cars took off and

crashed, so Art worked out an aeroplane tail to give the car stability, and also a stub of a wing to hold the front wheels down.

He and Snyder worked nearly a year to build this latest Monster. The total cost was 20,000 dollars—an insignificant sum for big-time racing. Firestone agreed to furnish wheels and tyres and sent a team of crack engineers. "They asked me for a blueprint," Art says with a grin. "I didn't have any. I just handed them a hub." The engineers built him special tyres, treadless and inflated with nitrogen, made to withstand speeds up to 600 m.p.h.

Fastest Man . . . for a Day. In that first trial in October 1964, Arfons drove the Green Monster to a record 434.02 m.p.h. This stood just long enough for him to get back home to Akron. Then Craig Breedlove, a Californian fireman and hot-rod racer, drove his eight-ton, three-wheeler "Spirit of America" through the measured mile at an incredible pace. On the return run, his steering system failed at 539 m.p.h. and he veered off course, splintered a telephone pole ploughed through a 12-foot dike, bounded into the air and plunged into a 20-foot-deep lake. Although the "Spirit" was demolished, Breedlove was able to swim to safety. He had set up a fantastic new record of 526 m.p.h.

Art was tinkering with the Green Monster in Akron when he got the news. "O.K.," he said quietly,

"we'll go out there and get the record back."

On October 26, the night before his next record try, Art was jittery. He thought of his wife June, who had urged him to give up his endless quest for the record, and of his two sons. He thought of the men who had lost their lives on the salt flats. He became almost physically ill and slept very little.

He was still nervous the next morning. The flats, ordinarily silky-smooth, had been chewed up by Breedlove's wild run, so Art's test runs had been bumpy and disappointingly slow. His usually ruddy face, burned by the wind and sun of the salt flats, seemed white as his crew closed the canopy over his head.

One Long Blur. But the nervousness drained away as soon as he felt the wheel in his hand and heard the unearthly scream of the jet engine.

The shimmering white flats stretched away for ten miles in front of him—two miles for acceleration, one for speed, seven for deceleration. Lying back in his cramped cockpit, Arfons experienced a feeling of elation as the Monster gained momentum.

When his car roared into the measured mile, it was travelling like a projectile. Art tried to focus his vision about 800 feet ahead. The whistling of the wind grew so loud that it drowned the roar of the hot jet engine only an inch away from

his right ear, The bleak hills on either side flashed by in a long blur and the flats seemed as rough as cobblestones. It took just under seven seconds to flash through the mile, and five miles to bring the Monster to a stop. He had negotiated the first lap at 515.98 m.p.h.

"You'll have to do better than 550 on the return run to break Breedlove's record," Snyder told him.

Trigger the Chutes. Now the Monster was roaring into the measured mile on the return lap. Art's eyes flickered to the air-speed indicator. It registered 500 . . . 525 . . . 540. The three-and-a-half ton machine began to buck and bounce sideways. If he cut in his afterburner, it would give the car an additional burst of speed, but it might also throw it out of control. Art cut it in. The Monster bolted forward.

Smoke from the afterburner blackened the white spume of salt rising beyond the streaking car. The indicator kept climbing . . . 550 . . . 560 . . . 575. The Firestone people had warned Art not to go over 600 m.p.h.; the tyres were built to stand only that much. But he was making an all-out effort. He kept tramping on the accelerator. The Monster was going faster than 600 m.p.h. as it flashed across the finishing line of the measured mile.

Suddenly his right rear tyre exploded! The careering car swerved but kept going. Smoke poured into the cockpit. Pieces of the batteries

flew off. With only seven miles of flat left—travelling at nine miles a minute—Art cut his power and pushed the button to trigger his first parachute. It popped out and was torn away. Still travelling at 400 m.p.h., he triggered the emergency chute. It tore to shreds, but slowed down the rampaging racer. He stepped on his brakes and they burnt out. Still the distance markers flashed by like boards in a picket fence. Finally, almost at the end of the ten-mile course, Art wrestled the Monster to a stop. His speed for the second run was 559.179 m.p.h., and, with corrections for wind and weather, this gave him an average of 536.7.

He was again the fastest man on wheels.

High Flyer. Art is proud to have captured the land-speed record for the United States. His objective now is to hang on to the record by pushing it ahead again. "The Monster can do 650 m.p.h. if they can build tyres that will take it," he says. "All I have to do is push that pedal down a little more."

The biggest kick Arfons got was in flying home. The captain of the airliner made the customary announcement over the loudspeaker—giving altitude and speed, noting that the plane was cruising at 550 m.p.h.

Then he sent the stewardess back to Arfons to say, "We know you're used to travelling faster. Please be patient with us!"

IN VIETNAM: The Village that Lost Its Soul

BY MALCOLM BROWNE

Though the Viet Cong's ambushes and massive attacks get the headlines in the news from Vietnam, it is their silent subversion of the countryside that keeps the war endlessly going. Here Associated Press correspondent Malcolm Browne, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting from Vietnam last year, shows, step by step, how today's communist guerrilla warfare achieves its insidious ends. Says Browne: "I do not mention the name of the hamlet for the reason that I have drawn details from several villages as a kind of composite. But I want to assure the reader that none of this is fiction. And the protagonist of the story, Thuan, was very real."



IT WAS dusk when ten strangers arrived in the hamlet of A. The day's ploughing was over, and the water buffalo were tethered in their open sheds next to the huts. Rice was steaming in big aluminium pots over charcoal fires, and the smell of *nuoc mam*, a fermented fish sauce, was heavy in the air. The war had not touched the village in all these years.

The strangers carried guns, but they were smiling as they walked into the cluster of huts. Their leader saluted an old bearded resident.

"*Chau bac. Manh gioi?* (Hallo, Uncle. Are you well?)"

The old man responded with equal politeness, but looked the strange group over closely. The leader, who called himself Thuan, was an intelligent-looking man of about 30. He was wearing a wide-brimmed bush hat, and black shirt tucked into khaki trousers, and sandals made from pieces of car tyre. The only one in the group without a gun was a girl of about 25 who was carrying a guitar. Her face was serious, her eyes were warm, friendly.

Condensed from "The New Face of War," © 1965 by Malcolm W. Browne, published by Cassell, London

Thuan addressed the old man. "My people have not had anything to eat for two days. I wonder, Uncle, if we could impose on your hamlet for a little rice." A dozen villagers had gathered around the group.

"Certainly," the old man said. "You shall eat your fill." (A stranger is never turned away by a Vietnamese farmer.)

"It is very kind of you," said Thuan. "Earlier today we passed through a hamlet where we hoped to get something to eat, but it was impossible. The same old story: the Americans had dropped poison over everything. No one can eat the rice there without a terrible death."

Sweet, Sad Songs. The group was fed, and after dinner Thuan suggested that they repay their hosts with some entertainment. When all had gathered in one of the larger huts, the girl played her guitar and sang. She had a soft, sweet voice, and her songs were the sad, old-fashioned songs of lonely fishermen in their sampans. The eyes of some of the older villagers turned moist with nostalgia, and quite a few more people gathered outside to listen. Then the travellers shouldered their rifles and disappeared into the night.

A few days later they came back, this time during the midday siesta. "We came to repay our debt to you," said Thuan. "We noticed that some of your houses need repairs. Also, some of your children look ill. Miss Nga, the girl who played her guitar for you, is a nurse, and

she has brought some medicine."

This time the girl carried a kit bag over her shoulder instead of a guitar, and was wearing a Red Cross armband.

"All of us must be able to do many things to help the people effectively," Thuan explained. "We have had to learn these things in the National Liberation Front."

The NLF agitation and propaganda (agitprop) squad came back to the village again and again. It began holding "group meetings." "We shed our blood to destroy the French devils at Dien Bien Phu in 1954," Thuan said to the men of the town. "Then a new aggressor came, with bombs and germs and poison. Soon the Liberation Front will destroy the new aggressor, too! *Da Dao My!* (Down with America!)"

The girl, Nga, gathered around her most of the women in the village. To them she said: "My sister, who was only 16, died because of the Americans. They raped her 82 times, and then cut off her breasts and hung them from a tree. The Liberation Front is the only hope for Vietnamese women. *Da Dao My!*"

Then, late one afternoon, Thuan and his group arrived at the village with disturbing news. "To-day the Americans and their puppet troops tried to destroy a hamlet 20 kilometres from here. I'm afraid they may strike here, too. If you could help us a little——"

"What is it you need?" someone asked Thuan.

“We need foot traps to halt the enemy’s advance. You take ordinary nails and sharpen them. Then you sink four or five, with the point upwards, in a block of concrete or piece of wood. Even a child can make them. Would some of you and your children help us defend our homeland?”

By the end of a week most of the hamlet was involved in making nail boards. The sharpened nails, which could easily penetrate the sole of an army boot, were treated with tetanus-infected buffalo urine.

The next time the team came back, Thuan called the villagers together. “I have something important to tell you,” he said. “The aggressors have heard that we are making nail boards, and now we must prepare to save ourselves. They will try to round up all your young men for conscription into their puppet army.”

“We Must Fight Together.”

And so it began. Each day, Thuan held drills for the young men, who would scatter into the fields and jungle. Some hid in rice paddies, and Thuan showed them how they could breathe under water through a straw without being seen. Others hid in the tunnels that were beginning to honeycomb the hamlet.

The agitprop team worked as hard as anyone else on the tunnels and other fortifications. Mud embankments with gun ports began to go up, so skilfully camouflaged that they looked like normal paddy

dikes. Sharpened bamboo stakes bristled from these embankments, and nail boards were planted in the water fields around them. The visitors also helped to keep the farms going. “We work together, eat together and live together. Sometimes we must fight together,” Thuan told the villagers.

Then one morning Thuan and his team came to the village dragging a prisoner, a young South Vietnamese army officer. Three of Thuan’s men lashed him to the flagpole. “Comrades, come here,” Thuan shouted. “I want to show you an enemy of the people.” The villagers gathered round curiously. “This man,” Thuan said, “is Lieutenant Nguyen Dinh Thao, the U.S. lackeys’ district chief. We caught him last night while he and his men were raiding a hamlet not far from here. They were arresting all the young men to put in the puppet army and stealing rice from the people. He must pay his penalty.”

One of Thuan’s men unsheathed a dagger, stepped in front of the struggling officer and spat in his face. Then, with a series of swift strokes, he plunged the knife into the man’s belly five times.

The days passed at A., and life underwent more changes. Soon, Thuan made his next bid—his boldest so far. “It is not enough to be able to hide from the aggressor,” he told the villagers. “When we can, we must hurt him. It is our duty to defend our fatherland by

force." He turned to Duc, a young villager. "I want you to gather the village defence squad for an important secret meeting tonight. It is time for us to prove ourselves."

Duc grinned and saluted, proud of his status.

At eight o'clock that night, Duc and nine other frightened but excited village militia boys arrived at the hut that Thuan had designated. Inside, a single candle flickered. Thuan and two other men dressed like him, both strangers, stood beside a large table on which an enormous tray filled with mud had been placed. Miniature buildings, walls and watchtowers had been built of mud in the tray; rows of bamboo toothpicks marked fences and barricades. The whole creation was an exact model of a South Vietnamese government outpost, complete with miniature flag.

The Plan. Thuan greeted them. "Ah, my friends, two of our comrades from the People's Army have joined me tonight to help explain some business we have in hand. But why do you look so serious? This is a joyful occasion. If you act like the revolutionary soldiers you now are, your mission will be completely successful. And you will have good weapons as your reward.

"There is one thing you must remember, though. From now on, everything you do must be in secret. If you betray your comrades through cowardice or malice or by accident, the Liberation Front will

deal with you as traitors. The district chief we brought to your hamlet was a traitor to the people. Do not forget what you saw."

Thuan turned the meeting over to one of the strangers, who spoke in a hard, nasal voice about the model on the table. He described the outpost in minute detail.

"Our plan is simple," he said. "But it depends on strict discipline, silence and camouflage. We shall take two sampans, approaching the hamlet from opposite directions. The sampans will stop 200 metres from the post, and we shall crawl the rest of the way. Three of you will have wire cutters, with which you will make corridors through the barbed wire at three different points. Three others will carry explosive charges through the fence and place them against the towers.

"At exactly 2 a.m., the fuses will be lit. When the charges go off, you will wait while three of us from the People's Army clean out the running dogs with machine guns. When we give the signal, you will all go over the wall into the post and finish off with your daggers anyone who is left. Carry off everything that is valuable. Besides their weapons, they have a radio we want. We also want their documents, money and food."

The lecturer paused and looked round. "From this moment on, you are under the discipline of the People's Armed Forces," he said.

The group left the hut and

marched along a dark trail to a clearing where a full-scale dummy post had been marked out on the ground. Stakes and lengths of string marked the outline of the towers, moats and walls. A canal ran near by, and all night long Thuan, the two strangers and the ten recruits practised the planned assault on the dummy post. After each rehearsal one of the strangers would make a critique of the exercise. Finally, the instructors were satisfied, and the recruits marched home to bed. They were under orders to sleep all day, since the real attack was planned for the next night.

Two mornings later, as a glaring red sun was just slanting up over the flat horizon, the ten recruits straggled back into A. Their black clothing was torn to rags, but each one was grinning broadly and carrying a brand-new weapon. The enemy post had been wiped out without a single Liberation Front casualty. Mothers and sisters rushed to embrace their returning soldier boys. Each had a story to tell, and each was strutting like a peacock with his new weapon. All were ready for a new operation.

But now, of course, the village would have to prepare for reprisals from government forces. Thuan and his team stepped up the lectures and meetings and a work schedule was mapped out for every resident of the hamlet. Big clay pots were buried up to their lids for use as air-raid shelters. Secret hiding places

were dug under most of the hamlet. One large hiding place could be entered only by diving into the canal and swimming through an underwater tunnel in the bank. The roomy hiding place had air vents skilfully concealed by bushes.

The Combat Hamlet. Thuan personally supervised the building of a large underground chamber with a bell-shaped roof pierced by three apertures above ground, each facing in a different direction. Thuan was very fussy about the exact shaping of the interior of this chamber: the shape of the walls would amplify sounds coming through the apertures in such a way that a sentry inside could hear an approaching helicopter as far as 15 miles away and tell exactly the direction from which it was coming.

So, little by little, A. became a Viet Cong "combat hamlet." There were villagers who didn't like the idea; older people, especially, were afraid that all these preparations would expose the hamlet to war. But it was too late to object. Thuan's group was in control. Every man, woman and child was somehow committed to the new way of life.

Everyone was now organized into cells. There were self-defence cells for the men, first-aid cells for the women, flag-making cells for the children, building cells, agricultural cells and, above all, political-study cells. Nearly every cell included one member from Thuan's group, who kept an eye on activities.

In all this time, a period of a year or so, the National Liberation Front was unhindered in its work at A. The self-defence cell, initially only ten recruits, grew to more than 50 men under arms, all of whom participated in occasional forays on government posts.

The Guerrillas. Duc and a few others eventually left the hamlet. They had been spotted by NLF talent scouts as tough, reliable soldiers, and had been asked to join the regional liberation guerrillas who ranged throughout the province, assigned more important missions than knocking out isolated enemy posts. They specialized in big

ambushes, often taking on even enemy armoured columns.

In the village, several transistor radios were kept tuned to "Liberation Radio," the secret Viet Cong transmitter in Tay Ninh Province. News reports each day gave glowing accounts of victories by the Front against Saigon forces and the Americans. Reports also told of ghastly atrocities being committed by the Americans: disembowelling women, violating children, eating the livers of peasants, spreading poison over crops. There was news, too, of NLF support from the outside world. The English aristocrat, Lord Bertrand Russell, had come

AMONG Western experts on guerrilla warfare, perhaps none possesses more impressive credentials than Sir Robert Thompson, until recently head of the British Advisory Mission to South Vietnam. For most of his adult life, Thompson has been either a guerrilla or a guerrilla fighter. During the Second World War, he operated behind Japanese lines in Burma. Later, he commanded the first official British anti-guerrilla unit in Malaya, and helped devise the "strategic hamlet" operation that was largely responsible for suppression of the communist uprising there. In 1961, at the request of the late President Ngo Dinh Diem, Sir Robert went to South Vietnam as an "ideas man" on counter insurgency tactics and stayed on in that capacity for nearly four years. Recently Sir Robert discussed the Vietnamese war with *Newsweek's* Frank Melville. Extracts from their conversation:

Q. You have said that the war in Vietnam could be lost within a year. How so?

A. The Viet Cong have over the last two years established, for the limited purposes required by insurgents, control over the great majority of the country's villages and hamlets. At the same time they have eroded the government and produced an unstable situation in Saigon. Unless the momentum of their advance is halted at this stage, there is grave risk that either the morale of the South Vietnamese forces or the whole of the South Vietnamese Government will collapse under the strain.

out against the imperialists in Vietnam. Even American university students in New York were demonstrating in favour of the Vietnamese National Liberation Front.

So, all in all, it looked from A. as if things were pretty well buttoned up for the National Liberation Front. In any case, A. was now prepared to fight the imperialists and their lackeys to the death. Thuan's mission had succeeded.

The end of the story was predictable. One afternoon South Vietnamese forces attacked and destroyed A. I went along on the attack, and I saw Thuan's shattered body among many villagers who fell. Next to

his body I found a blood-stained pocket notebook with his name inside. The book was meticulously written in long-hand, and obviously had been dictated by an instructor from a handbook on insurrection.

The hamlet had fought well, and its defenders managed to shoot down three American helicopters. All the huts in the village were burnt down, but the artillery and bombs never touched the underground hiding places. Thus many of the militia escaped into the forest to fight another day. When Saigon troops came in, they found, as usual, only women and children and a handful of old men.

Q. What about President Johnson's decision to commit U.S. ground troops to Vietnam?

A. I think it was unavoidable that American combat troops should be committed in order to raise the morale of the Vietnamese forces on which this war depends. It has become necessary to commit larger-scale forces because the Viet Cong guerrilla units over the past few years have expanded from platoons to companies and battalions and can now even operate at regimental combat-team strength.

Q. Do you see any chance that U.S. bombing of North Vietnam can force Hanoi to the bargaining table?

A. I think the effects will be limited to raising the morale of the South Vietnamese and slowing down infiltration from the North.

Q. Could there be a political solution in Vietnam that avoided an eventual communist take-over?

A. At the moment I do not see either Hanoi or the Viet Cong agreeing to any political solution that forced them to surrender what they have already gained.

Q. How long do you think the U.S. will have to fight in Vietnam?

A. It took 12 years in Malaya, and Britain was in a more advantageous position than the Americans in Vietnam. I do not think it would be a wild estimate to say that it may be necessary to soldier on for at least five years.

—*Newsweek*

*The oldest excuse in the world—but
can it possibly be true?*

“I Didn’t Know He Was Married”



By CHESTER CROWELL

ASK ANY woman if she thinks she can tell, after a brief acquaintance, whether a man is married or single and she will assure you that she can. Indeed, nine women out of ten would consider the question stupid, like asking the difference between blue and green.

Nevertheless, when a scandal comes out, one of the standard alibis of the woman is, “I didn’t know he was married.” And the alibi does work.

Undoubtedly some married men succeed in passing themselves off as single, but I shall have to see one perform the trick before I can believe implicitly that it is possible. No matter how many affairs a man may have had, he remains—even to my poor, astigmatic, male eyes—half-baked until he has experienced

marriage. And women are vastly keener judges than any man could possibly be. They pay more attention. The first thing they want to know about a man is whether he is married or not, and he lets them know with about the third flicker of his eyelid.

I recall an amusing lunch engagement with a woman who was introduced to me over the telephone. We met to discuss an important contract.

As it happened we ordered a meat dish garnished with spinach. By the time this arrived, we were both keenly interested in our conversation. I noticed that the spinach was prepared in a way my wife doesn’t like, and absent-mindedly following our custom I took all of it. There was a certain cut of meat

Condensed from Plain Talk

"I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS MARRIED"

which my wife prefers and I carefully served that on to my guest's plate.

When she poured out the coffee, I noticed that she placed one lump of sugar in her cup and three in mine. I never take three lumps.

We were both talking furiously while all this went on but when she handed me my cup we stopped—and laughed.

"You're married, aren't you?" she remarked.

"Yes," I answered. "And so are you," as I fished out the soggy lumps of sugar.

Several years ago I made a sea trip alone. After my first meal I retired to the smoking-room. On the deck, just outside, I noticed some children playing. Presently one of these children, a pretty little girl of about three years of age, appeared in the doorway.

Immediately the men called out greetings to her but she didn't come in; she stood there looking them over appraisingly. I recognized the expression at once. That child wanted something and was trying to pick out the man who would understand.

Her eyes met mine and immediately she stepped into the room, came straight to me, then turned her back and with a familiar baby gesture showed me that her panties were hanging by one button.

She didn't have to be a mind reader to know that I had met babies and their needs. The way I

looked at her must have shown that quite plainly. I gave the requisite attention and she scampered back to her gang unmindful of the laughter in the smoking-room. Every man there knew I was a father.

I have been told that married people sometimes decide to be single for the duration of a voyage. I wonder how many of them get away with it.

For instance, later on that same trip, I was conscripted to make a fourth at bridge. The other players were two young women and a young man, all of us just acquainted. When I joined them we mumbled names in the usual manner. Then we began to play. From time to time I would catch the women studying either me or the other man. They were deciding whether or not we were married. Women, old or young, married or single, always do that; it is their favourite sport.

I recall that occasion rather vividly because I had never before observed so clearly the difference between the questioning gaze of a girl and of a married woman.

One of those women was married: the brunette, I judged, because she looked me over as one inspects a familiar object. The other's gaze was more alert and intent, like that of a child at the zoo. I noticed another thing, too: the married woman liked her husband. A married woman who likes her husband is much more attractive to men than

one who doesn't. The reason is obvious: she feels friendly towards his sex.

It's much easier to like a woman who confidently expects the best of you than one who has been soured by unpleasant experiences.

The married woman who instinctively likes men because she likes her husband not only makes friends for herself but performs the interesting miracle of making all her men friends like each other. Socially she is humanity's highest achievement.

You will have inferred from these remarks that I liked my brunette bridge partner. I did. And not being devoid of male vanity I was flattered by little evidences that she liked me. In short we were having a pleasant, mild flirtation. Not so the other pair. It was evident that they liked each other; yet they could not communicate until they had made some blunt declaration.

At the conclusion of our play someone suggested that the introductions be repeated. To my amazement the brunette was "Miss" and the other was "Mrs." I simply couldn't believe it. But I made no comment, and our talk turned to books.

Now it is an unfortunate fact that you can't get a great deal more out of a book than you bring to it. As I

listened to the young women's comments on books it again seemed to me that the brunette was the married woman and that the one I had identified in my own mind as "the big girl" was single. She spoke of just those passages in books that I should expect to interest a single girl; she had apparently not noticed the humour or pathos that would impress a married man or woman.

While we were talking an elderly gentleman joined our party and said, "Bedtime, young lady." The "big girl's" father. The cat was out of the bag. She confessed. Pretending to be a young wife amused her. And later I found that the "Miss" was a married woman who used the "Miss" because she was the owner of a business run under her maiden name. She told me that it had taken her about ten seconds to see that I was married.

Men, you see, are utter failures as deceivers of women. I have even heard them quote their wives while in the midst of a flirtation! I'd like to watch some bright lad while he deceives a woman. Mind you, I don't assert that it can't be done. But I have never seen it done and I never expect to.

Whenever I hear a woman say: "I didn't know he was married," I roar with laughter.



Sign in a school corridor: "It is easier to build a boy than it is to mend a man."

—C. C. G.

Prayers for Everyday

Collected by JOHN MCCOMBE
Executive Secretary, American Bible Society

"How do you pray? Do you use special prayers when you are by yourself? When you are with your family? Are there a few prayers that mean a great deal to you?" A friend asked me these questions not long ago. Here are the prayers I sent him. Some of them are like the throw of a javelin; some have the slow power of a breaking sunrise; all of them help to provide what my family calls our "invisible means of support."

FOR THE INNER MAN

Give me beauty in the inward soul, for outward beauty I'm not likely to have. May I reckon the wise to be wealthy and those who need the least to be most like the gods.

—Socrates

FOR COURAGE

O God, let me not turn coward before the difficulties of the day or prove recreant to its duties. Let me not lose faith in my fellow men. Keep me sweet and sound of heart, in spite of ingratitude, treachery or meanness. Preserve me from minding little stings or giving them.

—Anonymous

FOR SERENITY

Slow me down, Lord! Ease the pounding of my heart by the quietening of my mind. Steady my hurried pace with the vision of the eternal reach of time. Give me, amid the confusion of my day,

the calmness of the everlasting hills. Inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values that I may grow toward the stars of my greater destiny.

—*Author Unknown*

FOR A HUSBAND'S GUIDANCE

Lord, place Your hands on his shoulder. Whisper Your voice in his ear. Put Your love in his heart. Help him to fulfil Your plan for his life.

—*Prayer of a Wife*

FOR PEACE

O Lord, make us instruments of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is discord, union; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

—*St. Francis of Assisi*

FOR ZEST

Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest; to give and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to seek for rest; to labour and not to ask for any reward save that of knowing that we do Thy will.

—*Author Unknown*

FOR SIMPLICITY

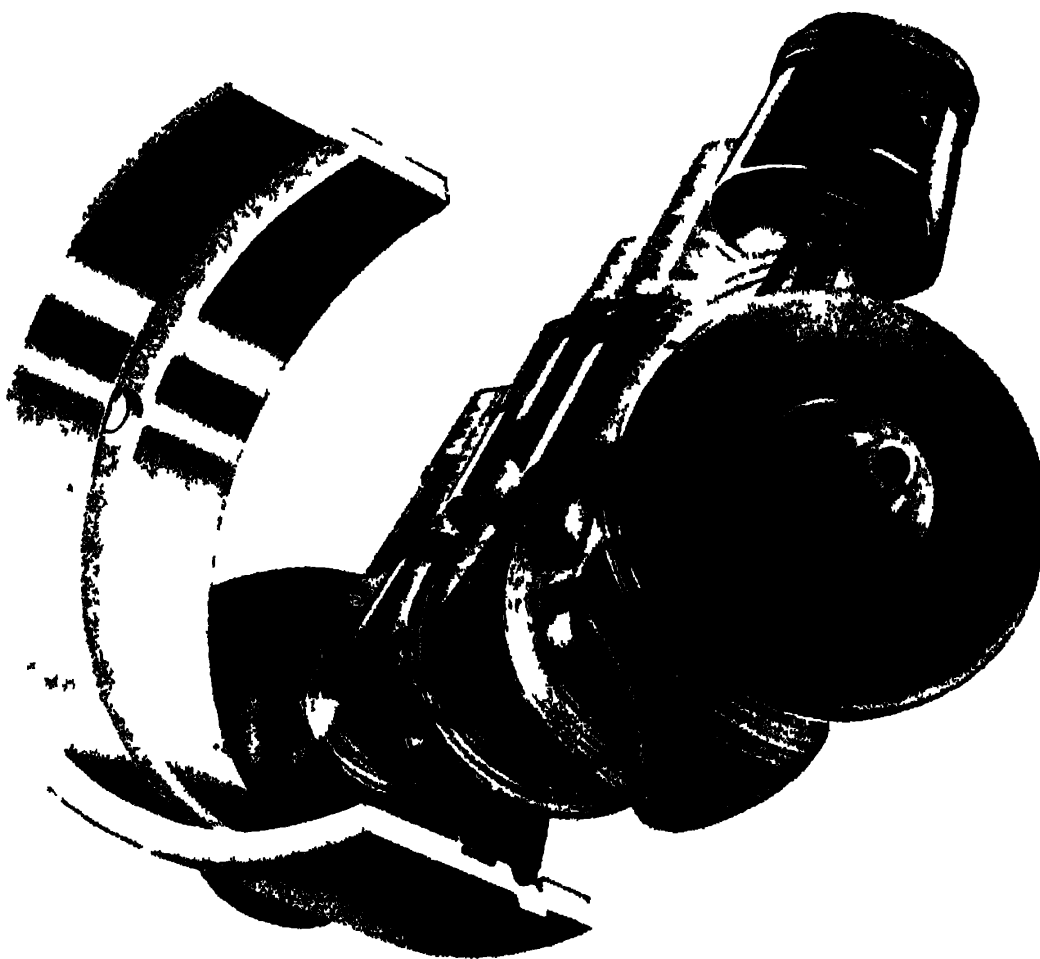
Lord, temper with tranquillity
My manifold activity,
That I may do my work for Thee
In very great simplicity.

—*Author Unknown*

FOR A SPIRIT OF SERVICE

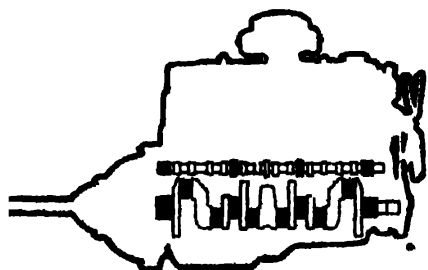
O Thou who art the Light of the minds that know Thee, the Life of the souls that love Thee and the Strength of the wills that serve Thee, help us so to know Thee that we may truly love Thee, so to love Thee that we may fully serve Thee, whom to serve is perfect freedom.

—*Author Unknown*



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Master of the Mountain Peaks

BY GEORGE KENT AND JOHN REDDY

*Walter Bonatti,
"the greatest mountain
climber of all time,"
pushes human courage
and endurance to the
utmost—and comes
out on top*

As dusk fell last February 20, hundreds of the inhabitants of the Swiss village of Zermatt left their houses and clustered in silent groups along the main street. There was a current of anxiety in the air. They were waiting for a signal, all eyes riveted on the mighty Matterhorn, the brooding,



triangular mountain peak that dominates their village.

A century earlier, an Englishman, Edward Whymper, had been the first to climb to the top of this 14,690-foot mountain, thereby launching the sport of Alpine climbing.* Since then, tens of thousands of climbers had come to Zermatt to scale its heights, usually by the relatively easy southern approach. But now the great Italian Alpinist,

* See "A Man and a Mountain," The Reader's Digest for July 1965.

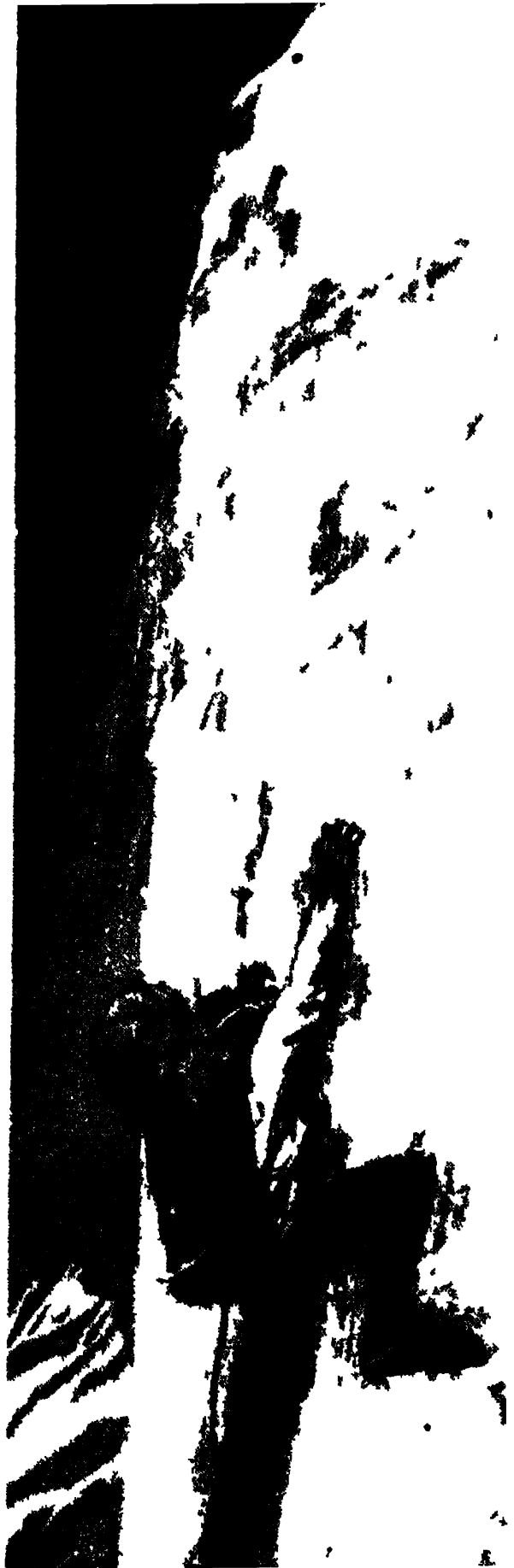
Walter Bonatti, was attempting what experienced climbers called "the impossible"—a *direttissima*, a direct ascent of the sheer, ice-sheathed northern face of the mountain, a route so perpendicular that guides spoke of it as "the route a drop of water would take." Never before had one man attempted this spear-straight, 3,550-foot climb in the dead of winter.

For two days the people of Zermatt had trained their binoculars and telescopes on the tiny figure as he inched his way upwards. Clad in a yellow windbreaker, knee-high red gaiters and a red stocking-cap, he looked like some exotic insect climbing an immense white wall.

Silently the villagers waited for Bonatti's nightly signal—a green flare if he was going on, a red one if he was turning back. Precisely at eight o'clock, a faint arc of green light shone high on the mountain-side. Bonatti was not giving up.

Bivouacked at 12,144 feet, with the lights of Zermatt twinkling far below, Bonatti lay shivering in his "bed"—a hammock suspended in space by ropes attached to two pitons* driven into the rock wall. If a piton worked loose or the rope snapped, he would plunge to his death on the Piefmatten Glacier more than half a mile below. Bonatti melted some snow with his alcohol burner, made a cup of coffee.

* A piton is a steel spike with an eye on the end to which a snap hook and a rope can be attached. Driven into a crack or crevice, it is the essential tool of the Alpinist.



MASTER OF THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS

and ate a few mouthfuls of biscuit and dried chamois meat.

The cold was penetrating. Bonatti's sun goggles had cracked in the sub-zero temperature, leaving him half-blinded as icy gusts beat against the cliff. His fingers were swollen, cracked and bleeding—he climbed much of the time without mittens, preferring to feel each rock projection and crevice with his bare hands, to test its strength. Often he had to smash the ice above with his axe before he could find a place to hook his fingers or anchor a piton.

To keep his feet from freezing to-night, he would have to do the same thing he had done the previous night: force himself to stay awake and, by drumming his feet against the mountainside, keep the blood circulating in them. He had now gone 38 hours without proper sleep.

The next day, his third, Bonatti grimly clawed his way upwards. It was then that he felt loneliest, and he talked to the teddy bear given to him by a friend's son for luck. Finally, so exhausted that he could scarcely see, he found a small niche for his final bivouac. There he dozed fitfully, knowing that the morrow would bring an end to his trial—one way or another.

At first light on the fourth day, Bonatti looked above him. Unable to see the summit, he checked his pocket altimeter and reckoned that there were 1,240 feet left to climb. But this was up a treacherous stretch of icy, overhanging rock that would

certainly drain his last reserves of strength. To lighten his pack (it weighed 66 pounds at the start of the climb) for the final assault, he jettisoned most of his remaining provisions and secondary equipment.

At 3.12 that afternoon spectators in small planes and helicopters hovering near the summit saw a moving, triumphant sight. Bonatti had surmounted the last overhang on his route and was standing at the base of a short snowfield that slanted upwards towards the Matterhorn's pinnacle. He gazed for a long moment at the six-foot iron cross erected at the crest as a memorial to the scores of Alpinists who have lost their lives on the mountain. Then, as if hypnotized, he staggered through the snow towards the cross, his arms out-stretched. Reaching it, he knelt and embraced it.

Walter Bonatti had conquered. The most daring climb in the history of Alpine climbing—79 hours of superhuman effort—was over.

BONATTI'S *direttissima* conquest of the north face of the Matterhorn established him as the world's greatest living Alpinist. The French newspaper *Le Figaro* hailed him as the greatest of all time. Elsewhere in the European Press the 35-year-old Italian was called "the bravest of the brave," "the climber without equal," "the god of the mountains."

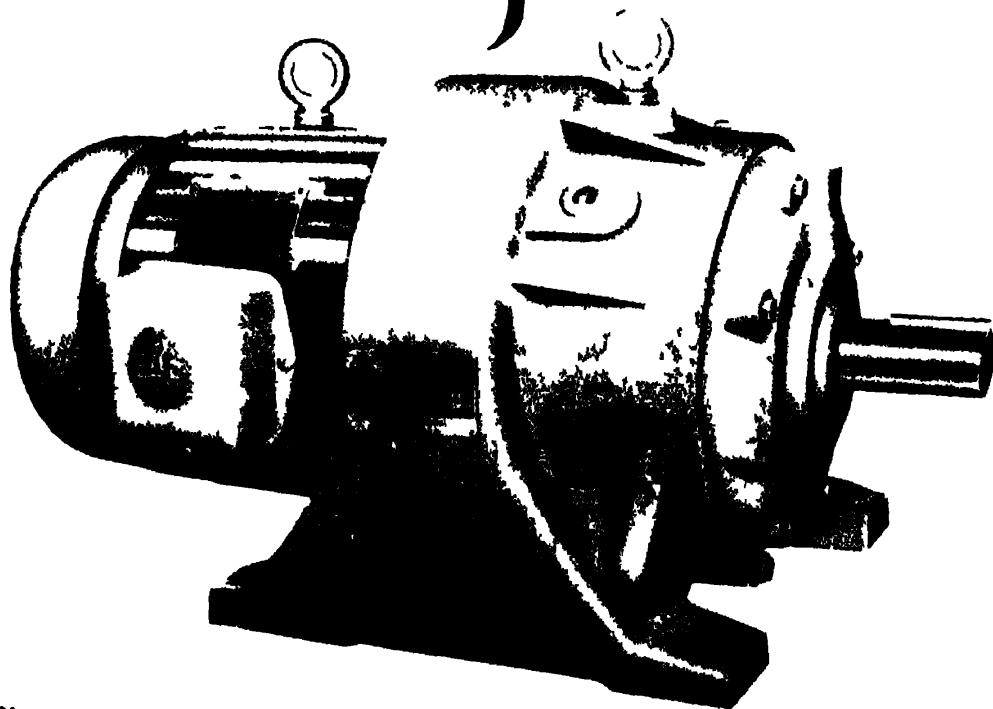
Even before his Matterhorn triumph, Bonatti's climbing feats had

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MASTER OF THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS

made his name legendary. He had scaled all the major walls and peaks in the Mont Blanc *massif*, and blazed trails for many new and more difficult routes of ascent. He had climbed the highest peaks in the Peruvian Andes of South America. When only 23, he was chosen to be a member of the Italian expedition that reached the top of K-2, the Himalayan mountain which, at 28,250 feet, is second only to Mount Everest as the highest in the world.

The Bonatti climbing career has been filled with harrowing ordeals and miraculous escapes. In 1956, while he was struggling up Mont Blanc by way of a peak called the Poire, two of his three companions died of cold and exhaustion. Bonatti himself plunged 60 feet into a crevasse while crossing a glacier and wound up dangling head down from a rope attached to a companion. Though suffering from frost-bitten feet, the companion braced himself and held fast—whereupon Bonatti climbed hand over hand up the rope to safety.

One of Bonatti's most hair-raising experiences occurred during the ascent of K-2. A Hunza guide suddenly went mad from cold and exhaustion, and began running amuck, brandishing an ice-axe. Bonatti tackled the frenzied man repeatedly and held him in the snow. Once he stopped the guide from stepping off a precipice. Finally, they both struggled back to a camp 1,500 feet below.

Bonatti's extraordinary courage,

endurance and ingenuity have always pulled him through tight spots where other climbers have died or gone mad. A striking example occurred in 1955, during a climb up the south-west shoulder of the Petit Dru, a 12,244-foot red-rock peak near Mont Blanc. Twice before he had attempted to scale it with other climbers; both times they had been forced back, once by an avalanche that almost swept them to their deaths. After a third try, an unsuccessful solo attempt, Bonatti decided to try once more—again alone.

Bad luck dogged him from the outset. The first day he smashed a finger while driving a piton into the rock face. Despite the pain, he continued to claw his way up the sheer, ice-covered rock. That evening he found that a piton in his knapsack had pierced his alcohol burner. Half his food supply was soaked with alcohol and had to be thrown away. More serious, he now had no way to melt snow and make a warming drink of coffee or tea.

Four days later came his severest test. Hanging from a rope attached to a piton, he had swung round a bulge on the rock face and landed on a narrow ledge. The overhang above him was so great, however, that it was impossible to scale it. And he could see no way either to descend directly or to retrace his original route. Meanwhile, in front of him stretched a chasm 40 feet wide and unknown thousands of feet deep. Bonatti closed his eyes

in silent prayer, then began to study his predicament with detachment. He had outwitted death many times before; perhaps he could do it again.

On the other side of the chasm he saw several small rock spurs sticking up like fingers. Could he possibly catch a weighted rope between them? And if he could, would the spurs be strong enough to hold him if he swung over? There was no choice but to try.

Bonatti weighted one end of his rope with rings and pitons. Then he tossed the weighted end across the void. It missed the spurs. He tried again. Again he missed. It took him ten tries to get the rope's end caught between two of the spurs. But when he tugged, the rope broke loose. He kept trying. Finally it caught again. He gave the rope a hard pull. It held.

Now Bonatti held his breath and swung out into space, clinging tightly to the rope. For an instant he had the feeling that he would keep on dropping. Then, suddenly, there was a jerk, and he found himself thrashing about like a trout at the end of a fishing line. The rock spurs had held firm!

Now, gently, he pulled himself up hand over hand until he reached a narrow ledge affording a foothold. The worst hurdle was over. He was across the chasm.

But other difficulties remained. Soon afterwards, as he was trying to drive a piton into the rock-face, a

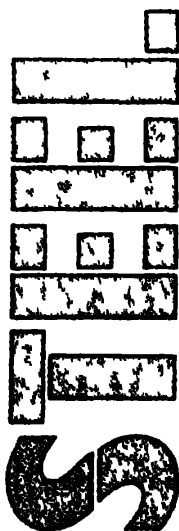
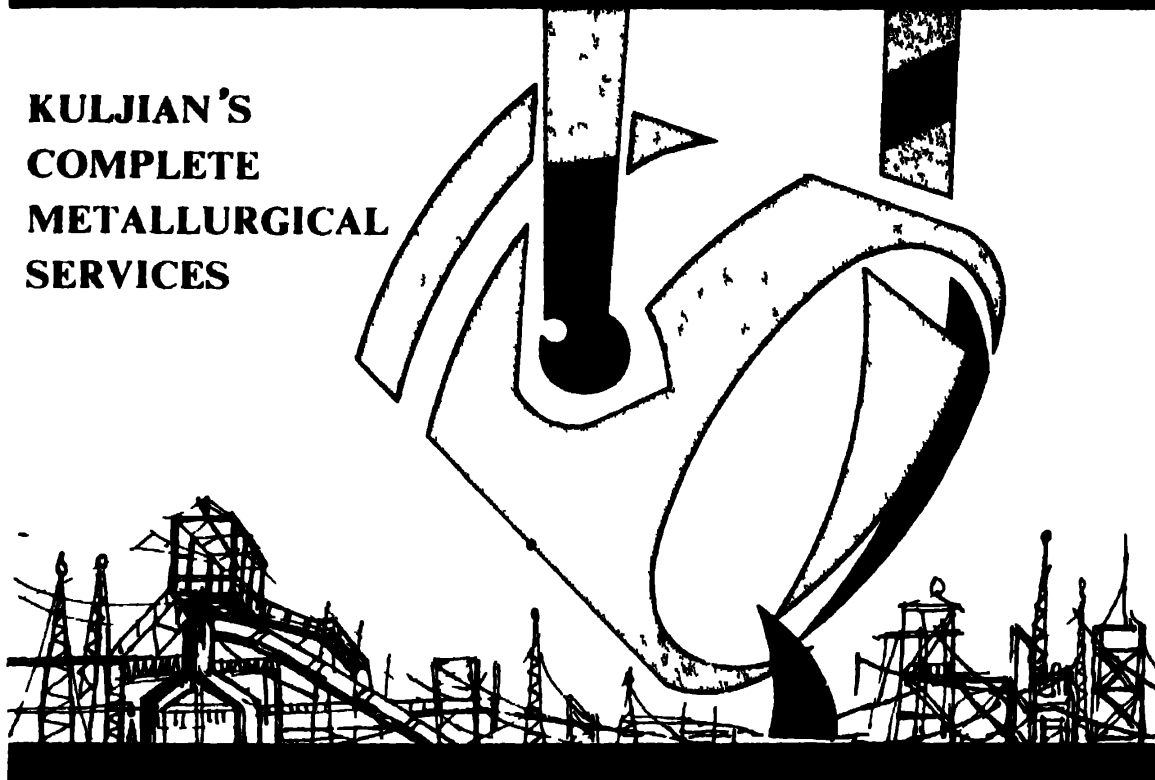
huge chunk of rock broke off and struck his leg. Though his leg became numbed, he kept on climbing. Finally, after six days and five nights, he reached the summit—the first and only man to climb it alone. Today this south-west route to the top of the Petit Dru is named the Bonatti Pillar in his honour.

WHY DOES Walter Bonatti undergo almost unbearable hardships and risk his life to climb mountain peaks? One explanation is that the mountains hold a mystical attraction for him. In one of his books he has written, "I believe in the lessons nature can teach us. Therefore I am convinced that the mountain with her beauty and severe laws is now more than ever one of the best schools of character. Up there on the mountain one truly learns to suffer—and endure. Real Alpine climbing is a struggle and a victory within ourselves."

It is not that Bonatti is fearless. Rather, climbing brings him the exaltation of facing raw fear and conquering it. His triumph is the spiritual life that he gets from driving his body to achievements beyond ordinary human capacity. "Beware if you do not experience fear in the mountains," he says. "Not to feel fear deprives you of the supreme joy of mastering it."

BONATTI, who makes his living by writing and lecturing, never starts a climb until he has spent

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weeks rigorously preparing for it. In the case of the Matterhorn, he planned months ahead, studying maps and photographs, reading studies of the rock strata. Throughout January and February he did handstands and headstands, and swung on parallel bars, to make his 5 foot 6 inch, 11-stone body strong and supple; squeezed rubber balls, and grip machines to strengthen his fingers; did slaloms on skis to fortify his ankles. To harden himself against the bitter cold, he spent ten nights sleeping out of doors in sub-freezing temperatures. (Bonatti's heart beats 40 times to the minute compared with the average 75, and his white corpuscles renew themselves more rapidly than those of the ordinary man. These facts help explain his stamina and his relative imperviousness to cold.)

And every day, on a 1,000-foot-high mountain wall (which he calls his "gymnasium") not far from his home at Courmayeur, in the Italian Alps, he practised climbing up, down and across the steep surface in all kinds of weather. On such practice climbs he disregards pitons and other aids. Clinging by his fingers

to the smallest cracks and faults, gripping the rock wall with his muscular legs, he climbs with a grace and skill that make it look easy.

When the moment to begin a real climb arrives, Bonatti is thoroughly prepared, not just physically but mentally. "While preparing for the Matterhorn climb I lived as if I were in a state of grace," he wrote later. "I saw in my dreams a more beautiful, more living, more inviting Matterhorn."

As BONATTI descended the Matterhorn after his epic climb (he used the easy southern route going down), planes swooped over him, dipping their wings in salute. When he reached Zermatt, he was welcomed with bands and fireworks as an all-conquering hero. Congratulations were showered on him from all over the world.

Not long afterwards, President Saragat of Italy presented him with a gold medal struck in his honour. Accompanying it was a citation that moved Bonatti to tears. It read: "Walter Bonatti has become a symbol of the superiority of the spirit of man over material things."

Fares Please

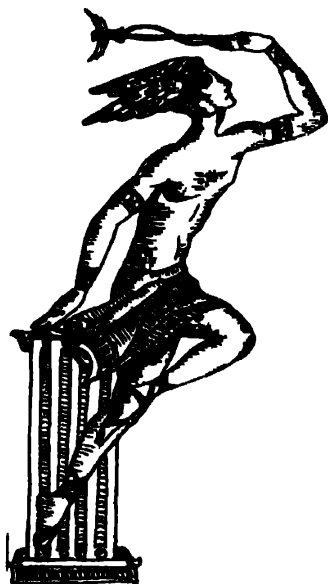
A NEW YORK City taxi driver told a passenger: "I get two kinds of fares. One kind says, 'Take me to Grand Central Station.' Him I don't talk to. The other kind says, 'Please take me to Grand Central Station.' I know I can talk to him. It's funny how that little word makes the difference between a stuffed shirt and a friend."

—Charlie Rice



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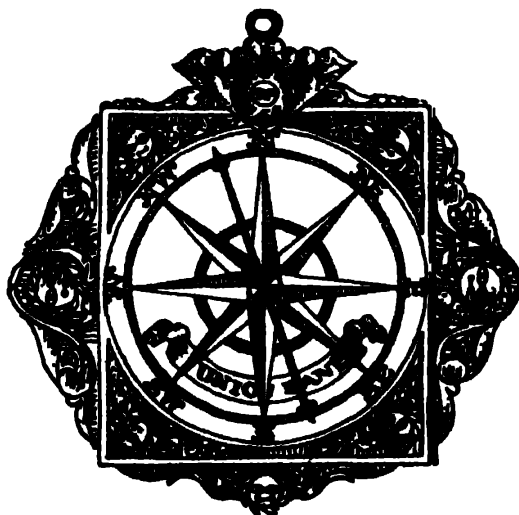
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Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,

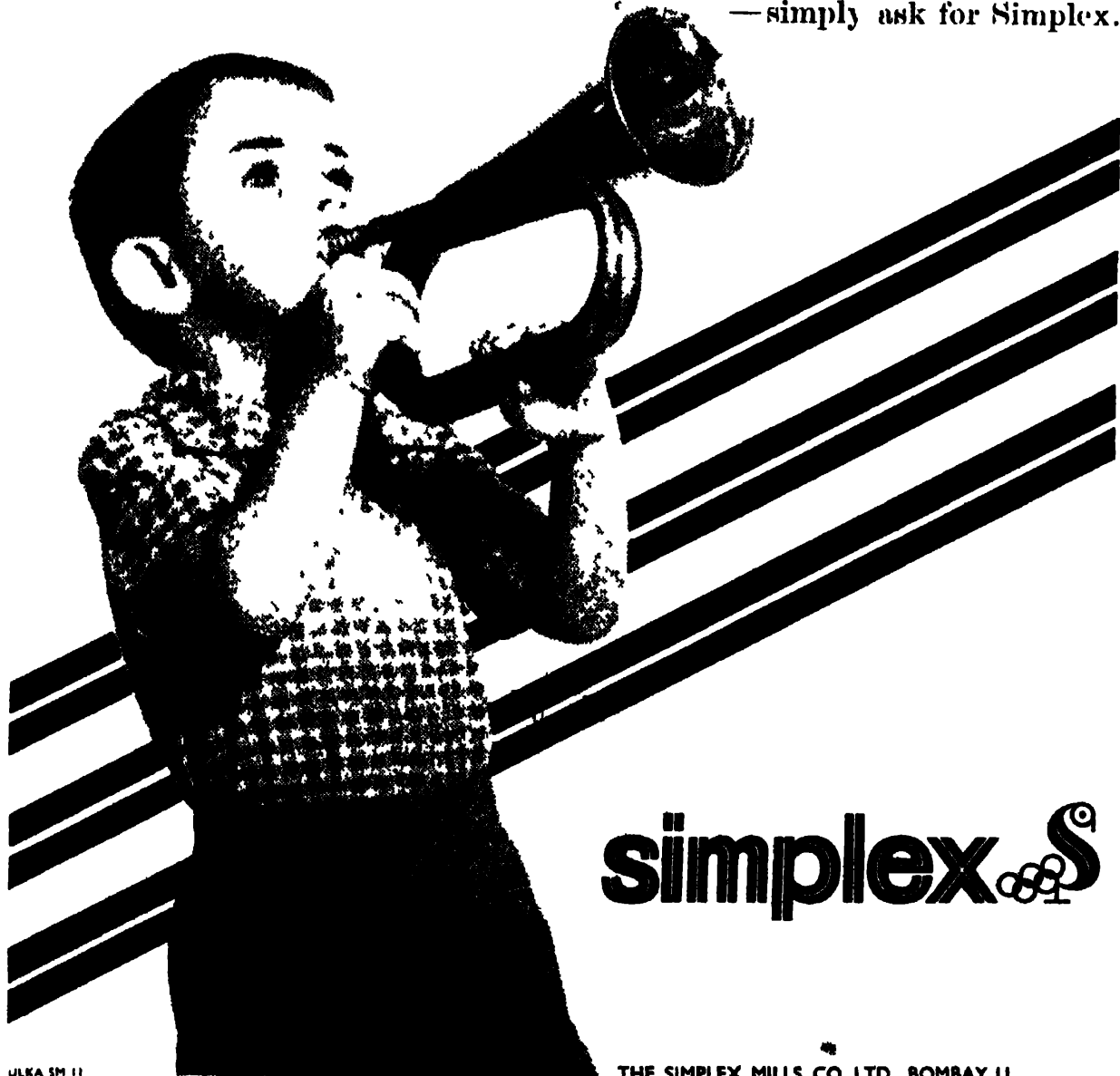
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It was a dampening experience for all concerned

The Car in the Swimming Pool

By ARNOLD BENSON

IN 1953 my brother and I, both single at the time, bought a new car. It was the colour of cream-of-tomato soup, had white-wall tyres, a fixed arm-rest and over-drive.

We put mileage on the car for two months, uneventfully, until a cold winter night when we were

on our way home from visiting some friends. It was between two and three on a dark Sunday morning; my brother was driving with skill and determination, and I was twisting the radio dial.

I had just about given up the radio when we hit something on my side of the car—a guardrail, we

Condensed from Sports Illustrated

discovered later—and swerved obliquely across the road; I was aware that we were bouncing along some unimproved terrain for quite a distance. Then the nose of the car was down, and water was coming in. Very cold water.

“Hold your breath,” I told my brother. I am older and therefore the clearer headed.

When the car came to rest, gently, it was full of water to the roof. I tried to open the door on my side, found it jammed from whatever we had hit, and turned to see how my brother was doing. He had turned off the ignition, taken the keys and departed, thoughtfully leaving his door open.

I swam out, and up to the surface of what was probably the biggest and certainly the coldest private swimming pool I'd ever swum in. My brother's wet, angry head was a few feet away, and we swam the few yards to the diving board and pulled ourselves out.

We stood for a moment, shivering and gasping, but filled with admiration. The car's headlights were still on. The water was very clear, and under eight feet of it the white-wall tyres and tomato-soup shade of the car contrasted nicely with the duck-egg blue of the pool's sides.

We made for the house nearest to the pool. The people were not at home. The baby-sitter was scared and wouldn't let us in. “For heaven's sake,” I yelled at her through the door, “we're turning

into icicles out here. Call the police and let us in.”

She called the police and didn't let us in. We spent five shuddering minutes jumping about on the front porch to ward off pneumonia, and then the owners of the house and pool arrived.

“You're not going to like this,” I said to the man, “but there's a car in your swimming pool.”

“Well, let's get into the house where it's warm,” he said. He behaved as if people put cars in his swimming pool every night of the week. He took us into the downstairs games room while his wife ran upstairs to find towels and something dry. He set three glasses on a coffee table and poured three brimming shots of whisky.

“Good luck,” he said, raising his glass, and we drank with our new friend.

After a while the police came, and we gave them our garbled version of the whole affair. When they left, they said something about filling in forms the next day. By now it was four in the morning, but the headlights were still shining in the pool. The host kept looking out of the window at the glow coming from the water. My brother asked him why there was water in the pool in the winter. He sounded a little resentful.

“I only built the pool last summer,” the man said. “It's a do-it-yourself triumph, but I forgot about a drainage system.”



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I phoned some friends who lived near by. They had just got back from a party and were getting ready for bed. My embarrassment was deepening.

"Listen, Bea," I said, "we drove the car into a swimming pool a while ago."

"Oh, I know the pool. Donald will be right there to get you," she said, and hung up. Donald came, carrying blankets.

I woke up in the awful grey daylight in a room hung with soggy clothes, and a soggy brother. Donald was knocking on the door.

"The police are on the phone," he was saying.

"You talk to them," my brother said, putting his head under the pillow.

The police officer was calm and reasonable, but curious. He wanted to know why the headlights were still on when he got to the pool. I think he had some kind of careless-parking charge in mind. I changed the subject and asked him if he knew anybody who wanted to buy a wet motor-car. He didn't.

When we went to the pool we found a scattering of the curious. The owner told us he didn't know what all the fuss was about. Once

during the war he'd driven an H.Q. car into a river in India, into 12 feet of water, and he understood these things. He also ran a garage and knew what kind of equipment was needed to raise the vehicle. He assured us he'd take care of everything. He walked with us to Donald's car when we were leaving.

"As soon as summer comes," he said, "let's have a submersion party."

"Good idea," my brother said hollowly, and we left.

On Monday the local papers carried the story, written by a gifted staff humorist, with a two-column photograph of the car being hoisted from the pool. An uncle of ours rang up that night and said when he first saw the picture he thought, what kind of damn fools would do a thing like that?

"Then I read the story," he said, "and I knew."

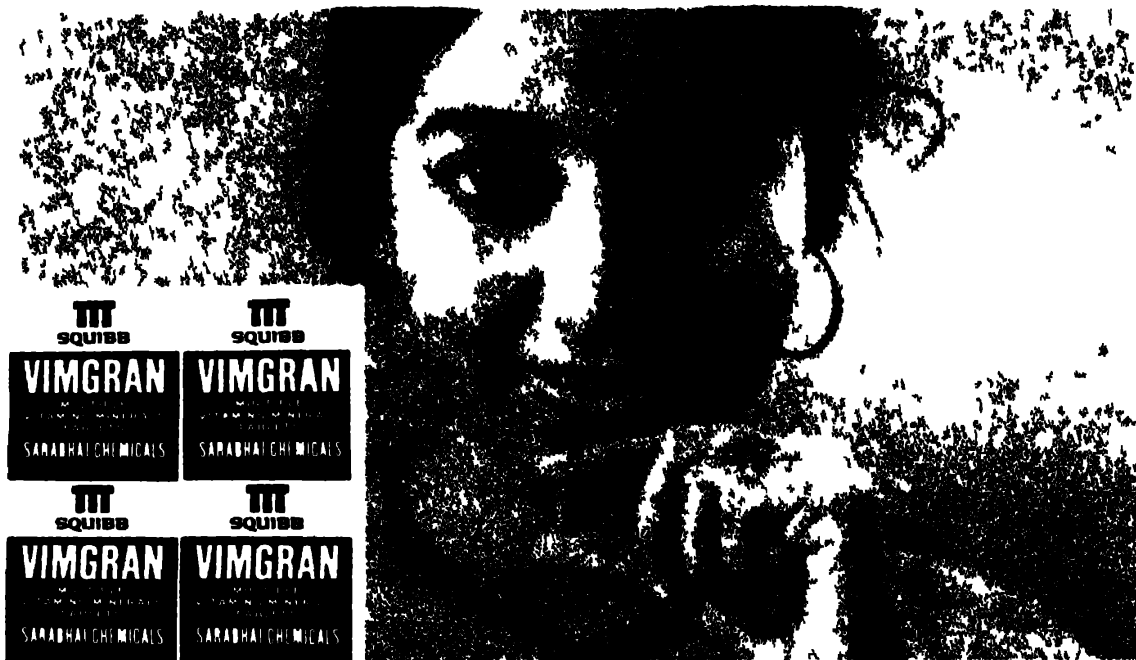
We never did have the submersion party, though we still pass the pool occasionally. Most of our friendly local comedians seem to have forgotten about the affair, except when the subject of sports-car racing comes up. Then someone is sure to ask me, "What have you been driving in lately?"

Stick to It!

IN THE office cloakroom, late one Friday afternoon, a pretty secretary heaved a long sigh and said, "You know, every Friday at this time I feel as if the only thing holding me together is hair spray!" * —Charlotte Russell

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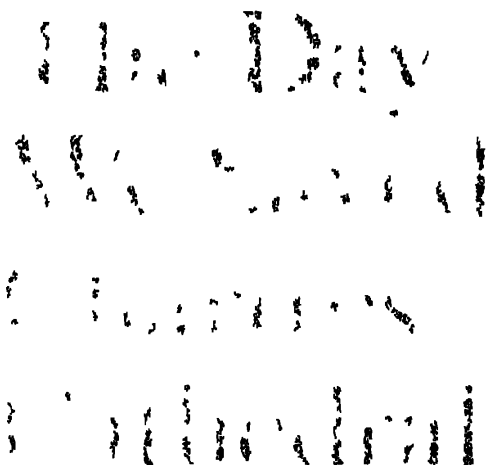
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A Reader's Digest
"First Person" Award



BY GORDON GASKILL

ALL DURING the long night of Nazi occupation, the people of Chartres—and, indeed, of France—had held their breath, hoping the Germans would spare the mighty Chartres Cathedral, one of man's noblest creations. From time to time rumour had warned that the Germans might blow it up—either to punish the French for their resistance work or, when retreating, as a cruel gesture of revenge.

At last, on August 16, 1944, the great cathedral's safety seemed certain. General Patton's Third U.S. Army was on the edge of Chartres, the Germans were falling back and the cathedral was still intact.

Yet on this very day the cathedral faced its greatest peril of the war. Three guns were trained squarely on it, at point-blank range, under the command of a young lieutenant determined to blow off, at the very least, its two great spires. And the guns were not German, they were American.

The evening before this, and a good 50 miles to the west, three American war correspondents had, almost by accident, become interested in the fate of Chartres Cathedral. Clark Lee, Bob Reuben and I, at Third Army headquarters, had been standing, with a crowd of others, before the war map which showed Patton's plunging drive across France. Everybody else had eyes only for the great goal—Paris—but Lee put his finger on a spot about half-way between us and Paris and said, "Here's Chartres. I wonder what's happened to the cathedral?"

The more we talked about it, the



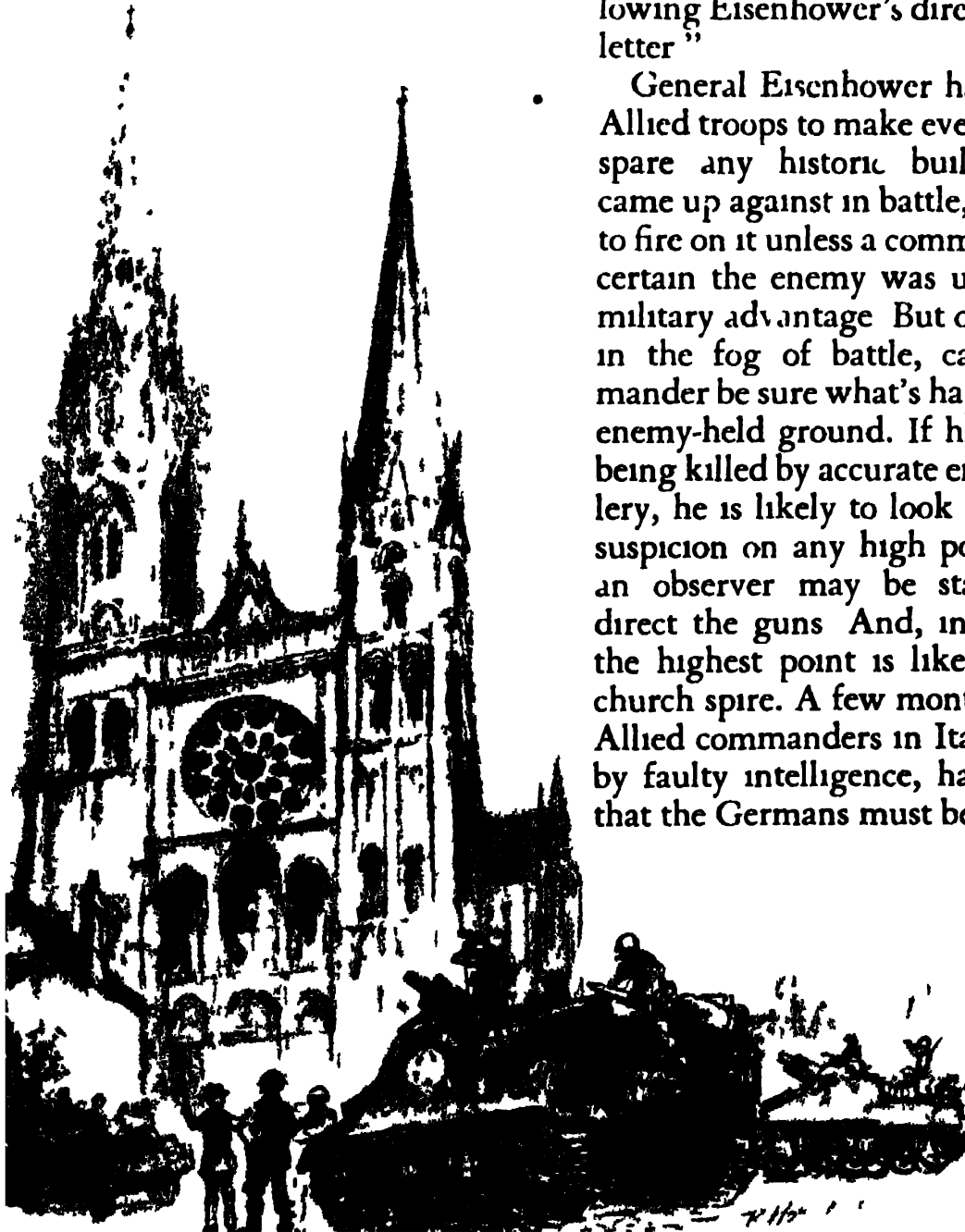
THE DAY WE SAVED CHARTRES CATHEDRAL

more important Lee's question became. Wasn't Chartres the world's finest Gothic cathedral? It had been built in the thirteenth century, in a strange sudden flowering of devotion by rich and poor alike, on the site of an earlier church partially destroyed by fire. Notre Dame de Chartres was dedicated to Mary, and possessed a reliquary believed to

contain the veil she wore when the Angel Gabriel announced to her that she would be the mother of Jesus. Its carvings were of incredible beauty, its rich stained glass perhaps the loveliest on earth.

"Let's hope," a colonel said to us, "that Jerry doesn't hurt it. Of course we won't, either, unless absolutely necessary. In such matters we're following Eisenhower's directive to the letter."

General Eisenhower had ordered Allied troops to make every effort to spare any historic building they came up against in battle, and never to fire on it unless a commander was certain the enemy was using it for military advantage. But only rarely, in the fog of battle, can a commander be sure what's happening in enemy-held ground. If his men are being killed by accurate enemy artillery, he is likely to look with great suspicion on any high point where an observer may be stationed to direct the guns. And, in flat land, the highest point is likely to be a church spire. A few months earlier, Allied commanders in Italy, misled by faulty intelligence, had decided that the Germans must be using the



ancient abbey of Monte Cassino, crowning a hill that blocked the advancing forces' path, as a stronghold. Only after Allied bombers had destroyed it did the officers learn that this was not the case.

Might something like this happen to Chartres, whose spires stand more than 350 feet over the surrounding plains? We three decided to go and see for ourselves. Early the next morning--August 16--we set out by jeep. As we curved out of a forest into open country, Lee shouted, "There she is!" Far on the horizon, the soaring cathedral queened it over the flat plain of Beauce, like a ship in a calm sea. Shortly before noon we reached the city and within seconds were engulfed by an exultant French crowd.

Here I came into my own. Neither Lee nor Reuben could speak French, but I could--of a sort. My accent was bad, and Frenchmen had trouble hiding a smile when I assaulted their language. But with good will they could make out what I was trying to say, and, if they spoke slowly and looked me in the eye, I could understand what *they* were saying. Thus, from the babble of the happy Chartrains, I was able to get our first solid, dependable news of the cathedral.

"*Mais oui!*" cried a fiercely moustached man who looked like a pirate but turned out to be a chemist. "*Tout va bien!* Not a stone of it has been touched." The rest nodded happily. It was obvious that their

beloved cathedral was only slightly less dear to them than home and family.

The chemist leaped on to our jeep. "*Allons!* I will show you a short cut to the cathedral." Something loud exploded a few streets away. "*Boche* shells," he said. "They fall now and then, here and there. They seem to be aimed at nothing in particular--only to harass us."

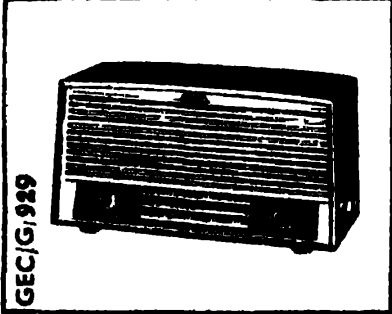
We soon reached the cathedral. It was open, and a sexton received us as delivering angels. It was dim inside the cathedral, a glowing, peaceful dimness. Although the precious stained glass had been removed for safe keeping, all seemed well with the ancient shrine. The sexton wanted to show us everything, and this could take hours, and we said we'd come back in the afternoon. Our main quest seemed over, and we were now concentrating on a less artistic matter--lunch.

"Let's find the best hotel in town," Lee said. "War or no war, a good hotel can usually rustle up something."

The proprietress, a middle-aged woman who obviously delighted in her own cuisine, welcomed us in ecstasy. She fumbled eagerly in a cupboard and produced a bottle of Scotch which she had hidden from *les Boches* and sworn to share with the city's first liberators. We had our best lunch for months--fresh eggs, salad, sausage. But in the midst of this carefree feast, a Frenchman ran in breathlessly. "The Americans,"

3

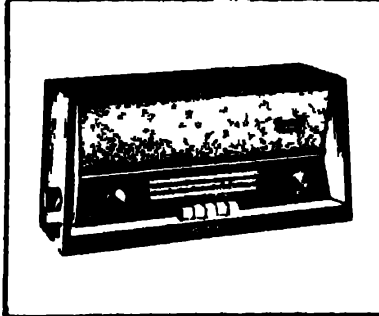
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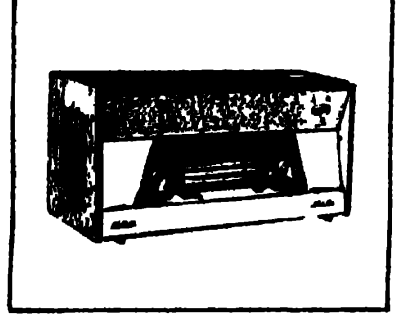
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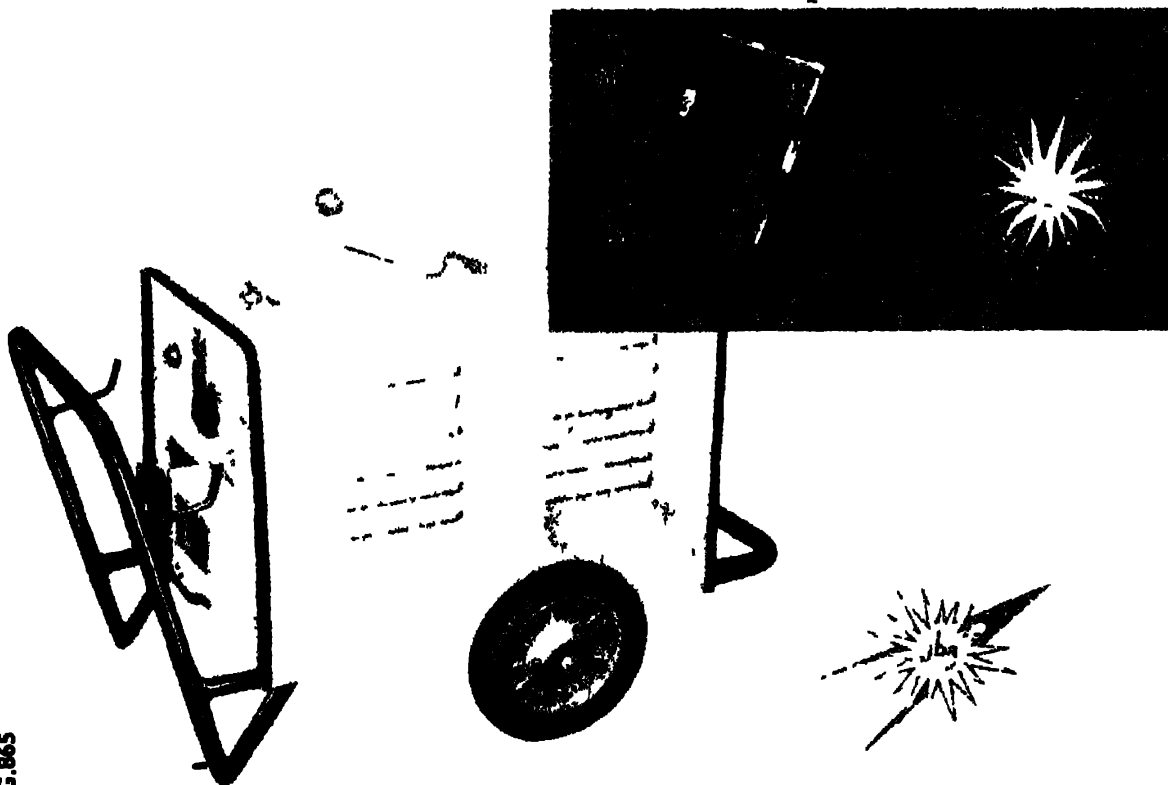
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THE DAY WE SAVED CHARTRES CATHEDRAL

he almost sobbed, "are going to shell the cathedral!"

We jumped out of the low window to get to our jeep faster. A large square only a few hundred yards from the cathedral was almost filled with strangely silent Frenchmen. They kept a respectful distance from the focus of all eyes—three tank-like vehicles mounting snub-nosed guns for close-range shelling. Their snouts were raised towards the cathedral towers.

Puzzled, we pushed our way through the crowd until we reached the young lieutenant in charge of the guns. Talking to him vehemently—but fruitlessly—was a white-faced Frenchman in major's uniform. (Later we learned he was a reserve officer who had donned uniform for this great day.) It was quickly obvious that the Frenchman knew no word of English, and the American knew no word of French.

I asked the lieutenant what was up. He pointed to the cathedral and said, "The Jerries must have left some artillery spotters behind, up there. We're going to knock them out."

How did he know that German spotters were in the cathedral?

"Bound to be," he said. "Can't you hear those shells falling? That means they've got a spotter somewhere around, and these towers are the obvious place."

The French major broke in to ask, urgently, "Do any of you speak

French?" I replied, modestly and accurately, "*Un peu.*"

"Tell him, for the love of God," he said, "that as a soldier myself I realized very well the Americans would be suspicious about the cathedral. We organized a guard which, for the last three days, has kept close watch on it. I can assure you that there is not one single German in the cathedral, and thus there is no need to fire on it."

I translated all this to the lieutenant. He was not impressed. "A-h-h-h," he said in disgust, "I don't trust him."

Though the major did not understand the words, the lieutenant's attitude was all too clear. Now the major turned to us and said pleadingly, "*Mais, messieurs*, surely you can see this is not *observed* artillery fire!"

Ignoring us, the lieutenant gave his men some orders about loading and aiming. From the anxious crowd came a low moan of horror, and the French major said to me desperately, "Tell him that all I ask is 20 minutes—only 20 minutes!—to take a patrol to the very top of the cathedral and thus prove no Germans are there. He can send some of his own men with me."

This seemed reasonable enough but, after I translated, the lieutenant turned to us correspondents with narrowed eyes. "What the hell are you guys butting in for?" he exploded. "You're civilians. It's none of your damn business what I do!"

He was absolutely right. Our "assimilated" officer's rank and uniform conferred not the slightest authority. And yet, rightly or wrongly, this seemed to us no time to stand on technicalities. I told him that we were making it our business right now. I recalled Eisenhower's clear directive in such a case, which ordered him not to fire on the cathedral unless he was *sure* that the enemy was using it militarily, to our harm.

"As of now," I said, "there is no evidence at all that he is using it and every evidence that he is *not* using it. Even if you don't trust this Frenchman's story you ought to know that this is not *observed* fire. It's falling at random. It has not yet hit a single American soldier or vehicle. It's hitting and killing Frenchmen, not Americans, and yet it's the Frenchmen who insist that there's no German up there guiding the fire. Why don't you let this French major settle the matter once and for all, and give him the 20 minutes to take a patrol up there?"

He didn't even answer. Then I played my trump card—unfairly perhaps, but I felt that too much was at stake to worry about that now.

"We'll take your name, lieutenant," I said, "and we've got good witnesses. If you damage this cathedral and if it turns out afterwards, as we're sure it will, that there were no Germans up there, we'll let the whole world know just who the trigger-happy guy was who knocked

down this cathedral—needlessly. Furthermore, I'll take your name personally to Eisenhower, and I can promise you that you'll be the sorriest lieutenant in the American Army."

This wasn't a bluff. I had spent several days interviewing Eisenhower and had built up a certain entrée which I could have, and would have, used in this case.

Glowing with anger, the lieutenant said tightly, "O.K. Twenty minutes, but that's all. I'll be watching and waiting, right here."

When I translated this, a sigh of relief came from the crowd, and the French major's face lit up. He and several of his men piled on our jeep, and we raced to the cathedral. They knew every inch of its confusing interior. We split into two parties, one for each spire, and we Americans followed the group headed by the major himself.

Up, up and up we climbed, on a narrow, endlessly curving staircase which soon made us puff and pant for breath. Now and then small slit-like windows looked out, and we paused at each, partly to get back some breath, partly to wave reassuringly to show that—at least so far—we had found no Germans. In the square we could see the lieutenant's three guns, their muzzles still trained on the spires.

At last we climbed as far as anybody could go, and stood on the rough wooden flooring just under the great bells. The major had been



ON A SUMMER-SCENTED EVENING long ago, an exquisite princess is being married to a young Marwar prince. The eternal vows are on their lips when, suddenly, a blood-stained messenger stumbles in: "My Prince! Make haste, the enemy . . ." The young prince dons armour and rides away.

He is killed the same evening. The princess hastens to the battlefield and looks at her dead prince. "Let music commence, read the sacred texts," she commands, "for I shall now complete the marriage." She mounts the pyre and sits next to her prince. As the air trembles with the chant of Vedic hymns and the weave of gay lutes, the flames lick away . . .

Stories such as this make the legend that is Rajasthan. To hear the legends and myths of our country is one of the pleasures of motoring. And you discover so much more when you go by road.



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absolutely right; there was nobody here, or in the other spire. He embraced us emotionally, and we waved our jackets to show everybody below—and especially the lieutenant—that the cathedral was clear.

I looked at the mighty bells, wondered how long they had hung silent, and decided that now was the time to let them ring out. I seized the heavy clapper of the largest one in both hands and swung it hard against the great brass shell. I banged it three times in quick succession, and then a fourth, final,

lingering stroke. Bong-bong-bong . . . b-o-n-n-g-g-g; Three shorts and a long. V for victory. A great, exultant roar welled up to us from the watching French crowd far below.

We went down more slowly. From a slit window we noticed that the lieutenant and his guns had vanished. As we emerged from the cathedral's dimness, blinking in the strong sunlight, we were almost mobbed by happy Chartrains. Madame of the hotel was there, too. She rushed up, tears in her eyes, crying, "We will never forget you—you who saved our cathedral!"

Tall Story

A SINGING group on tour in Australia, wanting to see some aborigines, drove into the bush country where, on a bumpy road, their car hit a kangaroo. They got out and saw that the victim appeared to be stone-dead. They dragged the animal off the road and propped it against a tree. Then they took turns being photographed with it. One of the group took off his expensive sports jacket and draped it round the beast. He jammed a costly trilby on the kangaroo's head. He was posing beside the bedizened victim when the kangaroo shook his head, pulled himself together and took off across country.

No one knows what the sight of a kangaroo in sports jacket and hat may have done to the nerves of others, but it has impaired those of the owner of the clothing. In the sports jacket were his passport and wallet with Rs. 6,680 in cash.

—D. G.

* * *

Last Testament

THREE sisters who lived with their grandmother often discussed how her things would be divided up after she died. Most of the discussion was about "The Lincoln Letter," a treasured and valued epistle that grandmother had kept safely tucked away for years. Observers thought that there might be a terrible family row over the inheritance of this heirloom.

Eventually Grandmother died. When they opened her possessions they found that "The Lincoln Letter" was a letter she had written to President Lincoln and, for some unknown reason, had never posted.

—J. B.



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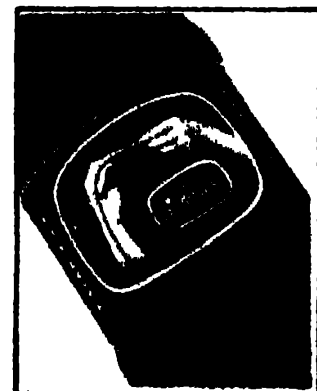
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How Quick-Witted Are You?

By THEODORE BERLAND

ACCIDENTS don't "just happen." They happen because the situation has been set up for them, because someone has lacked an awareness of what's coming and what to do.

How do *you* react in a critical situation? Here are six emergencies that give you a chance to check your quick-wit quotient. The answers are on page 114. Score yourself like this: 6 correct—you're a quick wit, 3-5 correct—you're reasonably safe to be with; under 3—stay in bed.

1: You're steering your outboard motor boat, throttle open, along a deserted river. Suddenly you spot a fallen tree in your path. It stretches from bank to bank.



2: You're strolling on a pavement. A little girl dashes across your path and into the street after a ball—oblivious of a car speeding towards her.



Condensed from
Popular Mechanics

HOW QUICK-WITTED ARE YOU?

3: After spraying your flowers, you return to the tool shed to find your three-year-old son's hands and face covered with insecticide powder.



4: You find your small children playing with the contents of a cupboard you thought was locked. In it, you know, are a shotgun and cartridges. As you approach the children, one of them—in fun, of course—aims the gun at you.



5: The sky is dark, but it is a sweltering afternoon on the beach. You start swimming towards a raft out in the water. When you're half-way there, rain begins to fall. You hear thunder, and flashes of lightning strike near by.



6: As you alight from a bus, carrying parcels, the door closes behind you and you feel a tug. Your coat is caught. The bus starts to move.



How Quick-Witted Were You?

Safety experts recommend these emergency reactions in the quiz situations on pages 112 and 113

1. Close the throttle! Make a sharp turn, even if it means you will beach your craft. Brace yourself, and warn your companions to hang on.

2. If the child is close enough, grab her or trip her. If she's not, you must yell at her; she can stop in less distance than the car.

3. Wash his hands and face with water (some insecticides can penetrate unbroken skin), grab the container (the ingredients—and sometimes first-aid advice—may be listed on the label) and call your doctor.

If you can't reach a doctor, make the child drink plenty of water, and get him to vomit by placing your finger far back in his throat.

4. Drop to the floor. Point to an object off to the side and say, "I bet you can't hit that." This will divert the gun from you and give you time to grab it. *Don't* shout, "Don't shoot!" The child might become flustered and pull the trigger. Assume that the gun is loaded.

5. Go back to shore and find shelter in a building. Don't try to reach the raft. Remember that lightning strikes at the highest projection; on a raft, you'd be it.

6. Yell at the driver. Drop the parcels, unbutton the coat and whip it off. You may have to run a few feet as the bus starts to move, but it takes time for a bus to really get moving.



Back to the Beginning Again

U.S. CONGRESSMAN Howard Smith, who takes a dim view of governmental spending, complained about a 64,000 dollars federal research project studying man's resistance to persuasion. "Some thought Adam and Eve settled that question with the apple," he grumbled.

—J. D.



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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

I WAS SURPRISED when the bus I was on pulled up at a place that was not an official bus stop. Our driver, a huge, strapping man, got out, stalked across the street and glared up at an open window in an elegant block of flats. "Hey!" he bellowed. A startled maid stuck her head out. "Take that canary out of the window," he ordered. "The sun will kill it!"

The maid quickly complied, and our hero, a satisfied smile on his face, lumbered back to take us on our way.

—LESLIE MANNING

TALKING to a very popular minister of Scottish ancestry soon after he had resigned to go to a larger church, I said that the congregation must have been rather put out about his leaving.

"Yes," he said, "they wondered if the Lord really wanted me to go." Then, with a canny smile, he added, "I assured them that the Lord would not permit another church to tempt me with a pay increase of Rs. 4,750 a year if He did not expect me to accept."

—J. E. BROWN

When the telephone rang, I picked up the receiver. In the morning, my wife had called to tell me that she had found a land which was suitable for a house.

sorry to bother you at this hour, but I have a terrible bout of insomnia."

My husband demanded, "Well, what are you trying to do—start an epidemic?"

—MARGARET DAVIS

THE MANAGER of our bank objected to investing in a data-computer, considering it a needless expense. The head office overruled him, however, and plans for installation began. When delivery day came, it was discovered that the components were too large to fit into the lift. "How am I going to get this thing up to the third floor?" the delivery man moaned.

The manager saw no problem. "Plug it in," he said, "and let it work it out for itself."

—R. M. CORRELL

MY HUSBAND took on the job of shopping for our expanding family. Recently, when a supermarket manager frowned at him for blocking traffic in the aisle, he explained, "We're a two-cart family now."

—Mrs. R. P.

A STRONGMAN I know wore hand-made, hand-tooled, high-heeled cowboy boots for every occasion. His daughter, however, insisted that he wear proper shoes for her wedding. Under a constant barrage of his daughter's pleas and his wife's nagging, he consented.

Just as the wedding ceremony was over, he ducked into a side room, pulled off the shoes and pulled on a pair of magnificent black two-inch-heeled slippers. Then he walked out of the room and into the hall where he was to be congratulated by the guests.

When the bride and groom were alone, the bride said to the groom, "I love you."



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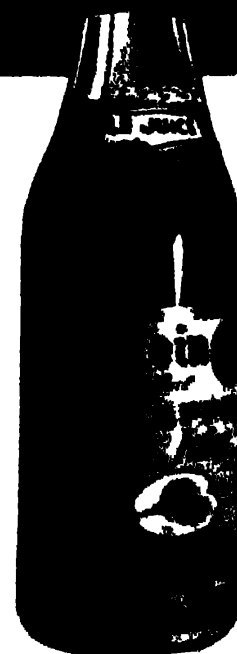
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Sparkling & Non Sparkling

THE EXPERTS keep telling us—and their voices have become a little shriller of late—that we married women are enslaved by housework and imprisoned by our children. They tell us we are squandering our potentials. They tell us to take off our aprons, put our children in day nurseries and go out and fulfil ourselves. And I think they are wrong.

This frenzied search for female identity, this *me, me, me*, what am *I*, what do *I* want, is the kind of self-preoccupation that can send

The Woman in the Middle

By JOYCE LUBOLD

*There is a happy medium
in the housewife's choice
between children and a career*

anyone down the path to complete isolation—which is not a path the wife and mother can follow.

Surely there is a middle ground between the exhausted mother surrounded by toddlers and chained to the stove, and the brilliant woman at the other end of the feminine spectrum who spends her day in free cold intellectual speculation. The experts tell us we must choose one extreme or the other, but I *know* there is a middle ground because I'm standing on it right now. And so are a lot of other women.

Condensed from "This Half of the Apple Is Mine,"

© 1965 by Joyce Kussock Lubold



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Let's consider first that bugbear of emancipated womankind: Housework. That monster loses a lot of his teeth when you look straight at him. When, for example, that advertising fellow tells us how easy it is to get the family wash sparkling bright, he's almost right! It *is* easy. Most of us can do a week's washing in a couple of hours of loading, unloading and pushing buttons. While the clothes are washing, the time is all yours. You can toss off a few other chores, or drink a cup of coffee, or read *Tom Jones* if you missed the film.

Feeding time, too, can be coped with faster than we like to admit. Getting dinner these days takes only 45 minutes, on days when 45 minutes is all we have. Of course we can spend hours making *profiteroles* or *paella*, but we need do that only when the spirit moves us. Those nice people who dazzle the housewife with shelves of frozen vegetables, cake mixes and just-add-water-homemade-soup have not laboured in vain.

Which brings us to the question of the boredom and repetition of housework. I admit you often meet yourself at the end of vacuuming the bedrooms, getting ready to sweep up the living-room again, but you can't tell me that the lady physicist doesn't have days when the sight of yet another nasty neutron nauseates her; or that the woman who has become an interior decorator doesn't once in a while want to scream at the

sight of one more sample of tangerine rep. Even our men get bored sometimes with the same old customer or industrial disputes or production charts. Boredom, I say rather grandly, is what you make it, and at least the housewife can tell herself she's working for people she loves, which is more than you can say for the stockbroker or the bus driver.

But what about all those children we keep having? Aren't we terribly exploited by the toddler set, throwing ourselves away on finger paints and I-Spy games? My answer to this is that I had the children, and I plan to take it from there.

The idea of "maternity leave"—allowing a woman time off to have a baby before she whips back to her lofty pursuits—makes it sound as if parenthood were limited to the maternity ward. There seems to be some chance that the immediate future of the world has something to do with the guidance and care we give our children *after* they leave hospital. Whenever we try to teach our children, by word or example, what "responsibility" or "equality" means, whenever we spend time trying to pass on some of the hard-fought truths of living, we are, as someone said, "involving ourselves in eternal consequences." And when it comes to eternal consequences, I want to take care of my own.

I admit that there are years in any woman's life when, no matter how she tries to arrange her time, she

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THE READER'S DIGEST

finds most of it taken up in domestic duties. Well, of course! That's what we signed up for! Marriage may be moonlight and soft hands and place settings in the never-never land of advertising, but the whole system actually is based on the idea that Father goes out and earns the bread, and Mother spreads the butter on it.

But even during those years there is some leeway. We may be on 24-hour duty, seven days a week, but we have more free time than anyone working the nine-to-five shift. I don't mean sit-about-and-eat-chocolates free time, of course, but I do mean what-do-I-want-to-do-next free time, and that's almost as good. And into this tight schedule we can squeeze the time and energy to develop our own individual interests. Show me a banker who can take an hour after lunch to practise his guitar, for example. Yet I have two hardworking housewife friends who are able to do just that.

Of course, many women may decide wisely that their greatest contribution to the world lies outside a

family situation, or that their own completeness can best be enjoyed by being on their own. For the rest of us, however, the women in the middle, it is possible to live free as birds within, and probably because of, the family framework we have chosen. Even in our busiest years, we can develop skills and interests to use later when things calm down. Then we can write a symphony or go to medical school. Right now, when the confusion of family life is at its greatest, we can prepare ourselves for a quieter time to come.

Because this is how we women in the middle live. We are, if we have chosen this way, wives and mothers first, and we work pretty hard at it. But, as our free time and talents grow, we begin to use them. It's very simple, really. Yet people keep telling housewives they can truly find themselves only in the outside world.

We say that the outside and inside worlds meet in the middle where we stand, and that small acts, added together, can have major importance.



On the Threshold

As a little boy, my son collected toy soldiers. Whenever he was ill in bed, he would spend the day putting them through manoeuvres. After he had outgrown the various childhood illnesses, the toy models were forgotten and relegated to the attic. When he was 11, he had to spend a day in bed. Looking at me rather sheepishly, he took his box of soldiers with him. Within a very short time he carried them downstairs. "They don't talk to me any more," he said.

—Betty LeGere



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*After agonizing years
in design and construction,
this great gleaming
Cinderella plane may yet
pay off---as a test model
for the air transport
of the future*

LOOKED at from any angle, the thing is both impossible and weirdly beautiful. Partly it is the sheer size, 185 feet from end to end, 105 feet from wing tip to wing tip. No eye can absorb in one look the craning stretch of snout, the flared triangle of wing, the six black caverns under the tail. It has been called a heron homesick for the sky, a seasick sea serpent, a cobra striking from on top of a crate. The thing is, in fact, an aeroplane, the XB-70.

Nobody ever built a plane like this before. It has cost Rs. 7,125 crores,

The Birth of a Supersonic Monster

By KEITH WHEELER



taken ten years, required the efforts of some 3,000 engineers. When the thing was first conceived in 1955—as potential successor to the U.S. Strategic Air Command's B-52 heavy bomber—plenty of doubt existed that it could be built at all. Yet there

Condensed from Life

THE BIRTH OF A SUPERSONIC MONSTER

it is, with a single sister ship completed earlier this year. Neither will ever be a bomber. The Pentagon, caught in wavering arguments between missiles and manned-weapons platforms, long ago downgraded the B-70 programme to only two aircraft. It thus became the XB-70A (X meaning experimental.)

The two experimental XB-70's stand for a kind of knowledge in high demand. They are unique in the world, the only pieces of truly heavy hardware ever designed to shoulder a mighty load, get up to

much about supersonic flight, and nobody knew anything, except in theory, about flying a *big* aeroplane long distances at 70,000 feet and Mach 3. North American Aviation engineers took two years to decide they could produce the big plane. The air force then gave North American Rs. 171 crores to see what it could do and General Electric Rs. 55 crores to work on engines.

An idea of what was involved may be derived from the conditions in which the plane was to function. At 70,000 feet the air is so thin that,



70,000 feet and cruise from one continent to another at Mach 3, three times the speed of sound, or about 2,000 m.p.h.

Plane of the Future. When the U.S. Air Force first asked for a successor to the B-52, few people knew

without artificial pressurization, a man's blood would boil and his internal gases would explode him like a balloon. At Mach 3, friction of the plane's passage through minus 65 degrees F. (minus 55 degrees C.) would generate plus temperatures

up to 650 degrees F. (345 degrees C.)—enough to roast a man like a Christmas turkey. And the need for the aircraft to hurtle thousands of miles without refuelling demanded that it be economical. Yet the 275-ton XB-70, at maximum exertion in climb, would need two-thirds of all the power packed into a 85,000-ton nuclear aircraft carrier.

What the designers had in mind was a future-generations aeroplane—built by this-generation men. A full-scale wooden mock-up was built by March 1959, approved by the air force, and a go-ahead given.

But Will It Work? Hideous problems confronted the engineers. One was that as a supersonic wing flew faster its centre of lift travelled aft. If the movement slid back far enough, the aircraft would flip end over end and disintegrate.

The engineers decided on a delta wing unlike any ever conceived before. Shaped like an arrowhead, it would be fantastically knifelike—relatively thinner than a razor blade—and 500 square feet of each wing tip would be hinged, so that in high-speed flight the outer hinged wing tips could be canted down by either 25 or 65 degrees.

Theory said that folding the wings would convert the wing tips into great weather vanes to “stiffen” the XB-70’s directional stability, and help shove the plane back into balance by destroying some lift at the rear.

Several years before, National

Aeronautics and Space Administration researchers had come upon a strange phenomenon they called “compression lift.” This indicated that at a certain velocity a properly shaped object might convert the old enemy, the sound barrier, into an ally by climbing on top of its own shock wave and riding it like a speed-boat. Now the engineers contoured the XB-70’s wing to the exact size and shape of the shock wave it would generate at Mach 3, and shaped the craft’s wide, flat underbody like that of a speed-boat. Theory said it would work; proof would have to wait.

At this point the XB-70 suffered a stunning setback. In December 1959, the U.S. Defence Department decided to downgrade the plane from a future fleet to a single prototype. Despite the blow, work went on. Then, late in 1960 the project took a new turn, this time upwards. New Defence Department orders called for a number of the aircraft.

Tough but Intractable. Now hell’s own hurdles reared up as engineers contemplated materials. Highest hurdle was heat. For years aeroplanes had been made of aluminium, but at Mach 3 temperatures the strength would go out of the soft metal and everything inside would sizzle in a gigantic rotisserie. The XB-70 needed sterner stuff.

But what? Engineers, prowling through metallurgical and physics laboratories, began turning up exciting finds. A metal called titanium



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was known to be tough—but intractable; ways had to be found to mould it into the plane's overhanging snout. Eventually these were found. The taming of titanium alone won an "Advancement of Research" award from the American Society of Metals.

The engineers' weightiest single problem was to develop a material strong enough to carry the main weight and stress of the aircraft, insulated enough to shield dozens of tons of combustible fuel from the awful heat of its passage, but light enough to fly. They developed a "honeycomb sandwich"—sheets of thin stainless steel soldered to either side of a delicate, many-celled core of the same stuff. The exacting process required hospital cleanliness, ceramic moulds to control distortion, and X-ray inspection of the bond. They made acres of honeycomb.

Gradually a giant metal fantasy took shape. But, in March 1961, orders came from Washington: no fleet, not even a bomber; two research aircraft and no more.

Still the job went doggedly forward. Engineers were contriving big engines, so hungry that, at full power, just one of the six in the XB-70 could gulp 60,000 pounds of paraffin fuel per hour—8,500 gallons. Most of the revolutions that were wrought are classified secrets. They include such exotic concepts as using fuel to soak the heat out of lubricating oils. The results add up to a monster engine delivering

30,000 pounds of thrust, or six pounds of push for every pound it weighs, capable of sustained operation in ferocious temperatures. They called it the YJ-93-3.

Moment of Truth. Early in 1964 six YJ-93's were mated to the fantastic air-frame. At last the XB-70 stood complete. Flight day came on September 21. Chief test pilot Al White and co-pilot Colonel Joseph Cotton were sealed in the cockpit, each harnessed into an individual oyster-shell capsule. If anything went seriously wrong they could snap the shells shut and be rocketed out of the plane to come down by parachute. The engines were fired, and men working underneath could feel their bones quivering under the impact of sheer noise. Finally the clutter of ground support—hydraulic pumps, electric power, nitrogen and ammonia supply trucks and air-conditioning—was cleared away. The behemoth taxied out to the end of the runway, its pilots 30 feet in the air and 100 feet ahead of the nosewheel.

This was the moment of truth. Suspended in the XB-70's bomb bay was a three-ton computer. From all over the aeroplane, 866 sensory points fed the computer readings of strain, temperature, flutter, pressure, roll, pitch, yaw and acceleration.

White and Cotton went through a cockpit check of 260 items on 18 pages. At last a voice said, "20001, cleared for take-off." White's voice came back, "Ready. 5-4-3-2-1. We



go." Immediately the afterburners cut in—throwing tongues of flame in which bright, sharply defined diamond patterns gave brilliant shape to the shock waves. The XB-70 began to move.

Down the long desert runway the XB-70 gathered its violence. Looking like a creature for or from another world, it went up—slowly, majestically at first—and the next anybody knew it was out of sight. Nothing was left but a far-off moan in the sky and the voices of the pilots coming down to report the aircraft's condition. Nine years of effort were up there—nine years, and Rs. 7,125 crores.

New aircraft are expected to be full of snags, flaws and revealed human error. The XB-70 did not escape. On an otherwise perfect landing, for example, a brake bound, locked the rear wheels of the left landing gear and burnt up two tyres in a spectacular torrent of flame. But the XB-70's personal crimes were misdemeanours and not felonies. She flew a second time on October 5 and did even better.

On Flight No. 3 White ran into "some problems" at about 740 m.p.h. The problems involved directional stability; the XB-70 didn't want to stay on course.

"Nobody knew what it was," he said later. "We took the data from the plane's computer and cranked it into the flight simulator. The simulator 'flew' the same way the plane had. Then it was perfectly

explainable. At that speed, it was time to fold the wing tips."

Flight No. 4 was to be a big jump; they would fold down those enormous wings and learn for certain whether they had a monster or a miracle. But now trouble came on them. The XB-70 bounced out to the runway and began the take-off roll. But half-way down the strip White reported, "I'm aborting." A brake had bound, one engine had stalled and the pressure was failing in one hydraulic system.

The flight was rescheduled for October 24. This time everything worked. She came down the runway like a bolt out of hell, clawed her way off the ground, reached for the sky and vanished. Two hours later White and Cotton were reporting to an audience of engineers aerodynamists, vice-presidents, presidents, colonels and generals. They had got to 45,000 feet, nursed the speed up to Mach 1.4—roughly 1,000 m.p.h.—and had folded the hinged wings for the first time. "She flew beautifully," White reported.

"That plane," Cotton added, "was born to fly with the wings down."

The testing of any aircraft proceeds by carefully planned stages. On her fourteenth flight, last July, the XB-70 set a new record for continuous supersonic flight: 84 minutes. She flew a total of one hour and 44 minutes at a top speed of 1,870 m.p.h. and a peak altitude of 68,000



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feet. She is expected to reach her designed speed shortly.

Showing the Way. Since the XB-70 will never be a bomber, what did the American taxpayer get for his Rs. 7,125 crores? The answer is: knowledge of inestimable value. The U.S. aviation industry is on the threshold of an entirely new dimension of commercial flight: the SST (supersonic transport), intended to carry ordinary travellers at multiples of the speed of sound. In the XB-70 there is a treasury of knowing what to do and what not to do beyond a new frontier.

Take an example: Among the

main worries about creating an SST is the sonic boom, the continuous shock wave which unrolls like a strip of carpet behind a supersonic plane. The XB-70 is the only existing instrument big enough and fast enough to demonstrate the size and nature of the problem for an SST. Here, alone, the XB-70 can earn its keep. There are other SST equations to be solved aloft. Will the people who pay for tickets be comfortable? Will they be safe? It lies within the capacity of the XB-70 to prove whether Grandmother may safely venture where professional test pilots now tread.



Child Psychiatry

A PAEDIATRICIAN uses old typewriters to keep children amused in his waiting-room. He cut down the legs of a table and placed several typewriters on it for them. Now his small patients cry only when they leave.

—H. P.

A DENTIST has found a way to make children's visits a bit more pleasant. He hands the youngsters a water pistol to use in rinsing out their mouths.

—A. B.

FIVE-YEAR-OLDS normally twist and turn continuously in their straight-backed classroom chairs. As an experiment last year, an inspired teacher installed rocking chairs for her first-year reading class. The children rocked quietly instead of squirming and were later found to be a month ahead of their normal reading level.

—M. J.

* * *

Forbidden Fruit

FAMOUS gastronome Brillat-Savarin raised this interesting question: "You first parents of the human race, who ruined yourselves for an apple—what might you not have done for a truffled turkey?"

—Sydney Harris



The story of I.T.I. is a story without an end, a story of growth and expansion.

THE BEGINNING: I.T.I. was the first public sector undertaking to be started for manufacturing the full range of equipment required for the development and maintenance of the country's telecommunication needs. Previously, most of this equipment was imported.

skilled Indian technicians, supervisors and engineers, and with them, the technical know-how needed for telecommunication equipment manufacture.

ACHIEVEMENTS: In the last ten years, during which the number of telephones in the country had multiplied several fold, I.T.I.'s contribution has been phenomenal. I.T.I. has been indigenously manu-

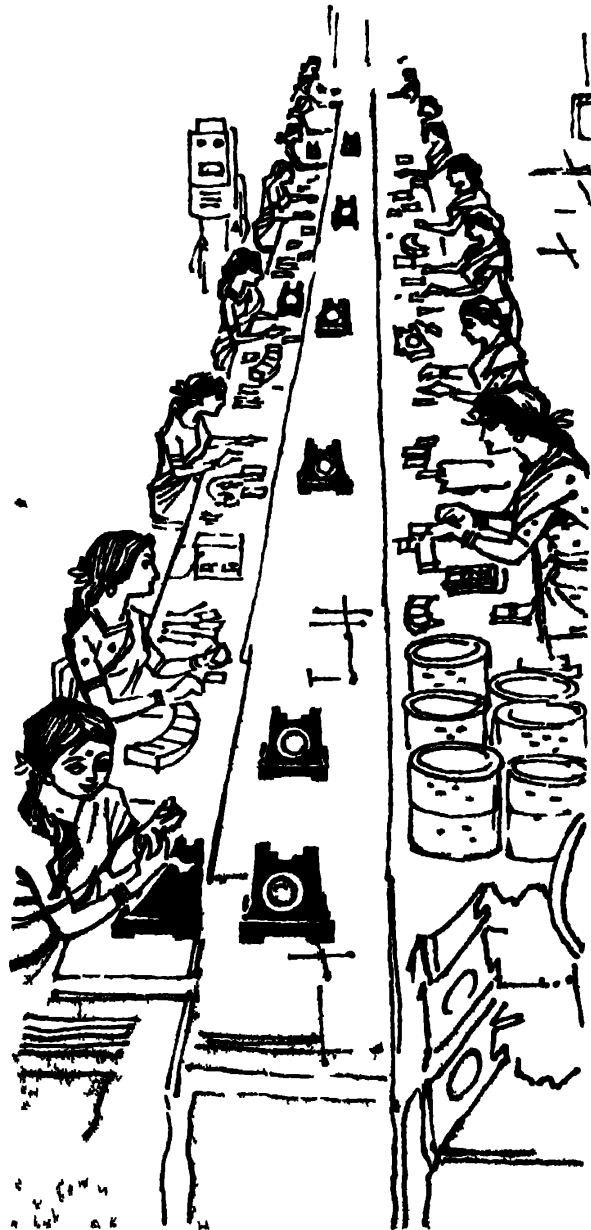
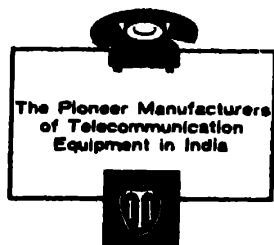
the story without an end

THE GROWTH: In seventeen years Dooravaninagar, the telephone city, has grown into a major industrial centre. Manufacture ranges from nuts and bolts to giant telephone exchanges. In a few years I.T.I. had a group of highly

facturing and supplying automatic exchanges, carrier equipment, V.F. repeaters, telephone units etc. to the P & T Department. Items like private automatic exchanges, measuring instruments and traffic signals are also manu-

factured to meet the requirements of other consumers. Its share in the export market has been noteworthy.

THE FUTURE . With its skilled technicians and technical know-how, research and development, I.T.I. is planning major expansion in the coming years. Preliminary work on starting the manufacture of Cross-bar telephone equipment, a radically new design of switching which is faster and more efficient, in collaboration with the Bell Telephone Company has been completed and the first equipment is expected to roll out shortly. I.T.I. is now teeming with activity, purposeful activity that works for an end, but, which never ends itself.



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*Surprising and interesting things
happen to those who keep their ears and
their minds open and alert*

The Art of Intelligent Listening

BY JAMES NATHAN MILLER

WHILE I was visiting the monkey house at the zoo recently, a strange feeling of what the French call *déjà vu* swept over me. Somewhere, not long before, I had been part of another scene much like this.

Where was it? I closed my eyes and absorbed the atmosphere round me: the jostling crowd, the ceaseless yapping of the monkeys—everyone of them chattering away, none paying attention to the others, none of them listening.

Nobody listening! Now I remembered. That cocktail party last week. The crowded room. The full-speed, full-volume chatter with nobody really saying anything, and nobody listening anyway.

With monkeys there's no loss. But people pay a price; in a recent study a leading public-opinion analyst found that our failure to listen to one another is both cause and symptom of some of our most serious personal problems. "People talk right past one another," he says. "Fathers talk past sons, mothers talk past daughters, teachers talk past students." Too often conversation is a competitive exercise in which the first person to draw a breath is declared the listener.

We miss so much. Conversational give-and-take is among the most enjoyable and rewarding of mental activities. Like study, it informs. Like travel, it broadens. Like friendship, it nourishes the soul. It calls,

Condensed from Empire

THE ART OF INTELLIGENT LISTENING

however, for a willingness to alternate the role of speaker with that of listener, and it calls for occasional "digestive pauses" by both.

In most of today's ping-pong conversations you find no such pauses, no interval between the cessation of one person talking and the clamour of a "listener" to get *his* oar in. We allow our minds hardly any opportunity for the essential process of assimilating what has come in and organizing what is to go out in response. We regard any conversational pause as awkward, a danger signal that people are getting bored or running out of topics to discuss. The resulting rush to fill the void turns into a no-holds-barred race to take over.

Look at the so-called "listeners" in a conversation, and you'll often see their impatience. They remind me of my Labrador retriever when I throw a stick for him, then tell him to "Stay." At that command he freezes into a rigid statue, but his nose and rear legs quiver in anticipation. At the command "Go!" he's off like a ballistic missile. How often I've seen that dog's expression mirrored in a group of "listeners"!

Small wonder that so many conversations fly apart, or hop about from subject to subject and double back on themselves as bewilderingly as a rabbit dodging across a field. Since nobody is listening to the substance of what is being said, the substance is lost.

Recently I have tried tracking

conversations and their patterns of subject-change. In one case I was able to reconstruct the thoughts in the minds of two "listeners" whom I shall call "X" and "Y," while speaker "A" held the floor. The sequence went like this:

A: "Very interesting thing. After hundreds of years of mystery about what the Druids were up to at Stonehenge, a professor has at last found an explanation."

X (Thinking): "Druids. Ancient civilizations. Good. I can talk about my trip to the Far East."

Y (Thinking). "Professor. University. I'll tell the one about the time Henry and I had the argument with that lecturer."

Sure enough, as soon as A ran out of breath there was half a second's pause and then X and Y were racing each other towards the breach. X won: "Those ancient civilizations certainly are mysterious. Last year when Margaret and I were in Cambodia we visited Angkor Wat, and——"

So we were off, from Cambodia to a monologue about the excellence of the French postal system, then to the lecture incident—and on and on through the evening.

Actually, a worthwhile exchange requires no more than thoughtful listening, and a thoughtful listener need be no brighter than the rest of us. He simply knows that a true conversation is an opportunity to learn something about one another and from one another. From this

basic fact stem certain conversational rules which, consciously or unconsciously, most good listeners follow.

First: There is no such thing as a worthless conversation, provided you know what to listen for. The attentive listener doesn't always tune his ear to what people think they're saying. Sometimes he listens for what people unconsciously reveal about themselves while they're talking. Thus he can derive meaning from a conversation even though the other person may be talking nonsense. Sometimes, too, the listener can spot unconscious clues in an otherwise dull conversation that open up wide vistas of interest.

On a plane trip last winter, for example, I sat next to a salesman who talked endlessly about his business: fluorescent light bulbs. As he outlined his problems with the wholesalers and appliance manufacturers, my attention flagged. But eventually I caught a fleeting reference to a minor product he was having trouble selling: a bulb designed for growing flowers indoors without sunlight.

Since I had always failed in my attempts to start plants in my living-room window, I questioned him about the bulb. I discovered that he, too, was an enthusiastic gardener, and for the rest of the trip I was treated to a delightful dissertation on indoor greenhouses. As a result, last spring I successfully grew my own seedlings.

Second: The question mark is

mightier than the exclamation mark. The good listener is not afraid to admit ignorance by asking questions. And questions are the breath of life for a conversation.

From my own experience as a reporter I have found that perhaps the single most powerful tool for making a conversation worth while is the simple two-word question, "For instance?" It lets the speaker know that you're interested in what he's saying and simultaneously challenges him to move from the surface generality to the illustrative particular. Pressed for specifics, he often blossoms out with a wealth of first-hand anecdotes—which can illuminate the most obscure subject.

The listener, in other words, must often lead the conversation. This is because most of us do not think very well while we are talking. Without help from those round us, we sometimes get lost in our own words.

You've seen it happen dozens of times. Somebody starts off with a clear and forceful statement like, "I think there are three main objections to that point of view." So you wait for his three objections—but he becomes so embroiled in Objection No. 1 that his mind sinks into a swamp of verbal disorganization and never reaches 2 and 3.

A good listener can help us over this hurdle. For years I've been carrying on a running argument with a woman about the quality of education in our local school. Our



DOES CANCER HAVE A SIGN?

Yes indeed. The Crab in the Zodiac.

However, we are really talking about the dread disease cancer, that kills over 200,000 people a year in India. This cancer has many signs. And most of them, deceptive. Cancer results when certain cells in the body start multiplying wildly, destroying the essential cells, and cannot be checked. Why this happens, nobody knows. Nor is there any pain at first to warn one. To detect cancer, be alert to its danger signals. It could mean life because cancer is curable if treated in the early stages.

Cut out and keep this guide on cancer

Commonest types of cancer in India	Danger signals	What steps to take
Cheek & Tongue	Small ulcer or cauliflower-like growth.	See a doctor immediately. Get frequent check-ups after the age of 45 even in the absence of any sign.
Throat	Sensation of foreign body sticking in the throat. Difficulty in swallowing or breathing. Change in voice	Avoid smoking. When tobacco is burnt, the high temperature produces a chemical known as 3, 4-benzpyrene, one of the most powerful cancer-producing substances known today.
Breast	Any lump or growth even if it is not painful.	Avoid 'pan' with chunam and tobacco.
Uterus	Unusual bleeding or discharge particularly after menopause.	
Stomach	Sudden loss of appetite or pain in the abdomen or vomiting blood	
Bones	Unusual swelling even though without pain.	
Lung	Persistent hoarseness or cough without cause. Blood-stained sputum.	
Colon	Any change in normal bowel movements.	
Prostrate gland	Presence of blood in urine.	
Eye	Any opacity, or golden or whitish part in the pupil, particularly in infants and children.	
Skin	Any change in wart or mole or persistent ulcer.	

**GOOD HEALTH
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discussions invariably get bogged down in trivia. The other night, though, I heard her arguing with one of the teachers. This man is a listener. Whenever she wandered off into a dead end, such as how her son was treated last week by the sports master, he would ask a quiet question that pulled her back to the main thread. As I listened to him skilfully listening to her, I was able to understand for the first time what her main points were—and I suddenly discovered that I agreed with her.

The basic fact about conversation is this: it is a partnership, not a

rivalry. Pit the most articulate, best-informed conversationalist against a non-listener, and the result is as if you tried to bounce a ball against a feather pillow. Conversely, subject an ordinary, run-of-the-mill "dull talker" to the gentle, exploratory probing of a good listener, and he often turns out to have wells of interest and information that nobody has bothered to tap.

The good listener, the person who does not regard lively talk as merely an exercise in self-assertion, adds immeasurably to the art of true conversation—and to the enjoyment of those around him.



Liquid Assets

A RESTAURATEUR in the West German village of Flein has bought an abandoned 5,284-gallon wine barrel and converted it into a tavern seating 20 people (T.I.N.). . . An English cider firm has found a profitable sideline—selling its old cider barrels as garages for small cars (N. A.) . . . In Kansas City, they have made a cocktail lounge out of an old airliner; called "Flight 42," it is ideal for people who want to get high without having to fly (N. N.)

* * *

Swing Your Partner

ON DISCOVERING that I was an enthusiastic square dancer, fellow campers in an international study camp in Switzerland asked me to teach them. I managed to get some records sent from the States and, amid explanations that women don't usually call dances, I started teaching. By the next afternoon Swiss, German, Greek, British, Scandinavian and American campers were all doing well, and I was so hoarse I couldn't speak.

"This is one of the most interesting camps I've ever been to," I heard one of the Swiss campers excitedly tell a visitor. "Why, we even have an American call girl!"

—Gael Entrikin

HUMOUR IN UNIFORM

WHILE stationed in Japan, my brother, an army lieutenant, was impressed with the efficient maid service in his bachelor officers' quarters. But he always hid his prized Nikon camera before leaving his room. One day he forgot and left the camera out on his bed. He was worried on his return to find it gone—until he discovered that the maid had put it back in its proper hiding place!

—MRS. R. PEPPING

THE NAVY had arranged for groups of Cubs to tour a submarine, and I had volunteered to go with them. Ladders provided the only access to the sub, and a sailor was stationed at the foot of each ladder to assist us. Though wearing a billowing skirt, I descended bravely, giving the sailor whatever fringe benefits his duty offered him. Noticing my embarrassment, he grinned and said, "Don't feel too bad. Only married men are stationed at the ladders."

—SYLVIA EHRLICH

ON MANOEUVRES in Germany, our infantry platoon was ordered to fall back across a river. Everyone managed to wade across except the radio operator, who stepped into a hole and sank from sight. Weighted down by the radio strapped to his back, the operator calmly walked along the bottom until he reached shallow water and emerged. Our keen young lieutenant rushed up to praise the radioman for exemplary behaviour in a frightening

situation. "Without the benefit of army training and discipline, do you realize where you'd probably be now?" he asked dramatically.

"Yes, sir," answered the dripping soldier. "At home."—VERNON RICHARDSON

ONE PROBLEM of an aircraft carrier the size of the U.S.S. *Constellation* is that during rough weather the accompanying destroyers can't keep up with her. Once when the weather was particularly bad the officer of the deck asked me to contact the destroyers and find out their position and how they were riding the weather. The reply was: "We are not sure of our position. Will call you back as soon as we surface."

—D. P. B.

AT OUR air force base it seemed as if everywhere I went there was a box or tin soliciting contributions. I decided to join the others in their fund-raising activities and placed a container on my desk with a sign that read: "Contributions for the Children of Israel Accepted Here." The collections were good until one of the regular contributors looked at my desk nameplate and realized who the "Children of Israel" were. —SERGEANT FREDERICK ISRAEL

A FRIEND of mine recently reported to training camp. In his first letter home, he wrote: "It's certainly a new experience having wall-to-wall brothers!"

—DALE RACHMAN

THE READER'S DIGEST

DURING an army exercise in Germany, the order was issued: "No soldier will enter a *Gasthaus* for the purpose of buying beer."

I returned to the small German village where my tank platoon was billeted and was shocked to see one of the 12-foot 105-mm. guns lowered point-blank at a *Gasthaus* window. All that rolled out of the tube, however, were five well-aimed German marks, which landed in the hands of the *Gasthaus* proprietor. He in turn put five bottles of beer into the gun tube. As the tank backed away, raising its gun higher and higher, the welcome beer slid down into the hands of my ingenious sergeant.

—LIEUTENANT PHILIP FOLGER

MY WIFE is a recent addition to the naval community at the port where I'm stationed on a destroyer, but she is rapidly becoming adjusted to navy life. We are expecting a child, a fact that has recently become apparent. The other day I heard her telling a friend, "I feel as if I'm really in the navy now that I have a sonar dome!"

—W. F. S.

WE WERE being briefed on a target mission on which we were to fly over the east coast of Labrador in winter-time. I asked the briefing officer why we had to wear the uncomfortable Mae West life jacket, since life expectancy was so short if we were forced down in the freezing water.

"It makes the body easier to find," was the officer's comforting reply.

—T. N. C.

MY HUSBAND, who had been wounded in fighting abroad, was flown home. Although he had nearly recovered, a

couple of young orderlies were handling him as though his days were numbered. Slowly and carefully they drove the ambulance from the airfield to the hospital, and gently carried the stretcher up a stairway to a side entrance. At the top of the stairs the orderly in front ran into a problem; the screen door opened outwards, and he could not let go of the stretcher.

Realizing the situation, my husband jumped off the stretcher and opened the door, bowing graciously. After the astonished boys carried the stretcher inside, my husband climbed back on, and they continued on their way—but not so carefully.

—MRS. D. POLLOCK

BEFORE the landings on the Pacific island of Saipan, the Marine battalion surgeon was briefing his men on the hazards to be encountered. In the surf, he said, beware of barracuda, sharks, anemones, razor-sharp coral, poison fish and giant clams that close up on a man like a bear trap. On land, he went on, there are leprosy, typhus, filariasis, yaws, typhoid, dengue fever, dysentery, sabre grass, hordes of flies, snakes and giant lizards.

"Eat nothing growing on the island, don't drink its water and don't approach its inhabitants," he wound up. "Any questions?"

A private's hand shot up. "Sir," he asked, "why don't we let the Japs keep the island?"

—C. W. P.

A POPULAR method of sending whisky to men overseas in the war was to put it in a hair- tonic bottle. One year I received a parcel with an empty bottle and a note on the label: "This made our hair stand on end—so we destroyed it."

—G. R. SIMS

*THE JOY OF
CHILDREN*
AN ESSAY IN WORDS
AND PHOTOGRAPHS



from the book by PEARL BUCK

FOR ALL CHILDREN, WELCOME!

THE MOMENT of physical birth must seem frighteningly sudden to the newborn child. He is expelled from the safe old world. If he fails to adjust to the new atmosphere, the unknown environment, he dies. He must do what he has never done before: he must draw a breath. He makes the effort, and lives.

Who can gaze at a newborn baby and not wonder again at The Miracle? Who can explain the mysterious individual spirit living in this tiny new baby? No one knows what this spirit is or how it will grow or what it will become. The potential in any child is infinite. Yet it is malleable. It can be shaped, dwarfed or developed.

In the knowledge of such responsibility we are awed, we are stirred to self-examination. Are we worthy of assuming power over these children?

Looking at the faces of children, whatever their race and kind, we see the same look, so touching in its gaiety, its wonder, its trustfulness and readiness to love. Children are incredibly forgiving and continue to love when all reason for love is gone. It is very difficult to kill love in a child's heart, but it can be done. And when it is done, when the child knows he is betrayed, the wound can never be mended.



Condensed from "The Joy of Children," © 1964 by the National Committee for Children and Youth, text © 1964 by Pearl S. Buck, Photographs: page 147 Suzanne Szasz; page 155 Robert R. Phillips. Eastman Kodak Co.



I am not pleading for a soft, sentimental love of children. Healthy children sooner or later will instinctively try to escape from such love. They must in order to grow. And growth is essential if the child is to live. The love that is essential to growth is an unselfish love, demanding no response except in the child's own development.

I know of no joy in life greater than the joy of seeing a child grow in mind and spirit and body, the small self-absorbed creature changing into the responsible, eager, active human being. This is the happy child, feeling himself free and yet under a firm and just discipline, one which teaches self-discipline. A baby learns more in his first year than he ever learns again in any single year. It is a bold beginning.

MRS RAY KIRK, EASTMAN KODAK CO





and wants to find him worthy of love

One can judge a family's life by the way the children behave outside, the way they meet strangers, the self-discipline they show in a dentist's chair. If they are secure at home, if they trust their parents and believe what they have been told in preparation, they meet crises with confidence in themselves and in others.

A child can stand an amazing amount of change in environment if his family remains stable, constant.

DAVID LINTON

A SECURE FAMILY

MOTHER-LOVE can be taken for granted. It serves best for cuts and bruises and falls on slippery floors. Mother-love is sheltering arms. But father love is necessary, too, for a child's growth. The best way the father can show his love is never to fail his child. Absolute truth in his dealings with the child, his word always kept when given, or if a promise must be broken, then full and early explanation, the building of a confidence so complete that the child can trust his father with his whole heart—this is the foundation of a child's security. For every child admires his father



THE GREAT ADVENTURE

CHILDHOOD is the time for discovery; it is Nature's way of accommodating the expanding intelligence and the growing spirit. "You want to know?" Nature enquires. "Go and find out for yourself."

Let parents echo the command and let teachers repeat it at school.

Of course the cat may scratch the baby. They are making mutual

REN HEYMAN, MAGNUM PHOTOS, INC.



enquiry Let them make mutual answers If the cat scratches, the baby will remember claws and cope with his own knowledge more easily than with his mother's fears.

Sand on a beach is another world, upon which one leaves footprints, and a pond is a place for mud and frogs, fish and reflections. A child grows through wonder and curiosity and new experiences with nature, animals and human beings.

AVE ARNOLD MATHIAS PHOTOGRAPHY INC.

WHO AM I?

THE CHILD is an individual in his own right and from birth should be so treated. With self-respect come certain virtues, including pride in one's own behaviour. Something is expected, and pride in one's self, which is totally different from conceit, responds to expectation. At the same time, satisfaction with one's self removes



inhibitions. Self-confidence, once gained, provides a kind of security which helps make a person dare to live and with joy.

A child's moods should not be lightly ignored. A tear in the eye, a finger in the mouth, constitute a need. There is a break in self-respect. Pity is all wrong, and sympathy may not be wise. What the child needs is intelligent concern, and a calm and friendly approach is the means.

SUZANNE BEARE



LOOK MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPH



OF WORK AND PLAY

IF I were asked what element is most important in a child's life, I would say the element of beauty. Children crave it, they accept it with ecstasy, but they cannot always create it or even find its whereabouts.

They must be taught to discover beauty in Nature, in art, in music and books, in noble human beings, living or dead, in the loyalties of friendship and family, in the love of country and of God. Without the perception of beauty the wings never spread, the mind lives in shadow, and the heart fails.

Shown what beauty is, however, the child pursues it, and in the pursuit he discovers his own talents and so himself. He tries many pathways of experience. At school, beyond his books, he tries music and drama and sport. In church he learns the beauty of worship and of the soul inspired. In museums he sees the work of other dedicated men and

women, those who devote their lives to creating beauty through art. In the presence of the great dead, he learns of dedication to the high demands of country and mankind. The flag becomes a precious symbol and he knows himself one of a great company called a nation.

When a child learns to read, it is to come to know a greater host of men, women and children and to be identified with them. Above all, the child learns the joy of learning. His world is infinitely enlarged, and ahead of him he sees the illuminated path of more and more to know, as long as he lives.

There must also be time and space for play: solitary play, when the mind can create in fruitful loneliness; play, too, in which the whole family shares. Outdoor play is essential.

Blessed are the children who live in peaceful places, in space and beauty. But anywhere that children are, they play, imitating the life they see about them. In play the child finds satisfaction for his entire being, his body is strengthened, his mind refreshed, his imagination inspired.

For adults the most satisfying hours of life are those spent in interesting and absorbing, exciting work. What such work provides for adults is provided for children in play, stretching their capacity to enjoy, to perform, to achieve. The child discovers first in play the lasting values of his life.

OUR BEST INVESTMENT

OUR CHILDREN are our greatest joy and treasure. In this most challenging age of human history, we need them all. Who knows what brilliant scientist, what talented artist, is lost in a city slum? Our investment of love—wise, understanding, guiding love—is the best investment we can make. For our children are what we make them. They come to us helpless, malleable, dependent upon what we provide. They leave us as men and women, the next generation, the blessed or the doomed. Brought up in the security of love, our children are our strength, our future and our pride.

KEV HENMAN, MAGNUM PHOTOS, INC.





THE CHANGING

Kulti. Neighbour to a steel town. Precursor of a proud tradition. It all really began at Kulti way back in 1870, here was the oldest successful unit in India producing pig iron by modern methods. With production upgraded at Burnpur the blast furnaces closed down in 1958. But obsolescence never overtook Kulti. Its integrated iron, steel and non-ferrous castings foundry is still one of the largest in the East—the spun pipe foundry one of the best. Kulti's present consumption of pig iron exceeds 20% of that for the whole of India, it can, in fact, take in more, if available.

Thus Kulti continues in a career of planned growth. Serving Burnpur, serving other steel plants—and India's railways, chemical and sugar industries with complicated castings. Spinning out pipes as well by full train loads for the projects and utilities as no other unit does. And Kulti today is confident of adding on to its achievements.

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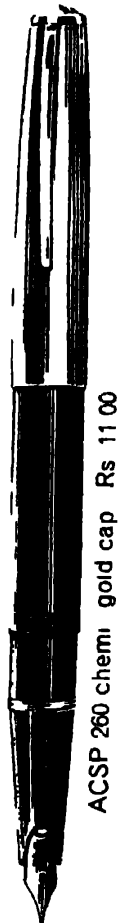


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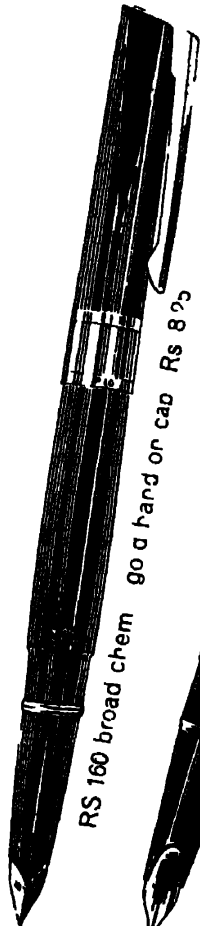
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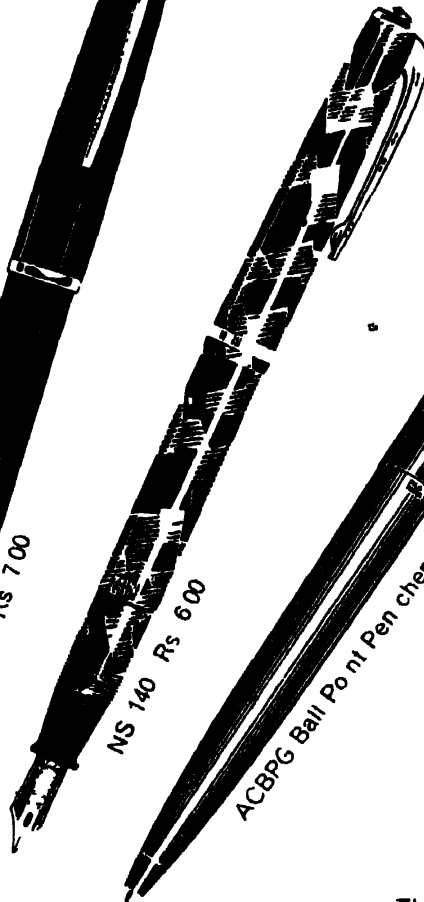
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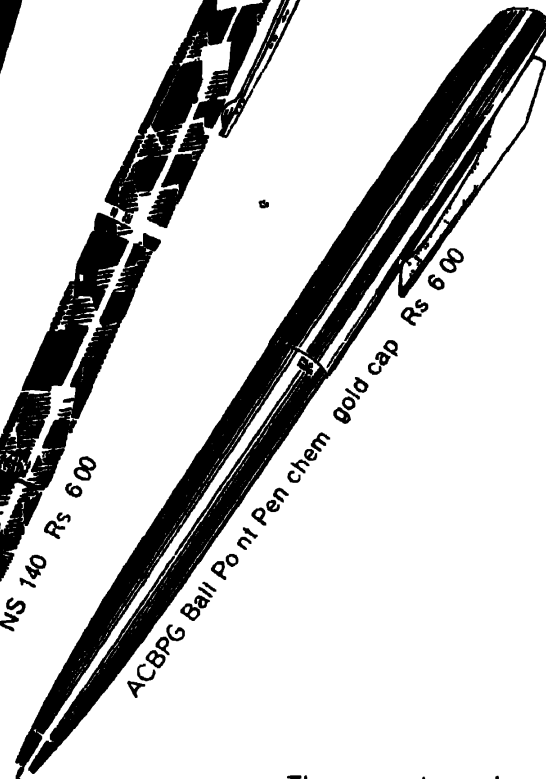
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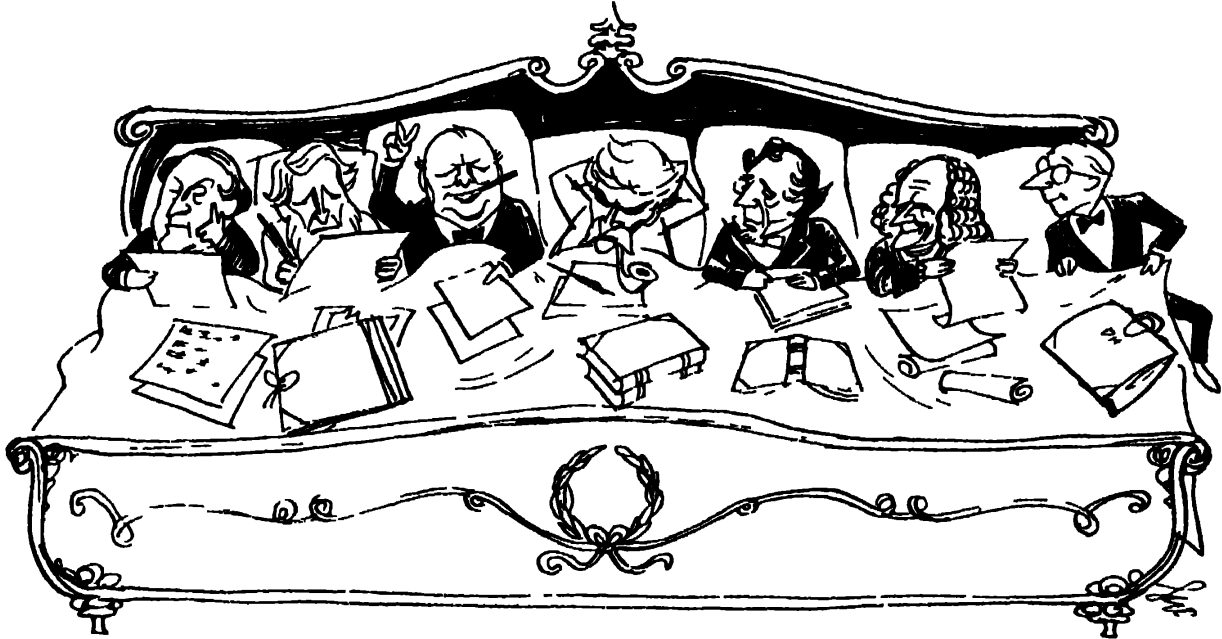
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Early to Bed and Late to Rise...

*There are some mornings when it just doesn't pay to
get out of bed—such as Monday to Friday*

BY DON HEROLD



I'VE DECIDED that getting up and going to work is just a form of nervousness, so I keep calm and stay in bed. It takes arrogance and courage, but I stay right there until I get some work done. Then I may go down to my office and play.

When I say play, I mean dictating letters, answering the telephone, holding "conferences" and doing those other office chores that most people call work.

One of the reasons I stay adamantly in bed in the morning is that I am an unusually energetic person,

without a lazy bone in my body, and my natural impulses are to leap up, shave and dress in a jiffy, rush to the office, and start the day busily, achieving practically nothing. Instead I force myself to start what I consider real work at seven o'clock or eight, or whenever I wake up, and to stay at it and finish it before I waste any pep on the useless, unimportant, conventional movements of rising and getting to an office, or distracting myself with the morning paper and the morning post.

I never look at my post until the

afternoon. Looking at the post first thing in the morning is nothing but sheer boyish curiosity, mixed with a certain amount of laziness. A man who attends to his morning post in the morning is letting other people decide how he is to spend his day.

Bed is also the one place in the world where other people leave a man alone. People somehow regard bedrooms as sacred territory and do not, as a rule, crash in uninvited. Furthermore, people feel that a man in bed fairly late in the morning must be sick, perhaps with something infectious. *Let 'em think so!*

Ruskin was grasping for a seclusion similar to that which bed gives when, upon entering on a serious spell of work, he sent out cards reading: "Mr. J. Ruskin is about to begin a work of great importance and therefore begs that in reference to calls and correspondence you will consider him dead for the next two months."

Mark Twain was, of course, the patron saint of all bed workers. He was a sensationally sensible man, and he saw no point in getting up to write.

A more recent advocate of bed work was Winston Churchill, who remained in bed until late in the morning, and went to bed again after lunch and, I believe, again later in the day. Thanks to this conservation of energy, he lived into his hearty nineties.

Another famous bed worker was Rossini, the composer. There is a

story that once, while composing an opera in bed, he dropped one of the arias and it slid some distance away. Instead of getting up to retrieve it he merely wrote a new aria.

It is said Voltaire did most of his scribbling in bed, and that Disraeli wrote some of his greatest speeches while stretched out on the floor. And lawyer Louis Nizer says, "I prefer to work from a reclining position. Even my office chair tilts, and a hidden footrest permits me to recline sufficiently, without offending my client's notion of dignity. I have found justification for my lazy posture in medical journals which suggest that it takes strain off the heart and increases stamina as well as thinking powers."

My own theory is that an office is one of the least efficient inventions of modern man, and that it should be stayed out of as much as possible. If housewives only knew how most executive husbands fritter away their days, their awe of "Father at the office" would become one more shattered schoolgirl illusion. Most men get more real work done on their trips and holidays than they do all the rest of the year.

I tell myself that my work is somewhat mental, and that a person can come nearer to being one hundred per cent mental in bed than anywhere else. His braces don't chafe, his shoes don't hurt, the angle of the chair does not annoy him. If he has a brain, he's practically nothing but brain in bed.



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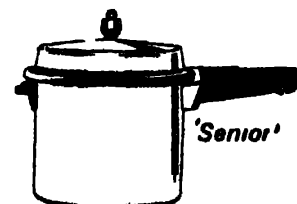
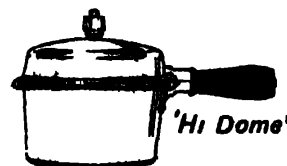
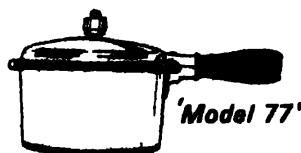
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GOOD NEWS FROM THE SOUTHERN STATES

Lurid newspaper reports too often conceal the fact that, slowly but steadily, a heartening climate of tolerance is emerging as the struggle for integration continues in the American South

TO MUCH of the world, the South is Selma, Alabama. But there is another South, a region of quiet, solid, if often agonizing, progress. That other South, all too easily overlooked, was not created this year or ten years ago; it was not brought into being by an act of the U.S. Supreme Court or by the exertions of the civil-rights movement. It has long existed in the hearts of some men. But only lately has it begun to make its true weight felt in the balance of events.

Nothing said about the South can ever be said without qualification. Cynics point out that "new eras" in the South have been proclaimed before. Still, in the past decade the Negro has gained more than in the whole preceding century. Today, fundamental resistance to Negro civil rights is dying. Roy Wilkins,

executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, says, "We've already won. I don't mean we're all through. But the back of segregation is broken."

Towards Sanity. There are still many pockets of resistance. The South still accedes to Negro demands reluctantly. But a majority of southerners are now resigned to the irrevocable fact that the Negro's demands must be granted under the Constitution.

Police Commissioner Claude Armour of Memphis, Tennessee, a town with an excellent integration record, says, "I had to face the decision whether we were to have fear and bloodshed, or whether we were to enforce the law. I decided we would enforce the law and have peace, so that's what we have done."

. Condensed from *Time*

Only two states—Alabama and Mississippi—still approach unanimity in their bitter segregationist stand; the next toughest is Louisiana. But there are signs that even these last strongholds are crumbling. Much of the credit for the change must go to businessmen troubled by evidence of economic damage: a sharp decline in the acquisition of new industries.

Alarmed and irritated by Selma, leaders of Alabama commerce and industry called for protection of voting rights and an end to employment discrimination.

Mississippi's Governor Paul Johnson is obviously trying to move the state towards greater accommodation on the civil-rights front. He still defends his state's too-lenient treatment of racist killers, but he works closely with the FBI in curbing the Ku Klux Klan (in fact, he himself has been threatened by the Klan), and he has halted the use of state money to finance racist propaganda.

Louisiana's Governor John McKeithen not long ago made a dramatic and significant gesture: he flew to Jonesboro, a small town 160 miles from Baton Rouge, where half the 500 students in the Negro high school had been protesting about lack of facilities. McKeithen swiftly took care of their grievances, explaining, "I didn't want another Selma." When the Klan objected to his action, 15 citizens burned an oil-soaked "Z" at a cross-roads to express their opinion of the Klan's

worth—zero. The governors' attitude is perhaps best summed up by Georgia's Carl Sanders, who says, "I'm a segregationist, but I'm no fool."

The New Climate. To outsiders, the signs of change in the new South often seem slight. Progressive southerners will proudly point to the wife of Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus having Negro women to an integrated tea-party; white page-boys carrying luggage for Negro guests. But given the South's unique history, such signs tell of an entirely new climate.

• **VOTING RIGHTS.** Even before President Johnson signed the Voting Rights Bill in August, in most southern states it had become far easier for Negroes to register. Between 1956 and 1964, Negro registration in Virginia rose from 19 per cent to 45.7 per cent of all those of voting age; in Texas it was up from 37 per cent to 57.7 per cent; in Tennessee, from 29 per cent to 69.4 per cent; and in Florida, from 32 per cent to 63.7 per cent.

When Negroes achieve their full political potential, they will wield a powerful influence; they make up more than 30 per cent of the adult population in Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina. Although, so far, few Negroes hold elective office in the South, there are some significant omens: at least two southern U.S. Congressmen, one from Georgia and the other from Tennessee, owe their election to Negro votes.

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• **PUBLIC ACCOMMODATION.** Compliance with the new public-accommodations law, which took effect last summer, has been good, on the whole. Negroes are received at restaurants and hotels even in such centres of segregation as McComb, Mississippi; Birmingham, Alabama; and Albany, Georgia. There have been some violent cases of defiance, and Negroes are often served grudgingly. But in the larger towns, Negroes can eat where they please, attend theatres and concerts without trouble. The civil-rights movement is no longer much concerned with restaurants and the like. Say Negro leaders, "We're past the coffee stage."

• **SCHOOL INTEGRATION.** Eleven years after the Supreme Court's desegregation ruling, school integration throughout most of the South has barely begun. In five states the over-all integration rate (the percentage of each state's Negro pupils in schools with whites) is less than one per cent; Texas leads the remaining six states with a rate of 7.26 per cent. Dismal as these statistics are, it is also a fact that more progress has been achieved in the last two years than most observers thought possible. For one thing, Negro children have now been enrolled without trouble in some of the rural areas where white opposition was fiercest. Mississippi, the last holdout, bowed to court orders and admitted Negro pupils in Biloxi, Jackson and Leake County. In Tuskegee, Alabama,

state schools that had closed rather than integrate are now open again on an integrated basis.

The new federal aid-to-education bill will exert considerable influence by withholding aid from schools that cannot furnish acceptable plans for integration. In order to continue receiving aid, school districts must desegregate at least four classes for the current school year, and all classes by the 1967-68 session.

• **JOBS.** In many southern communities, Negroes are now holding jobs once reserved for whites only. In some towns Negroes are working as department-store assistants; some banks have hired Negro cashiers. Partly under federal pressure, many defence firms have tried to upgrade Negro jobs and increase Negro employment. White unions still oppose wider Negro employment. But the realization is growing that in the long run a developing South cannot afford to do without the full use of its Negro labour force. To a large extent, the matter goes back to education: Negroes qualified for skilled jobs are still scarce.

Love and Justice. The southern Negro wants not only equality of opportunity, but social, economic and, in a sense, psychological equality. His family's average annual income is still only 2,520 dollars (Rs. 11,970), compared to the white southerner's 5,565 dollars (Rs. 26,434), which, in turn, is 983 dollars (Rs. 4,544) below the national average for whites. Many southern

If you can read this, it's not surprising. Yet your eyes are one of the most precious gifts you have. With them you can find your way in busy, grit-laden towns, drive along noisy crowded roads, work hard all day in office, factory or home—and in the evening watch TV or

read magazine type this small. So look after your eyes and when they get tired, soothe and refresh them with gentle Murine. Even perfectly normal eyes should be refreshed with gentle

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Negroes remain too poor to go to restaurants and theatres now open to them, too uneducated to fill many jobs that might now be available. They face bitterness and disillusion.

As the Negro obtains more justice, he does not necessarily win more love. The southern white man's old paternalistic and patronizing affection for the Negro has largely disappeared but has not yet been replaced with a new friendship based on equality. The southerner is still struggling against accepting a new image of the Negro—because it would mean accepting a new image of himself. Southerners still refuse to recognize that the prejudice that they foster in their children hurts and warps not only the Negro but themselves.

"There has been a change of action," says one Negro leader, "but not a change in heart."

And yet growing numbers of whites are no longer afraid to speak out for the Negro and to break what

novelist Lillian Smith called the "deadful silence of the good." North Carolina's former governor Terry Sanford speaks for many southerners when he says, "We had lived with our myths so long that we actually believed the vast majority of Negroes were content, happy, carefree, lacking in ambition and singing in the sun."

Beyond Tragedy. Many Negro leaders believe that the southern Negro's problems are growing more like those of the northern Negro, including *de facto* segregation. Some still hope that because of the southerner's special if ambiguous closeness to the Negro—in contrast to the northerner's ignorance of him—the South can eventually produce a more humane community than the North. That may be hoping for too much. But, as regional differences fade, race relations in the South are reaching the point where they will cease being an epilogue to tragedy and begin being merely a problem.



Pardon, Your Slip Is Showing

"THE golden-wedding celebration was delayed to make it impossible for relatives from a distance to attend." —From the *Manchester, Iowa, Press*

"WIDOWER with school-age children requires person to assume general housekeeping duties. Must be capable of contributing to growth of family." —Help-wanted ad in *Washington Post*

"To Retime Engine—This operation should be entrusted to our service stations, as it requires special fools." —From a motorcycle handbook

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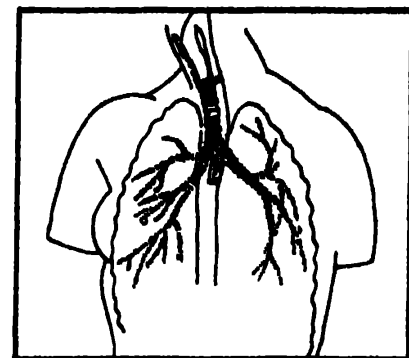
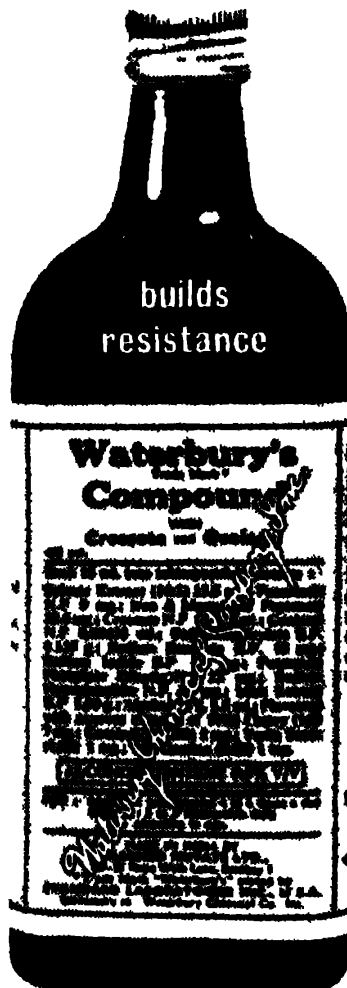
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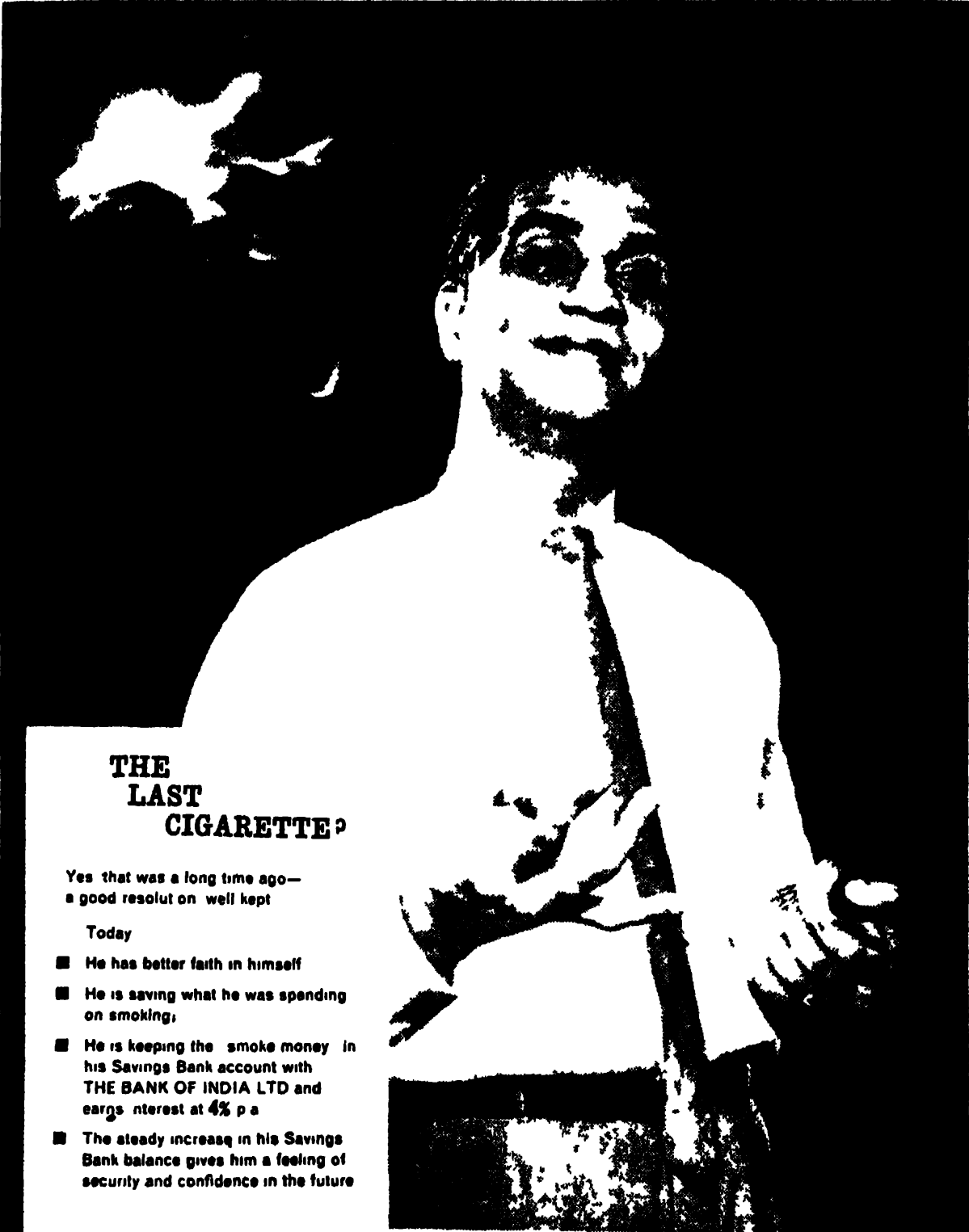
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My Most Unforgettable Character

BY MARIO MONTESSORI

WHEN I was a boy I was woken early one morning at our house in Rome by the shaking of my bed and a deep rumbling sound. I had no more than opened my eyes when my mother walked in, calm and smiling, and sat on the edge of my bed.

"Mario," she said, "do you see how the chandelier sways from the

ceiling?" I did. "Do you feel how the floor trembles?" I nodded.

My mother spread out her arms as if inviting me to a wonderful surprise. "This, Mario, is an earthquake."

For Maria Montessori, even an earthquake was an opportunity to open a child's mind. She believed God had invested human beings

with the urge and the power to fulfil themselves. In finding a way to liberate that power she gave the world a new approach to education, as a joyful process of self-discovery and self-realization.

Looking back, it is hard to conceive how she crowded so many accomplishments into one lifetime, first as a scientist—an anthropologist, and Italy's first woman doctor—then as the inspired educator who founded the worldwide kindergarten movement which bears her name. My greatest pride is to have shared in her work. Once when I was a boy I was separated from her in a crowd. Finding her again I boasted, "You cannot go to any place where I cannot follow you." I almost made this boast come true. For 40 years, as secretary, assistant and junior colleague, I followed her over half the world—wherever her vocation took her.

Unlike many of the austere career women at the turn of the century, Mother dressed elegantly and radiated feminine charm. She loved good food, good company and good talk. Her intense brown eyes could sparkle with delight, and they could also observe with precision.

"The secret of the good life," I once heard her say, "is to live in obedience to reality." She could look objectively at the world about her and see what was actually there, uncoloured by wish or expectation. Her course for teachers began with lessons in observation. "You have been

trained to make the child pay attention to you," she told them. "Here it is you who must observe the child."

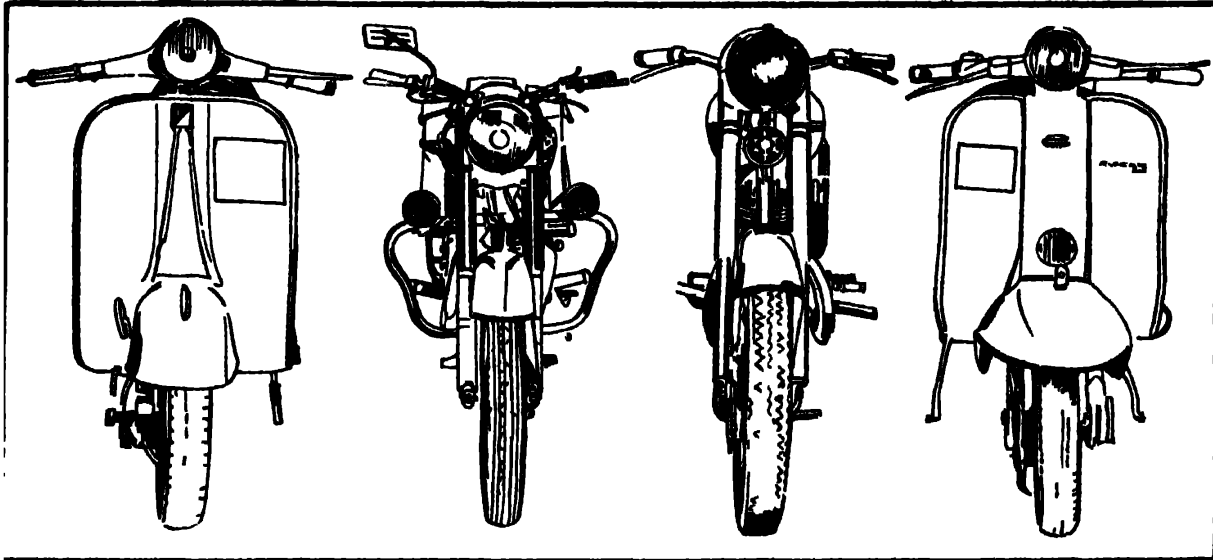
"Too Much to Do." As a little girl my mother was the most backward pupil in her school, unable to get the lessons into her head. Then, at ten, Maria suddenly changed. Along with a heightened interest in religion, not unusual in girls of that age, she developed a sense of vocation. Her parents first became aware of it while she was seriously ill with influenza. The doctor told them to be prepared for the worst. Maria reassured her mother, "Don't worry, *Mamma mia*, I am not going to die. I have too much to do."

Now she came first in her class. Her parents suggested she should become a teacher, then the only career open to women. She refused to consider it; she had made up her mind to be an engineer! At 14 she attended classes at a technical school for boys. After a year she switched to biology and finally decided to take a degree in medicine.

"Impossible," Professor Guido Baccelli, dean of the medical school at the University of Rome, told her. But in the end she gained admission, won a scholarship, and helped to pay her own way by private tutoring. Her father, deeply disapproving, refused to speak to her for years.

As the only woman in the medical school she had to put up with taunts and torments. But she got her degree. She joined the staff of the

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MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

university's psychiatric clinic, where one of her duties was to visit the city's lunatic asylums to pick subjects for study.

In those days defective children were classed with—and housed with—the insane. In one asylum *La Dottoressa* (as she was often called) saw such children herded together in a bare room like prisoners. "Look at them," said the matron in disgust. "When their meals are finished they throw themselves on the floor like animals in search of crumbs." My mother watched. With shrill and incoherent cries, the children stretched their hands out for scraps of bread which they kneaded into different shapes.

With a flash of insight my mother saw that what these children craved was not so much food as experience. Those little hands were groping for contact with the world! Some inner power was propelling these children to try and develop body, mind and personality. Instead of being isolated and restrained they should be liberated. But how to reach them?

Dr. Baccelli, now Italy's minister of education, invited Maria to lecture on the education of the feeble-minded. As a result of the public interest aroused, he founded an experimental state school for defective children—with Dr. Montessori in charge. "So, after all," joked Dr. Baccelli, "you are still only a woman and a kindergarten teacher!"

"My dear idiots," was how Mother referred to the children in

her diary. All day long, from eight in the morning to seven at night, she spent with children society had given up as hopeless—observing, experimenting, "fanning the little flame of intelligence I saw in their eyes." After two years of intensive work, she entered her pupils for a normal state-school examination. The "dear idiots" showed that they were not hopeless after all. In fact, many did as well in the tests as normal children.

When the news was published, it made a sensation. But Mother, with rigorous detachment, saw that the real significance was not that defective children could accomplish so much, but that normal children were doing so little better.

Visiting state schools, she found that everything possible was done to discourage the child's initiative. Pupils were forced to sit on benches so close to the desks that they had to bend and twist their bodies to slide in. Once locked in place, they supposedly couldn't help listening to the teacher. Highest credit went for sitting still; the slightest movement was severely punished. "Our moral sense seems to be in the seat of the trousers," she told a group of educators and public officials.

Children's Houses. After launching the school for deficient children, Mother returned to the university and eventually was appointed professor of anthropology. Seven years passed before she found her life's work. A private housing

project had taken several hundred poor families out of a dirty, overcrowded tenement and put them in more adequate houses. But while parents were away at work and older children at school, the younger children under six ran wild. It was decided to start a kindergarten, and Dr. Montessori was asked to take charge. She accepted at once. Here was her long-awaited chance to try out her ideas on normal children.

Her *Casa dei Bambini* (Children's House) opened in the notorious San Lorenzo slums. "Sixty tearful, frightened children, so shy that it was impossible to get them to speak; dejected, uncared-for, pale, undernourished children who had grown up in dark hovels without anything to stimulate their minds." That is how my mother described her charges on their first day together.

During the next two years, these "little vandals," as one reporter called them, were to help my mother revolutionize education. Instead of imposing arbitrary rules and pounding facts into their heads, she looked for ways of releasing their independence.

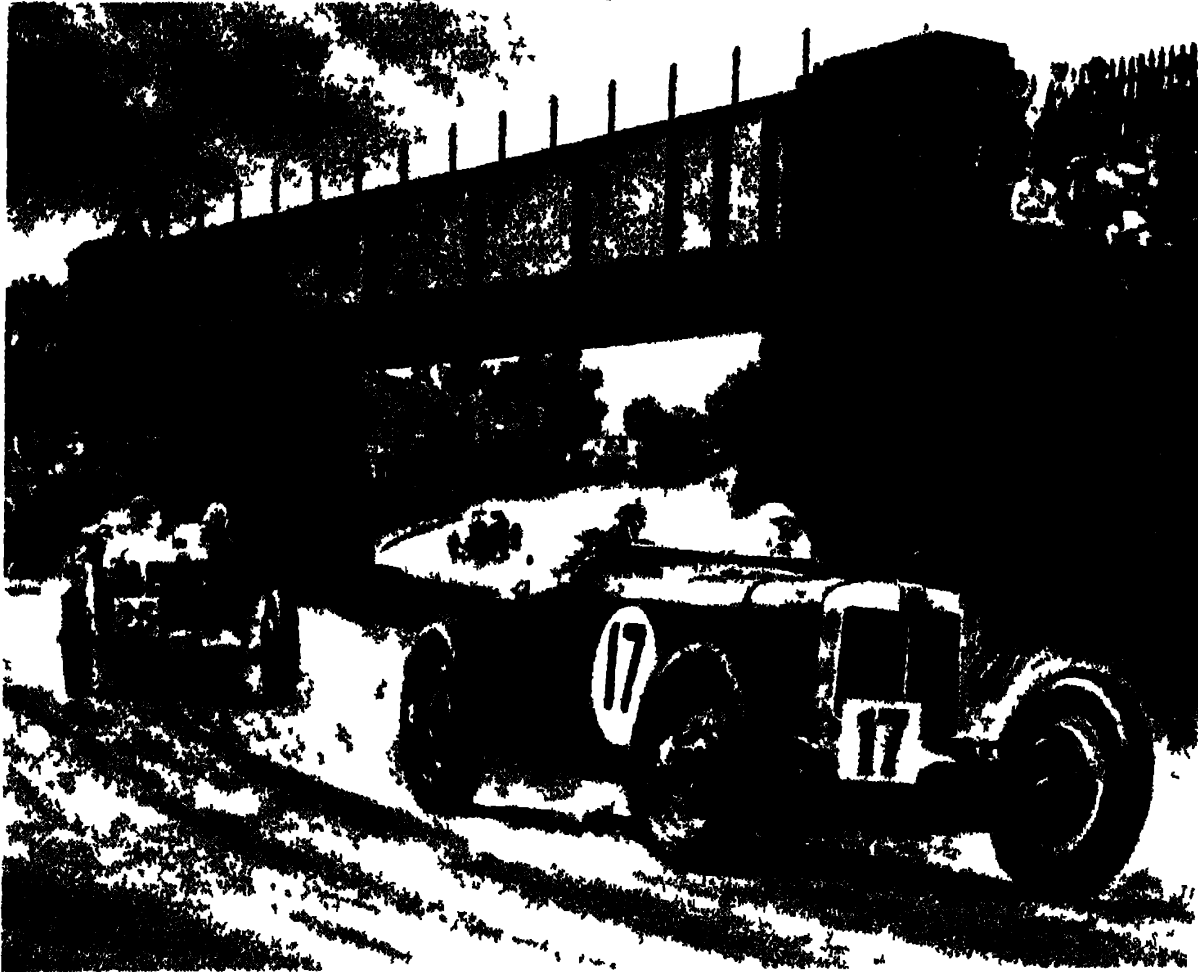
Her first step was to free the children by civilizing them. "Teach the importance of doing even the smallest task well," Mother admonished her teachers. "Then give them freedom to choose their activity and indulge in it as long as they like." Montessori children learned to blow their noses quietly, wash their hands, tie shoelaces, polish their

shoes, fasten belt buckles, and pour water or milk without spilling it. "Self-reliance and self-discipline," she wrote, "are outward signs of healthy inward functioning." Sigmund Freud once remarked admiringly that children trained in the Montessori spirit were bound to make poor customers for psychoanalysis later in life.

Recognizing that it is through the senses that a child develops his intelligence. Mother devised learning aids to give him the *feel* of a subject through direct experience with tangible objects. Using identical pieces of wood painted in different colours, the child learns to grade colours from lightest to darkest. Sorting out bells which look exactly alike but produce different tones, he discovers musical notes and relates them to a scale. (Most of today's educational playthings are inspired by the learning aids Mother devised over half a century ago.)

"I Can Write!" In Mother's view, three was not too early for a child to begin getting the feel of letters cut out of sandpaper, one of her many devices. One day, one boy, drawing with a crayon, wrote *mano* (hand). At the top of his voice he yelled, "I can write." Children and teacher gathered round him full of surprise and enthusiasm. And then, one by one, some of the other children began to write also, shouting, "Me too," "Me too." Nobody had taught them. All Mother had done was to let the child work in a

Great moments in auto racing/Tourist Trophy Race/Northern Ireland/1933



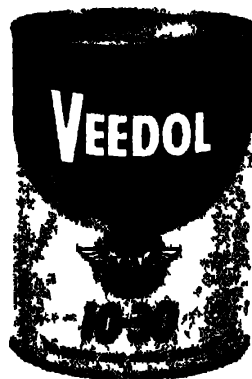
THE DAY OF THE MG

The final laps of the 1933 Tourist Trophy race narrowed down to an MG battle between Hamilton's J4 Midget MG and Nuvolari's K3 Magnette MG. Nuvolari began cutting into Hamilton's lead, pressing his advantage when Hamilton lost valuable time from a bungled pit stop. Charging back onto the track, Hamilton recovered his lead on handicap, both drivers breaking records with each lap. With two laps remaining and a 54-second lead, Hamilton was forced to stop for fuel. On the final lap, Nuvolari, scorning fuel, pulled past Hamilton. As his motor sputtered,

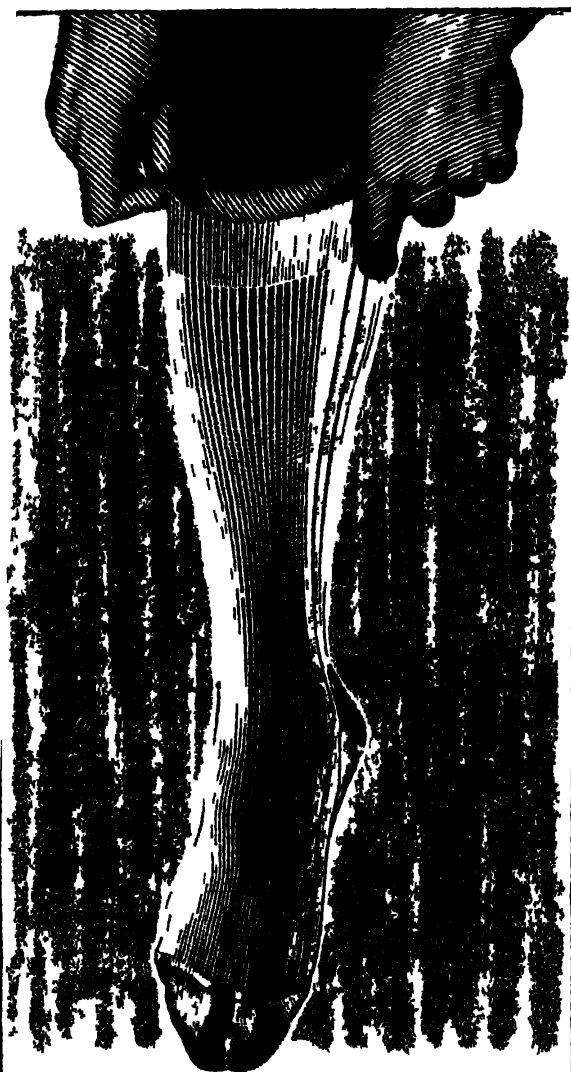
Nuvolari threw up his hands. No gas! Instantly, his mechanic switched to the tiny reserve tank, and Nuvolari blasted the Magnette on to victory. Emphasizing this dramatic battle was the closeness of their average speeds: Nuvolari

won with 78.65 mph; Hamilton came in second at 78.46 mph.

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specially prepared environment, one in which he could make his own discoveries and arrive at concepts through his own concrete experience.

At the *Casa dei Bambini*, children learned to write four or five months before they learned to read. One day, in a class of children who had begun to write a little, Mother wrote on the blackboard, "If you can read this, come up and give me a kiss." Several days passed and nothing happened. "They thought I was writing on the blackboard for my own amusement, just as they did," she said. "Then on the fourth day a tiny mite of a girl came up to me, said, '*Eccomi*,' ('Here I am') and gave me a kiss." By four or five, most of the children in the *Casa dei Bambini* were reading and writing.

The school revealed something else: that it is not fear of punishment or hope of reward that motivates a child, but the sheer satisfaction of the work itself. The children were released to do what was in them—and the greatest reward was going on to the next stage.

War Closes In. In the years following the publication of Mother's first book on education, *The Montessori Method*, in 1912, her principles of teaching the very young were adopted by many schools in Europe and the United States. Later, with the rise of totalitarianism, they came under attack. In Germany and Austria the Nazis burnt her effigy over pyres of her books. Mussolini tried to exploit her

1965

fame, then turned against her when she refused to serve his propaganda ends. The schools and institutes she had founded were closed by the government.

"Mario," she said, "we must realize that this was the only way God could make us understand that we had done enough here and that He needs us elsewhere." And at 64 Mother left Italy to establish a new headquarters in Barcelona.

When the Spanish Civil War broke out I was in London and Mother was alone in our Barcelona house with three of my children. Trucks manned by Loyalist militia roamed the streets, arresting suspected Franco sympathizers. Feeling ran high against Catholics, and to be Italian as well increased the danger.

A truck stopped in front of our door. The armed "milicianos" who occupied it looked intently at our house. As my older son told me later, Mother turned away from the window and gathered the children. "Some day," she said, as calmly as she had explained the earthquake to me, "everyone must die. For some it will come sooner than to others. We are going to pray now and ask God to guide us wherever we must go."

Then came the sound of a truck pulling away. My son went downstairs and cautiously looked out of the front door. The men had gone, but they left a sign. Written in red paint was the notice: "Respect this

179



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house; it belongs to a friend of children." It was signed with the communist emblem: the hammer and sickle.

In country after country, war closed the Montessori schools. After escaping from Spain on a British gunboat, Mother set up headquarters in Amsterdam. A call came from India, and we went to help train teachers. Italy entered the war while we were there, and though we were interned as "enemy aliens," Mother carried on her teaching.

Call to Africa. After the war, now in her 70's, she returned to Europe. Once more her ideas were eagerly sought after, and Montessori schools and training centres flourished again. She spent much time reading and writing in our family sea-side house in Holland's tulip belt at Noordwijk aan Zee.

One day in May, at the height of the tulip season, I lunched with her before a window commanding a panorama of flowers and sea. I told her that I had met an official of Ghana, which was soon to become

independent and desperately needed schools. He wanted Mother and me to help teach the teachers.

"If any children need help, it is those poor children of African countries," Mother said. "Certainly we must go."

I reminded her of the heat, the primitive living conditions. After all, she was 81.

"So, you don't want me to come!" she scolded me gently. "Some day I may go and leave you behind."

"You will never go where I cannot follow," I told her, repeating that childhood boast of long ago.

I left the room to find the map of Africa in an atlas. When I returned, Mother was dead. She would have gone to Ghana, or any other place where children needed her.

Questions about the Montessori method or about Maria Montessori may be addressed to: Association Montessori Internationale, 161 Koninginneweg, Amsterdam-Z, Holland.



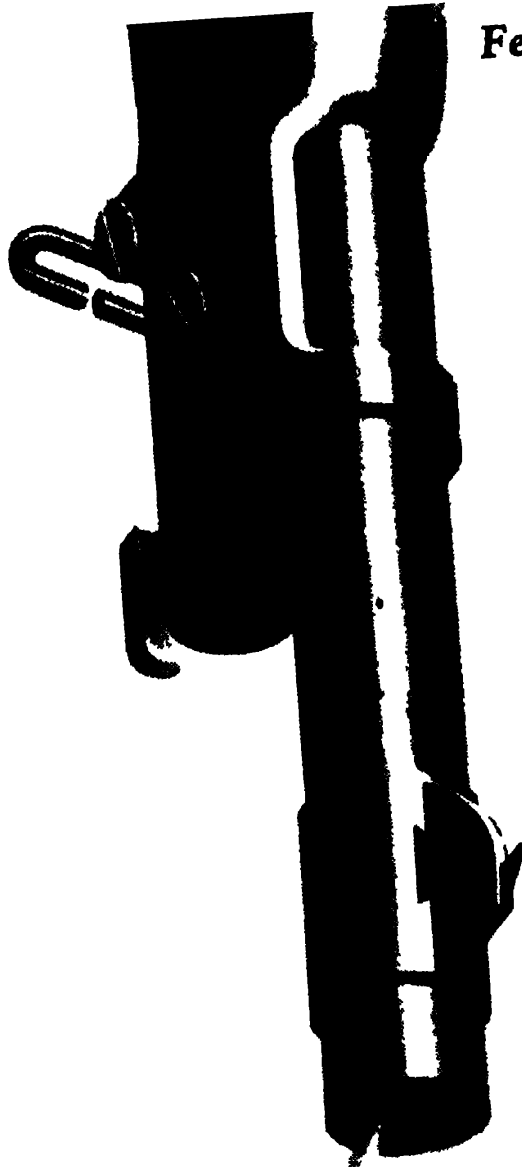
Cartoon Quips

PERSONNEL manager to applicant: "I can't promise you the job, but our computer is favourably impressed."

ONE GIRL to another, watching an old car drive away: "I *know* John's been faithful—his seat belts never have to be adjusted!"

ROCK 'N' ROLL fan to record salesman: "What've you got that's really loud with a fast beat—something to relax to?"

Feature Supplement



EV

SMITH & WESSON

By David Reed

Last November, newspapers all over the world announced: HOSTAGES MASSACRED AS CONGO RESCUE MISSION BEGINS. PARATROOPERS TAKE STANLEYVILLE.

Behind those shocking headlines lay a story of tribal bloodlust run wild, of nuns, missionaries and consular officials held at the mercy of primitive Africans. This is a recounting of the events of 111 terror-filled days during which Congolese leaders threatened to kill all foreigners held in their custody.

To reconstruct this savage sequence of horror, David Reed and a team of writers interviewed hundreds of participants—rescuers and rescued—in Stanleyville, Leopoldville, Brussels, Paris and elsewhere. Reed's dramatic chronicle throws a searching light on the chaos that can ensue when an inadequately prepared nation achieves independence.

THE STANLEYVILLE MASSACRE

THE GREAT chieftain, flanked by bearded young *aides* in bits and pieces of military uniforms, sat regally at a table, looking out at the mass of white faces. A handsome man with dark, intense eyes, a moustache and goatee beard, he wore an ill-fitting Belgian uniform bearing the insignia of a lieutenant-general. Gold braid was draped over one shoulder, a ceremonial sword hung at his side, and his officer's cap was adorned with leopard skin.

This was Nicolas Olenga, lord of the Simbas. He was from the Batetelas, a tribe famous for its sorcery, and his Simbas—the word means “lions” in Swahili—were protected by a *dawa*, or magic, which reputedly made them immune to bullets. Congolese government troops were terrified of them, and in three weeks the Simba army had overrun much of the eastern Congo and captured Stanleyville, a city of about 150,000 people.

In front of Nicolas Olenga now, assembled at his bidding, stood 100 leaders of the European community. They represented the 1,600

Condensed from "111 Days in Stanleyville,"
© 1965 by David Reed and Reader's Digest Inc.,
to be published next year by Collins, London



foreigners (including Americans, Canadians, Indians and Pakistanis) who had remained in the city rather than flee before the Simba advance.

Olenga opened the meeting with a short announcement in French. "I want the Europeans to go about their work in a normal fashion," he said. "The conflict going on in the Congo now is an internal one between the Congolese. It does not concern you. You will be protected."

José Romnée, a small, wiry, Belgian who managed a petroleum company, had been selected by the business community as its spokesman. He now interrupted. The Europeans had remained in Stanleyville hoping to be treated equitably, he said. But in the five days since the Simbas had gained control of the city on August 5, 1964, a woman had been raped, and several flats had been shot up and the occupants terrorized.

Olenga seemed upset at hearing this. He assured Romnée that any Simba abusing a European would be severely punished.

"Are we free to go to Leopoldville if we wish?" Romnée asked.

The general thought. "Not for the moment," he said. "Not until my troops conquer the entire Congo."

"May we send messages to relatives and friends?"

"Oh, yes," Olenga said. "You can send cables that you are in good health." Then he added, "But that is all."

Suddenly it was quite clear to all

foreigners in the room: the Congolese "internal conflict" would, after all, concern them very much. They were this man's prisoners.

Olenga turned next to economic problems. There had been a great deal of inflation since the Congo became independent from Belgium in 1960, he noted, and this meant hardship for everyone. But the solution was easy. Henceforth all prices in Stanleyville would revert to 1960 levels. Wages, however, would remain the same.

The businessmen protested noisily, and for a moment no one could be heard. Olenga silenced them. The decision was final. Prices would be rolled back to those of 1960.

Taxes were also a burden, and so they were abolished. "This is a people's revolution," Olenga said, "and taxes are no longer necessary."

At the moment Olenga had no need of money. His men had just seized a shipment of 200 million Congolese francs from the Air Congo office in Stanleyville. At the black-market rate, this was the equivalent of about Rs. 23 lakhs. And he knew that he could always help himself to whatever cash was on hand in the banks.

The general and his staff next went into an adjoining room to meet the consular corps. Representatives of the governments of Belgium, the United States, France, Britain, Greece, Cyprus, Italy and the Netherlands attended. It had been

agreed that Patrick Nothomb, the Belgian consul, would speak for the group.

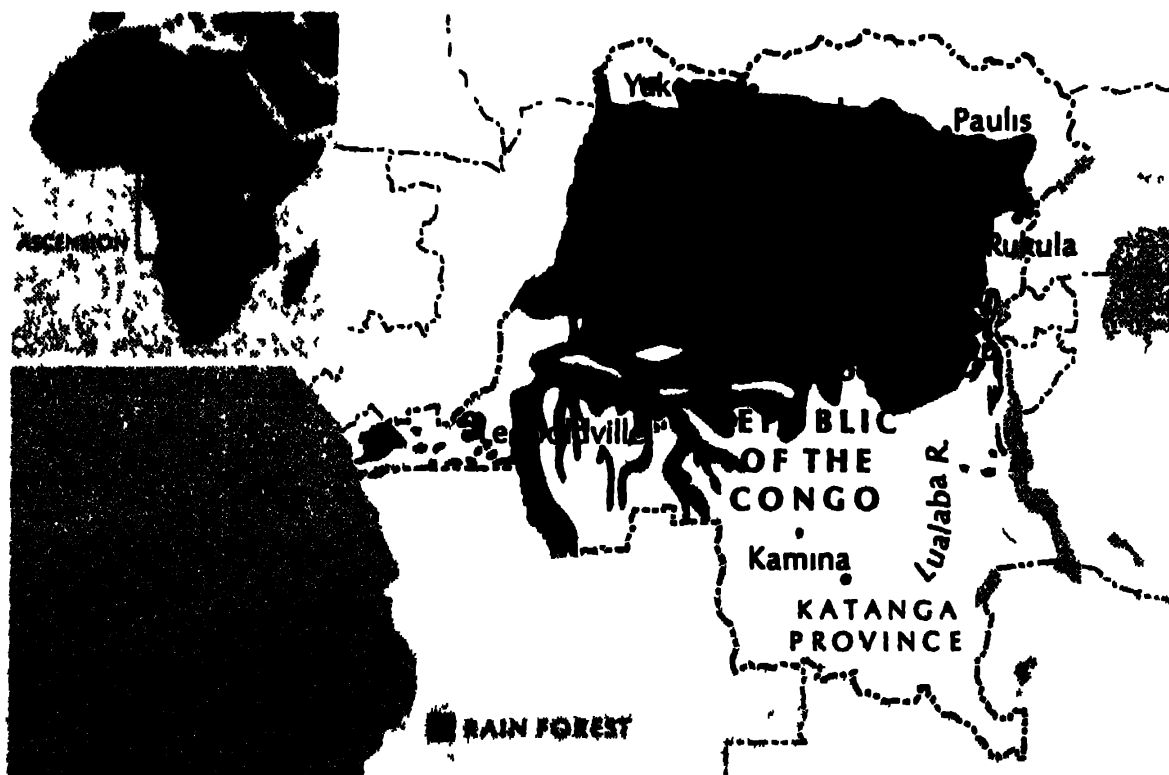
Nothomb had arrived in Stanleyville on August 1, just three days before the Simbas. He was only 28 years old, and his post was so temporary that he had left his wife and children behind in Leopoldville; he was to fill in for two weeks until a new consul arrived. He came from a noble family and bore the hereditary title of Baron, but his appearance was not exactly baronial. He was a short, podgy man with a barrel chest; his clothes were unkempt, his tie was askew, his shoelaces were often untied. He had great energy, radiated happiness and goodwill, and seemed to like everybody. Conversely, everybody liked him.

"I'm worried about the safety of the Belgians and other foreigners here," he said when the meeting opened. "We must have protection for our homes and consulates."

In his dealings with the businessmen, Olenga had been stern and implacable. Now his face hardened further, and a strange light glittered in his eyes.

"Unfortunately I have too few Simbas to provide an adequate guard," he said. "The reason is that my soldiers are being killed by the Americans. Where is the American consul?"

From the group stepped Michael Hoyt, 34, the tall, hefty U.S. representative. Hoyt was also a newcomer and, like Nothomb, appointed to Stanleyville temporarily. A



member of the economics staff of the Embassy in Leopoldville, he normally handled routine commercial matters. He had flown in from Leopoldville with his wife and their youngest son in mid-July to fill a brief vacancy. Only a week before, he had been host at his first official function at Stanleyville, a cocktail party at his consulate. Luckily he had been able to send out his wife and son on one of the last planes to leave before the Simbas captured the airport.

Before Hoyt could speak, the Simbas flanking Olenga began to chant "*Etats-Unis d'Amérique*" over and over, with ritualistic venom. The effect was ominous and unnerving.

"We have killed 250 American soldiers who were trying to defend Wanie-Rukula," Olenga cried, his voice shrill. "I myself have seen thousands of American troops fighting us. I have captured them, and I will bring them to Stanleyville."

Speaking loudly to be heard above the Simba chorus, which had again taken up the chant of hatred, Hoyt denied that there were any U.S. troops fighting in the Congo.

"I have evidence," Olenga thundered. "I have papers taken from American soldiers."

"May I see them?" Hoyt asked.

Olenga ignored him. His voice rose hysterically as he continued. "You will see. First I will take Leopoldville. Then I will declare war on the United States!" His

eyes widened into great piercing orbs, and his fists clenched. "I will find ships. And I will invade your country!"

The Coming of the Simbas

STANLEYVILLE, in the heart of the enormous Congo rain forest, is surrounded by seemingly endless jungle. Yet, in August 1964, it was one of tropical Africa's most modern cities, with spacious villas, comfortable hotels and restaurants, large office buildings and blocks of flats. It typified the accomplishments of 52 years of Belgian rule, which made the Congo an economic miracle—and left it a political disaster, with fewer than 30 university graduates in a population of 13.5 million, and no Congolese with any training in the arts of government.

Since it became independent from Belgium in 1960 the Congo had been convulsed by one revolt after another. When it first erupted into anarchy in 1960, the United Nations hurriedly dispatched troops which, at their peak, numbered 20,000 men. Because of a rota system, some 93,000 soldiers from 33 countries saw service in the Congo under the U.N. flag. But the Congo was in just as great a turmoil when these forces left on June 30, 1964, as when they arrived. They had, to be sure, crushed the secessionist movement of Moïse Tshombe in Katanga. But Tshombe had bounced back to become prime minister of the entire Congo, and the United Nations

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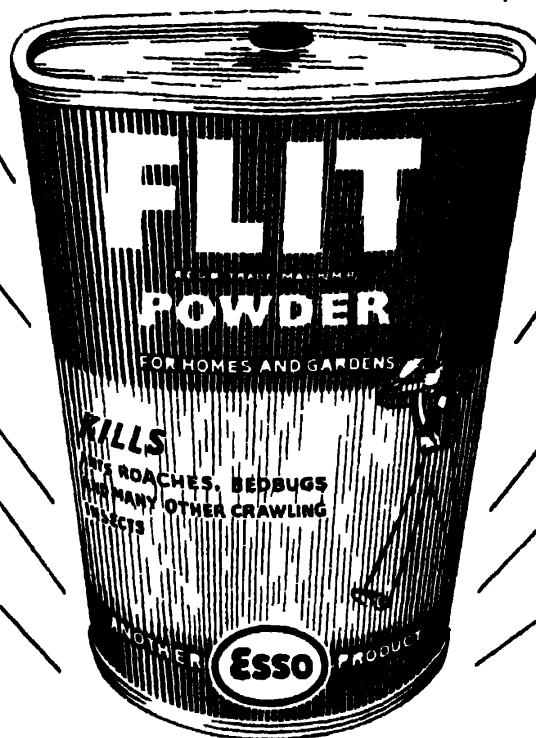
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had been forced to support him.

The Simba uprising against Tshombe had then materialized with the sudden fury of a tropical downpour. It was a peculiarly African phenomenon. Armed at first mostly with spears, arrows and clubs, the Simbas had gone on to capture many modern weapons. They believed themselves invulnerable because of the powerful *dawa* provided by their witch doctors (who explained casualties as being due to violations of the taboos the *dawa* required). Anywhere else the Simbas would have been mown down by opposing troops, but the government soldiers (the Armée Nationale Congolaise—ANC) were primitive tribesmen, too. They had few trained leaders—there had been no Congolese officers in the Belgian colonial army—and in many cases they simply fled at the approach of the fanatical Simbas.

From a balcony of his flat in the Immoquateur, Baron Nothomb had a good view of some of the take-over of Stanleyville. On August 5, as he watched, a column of Simbas came up the main street along the Congo River. They were led by half a dozen sorcerers, unarmed except for palm fronds, which they waved back and forth with hypnotic rhythm. Looking to neither right nor left (this being taboo), they chanted, "*Mai, mai*" (Water, water)—an incantation supposed to render enemy bullets as harmless as rain. The soldiers who followed behind

them were all bare-chested, but wore feathers or bits of animal skin at the neck. Perhaps ten of them had rifles; the rest carried spears and sticks.

Soon, Nothomb's phone rang. A Belgian who lived on the outskirts of Stanleyville was calling. The Simbas were shooting round his house and terrifying his family. "Please come and get us," he wailed. And so, accompanied by another Belgian who spoke Swahili, Baron Nothomb drove out to the suburb which was crackling with gun-fire, and managed to bring the man and his family safely back to the Immoquateur. Later in the afternoon other telephone appeals took him out again on similar missions. That night 15 frightened people were gathered in Nothomb's flat.

By the next day only one unit of the ANC was still holding out, and at 8 p.m. it opened up with a tremendous barrage on the Immoquateur. Fortunately, the ANC soldiers were not noted for their marksmanship, and the mortar and artillery shells fell harmlessly. But machine-gun and rifle fire began to rake the Immoquateur. Then the Simbas, seeing bullets come through the windows, concluded that the ANC had hidden in the Immoquateur and were firing at them. Screaming battle cries, they too opened fire on the building. European refugees had continued to seek sanctuary there and, together with the regular tenants, there were now 160 people collected in the building. For several

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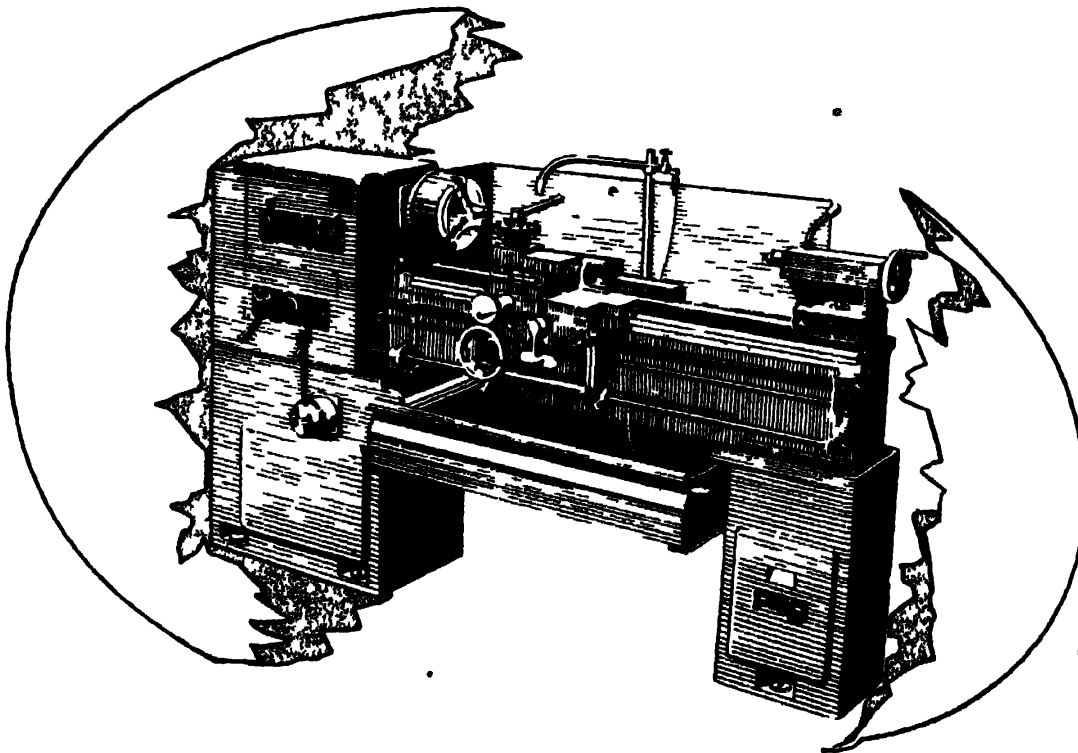


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hours they hugged the floor and prayed. It was Baron Nothomb who averted what might have become mass carnage. Crawling across the floor with bullets whizzing overhead, he reached the telephone, and miraculously got through to General Olenga's headquarters. After he had argued and pleaded for half an hour, the Simba attack was pulled back.

The Americans fared rather worse. On August 5, Hoyt was just sitting down to lunch in his quarters when David Grinwis, the American vice-consul, telephoned him from the consulate. Grinwis, a 34-year-old Foreign Service officer who had

been in Stanleyville more than a year, rarely betrayed his emotions. Now, however, he was obviously agitated. "Come over quickly," he said. "Some Simbas are on their way here."

Hoyt raced out of the back door and into the consulate, which adjoined his residence. Nine or ten soldiers were already advancing across the lawn, and as he stared at them they began firing at the building point-blank with automatic rifles. The windows shattered, and bullets buried themselves in the walls.

Following an emergency plan,

Hoyt, Grinwis and two radio operators hurried into a room-size steel vault which housed the consulate's communications equipment, locked the door and pushed a safe up against it. The Simbas dashed into the building and began spraying the steel door with bullets. When this had no effect, they disconnected the master electrical switch (which shut off the air conditioning) and started to attack the door with a hammer.

Soon the Americans began to see light around the edges of the frame as each blow hit. But the door held, and eventually, it seemed, the Simbas went away. Hoyt and the others remained in the dark and airless retreat for seven hours, however, before they considered it safe to venture out.

The next day Simbas returned to the consulate and seized four cars, but they did not otherwise molest the Americans. Four days of uneasy quiet followed, and Hoyt began to envisage a normal diplomatic relationship with the new authorities. "Perhaps things will be better," he said, "once the situation is stabilized."

Life Under Olenga

BUT HOYT'S first meeting with Olenga, when the Simba general spoke to the foreign community and diplomatic representatives, had dashed such hopes. Olenga's tirade against the United States made it clear that his hatred was implacable. Just before the meeting broke up he

informed Hoyt that he was expelling him and the other American consular personnel. They would have to leave on the first available plane.

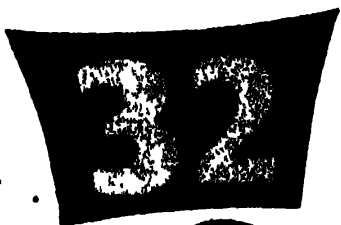
"You're really lucky to be getting out," the honorary British consul, Peter Rombaut, remarked. But Hoyt suspected that he was far from being "out"—and events quickly proved him right.

The next day a truck bearing the clasped-hands insignia of AID, the U.S. Agency for International Development, pulled up at the consulate with a load of Simbas. They swarmed out, lined the five Americans up in front of the building, and began to beat them with rifle butts. A couple of Simbas, foraging about in the consulate, discovered several American flags. With whoops of glee they brought them out and stuffed them into the Americans' mouths and commanded, "*Mangez, mangez!*" (Eat, eat!) The beatings continued.

Meanwhile, a Simba major ordered Hoyt to show him the vault where the men had hidden during the earlier attack on the consulate. Next he wanted to see the attic, then the cellar. Hoyt explained that there was no cellar. The major insisted; and, placing his rifle at Hoyt's chest, he deliberately threw a cartridge into the chamber.

"There's no cellar, no cellar," Hoyt said in French. "What do I have to gain by lying?"

He could not be certain how



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much the Simba understood. But for some reason the officer lowered the rifle.

Finally the Americans were loaded on to the truck and taken to Olenga's headquarters at Camp Ketele, a military base outside the city. There a mob of about 1,000 people—soldiers, women and children—further abused and taunted them. But when Olenga appeared, he seemed surprised to find the men dishevelled and bloody where they had been nicked with bayonets.

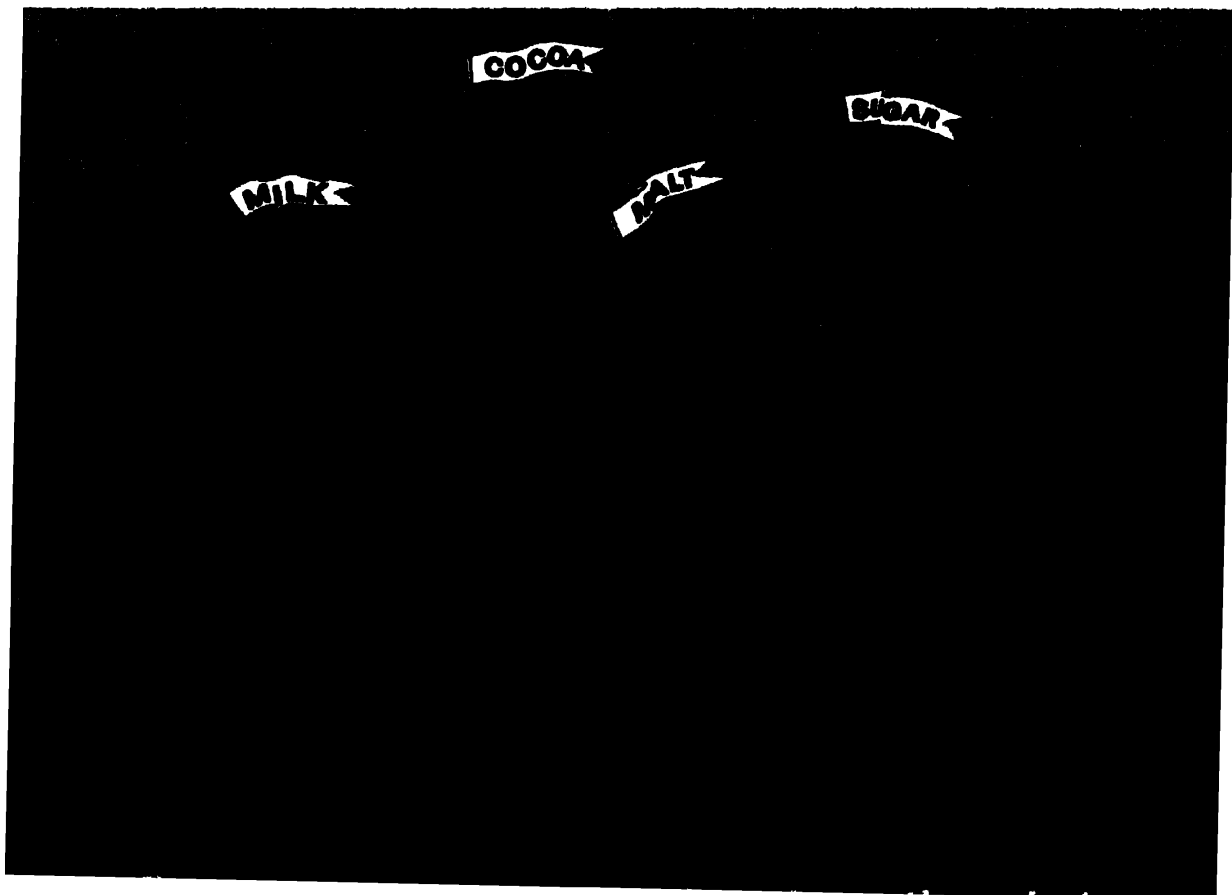
"Oh—have you been beaten?" he asked. "I'm very sorry. I have decided that I do not want to break off relations with the United States after all. You won't be expelled. We

will give you whatever protection you need."

Hoyt could not believe his ears. Shortly afterwards, however, orders were issued, and the men were taken back to the consulate, guarded by ten Simbas.

Olenga, they discovered, was creating an upside-down world in which the only certainty was government by caprice. His decree which put prices back to 1960 levels soon paralysed normal retail trade. The Congolese merchants, seeing such bargains in the European shops, quickly bought up all the goods and began selling them on the black market.

"Olenga may be a great soldier,"



Baron Nothomb lamented, "but in economic matters he is dreadful."

None of the new officials, in fact, seemed to have the vaguest idea of how a modern economy works. In a typical case, the Simbas "requisitioned" so many trucks that factories found it impossible to operate. Foreign businessmen protested, and a meeting was arranged to discuss the problem. Before the meeting took place, the Simbas confiscated what few trucks still remained in private hands. When the foreigners collected for the meeting, they were told that it had been cancelled. "The general has decided to seize all trucks. Therefore it is our opinion that you no longer have a problem."

Meanwhile, the Olenga regime was frequently out of hand. The general could control the original Simbas from the Batetela tribe, but to broaden the base of his movement he had to recruit local people, and they often defied his authority, looting, stealing cars, assaulting their enemies, killing. Many new Simbas were members of the Jeunesse, which was ostensibly the youth wing of the Mouvement National Congolais (MNC). In reality, it was little more than a bunch of young hooligans, often used to break up opposition meetings. Now members of the Jeunesse began stopping Congolese in the streets, demanding that they produce MNC membership cards. If

BOURNVITALITY



THE STANLEYVILLE MASSACRE

a passer-by did not have a card, he was often beaten senseless. Olenga struggled to keep a rein on these elements but he never achieved full control over them.

On August 13, when he set out south-eastward for Bukavu, a city still held by government troops, Olenga left in charge as president of the new "People's Republic" a man named Alphonse Kinghis. And Kinghis had his own ideas about how the cause of justice could best be served.

The God Lumumba

JUST BEHIND Stanleyville's post office is a lovely little park, ringed with coconut palms and flowers. It was tended with reverence by the Simbas.

In the centre on a raised concrete platform was a full-length colour photograph, nearly life-size, of Patrice Lumumba, the first prime minister of the Congo, who was murdered in 1961.

When Lumumba was an up-and-coming young politician, he had sought the support of gullible tribesmen by promising that when independence came they would all "turn white." They would live in big houses, just like the Europeans, and they would drive European cars, and no one would have to work. Today, all over the eastern Congo, masses of ignorant tribesmen are still convinced that only Lumumba's death kept these promises from coming true. They blame

his murder on American and Belgian "imperialists," a belief fostered and kept alive by communist propaganda. And they believe Lumumba will return to earth in a "second coming" to make good his word. Thus the Lumumba monument was no mere memorial.

It was an altar, and Lumumba was a god.

On the morning of August 16, President Kinghis ordered about a dozen Congolese prisoners to be taken to the monument. Most of them were middle-of-the-road politicians or minor functionaries of the Leopoldville government, seized as enemies of the new rulers. The president also summoned a mob of several thousand civilians. Towering among them, he harangued them into a frenzy. Then Simba soldiers dragged the first prisoner to the front.

"Is he guilty or innocent?" Kinghis cried.

"Guilty!" the mob roared.

The Simbas riddled the man with bullets, firing until his body had been cut into pieces. Blood splashed on to the monument, and on to the killers and spectators.

After several more men had been killed, a very important man was brought out. He was Sylvere Bondekwe, who had been head of a moderate political party in the Stanleyville region. The mob became even more restless, and something as ancient as Africa itself stirred in their minds. Bondekwe had to die,

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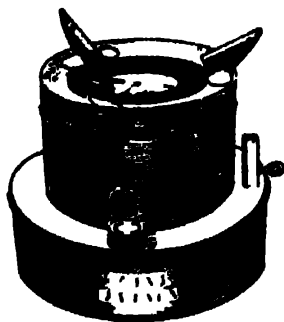
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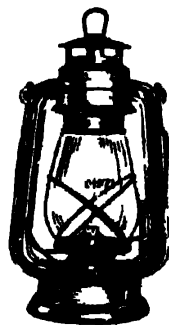
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of course, but Bondekwe had *power*.

His liver was cut from his body while he was still alive. Pieces were snatched up by the mob and devoured eagerly. They screamed triumphantly. Now they too had *power*.

The killings continued for five days, with Kinghis presiding. In all, about 120 men were sacrificed before the ghastly spectacles were stopped. But lawlessness and hatred pervaded the Simba movement, and other executions went on almost every day at the Tshopo River bridge, north of the city. The Simbas tied their victims hand and foot and flung them over the bridge into a roaring cataract. People living near the bridge said that more than 1,000 Congolese were done away with in this manner.

Most of those who were killed were regarded by the Simbas as "intellectuals." This meant that they were clerks, teachers, nurses, small merchants—people who through training and diligent effort had begun to make a place for themselves in the world. Similar executions went on in other towns occupied by the Simbas. At Kindu, about 800 were slain at the local Lumumba monument, many of them burnt alive. At Paulis, to the north-east, about 2,000 were killed. What made the executions all the more tragic was that the Simbas were killing the very people who, given time, could have substantially helped to lift the Congo out of the past. Now they

were gone, victims of the "People's Republic."

The Baron's Stratagem

AT BUKAVU, Olenga was decisively repulsed, largely because he came up against Colonel Léonard Mulamba, one of the few good officers in the ANC. It was Olenga's first defeat, and since it was absolutely necessary to take Bukavu before he could begin his triumphal march on Leopoldville his rage was monumental.

And who was to blame for the defeat?

Of course—*les Américains*.

The United States, which had consistently opposed all secessionist movements and backed a strong central regime, had in fact supplied Tshombe with a small number of bombers and training planes equipped with rockets and machine-guns. Some of these planes, piloted by anti-Castro Cubans, were used at Bukavu. Three transport planes, flown by American crews, had also brought in supplies and reinforcements for the ANC.

During the four years that United Nations troops were in the Congo, Radio Peking and Radio Moscow had incessantly attacked their presence as a manoeuvre by American "imperialists" to enslave the Congolese people. Now Olenga saw American actions in this light almost as a matter of course. Aching for revenge, he dashed off a telegram to Stanleyville fulminating

against the United States and demanding: "Arrest all Americans in the Congo and take them before a court martial for judgement without pity." Meaning: execute them.

Luckily the message was seen by a Belgian radio operator, who notified Nothomb immediately. The baron understood Olenga's meaning perfectly. His shirt half-buttoned, his hair in wild disarray, he hurried to the American consulate.

"Do you have any last messages for your families?" he asked, tears streaming down his cheeks. "The Simbas are coming for you, and you must prepare yourselves for death." Then, quickly, he explained about Olenga's cable.

Two of the radio operators, James Stauffer, 30, and Donald Parkes, 34, knew no French. But they could read the baron's expressive face, and their imaginations supplied the rest. A third operator, Ernest Houle, 52, was of French-Canadian descent and able to follow the conversation.

"Isn't there anything we can do?" Hoyt asked.

At that moment the baron was suddenly at his crafty best. He knew the Congolese well. They acted on impulse. But if an action could be delayed a few days, it was often completely forgotten. So why not ask Colonel Joseph Opepe, second in command of the Simba army, to postpone killing the Americans until they could send a message to President Johnson requesting that

American assistance to Tshombe and the ANC be reconsidered?

Opepe showed interest when Nothomb sought him out at Camp Ketele, and returned to the U.S. consulate with him. He was a short, fat man whom many whites had found friendly. Speaking in Swahili through an interpreter, Opepe asked Hoyt, "Do you sincerely believe that the United States should stop its assistance to the central government?"

Hoyt avoided a direct answer. "I'm willing to send a message," he said. After some further discussion Opepe agreed that he would postpone the executions if the Americans would cable the American Ambassador and President Johnson. Nothomb, Hoyt and Grinwis then concocted the following:

WE REQUEST OF YOU IN THE MOST INSISTENT MANNER TO RECONSIDER AMERICAN MILITARY ASSISTANCE TO THE CENTRAL CONGOLESE GOVERNMENT STOP WE ARE ALL UNTIL NOW IN GOOD HEALTH BUT THE CONTINUATION OF AMERICAN MILITARY AID WOULD PUT WITHOUT ANY DOUBT IN IMMEDIATE DANGER REPEAT IMMEDIATE DANGER THE LIVES OF THE AMERICANS LIVING IN THE TERRITORY CONTROLLED BY THE PEOPLE'S ARMY OF LIBERATION.

Nothomb was counting on the Simbas to forget the entire matter in a day or two. But he was taking no chances. Speaking through an

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interpreter, he said to Opepe, "This is a very important message. But President Johnson has to see it, so it will take a little time. Within three, four or five days President Johnson himself will answer."

Undoubtedly the baron's stratagem saved the five Americans from death. Indeed, while they were still drafting the cable, a Simba officer burst into the consulate with a platoon of soldiers, and was restrained from carrying out the death sentence only by Opepe's explicit counter-order.

But they were still in Simba hands, and President Kinghis now ordered them to be taken to the airport terminal, where they were

thrown into the women's washroom, a five-by-ten-foot cubicle. The toilets were broken and overflowing, and the stench was revolting. A large encampment of Simbas was celebrating wildly at the airport, and from time to time groups took the Americans out of their noisome prison, beat and tormented them, then thrust them back.

Later, the five men were moved to a guest cottage owned by Sabena Airlines and then, as a result of one of Olenga's sudden changes of mood, to a filthy cell in Stanleyville's central prison.

In all, in the space of little more than a month, the Americans were moved, under guard, six times.

BOROLINE

SO SMOOTH, SO SATISFYING, SO SUBTLE

Many U.S. State Department officials were reluctant to use force to rescue them, afraid that the United States would be criticized by African and other countries for behaving in an "imperialist" manner.

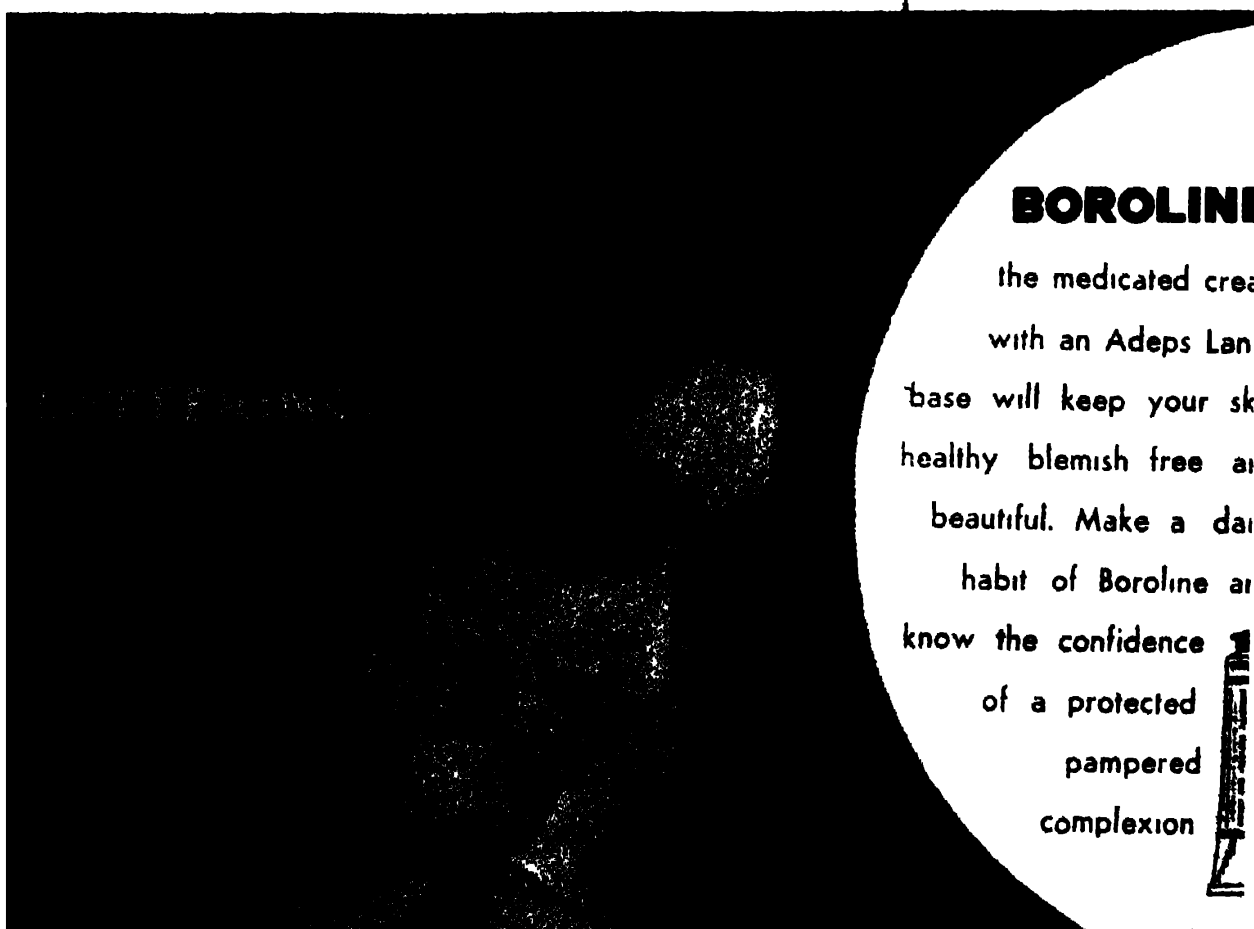
And if force was used in an effort to rescue the Americans in Simba hands, there was always the possibility that the prisoners would be massacred in retaliation before the troops arrived.

Soon after the fall of Stanleyville, an attempt was made to obtain Hoyt's release by negotiation. With the approval of Washington and Brussels, the chief of the U.N. mission to the Congo, a Mexican named Bibiano Osorio-Tafall, got in touch

with the Simba authorities and proposed that the U.N. and the International Committee of the Red Cross be allowed to send a plane to Stanleyville with doctors and medicines. On the return flight, he suggested, the plane could bring out the American consular personnel and other foreigners who wanted to leave.

U Thant, Secretary-General of the U.N., added his support. "Such a gesture on your part," he said to Olenga, "would receive worldwide appreciation."

But Olenga refused. He sent a message denouncing not only the U.N., but the Red Cross and the World Health Organization as well,



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as "spies" and part of an "imperialist plot." No Americans would be allowed to leave Stanleyville, he said. They were to be held as hostages against air attack. And Olenga warned that his Simbas would shoot down any Red Cross or U.N. plane that approached his stronghold.

Congo Foreign Legion

EARLY in August, Prime Minister Tshombe, who had effectively used white mercenary soldiers in his own uprising in Katanga, decided to raise such a force again. Such mercenaries were hated by most black Africans, but using them to put down the Simbas seemed the only alternative to chaos.

Tshombe summoned Michael Hoare, a 44-year-old former British officer who had fought for him in Katanga, and asked him to raise a force of 1,000 white mercenaries. Within days, recruiting offices were opened in Johannesburg and Salisbury. Soon mysterious advertisements appeared in newspapers offering good pay to "any fit young man looking for employment with a difference."

On August 23 (when Hoyt and the others were being held in the women's washroom at the Stanleyville airport), the first planeload of recruits arrived in the Congo. They put down at Kamina, a huge military base in Katanga, and other plane-loads quickly followed. Most of the men were South Africans and Rhodesians, but there were

some Germans, Italians, Belgians, French and a smattering of other nationalities as well.

Some had military experience, but most had never fired a shot in anger. One had incurable cancer and had come to the Congo to die. Many had unsavoury histories, and later were dismissed and sent home because of perversions, alcoholism or "excessive undiscipline." But others were ordinary young men from the farms and factories of Southern Africa looking only for adventure.

They were given virtually no training. Speed was of the essence. They had to scrounge their uniforms. Often there were no rations for them, and they had to forage for food. They came down by the score with malaria, dysentery and fever. One man died of gangrene from a minor wound—there were no doctors.

Their basic pay was Rs. 2,000 a month, half of it deposited in banks at home. They got, in addition, Rs. 60 a day combat pay. But that was only part of their income. Whenever they went into action, they carried boxes of dynamite to blow up trees that had been felled across jungle roads.

More often they used it to blow open safes in banks and business firms of "liberated" towns. Some accumulated small fortunes in cash, ivory, gold and diamonds.

Hoare and some of his officers gave strict orders against looting, but they could not be everywhere at

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once. The mercenaries, for their part, were outraged at attempts to make them stop. One of them complained: "The lieutenant would not let us pinch anything. It's funny—he's a mercenary. I don't understand that man."

On September 15, the mercenaries won their first victory in a battle that was to prove typical of many. A column led by Lieutenant Garry Wilson, a 25-year-old British graduate of Sandhurst Military Academy, stormed the town of Lisala on the Congo River, about 300 miles downstream from Stanleyville. Wilson had a company of ANC soldiers and 42 white mercenaries, of whom only 15 had ever had any military experience.

Lisala was defended by about 400 Simbas. They opened fire as the attackers approached. Immediately the ANC bolted into the jungle. Wilson took stock of the situation, and, reluctant to expose the inexperienced mercenaries to fire, sent them to the rear. Then, with the 15 trained men, he attacked.

The Simbas were grouped on a hill about 200 yards away. They were much better armed than the white men—they had machine-guns and a bazooka. But they also had *dawa* to protect them from bullets, so they made no attempt to take cover.

The 15 mercenaries, armed with automatic rifles, walked slowly up the hill, firing as they went. They killed about 160 Simbas. The rest

fled. "It was like a shooting gallery," said Wilson. He himself stopped counting after he had killed 13 men. One mercenary was slightly wounded.

In late September, General Olenga made a second attempt to capture Bukavu. This time Colonel Mulamba had, in addition to his own men, a platoon of white mercenaries. They stopped the Simbas nine miles from the city, inflicted heavy casualties and put them to flight.

It was the last time Olenga was to take the offensive, and the mercenaries began to boast that they would be in Stanleyville any day.

Two Extraordinary Doctors

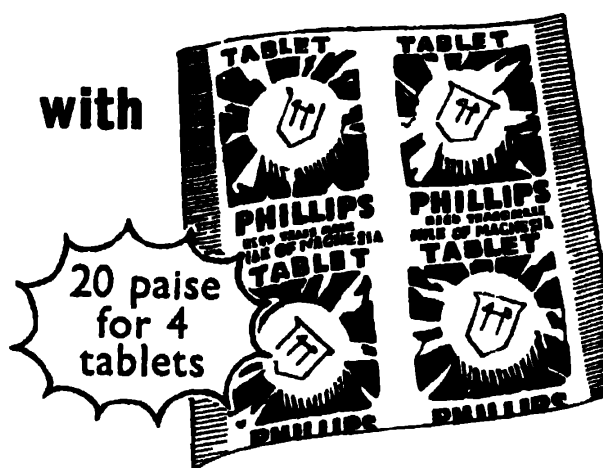
ONE of the most remarkable, courageous and resourceful members of Stanleyville's European community was the white-haired, 68-year-old doctor, Alexander Barlovatz. A Serbian by birth, Dr. Barlovatz had become a Belgian citizen following the First World War. He emigrated to the Congo in 1923, established several clinics and dispensaries, and trained large numbers of young Congolese as medical assistants. He treated some 10,000 patients annually, most of them Congolese.

Early in the Simba occupation, Olenga's men "requisitioned" his only car. Dr. Barlovatz retaliated by tacking up a sign on his door: SINCE YOUR SOLDIERS HAVE STOLEN MY CAR, ALL FEES ARE DOUBLED.

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In a few days the vehicle was returned.

General Olenga issued passes to certain foreigners, but Dr. Barlovatz refused to carry his. "You know me," he would say testily when Simba guards stopped him and asked him to produce this paper. And each time the guards would step back and let him pass.

His freedom of action was a god-send to the Americans. The Congolese made no attempt to feed their prisoners, but left this to the prisoners' friends or relatives. So when Hoyt and his staff languished in jail, Dr. Barlovatz and his wife, Lucy, brought them food as well as books and news of the outside world. As the Simbas suffered more defeats, and more Europeans were imprisoned, other feeding arrangements were worked out. But for several weeks the Americans lived on the generosity of Dr. Barlovatz.

On October 23, they encountered yet another doctor--this time one of their own. The consular staff, having been moved several times, was now back in the central prison. As the five of them were dozing on the raised planks which were their beds, another white man was put in their cell. Thin, of medium height, he carried two battered suitcases, and a pith helmet filled with bananas. After Hoyt had introduced himself, the man said, "I'm Dr. Paul Carlson. I'm a medical missionary. It's great to meet some Americans again."

1965

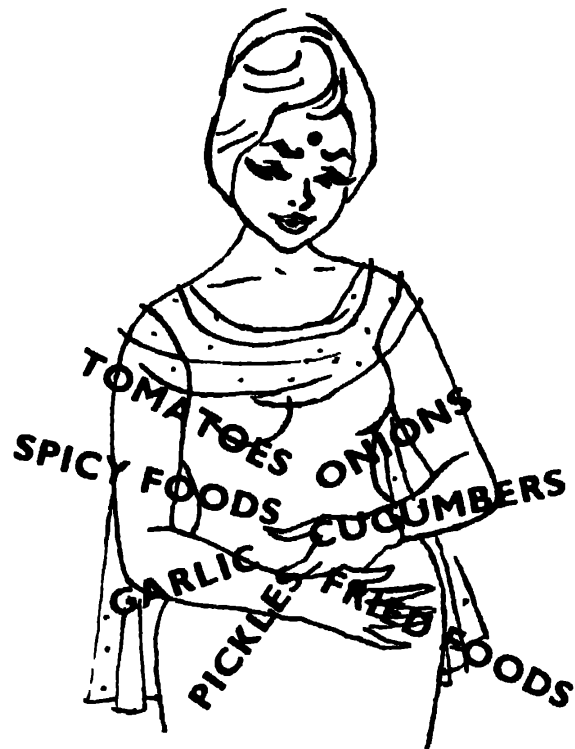
Carlson had been arrested at Wasolo, in the northern Congo, more than a month earlier. In colonial times Wasolo was called "lost corner," and the place was aptly named, for it was only a cluster of grass huts and a mission hospital, hundreds of miles from a town of any consequence.

Dr. Carlson was a skilled surgeon and, had he remained in the United States, he would undoubtedly have built up a highly prosperous practice. But in 1960, when he was 32, he went on a five-month tour of duty in the Congo with the Congo Protestant Relief Agency. The experience shaped his life.

In July 1963 he returned to Africa, and for the next year he served at Wasolo's little hospital. On a typical day, 200 people would seek his help. He performed operations, ran a baby clinic, handled the distribution of surplus food, and maintained four outlying dispensaries and a leper colony. He was an evangelist as well, and brought the message of Christ to his patients. *Monganga Paul*, they called him—Doctor Paul.

Before the Simbas came, Carlson took his wife and two children to a neighbouring country—the Central African Republic—for safety, then returned to Wasolo to carry on his work. At first he was not molested, but one day the Simbas discovered a radio transmitter in his hospital—one that Carlson used to keep in touch with other mission stations. They accused him of being in

209



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contact with the American Embassy. They put him in a truck, beat him and moved him south. Eventually he was brought to Stanleyville.

Presently an announcement appeared in the Simba newspaper *La Martyr*, claiming that Carlson was an American major, captured on September 20 during a battle at Yakoma. This was followed by a statement over Radio Stanleyville that he was a spy as well.

Both claims were deliberate lies. Simba authorities knew that Carlson was a medical missionary. But all along they had attempted to blame their defeats on "thousands of American troops." All along they had said they would bring captured American soldiers to Stanleyville as proof. Now defeats were mounting, and yet they had not been able to produce a single American.

Thus, to serve their propaganda needs, the gentle missionary was being prepared as a sacrifice to the Simba's waning fortunes.

"All of Stanleyville Is a Prison"

BARON NOTHOMB was arrested on October 27. For two and a half months he had remained relatively free, but now his luck failed him.

He was taken to the office of Christophe Gbenye, who had replaced Alphonse Kinghis as president of the People's Republic. Gbenye seemed almost demented by the Simba's military disasters. It was he who had trumped up the charges against Dr. Paul Carlson, and now

he raved at the baron about a major defeat suffered at the town of Beni.

"The whole Belgian army attacked us," he screamed. "Therefore I must revise my policy. All Belgians will be arrested."

Nothomb tried delaying tactics, suggesting that messages be sent to his government. But the ruse did not work, and soon he found himself under guard in the dining-room of the Hotel des Chutes, together with some 300 other Belgians, many of them women and children. The captives included priests and nuns who were seized in their churches, convents and mission schools. There was no food and little bedding. The children were frightened and hungry. They began to cry, and some of the adults became frantic.

Nothomb and some of the other men had an idea. They pushed through the crowd in the dining-room to where Colonel Opepe sat. "We offer ourselves as hostages," the baron told him. "Put us in prison, but please let the rest of these people go home."

Opepe leapt up and shouted at Nothomb in Swahili. Nothomb did not understand the language, but several of the other Belgians did. What Opepe said was that the baron would be eaten after being covered with a sauce—a sauce which he, Opepe, personally would provide. Understanding not a word, the baron smiled at Opepe.

Opepe blinked and stopped. He was impressed. This little Belgian

must be a man of immense courage!

Eventually a compromise was effected. Opepe was a rough soldier, but he apparently had no stomach for this kind of work. He allowed the nuns and the women with children to go upstairs and sleep in the hotel bedrooms.

The next morning, the baron extracted further concessions. Opepe agreed that all the women could sleep upstairs, as well as the older men and those who were sick. But no one could leave the hotel. Another 65 Belgians were brought in. This left only about 135 Belgians still at large, most of them in hiding.

At noon on the third day, the wail of a siren announced the approach of Olenga. Soon, several cars pulled up at the hotel and 20 Simbas jumped out, each carrying a sub-machine-gun.

Olenga was no longer the man Nothomb had met in August, who radiated confidence and strength. He was dressed now in a rumpled shirt and slacks, and his face reflected rage and frustration.

He summoned Nothomb and punched him on the nose. "Read this," he shouted, thrusting a piece of paper at the baron. Blows continued to fall upon the unlucky consul, but somehow he managed to make out the message handed him: "The Belgians have dropped an atomic bomb on Beni. They have killed 100,000 people."

Olenga punched Nothomb on the nose again. For some hours the

nightmare continued. Nothomb and his vice-consul, Paul Duqué, were carted about the city; they were beaten, their lives were threatened, they were forced to send accusing messages to their government. Finally, they were driven to the central prison and thrown into the cell occupied by the Americans.

Hoyt, bearded and unkempt after 20 days in jail, greeted the baron warmly, but expressed regrets at the circumstances.

"What's the difference?" Nothomb replied. "All Stanleyville is a prison."

The Simba regime was coming apart at the seams and, in its general paranoia, striking at friend and foe alike. Gbenye had dispatched one appeal after another for aid from left-wing African countries. One planeload of arms, believed to have come from Algeria, arrived in late October, but none of the countries sent troops or extended diplomatic recognition. Now Gbenye went on the air again and announced that Egypt, Algeria, Ghana, Guinea and Mali had betrayed the honour of Africa.

"I ask you in a final appeal, in the name of Lumumba, if you do not intervene within a few hours, I will adopt a scorched-earth policy, and thus the Americans and Belgians will find only a desert."

The round-up of foreigners continued. By early November about 280 Belgians were being held in hotels or at Camp Ketele. Eight



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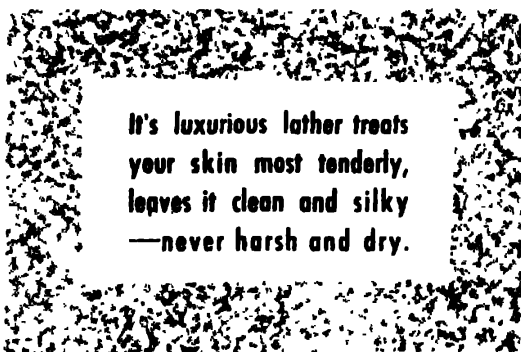
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SOAP FACTORY

BANGALORE-12

Americans, most of them missionaries, were similarly under arrest in various places. And there were eight Americans in prison, two young men who were working at the University of Stanleyville having been put in with Dr. Carlson and the consular staff.

What was planned for them no one knew. Paul Carlson felt particularly concerned, for he knew now that he was to be tried as an American major and a spy. But he kept his composure, prayed with his fellow prisoners and saw to their medical needs.

One day the baron took Hoyt aside. "Have you made a will or taken any other measures for your family?" he asked. "You understand that you and I are threatened more than the others."

Hoyt looked at his friend and said without a smile, "Don't you realize, Patrick, that we have diplomatic immunity?"

At last, on November 5, Gbenye announced that all the Belgians and Americans in rebel territory were "prisoners of war." He intended to use their lives to make a deal to call off the advance of government forces on Stanleyville. The "People's Government," he said, would "negotiate" with the Organization of African Unity on their fate.

The same day he declared in *Le Martyr* that Belgian and American soldiers were massing at the Kamina military base in Katanga Province. "We must warn," he said,

1965

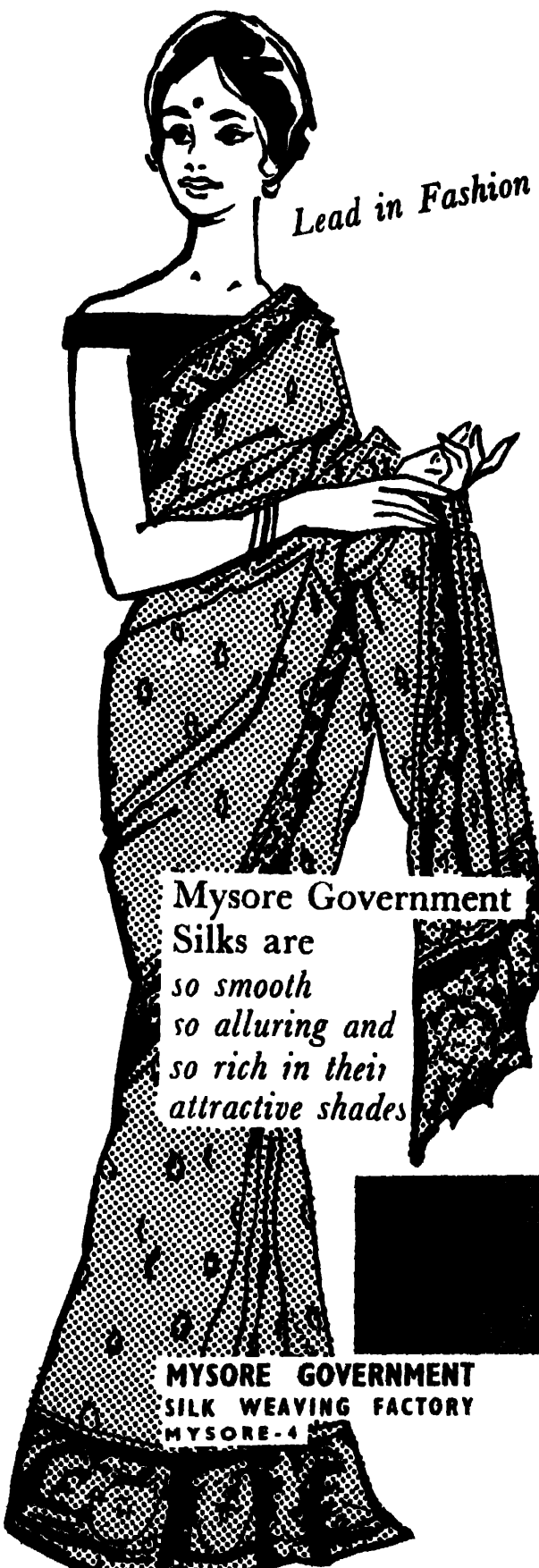
"that any clash between the People's Army of Liberation and the foreign forces that may be coming from Kamina will plunge into a blood-bath the people whom we have to this date always protected."

Operation Red Dragon

EARLY in November, Belgium's foreign minister, Paul-Henri Spaak, went to Washington for conferences with U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Averell Harriman, then the No. 3 man in the U.S. State Department. Spaak and the Americans were now truly alarmed about the whites held hostage in the Congo.

Since November 1 a column of mercenaries and ANC troops had been moving north up the Lualaba River towards Stanleyville. When they reached the small town of Kibombo, they found that three of the five Europeans living there had been killed just before the column arrived. A fourth lay dying. Forewarned by these murders, they struck with such stunning swiftness at Kindu that all 125 whites there were saved. But Stanleyville, where there were 1,600 foreigners, would be heavily defended, and it was feared that the 800-man ANC-mercenary column might be stopped on the edge of the city, and that the Simbas would seek their revenge on the helpless hostages. A "blood bath," as predicted by Gbenye, seemed entirely possible.

For some time Harriman had favoured sending American troops to

A black and white illustration of a woman standing, wearing a saree with a polka-dot pattern. She has a bindi on her forehead and is looking towards the viewer. The saree is draped over her left shoulder and has a decorative border at the bottom. The background is plain.

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Stanleyville on a rescue operation. Others in the U.S. State Department had held back. Now Spaak proposed a joint operation in case diplomatic moves should fail: Belgium to supply troops who spoke French and knew the Congo, the United States to supply long-range planes.

The idea was accepted, and on November 11 Brigadier-General Russell Dougherty, a 44-year-old U.S. Air Force officer, wearing civilian clothes so he would not draw attention to himself, travelled to Brussels. There he met Colonel Charles Laurent, commanding officer of the Paracommando Regiment, one of Belgium's *élite* units; together with their *aides*, the men began to plan the rescue.

The Americans agreed to provide 12 troop-carrying aircraft, plus a maintenance plane, a communications plane and one spare aircraft. Five of the planes would come in over Stanleyville airport at an altitude of 700 feet and drop 320 paratroopers. When the field was secured, seven other planes would land with 225 more paratroopers. Then the men would race into Stanleyville, round up all the foreigners and take them to the airport for evacuation.

The operation would be risky. The planes, which would approach Stanleyville at 230 knots, would have to slow down to 125 knots so that the troops could jump without dispersing themselves too widely. At that speed they would be highly

vulnerable to ground fire. But Colonel Laurent was confident that he could take the airfield with few, if any, casualties. He knew that the Simbas had .50-calibre machine-guns, but expected that they would not be manned, or, if they were, would not be fired accurately.

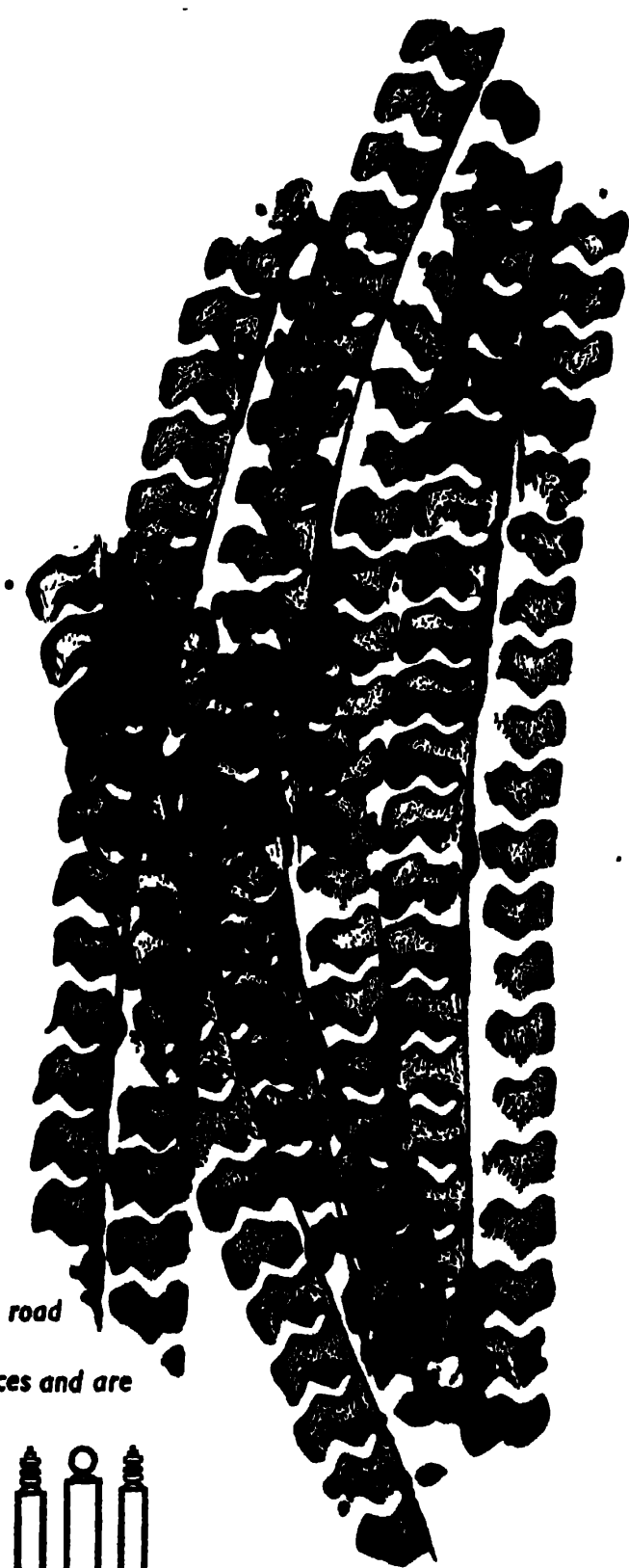
To avoid flying over African countries en route to the Congo, arrangements were made for the planes to go first to Ascension Island, a British possession in the South Atlantic 700 miles off the African coast. From there the aircraft would continue to the Congo, if orders came. Laurent named the operation *Dragon Rouge*—Red Dragon.

Meanwhile, events in the Congo were coming to a head. On November 14, Radio Stanleyville announced that "Major" Paul Carlson had been sentenced to death. Carlson, it was said, had been defended by Congolese lawyers "of his own choosing."

In truth, the doctor knew nothing at all about his trial, for it had never been held. The whole case was a fabrication.

The broadcast was reported all over the world, and Carlson's plight engaged the sympathy of millions. He was not the only person threatened with death in Stanleyville, but his case seemed especially poignant because he had come to the Congo only to help the Congolese people.

Since September the U.S. State Department had been trying to secure the release of the hostages



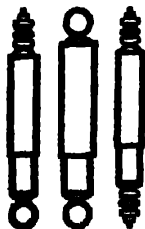
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THE STANLEYVILLE MASSACRE

through the Organization of African States (OAU). But the OAU demanded such overwhelming concessions from Tshombe before it would discuss the problem that nothing had been achieved. Now, on November 16, the date set for the execution, Dean Rusk sent a message to Jomo Kenyatta, prime minister of Kenya and head of the Congo committee of the OAU. The message read:

"The United States Government declares unequivocally that Dr. Carlson is not in any way connected with the U.S. military . . . Dr. Carlson is a man of peace who has served the Congolese people with dedication and faith . . . His execution on charges which are patently false would be an outrageous violation of international law and accepted standards of humanitarian conduct."

Radio Stanleyville fell silent about Carlson's fate. Yet *Le Martyr* published a startling statement by President Gbenye:

"We hold in our claws more than 300 Americans and 800 Belgians . . . At the slightest bombardment of our revolutionary capital, we shall be forced to massacre them . . . We shall make fetishes with the hearts of the Americans and the Belgians, and we shall dress ourselves in their skins."

Alarmed by the increasingly desperate tone of the Simbas, the U.S. and Belgian governments flashed word on November 16 that the planes and troops were to leave for

Ascension the following day, November 17. Operation *Dragon Rouge* was on.

At the Altar of Lumumba

NOVEMBER 18 was a day the imprisoned Americans would never forget. Many times they had been threatened with death, then reprieved; many times they had been brutally abused. But that day brought them all to breaking point.

The guards came in the morning, and ordered the Americans out of the cell. (The others there, including Baron Nothomb, were not molested.) Outside they were put into a covered jeep and a Volkswagen, and driven slowly off. "Where are you taking us?" Hoyt asked.

"To the Lumumba monument," came the reply. "To be killed."

Huddled in the back of the jeep, Grinwis said to Hoyt, "This is it. This is the end."

The monument was three streets from the prison. The streets on the route to it were lined with Congolese civilians, three, four and five deep. They howled curses at the Americans and shook their fists. "*Mateka, mateka* (dead flesh)," some cried. Thousands of other people were jammed into the park round the monument. Hoyt learned later that posters had been put up announcing a trial and execution of captured American mercenaries.

At the monument, the men in the Volkswagen were transferred to the jeep. The eight men were packed in

so tightly now that they could scarcely move. Half a dozen armed Simbas ringed the car and tried to hold back the mob, but it was impossible. Bystanders reached into the vehicle and clawed at the Americans' faces. They burned them with lighted cigarettes. They twisted their beards. A Simba officer struck Don Parkes over the eye with a metal bar, bringing a gush of blood.

"We're going to eat you," a soldier shouted. Others brandished *machetes* and indicated by motions that the men would be castrated. Several small boys joined in the sport. They pantomimed cutting flesh from the arms and devouring it.

The Simbas ordered the Americans out of the jeep and lined them up in front of the steps leading to the hallowed photograph of Lumumba.

The screams of the mob were deafening. This was the moment they had been waiting for. The Simbas had their *machetes* and their automatic weapons ready.

Then, suddenly, General Olenga shouldered his way through the crowd. He argued heatedly with the Simbas, and when one officer talked back, the general knocked him to the ground.

Then the guards told the Americans to get back into the jeep. Possibly the general realized that the Americans were more valuable alive, as hostages. Whatever the reason for his decision, Olenga had cancelled the executions.

The men were now taken to see Gbenye at the presidential palace. Here was another screaming mob of about 4,000 people, but it was under better control, lined up in groups on the front lawn. On a balcony of the palace, speaking in French into a public-address system, stood President Gbenye. The eight Americans were halted just beneath him.

"Major Carlson has been tried and condemned to death as a spy," he was saying. "We were going to execute him last Monday, but we have postponed the execution because of an appeal from Prime Minister Kenyatta of Kenya."

However, the sentence would be carried out the following Monday, November 23, Gbenye added—unless "negotiations" with the Americans were successful. Dr. Carlson blanched. It was the first he himself had heard about the death sentence. He drew a small Bible from his pocket and handed it to Jon Snyder, an American who had been working at the university. "Please give this to my wife," Carlson requested.

As Gbenye continued his speech, the mayor of Stanleyville put an automatic weapon against the head of Ernie Houle, one of the consular radio operators. The mob took this to mean that Houle was the "major" Gbenye was talking about. They pointed at him and shouted, "*Kufa, kufa* (Die, die)."

The president's harangue lasted 45 minutes. Then he ordered the



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THE STANLEYVILLE MASSACRE

mob away from the Americans. They were returned to prison.

Useful Hostages

BACK IN their cell, Hoyt spoke consolingly to Carlson, who was deeply depressed. "They won't execute you, Paul. You're their trump card. The fact that they want negotiations is encouraging for all of us. Don't worry, we'll all get out alive."

The words had the desired effect. "Let's have a moment of prayer," Carlson said. The men bowed their heads, and the doctor gave thanks to God for having brought them safely through the last hours. Then he turned to cleaning up the gash over Parkes' eye.

Two days later, Gbenye summoned Hoyt to his office. "I've received a message from your ambassador in Leopoldville," he said. "He has offered to begin negotiations with my government. I will instruct our representative in Nairobi to arrange the talks."

He beamed with satisfaction. The blackmail threat to murder the hostages seemed to be working.

Then he informed Hoyt that the Americans would be taken out of prison that day and moved to a hotel, the Victoria Residence. This was not an act of compassion. There had been talk that Kenyatta might visit Stanleyville to check on the condition of the hostages,



and Gbenye wanted to impress him.

They were transferred that night. When they arrived at the Victoria, they found the lobby jammed, for all the hostages were being assembled here. There were 280 Belgians, 17 Americans and one Italian—the honorary consul, Raoul Massacesi, who had been picked up at home after the Simbas seized an armoured car, claiming it was Italian-made.

All the Belgians and Americans were immediately impressed with Carlson's composure. He circulated among them, attending to everything from a bad case of nerves to a severe heart attack. Then, in a quiet moment, he would open his Bible, often to II Timothy 4: 17. The verse had special significance for him because his captors called themselves Simbas—lions. It read: "*The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me; that by me the preaching might be fully known, . . . and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.*"

The column of mercenaries and ANC troops had now reached Punia, about 200 miles away. The nearer to Stanleyville, the better the roads, and the force was moving quickly. As each town fell, Radio Stanleyville became ever more threatening. This was the only source of information on what was happening in the beleaguered city, and the American Embassy in Leopoldville listened closely to it. But even experienced monitors were shocked by an announcement on

November 21 that "the whole population has decided to devour all the prisoners if our region is bombarded."

That evening, orders were sent to Ascension Island for the paratroopers to fly to Kamina. There they would be within three hours' striking distance of Stanleyville.

Meanwhile, the United States was making one last effort to secure the release of the hostages by peaceful means. In Nairobi, the American Ambassador to Kenya, William Attwood, was told to meet a representative of the People's Republic. The man chosen was an itinerant politician named Thomas Kanza, recently appointed "foreign minister" by Gbenye.

At noon on November 21, Attwood arrived at Kenyatta's country home near Nairobi to meet Gbenye's man. But Kanza was not there, and two more days passed before he made himself available. Finally, on November 23, the men met at Kenyatta's home, sitting round a zebra-skin-covered table. Kanza stated his terms. The hostages would be released only if America and Belgium forced Tshombe to halt the ANC-mercenary column.

"I am here to talk about the safety of the hostages," Attwood said.

"My instructions are to discuss the whole Congo problem," Kanza replied.

"Will you guarantee that the hostages are safe?" Attwood asked.

"That all depends," Kanza said.



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PREVENTS

SEEPAGE LEAKAGE DAMPNESS

The Ambassador spent an hour pleading with the African. He suggested that a Red Cross plane be allowed to fly to Stanleyville and evacuate the hostages. Kanza replied that the Red Cross people were "spies," and Kenyatta supported him. Grim faced, Attwood returned to Nairobi and cabled Washington for instructions. They were sent that evening in the face of "outrageous blackmail," he was to break off the talks.

At 10 o'clock that night at Kamina, radios crackled to life. From Washington came the code word, "BIG." From Brussels came the countersign, "PUNCH." It was the signal that both governments agreed

to carry out Operation *Dragon Rouge*.

The American crews rushed to their planes to make last-minute preparations. The Belgian paratroopers were alerted. And at 2 45 a.m. the first planes shrieked down the Kamina runway and headed out into the African night. They would arrive over Stanleyville at dawn.

At 5 30 a.m. the planes radioed that they had reached Basoko, 100 miles from Stanleyville, and were about to begin the countdown for the parachute drop. About the same time the mercenaries and ANC troops were getting ready for their final dash into the city.

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for several hours at the town of Gene-Gene because of a Simba ambush. Now, just before dawn, they were ready to move again. It was a mere 60 miles to Stanleyville, and the last 24 miles were paved.

Standing in the rear of Chalk One, as the leading plane was called, the American loadmaster now got word from the pilot that they were only ten minutes from the dropping zone.

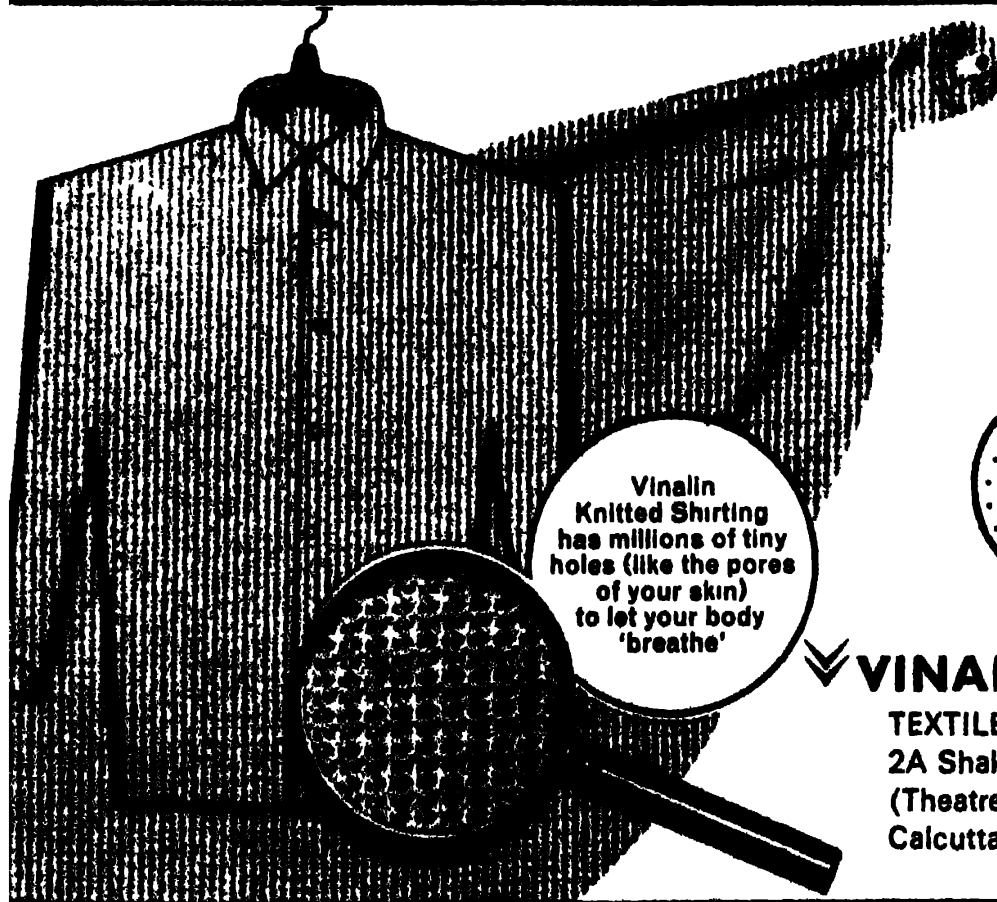
"*Dix minutes!*" the Belgian jumpmaster shouted when the information was relayed to him.

Soon, a red warning light flashed on next to the jump doors on either side of the plane. The loadmaster opened them. Ever since Basoko,

they had been dropping in altitude. Now they were down to 700 feet.

"Prepare for action!" the Belgian jumpmaster shouted. The order was in English, for Belgian paratroopers still retain certain English commands from their wartime days in Britain. "Hook up."

In the cockpit, the navigator had been working on a series of calculations. Now he gave the signal. The red lights went out; green lights flashed on. Instantly the paratroopers started tumbling out of the doors, 32 men from each. In 25 seconds, all were gone. Behind Chalk One roared Chalk Two and Chalk Three, also disgorging paratroopers. Then Four and Five came in, and



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the air was thick with billowing canopies.

The Simbas opened up from the ground with machine-guns. Four of the planes were hit, but the damage was slight. Then, with Chalk One in the lead, the little armada circled and came back over the field again at 700 feet. This time the planes dropped bundles of weapons and other equipment by parachute.

It took only 80 seconds for the 320 men to jump from the five planes. When they had regrouped, Colonel Laurent ordered the field to be cleared of obstructions. There were between 300 and 400 steel drums on the runway, each filled with water, and a number of vehicles whose wheels had been removed. Working as swiftly as possible, the paratroopers pushed these objects off the runways, and Colonel Laurent radioed to the other planes to come in.

Then 11th Company was sent to seize the control tower and the near-by Sabena Guest House. There were perhaps 30 Simbas in the tower. They exchanged fire with the paratroopers for a few moments and then fled. Resistance at the Sabena Guest House faded away similarly.

Another group was sent to silence the machine-guns that had fired on the planes. The Simbas saw them from a distance and ran. They left behind one machine-gun that was too heavy to carry. It was a .50-calibre weapon made in China.

A telephone was ringing in the control tower. (Throughout the

whole chaotic Simba occupation the telephone service had somehow continued uninterrupted.) "The Simbas have assembled the white people at the Victoria Residence," a voice said in French when a paratrooper answered. "Come quickly."

It was a few minutes before 7 a.m. Not all of the planes were down yet. But Major Jean Mine, the battalion commander, ordered 11th Company to move out to the city at once—on foot. Two armoured jeeps that had just been unloaded from Chalk Seven went first, with the men running behind. All the way in, they were shot at by Simbas hidden in houses or in the elephant grass. The jeeps laid down a return fire with machine-guns.

The company entered the city on the avenue Monseigneur Grison, advancing along the street in leap-frog fashion. While most of the company laid down a blast of fire, a few men would run to the next corner. Then they covered the rest as they came up. The men reached the corner of the avenue de l'Eglise, just over three streets from the Victoria. Suddenly a white man darted out of a building and rushed up to them. "Hurry, hurry!" he cried, his voice shrill with terror. "Murder is being committed."

The Last Day

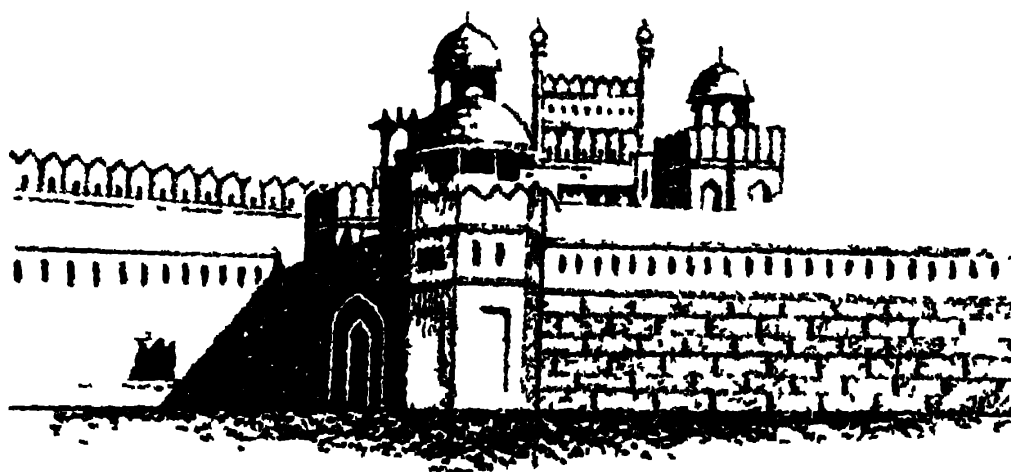
MOST OF the hostages in the Victoria Residence had been awakened at six that morning by the roar of the troop-planes. Don Parkes, whose

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flat was on the top floor, had a clear view of the city and, looking to the west, he saw the planes come in low to drop the paratroopers. He shook the still-sleeping Jim Stauffer.

"There's hell to pay now," he said. "Stanleyville's being attacked."

On other floors, the planes could not be seen, but the sound of their engines told the story. After 111 days of terror and imprisonment, deliverance had come. Yet the paratroopers were still three miles from the Victoria, and between them and the hostages were thousands of Simbas. Even now Radio Stanleyville was on the air with the repeated message: "We have been stabbed in the back by the Belgians and Americans. *Take your machetes and kill all white people.*"

Paul Carlson shared a flat with Gene Bergman and Jon Snyder, the two young men who had been working at the University of Stanleyville. When they heard the planes, the three men sat on the edge of their beds with bowed heads and prayed.

"If this is my day to die, then I am prepared," Carlson prayed. "I ask only that You comfort my wife and children."

At 7 a.m., just as the paratroopers began their dash into the city, the Simbas came through the corridors, ordering the hostages downstairs and into the street. Soon some 250 people—men, women, children and babes in arms—had been assembled. Another 50 Europeans, however, hid in closets and cupboards of the

hotel, and the Simbas in their hurry overlooked them.

Those in the street were guarded by a dozen soldiers carrying rifles and automatic weapons. In command was Colonel Joseph Opepe. The hostages' spirits rose when they saw him, for it was rumoured that he had tried to make a deal whereby he would surrender the hostages safely in exchange for his own life.

As the Europeans and Americans milled about, unsure of what would happen next, some of the Simbas spoke to them.

"Your brothers have come from the sky," one said. "You will be killed now."

Opepe made a short speech. "You are going to pay because of the bombers. We are going to march you to the airport and let you die under your own bombs." A near-by Simba urged him to kill the whites immediately, but Opepe refused. "No, we will use them as a shield. We will put them in front of us so that the paratroopers will be unable to enter the city."

As the Swahili words were translated, Baron Nothomb took heart. He believed that Opepe was playing for time. If he had intended to kill them, he would have done so then and there.

On Opepe's orders the whites were lined up three abreast in about 80 ranks, then told to march. Hoyt Grinwis and Baron Nothomb were near the head of the column; Paul Carlson and some other missionaries

I.O.B. introduces

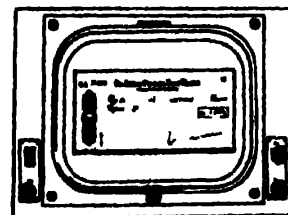
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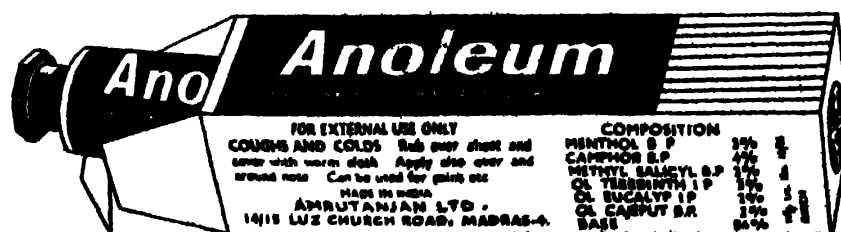
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THE STANLEYVILLE MASSACRE

were farther back. They started out at a funeral pace along avenue Sergeant Ketele, going towards the airport. No one spoke. A few children cried. Tropical birds warbled overhead in the mango and palm trees. Otherwise, there was silence. This was a residential street, lined with bungalows which in colonial times had served as homes of Belgian officials.

The procession walked two streets, then turned right on to avenue Lothaire. A burst of gun-fire rattled in the distance. It came from the paratroopers who were working their way towards the city. The Simbas ordered the column to halt and sit down.

As the minutes passed, the firing came nearer, and the Simbas grew nervous. "You must kill them now," they said to Opepe. "The paratroops are coming."

People who were sitting close to Opepe recall that he replied, "The first one of you who kills a white man, I will kill immediately."

Two Simba officers raced up. They were fleeing from the oncoming Belgians. "We're going to shoot them now," one said.

Opepe replied, "Shoot them? That's too easy. We're not going to shoot them. We'll get spears and knives and cut them up." Then at last he turned to the hostages. "Haven't I protected you all this time?" he said. "Why have you allowed your brothers to come? I've watched over you, but now I can

no longer take responsibility for you."

There was a long, loud burst of gun-fire close by, and the hostages could see Simbas fleeing down the next street. This was the ultimate moment between life and death for the men, women and children, and for an instant their fate hung in the balance. No one would ever be sure afterwards who fired the first shot, whether it was one of the Simba guards or a fleeing soldier. At any rate, a shot rang out, and a Belgian in the column slumped to the pavement. Then all the Simba guards began firing into the massed and helpless whites.

The Massacre

SEVERAL PEOPLE toppled over, dead or wounded. But no one screamed, no one spoke. Many of the hostages still could not believe that it had happened. Then the instinct for survival asserted itself, and they started to run. Baron Nothomb ducked behind a near-by building with five others. One had been shot in the arm, and Nothomb put a tourniquet on it, made from his handkerchief.

Michael Hoyt and David Grinwis raced down a driveway. Hoyt fell, his legs unable to keep pace with his urge to flee. He got up, ran, fell again. A man next to him was hit in the back by a bullet and dropped to the ground dead. Grinwis also fell, grazing his hands and legs on the gravel, but he got up and continued running. At the rear of the

driveway, they found hiding places.

Paul Carlson and several other missionaries at first dropped flat on their faces in the street. Then, when the Simbas paused for a moment, a missionary shouted, "Let's go!"

They ran across the street to a small, yellow bungalow which had a porch surrounded by a five-foot concrete wall. Two of the men clambered over the wall, broke down the door of the house and dashed inside. A third followed them on to the porch, and Dr. Carlson started in that direction, too. Just as Carlson got one foot and one knee on top of the wall, however, he fell back. The man on the porch, who had reached out to assist him, reckoned that the doctor had decided not to risk exposing himself, and so he hurried on into the house and hid with the others. In fact, Carlson had been struck by seven bullets and had crumpled, lifeless, at the foot of the wall.

The Simbas' only purpose was to kill as many whites as possible, and they shot wildly in all directions. Adrien Desmyttere, a young headwaiter, was near the front of the column when the firing started. Looking back, he saw his wife, Liliane, holding their eight-month-old daughter.

Suddenly Mrs. Desmyttere fell to the pavement, blood gushing from her chest. Desmyttere ran to her, but she was dead. He snatched up the baby and, with bullets whipping round him, dashed away.

A Belgian woman who fled with her baby into a near-by yard was driven back into the street by spear-wielding Simbas. The woman lay down, covering the baby with her body. A Simba came up, held a rifle against her and fired repeatedly until she was dead. Another Belgian, Ferdinand Mascaux, similarly threw himself on top of his young son. He, too, was mercilessly shot. Both children, though drenched in their parents' blood, miraculously survived.

Young Chantal Brinkmann watched as the Simbas shot down her mother. Chantal's younger sister threw herself on the mother's body. The Simbas opened fire again, killing the child. Then her father moved towards her, his arms spread wide, intending to shield her. A Simba speared him in the neck, fatally wounding him.

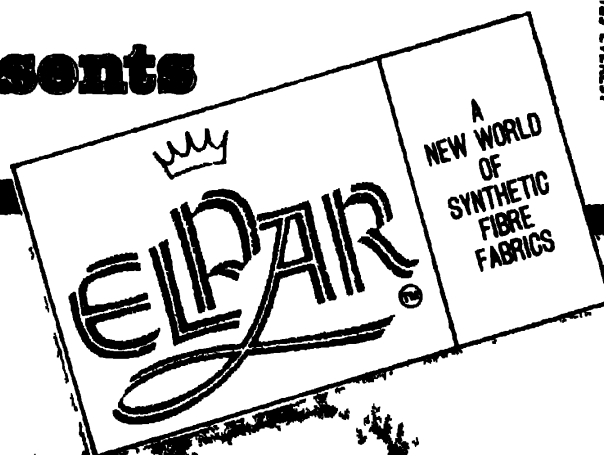
The slaughter continued for perhaps five minutes. Then an interval during which Max Dubuisson, a youthful engineer who was lying in the street, heard a Simba say, "Now let's turn them over and finish off the ones who are still alive."

To his horror, Dubuisson saw that several Simbas were coming towards the spot where he, his wife and daughter lay. But at the same moment a number of white men came round the corner. They ran towards the prostrate hostages, firing from the hip at the attacking Simbas.

"*Les paras!*" someone cried.

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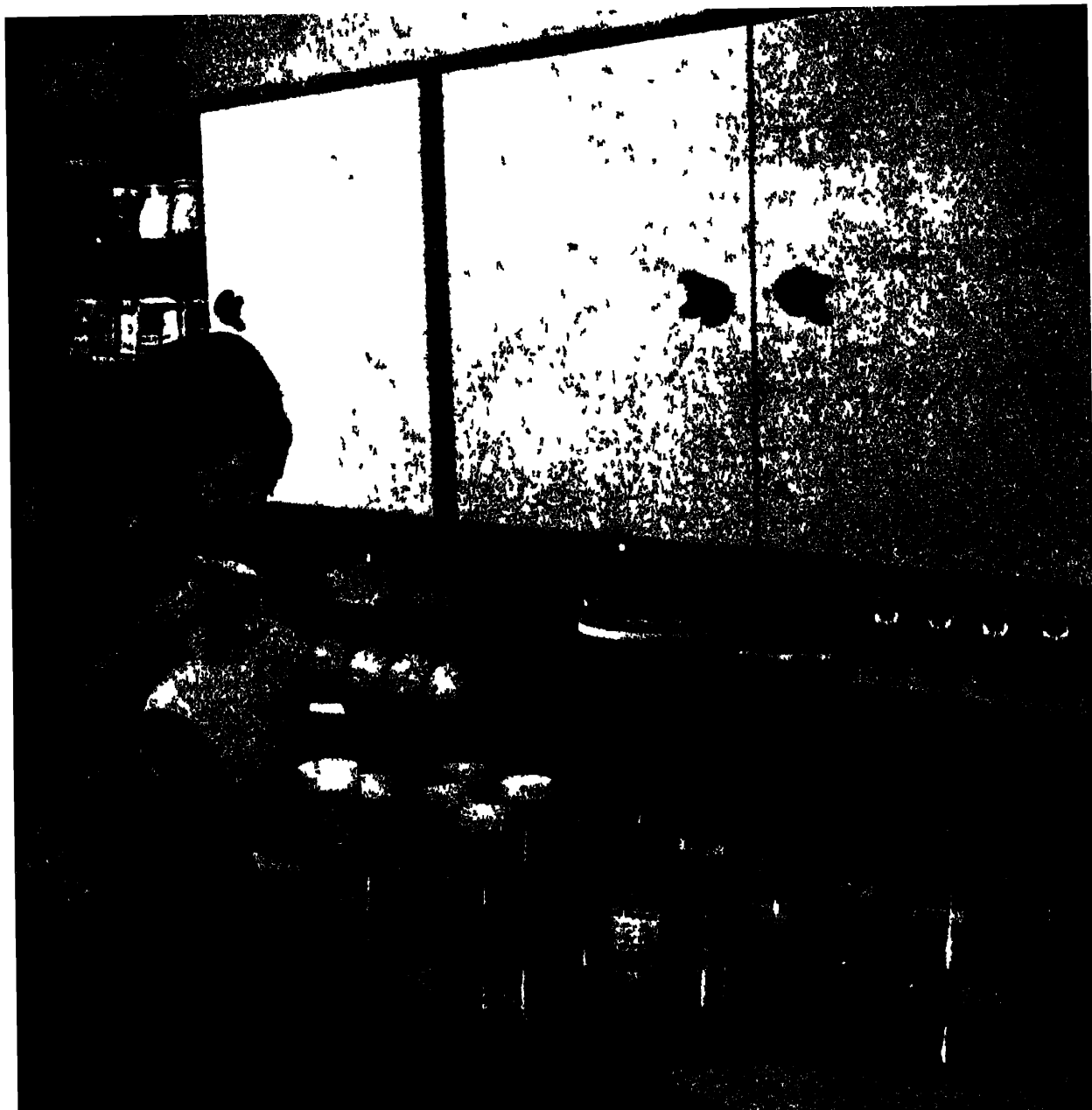
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THE STANLEYVILLE MASSACRE

Thankfully, those still pressed to the pavement saw the welcome sight of the paratroopers streaming into the avenue. Rescue had come at last, and many hostages burst into tears.

The Simbas were swiftly routed now, and as the firing died away the white survivors began to come out of hiding. Most took one look and gasped. Twenty-two people lay dead at the cross-roads or near by. Twenty were Belgians: two young girls, four women, 14 men. The other two were Americans: Dr. Carlson and Phyllis Rine, a young missionary.

She had remained in the street when the shooting started, and a random blast of automatic rifle fire had nearly severed one leg. Within minutes she bled to death. There were 40 wounded, all Belgians. Of these, five died later.

The White Exodus

WHEN Baron Nothomb returned to the street from his hiding place, he wept. But he got control of himself quickly, for he had work to do. The wounded were put into vehicles and taken to the airport. Then the baron moved from corpse to corpse, putting identification tags round their necks.

Many were almost unrecognizable, their faces frozen in the final moment of terror.

Michael Hoyt's first concern was the safety of his consular staff. To his relief he found that none had been hit. As he stood in the street

talking to Grinwis and Colonel Laurent, a three-wheeled vehicle rolled up and out jumped John Clingerman, Hoyt's predecessor in Stanleyville.

Clingerman embraced the men and said over and over again, "Am I glad to see you!"

He told Hoyt and Grinwis that they must leave for the airport at once. They protested that there were people to be helped.

"Your orders are to leave," Clingerman said. "The United States sent planes here to rescue you, and we don't want you killed now. I'll take care of the other Americans."

So Hoyt set out, amid a long column of people, to the airport. All day, similar columns of Europeans and Asians streamed to the field in groups of 50 or 100. Most had lived in Stanleyville for many years; some had been born there. Now they were leaving the city for ever, taking with them only the clothes on their backs.

The paratroopers combed the city. One patrol rescued the 50 people hidden at the Victoria Residence. Another found 50 nuns and priests at the Sacred Heart Mission. Nothomb went with the paratroopers as a guide on some of the searches. Often Europeans had barricaded themselves in their homes and were so terrified that they refused to come out even when they heard Nothomb's voice.

Camp Ketele, the lair of Olenga, was abandoned without a fight. The paratroopers found it littered with

weapons, helmets and equipment which the Simbas dropped in their haste. The general had vanished. So, too, had Gbenye. And it was reported that soon after the massacre Colonel Opepe had been killed by his own men, who considered him a traitor. Many of the whites were saddened by the news, for they were convinced that he had tried to spare their lives.

A massive airlift continued all day. Planes came in from Leopoldville in a steady stream to take the refugees away. Sabena and Air Congo sent commercial airliners. British, French and Italian planes also arrived, and the evacuation continued until dark.

The next day the rest of Stanleyville's 1,600 foreigners were taken to safety, and then it was Nothomb's turn. As the plane rose above the great brown flood of the Congo River, he took one last look at Stanleyville, the city he had come to for what he thought would be an uneventful two weeks. He had worked day and night to protect Stanleyville's foreigners, but the horror had come anyway.

His thoughts now were for his wife and children, who waited for him across the jungle wilderness in Leopoldville.

The Aftermath

As soon as they had rounded up the foreigners in Stanleyville, the paratroopers departed. Two days later they staged *Dragon Noir*

(Black Dragon), a similar rescue at Paulis, where 355 foreigners were evacuated.

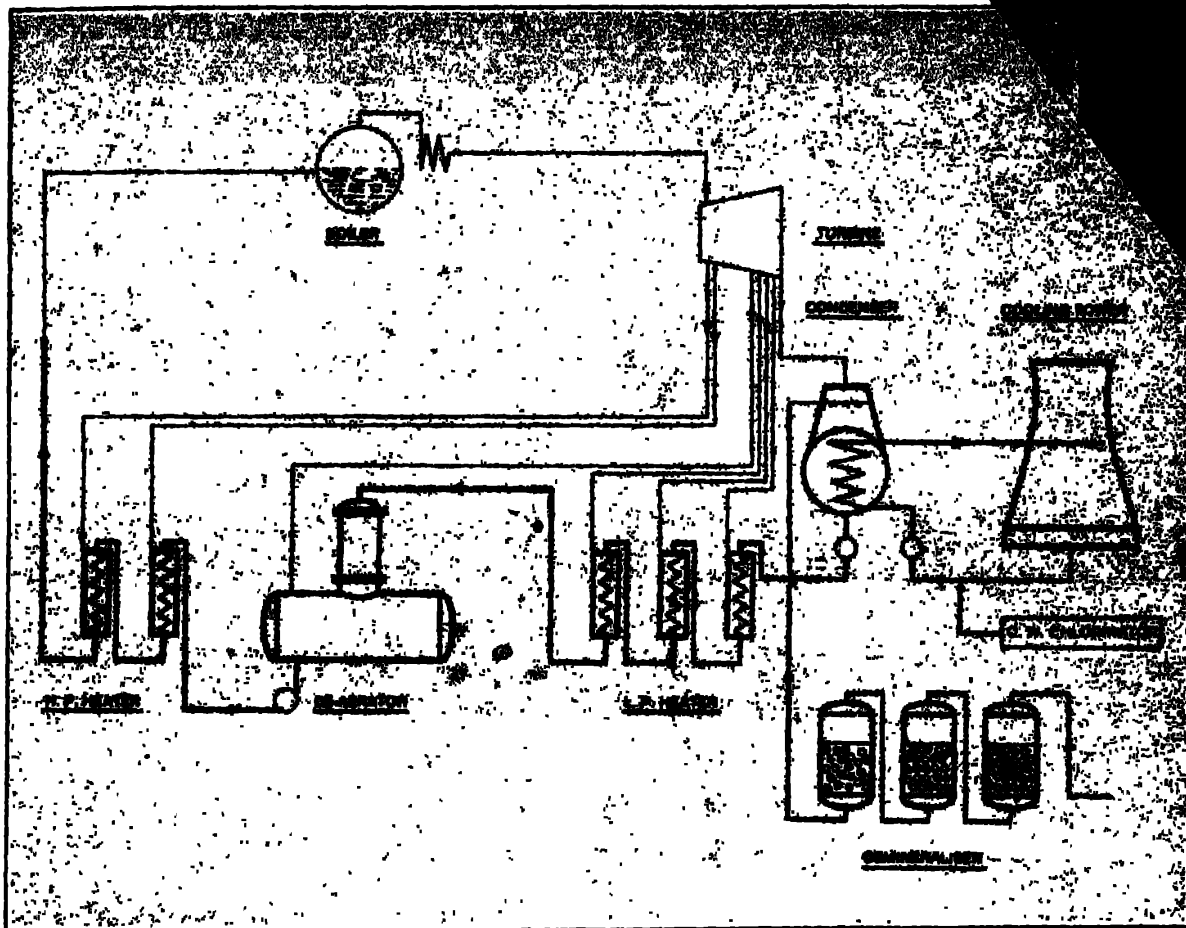
Two other operations were contemplated, but were cancelled, and the soldiers returned to Belgium. They were in the Congo one week. They lost two men—and saved nearly 2,000 helpless civilians.

Despite the obvious humanitarian nature of the operation, a number of African nations immediately exploded into a frenzy of anti-Western hatred. In Nairobi, a mob demonstrated, carrying placards reading "Hang President Johnson." While police in Cairo looked the other way, rioting Africans burnt down a 27,000-volume library of the U.S. Information Service. With government connivance, similar "demonstrations" took place in Russia, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, China and Indonesia.

In the Security Council of the United Nations, one after another of the African representatives stood up to vilify the United States and Belgium.

The rescue was branded "premeditated aggression," "nefarious," "wanton and deliberate massacre of the Congolese people."

"Never before," said Adlai Stevenson, then U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., "have I heard such irrational, irresponsible, insulting and repugnant language in these chambers—language used to contemptuously impugn and slander a successful effort to save human lives of many



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nationalities and colours . . . We have no apologies to make to any state."

Today Stanleyville is a dead city. Some of the wreckage of war has been cleared, but the economy has collapsed. Each day young Congolese men gather in front of the offices where they once worked, hoping that the European employers will come back to resume operations. But the Europeans won't be back for a long time, if ever. One of the few who remained was Dr. Alexander Barlovatz. He refused evacuation. "I couldn't leave my patients," he explained. "It was my duty to

stay. The Congolese are human beings."

In spirit, Dr. Paul Carlson is there, too. Following the massacre in Stanleyville, his body was flown to Karawa in the north-west Congo for burial next to the headquarters of the church he served. Lois Carlson and her two children flew in for the service from the near-by Central African Republic, where they had taken refuge months before. But they were not alone. Down the rivers and streams, over the jungle paths came some 1,000 Congolese to mourn also. They had not forgotten *Monganga Paul*. THE END



In his autobiography, the Armenian multi-millionaire Nubar Gulbenkian writes: Sir Edward Keeling, a junior Minister in Britain's pre-war Conservative Government, once said to me, jokingly perhaps, "Gulbenkian, you ought to go into politics."

"But I'm not English," I said.

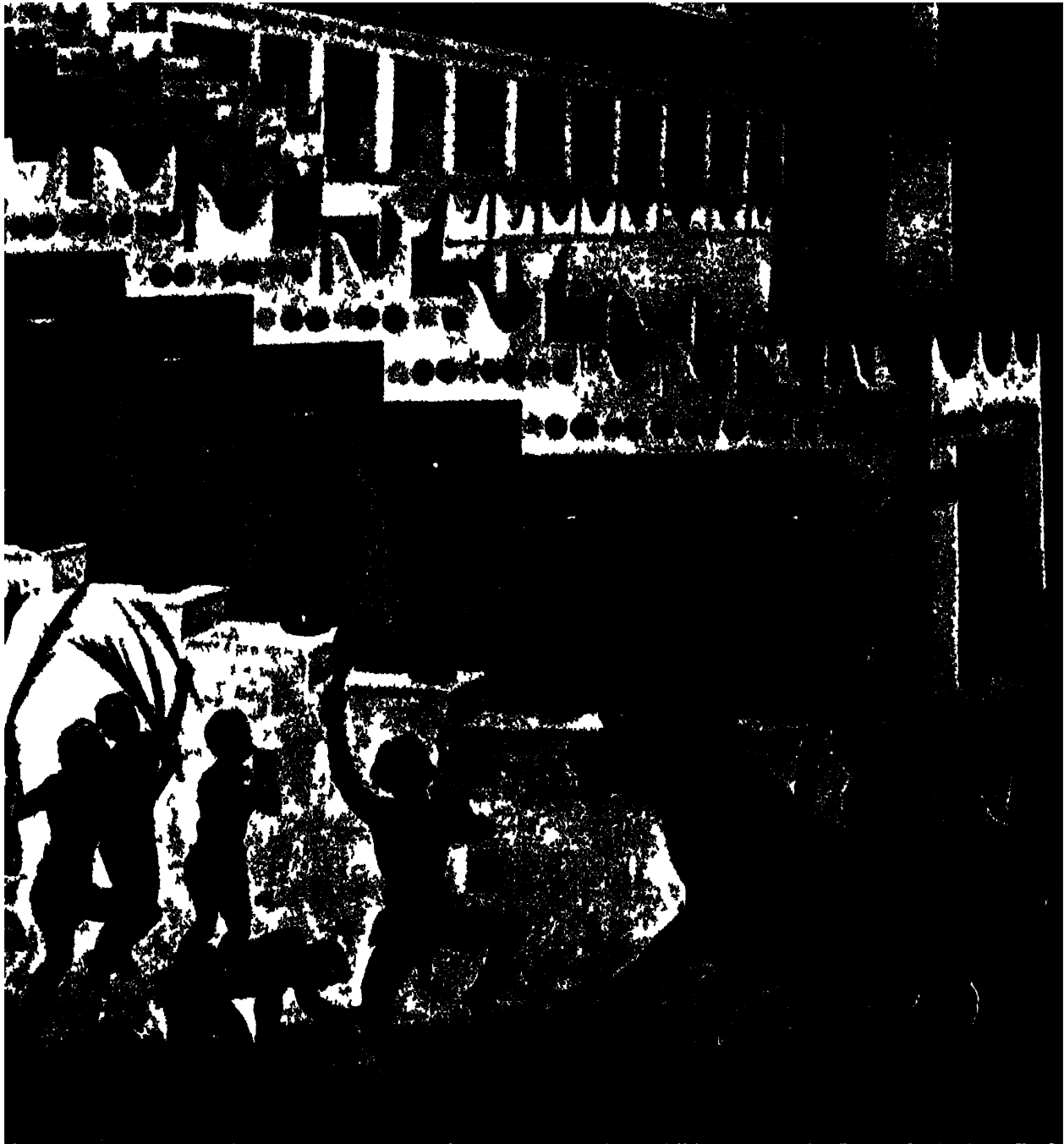
"Never mind," Keeling replied, "We'll naturalize you. But you'll have to change your name. You had better be called Gullybanks first of all and then Gumbley."

"Why on earth should I change my name twice? Why shouldn't I call myself Gumbley straight away?"

"Because you'll find that people will want to know what your name was before it was Gumbley. If you don't start off by calling yourself Gullybanks then you'll have to say your name used to be Gulbenkian. And then they'll know you're a foreigner."

I did not go into English politics.

—Nubar Gulbenkian, *Pentecost* (Hutchinson, London)



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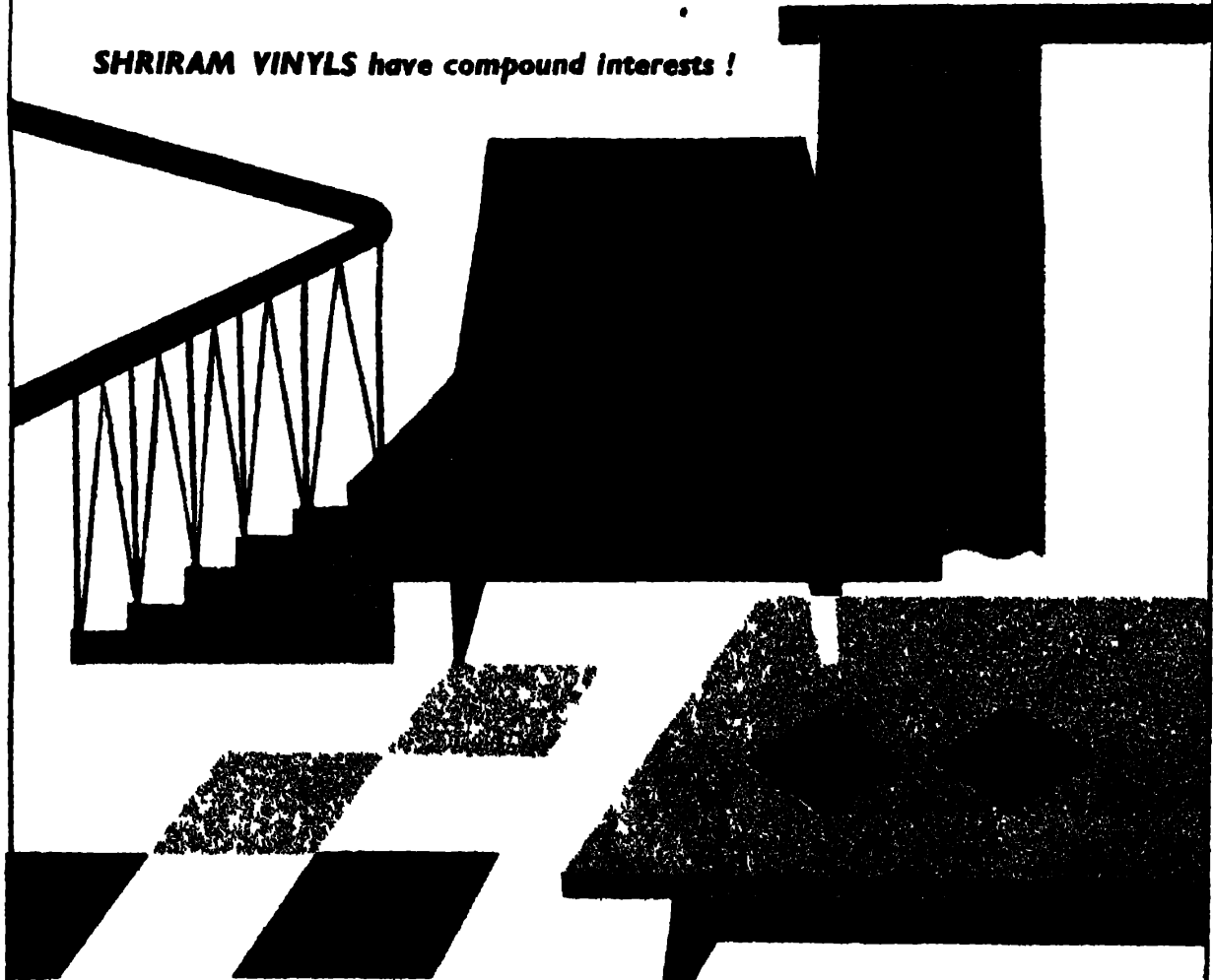
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By PETER FUNK

THESE TESTS should lead to wealth in words. Tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 16.

- (1) **inherent** (in hear' ént)—A: restrained
B: possessive. C: calm. D: intrinsic.
- (2) **intricacy** (in' trī ka sī)—A: suspicion.
B: conspiracy. C: complication. D: secrecy.
- (3) **politic** (pōl' ī tik)—A: superficial.
B: shrewd. C: dull. D: polite.
- (4) **comprehension** (kom prē hen' shun)—A: ability to understand. B: misgiving. C: complete indifference. D: clairvoyance.
- (5) **perquisite** (per' kwi zit)—A: inquiry.
B: basic necessity. C: additional benefit. D: perfection.
- (6) **aplomb** (a plōm)—A: respectability.
B: obesity. C: caution. D: poise.
- (7) **risible** (rīz' ī b'l)—A: odd. B: amusing. C: hopeful. D: light in weight.
- (8) **fiat** (fī' at)—A: power. B: contradiction. C: command. D: end.
- (9) **ethereal** (e thear' e āl)—A: airy and delicate. B: impractical. C: gay. D: flirtatious.
- (10) **avidity** (ā vid' ī tī)—A: razor-like sharpness. B: sarcasm. C: bitterness. D: greed.
- (11) **imponderable** (im pon' der ā b'l)—A: very heavy. B: incapable of being weighed. C: that cannot be moved. D: profound.
- (12) **defunct** (de funkt)—A: wicked. B: forbidden. C: extinct. D: hopeless.
- (13) **innovate** (īn' o vate)—A: to make changes. B: pray before a meeting. C: transform. D: turn upside down.
- (14) **epitome** (e pit' ō me)—A: proverb. B: exact description. C: anecdote. D: summary.
- (15) **premise** (prem' is)—A: foreword. B: basic assumption. C: agreement. D: abstract idea.
- (16) **ostentatious** (ōs ten tay' shus)—A: arrogant. B: talkative. C: bookish. D: showy.
- (17) **compatriot** (kōm pā' trī ūt)—A: fellow countryman. B: traitor. C: exile. D: native.
- (18) **remission** (re mī' shun)—A: neglect. B: refusal to listen. C: pardon. D: assignment.
- (19) **ultimatum** (ūl tī may' tum)—A: challenge. B: final demand. C: declaration of war. D: irrevocable order.
- (20) **allege** (ā lēj)—A: to declare without proof. B: make a statement of fact. C: offer a suggestion. D: promise solemnly.

(Now turn to page 16)

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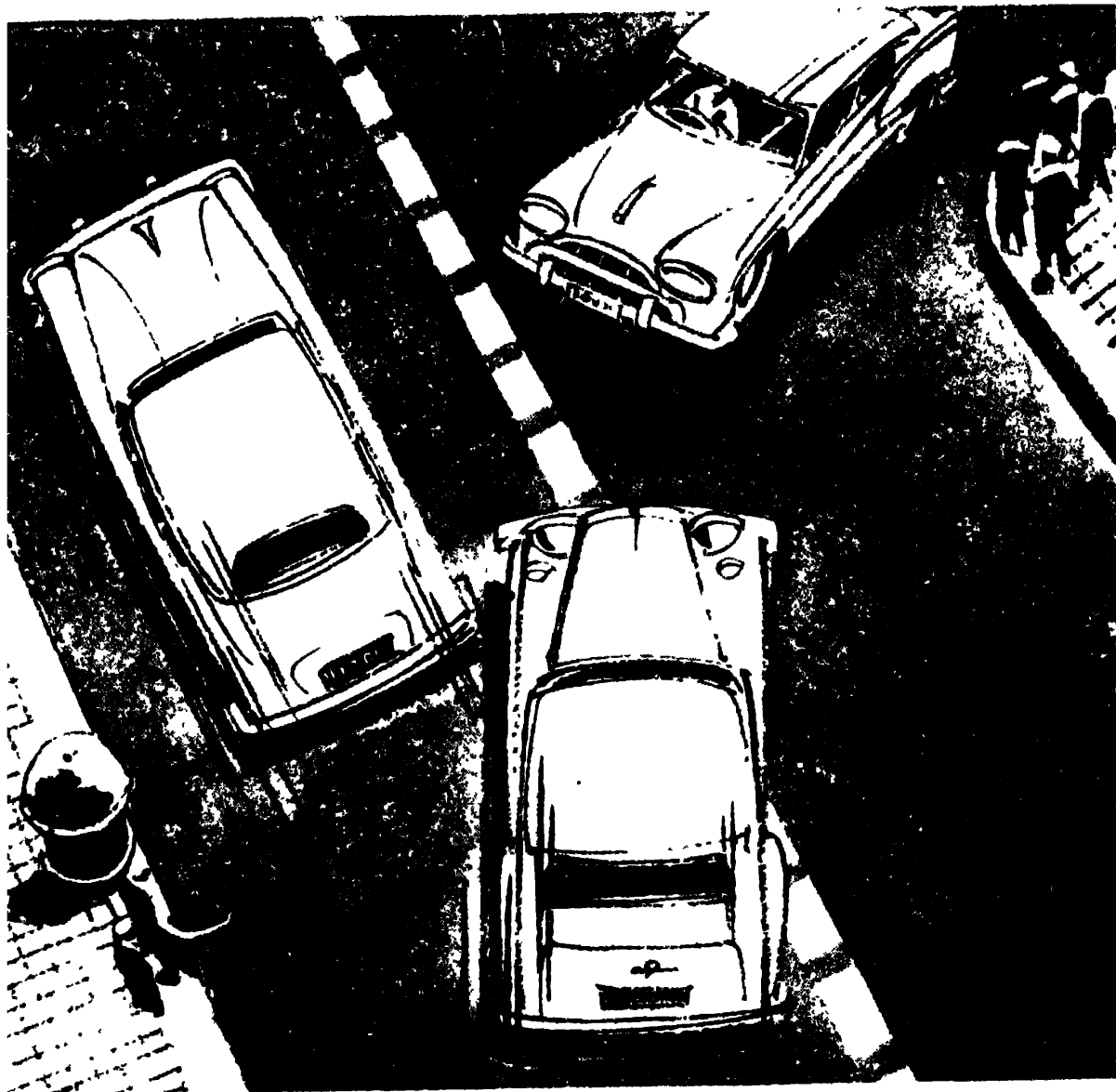
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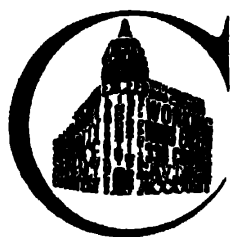
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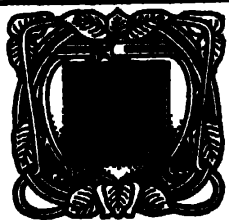
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40	1,292	1,772	2,272	2,836
50	1,615	2,215	2,840	3,545
60	1,938	2,658	3,408	4,254
70	2,261	3,101	3,976	4,963
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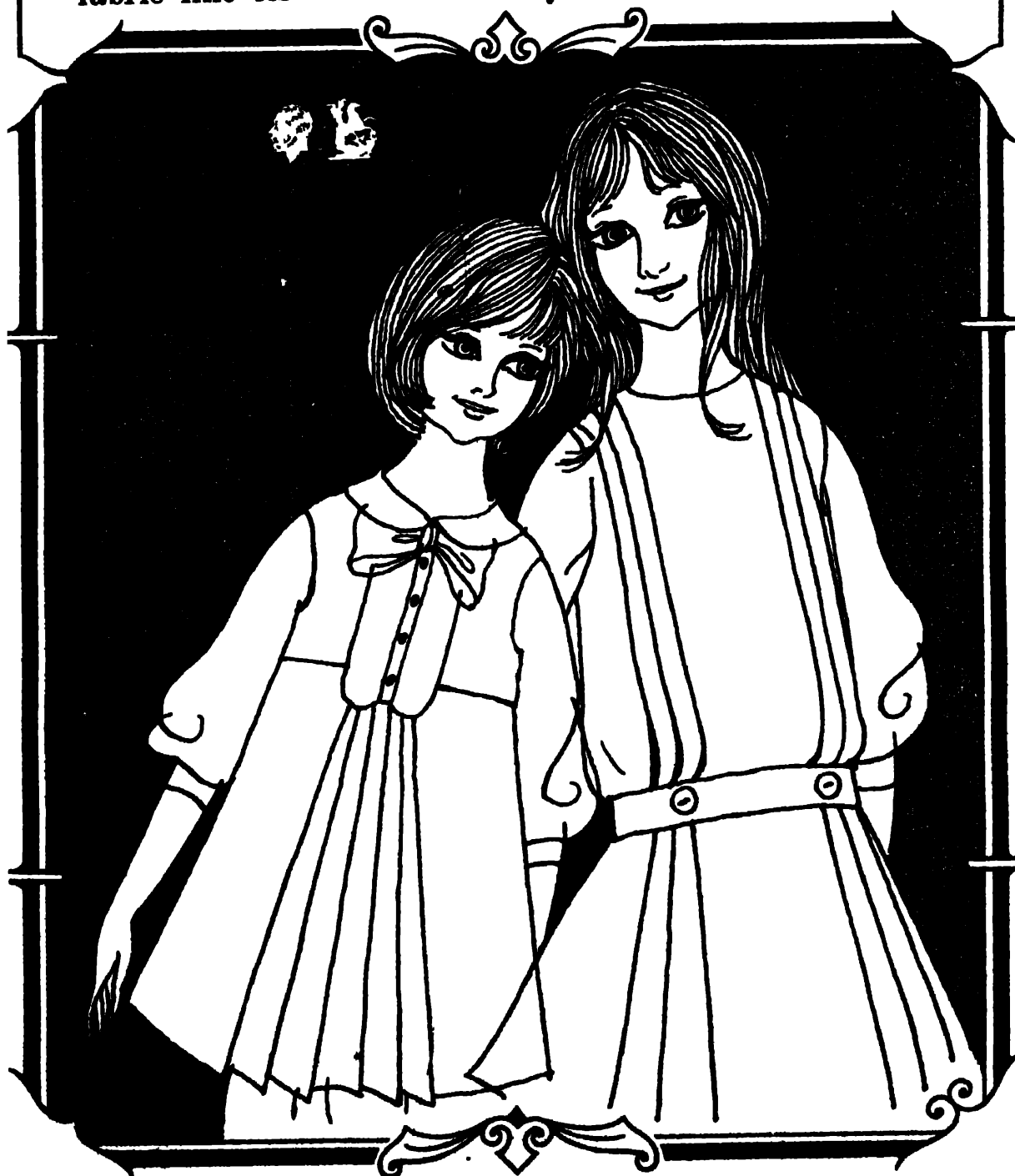
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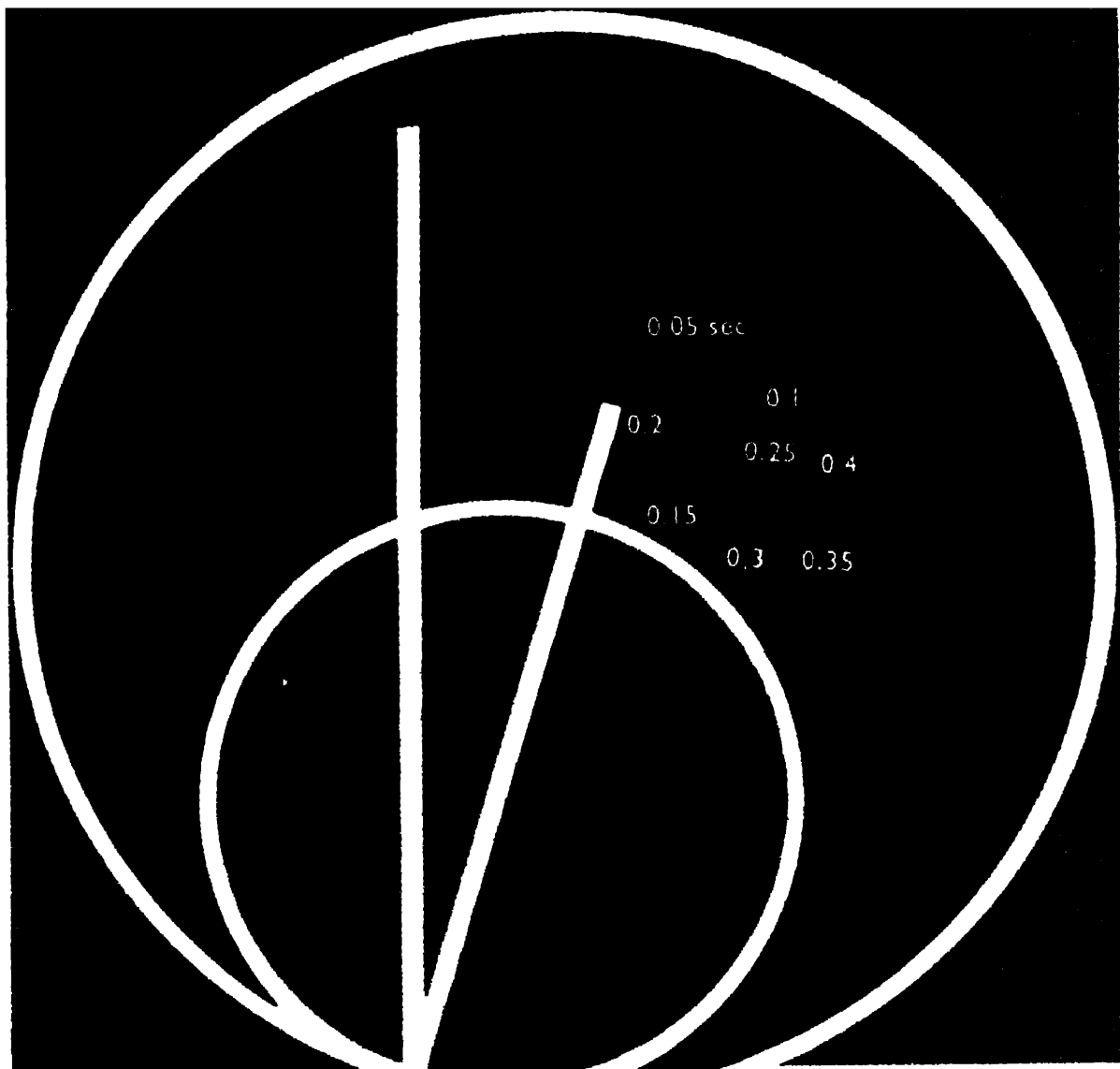
LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)
Cheerful and charming
He has an ardent personality
and is very sociable.
His colours: *Blue, Yellow.*
His stone: *Opal.* His number: *6*
His TIES: Casual wear: Zodiac's
'Kingsmen' available in
washable printed Terene and
'Italica' in striped rawsilk.
Evening wear: Zodiac's 'Giltedge'
in rawsilk veined with gold.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)
Sincere and intense. He is imaginative and
usually a success in life.
His colour: *Iron-grey.* His stone: *Topaz.*
His number: *7*
His TIES: Casual wear: Zodiac's 'Palmbeach'
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'Kingmaker' made from striped Terene.
Evening wear: Zodiac's 'Kingcrest' made
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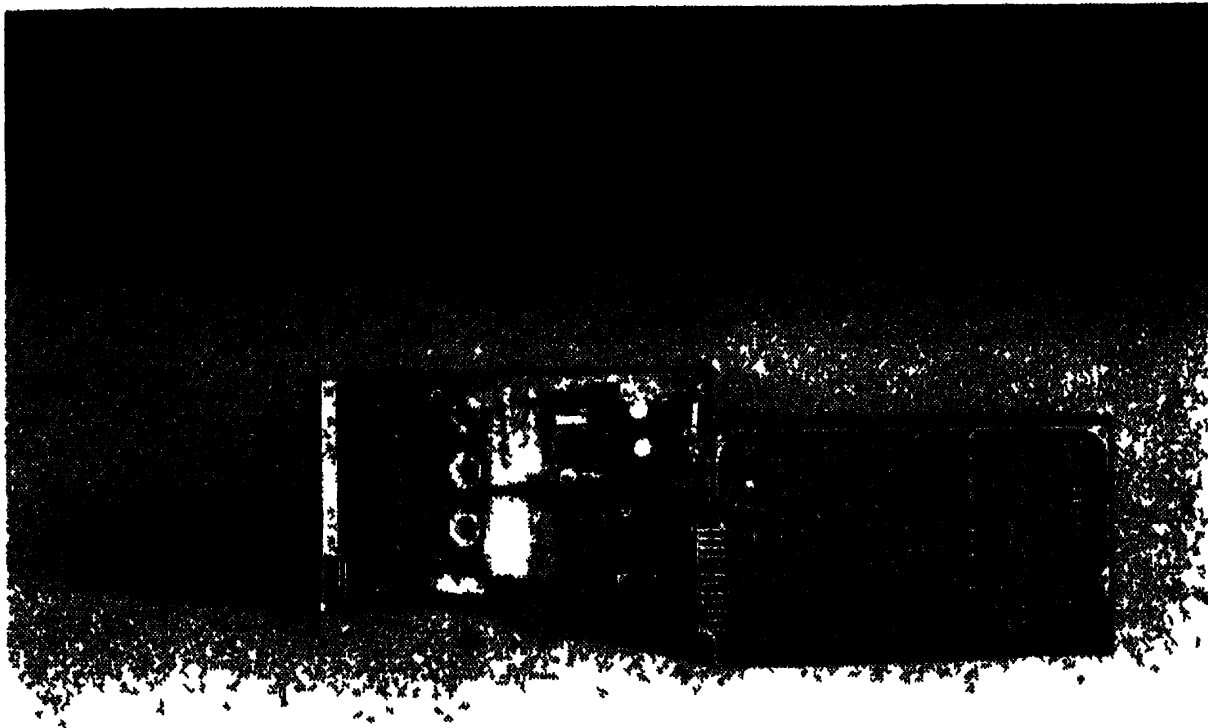
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is worth preserving, worth fighting
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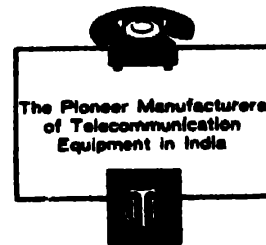
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INDIAN TELEPHONE INDUSTRIES LTD., BANGALORE

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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

Answers to quiz on page 7

- (1) **inherent**—D: Intrinsic; belonging by nature or habit; forming the essential quality of something; as, *inherent* advantages. Latin *inhuerēre*, “to cling or stick to.”
- (2) **intricacy**—C: Complication; complexity; as, the baffling *intricacy* of the plot. Latin *intricare*, “to entangle.”
- (3) **politic**—B: Shrewd; discreetly tactful; prudent; as, a *politic* statement. Greek *politēs*, “citizen.”
- (4) **comprehension**—A: Ability to understand; act of grasping mentally; as, *comprehension* of a difficult problem. Latin *comprehendere*, “to grasp.”
- (5) **perquisite**—C: Additional benefit or profit beyond a salary. “One *perquisite* of the job was the car that went with it.” Latin *perquistus*, from *perquirere*, “to seek thoroughly.”
- (6) **aplomb**—D: Poise; self-confidence; self-assurance; as, to conduct the meeting with *aplomb*. From the French *à plomb*, “according to plummet.”
- (7) **risible**—B: Amusing; laughable; arousing laughter; as, a *risible* situation. Latin *ridere*, “to laugh.”
- (8) **fiat**—C: Authoritative order or command; sanction; decree; as, government by *fiat*. Latin *fiat*, “let it be done.”
- (9) **ethereal**—A: Airy and delicate; not of this earth; as, *ethereal* beauty. Latin *aether*, “upper air.”
- (10) **avidity**—D: Greed; extreme eagerness; as, to read with *avidity*. Latin *avere*, “to long for, covet.”
- (11) **imponderable**—B: Incapable of being weighed or evaluated. “Public opinion is usually *imponderable*.” Latin *imponderabilis*, “not weighable.”
- (12) **defunct**—C: Extinct; dead; as, a *defunct* company. Latin *defunctus*, from *defungi*, “to finish, discharge.”
- (13) **innovate**—A: To make changes; introduce as new; as, to *innovate* a liberal interpretation of the law. Latin *innovare*, “to make new.”
- (14) **epitome**—D: Brief summary; abstract; part typifying the whole; embodiment; as, the *epitome* of virtue. Greek *epitomē*, “abridge.”
- (15) **premise**—B: Basic assumption; proposition from which a conclusion may be drawn. “The author’s *premise* was that waste leads to poverty.” Latin *praemittere*, “to place ahead.”
- (16) **ostentatious**—D: Showy; pretentious, in a way that attracts notice; as, to be *ostentatious* in dress or manner. Latin *ostentare*, “to show off, display.”
- (17) **compatriot**—A: Fellow countryman. “Many of our brave *compatriots* died fighting for us.” Latin *com-*, “together,” and *patriota*, “fellow countryman.”
- (18) **remission**—C: Pardon; discharge from a penalty; forgiveness; as (in the religious sense), *remission* of sins. Latin *remittere*, “to send back.”
- (19) **ultimatum**—B: Final demand, condition or terms; as, to deliver an *ultimatum* to the strikers. Latin *ultimatus*, “final.”
- (20) **allege**—A: To declare or charge without proof; as, to *allege* that the votes were tampered with. Latin *allegare*, “to cite, adduce.”

Vocabulary Ratings

20–19 correct..... excellent
18–17 correct..... good
16–15 correct..... fair



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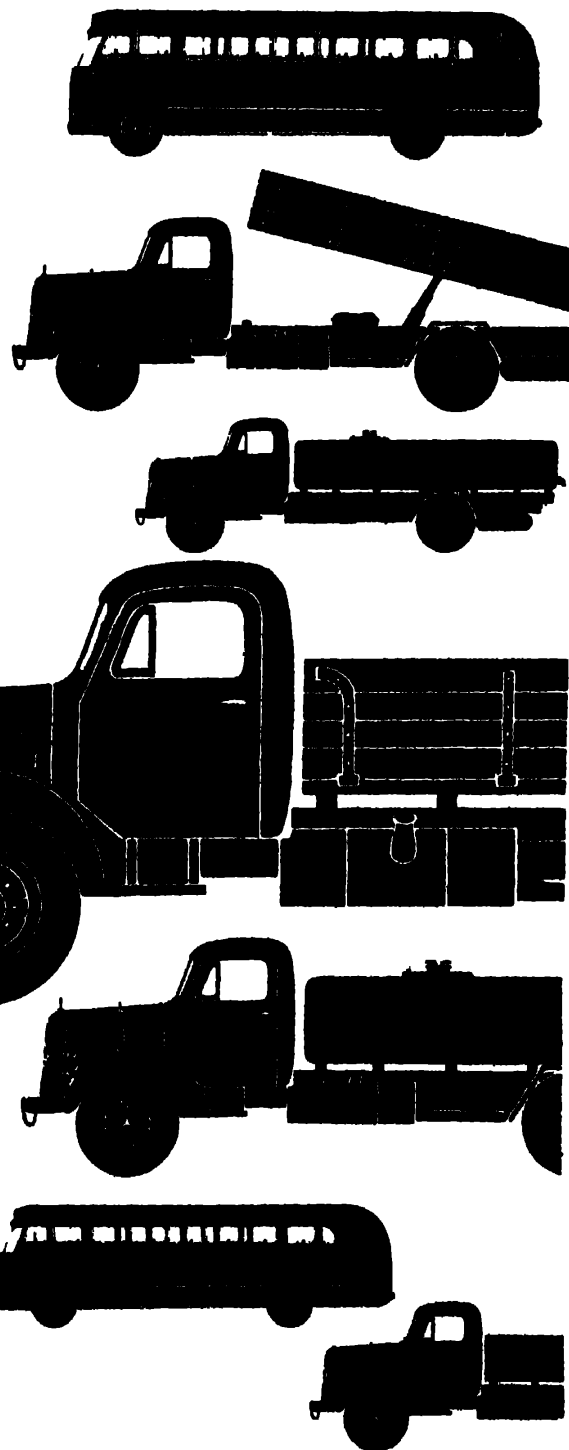
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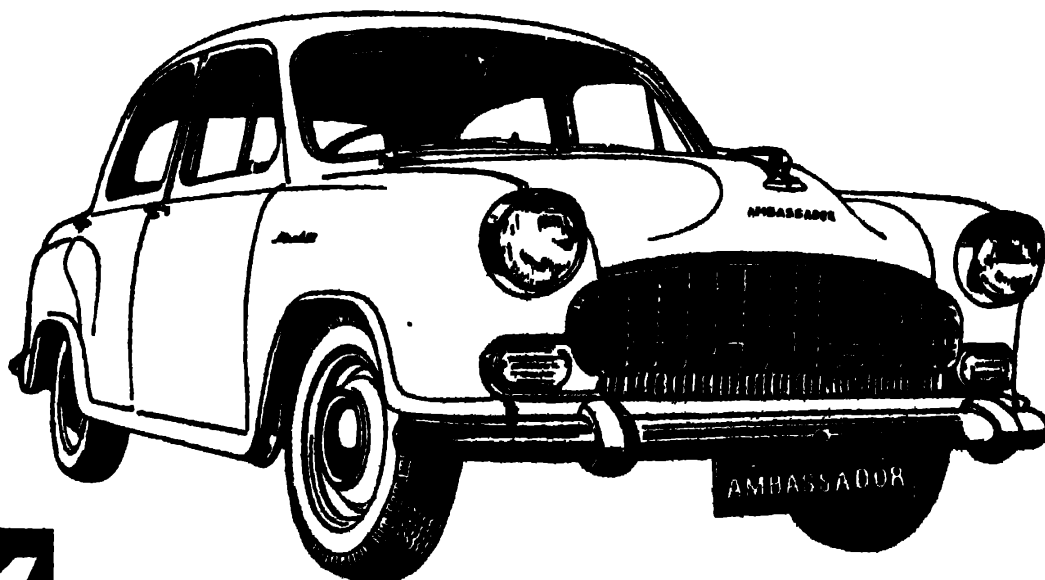
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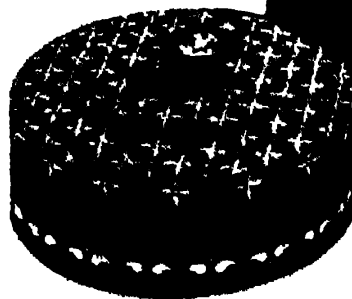
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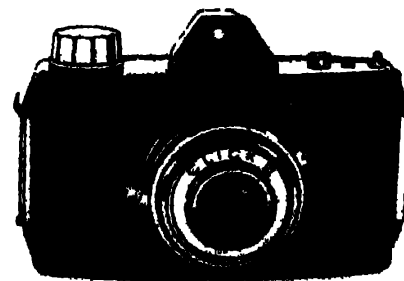
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28



HUMOUR IN UNIFORM

"SERGEANT," excitedly called the sentry at the main gate. "Private Smith's just driven through!"

"So what?" bellowed the annoyed sergeant of the guard. "People drive through every day."

"But, sergeant," stammered the sentry, "the gate was *closed*."

—R. E. R.

ONE DAY I was explaining the several rows of ribbons on my Navy uniform to an attractive young bus conductress. I purposely passed over my Long Service and Good Conduct ribbon, but she asked what it was for. "Oh," I replied, "that's for 15 years' good conduct."

"Good heavens!" she gasped. "Didn't you ever go ashore?" —W. B.

"HALT! Who goes there?" demanded the guard at the RAF station gate as a WAAF hurried towards him. Without pausing the airwoman snapped back, "If you think I'm going to say 'Friend' after what happened last night, you're jolly well mistaken."

—A. J. LAMBER

As carriage Officer at a military hospital near Algiers, I paid a weekly visit to the Arab market to buy fresh

vegetables. On these trips I was accompanied by whichever nursing sister was on duty. The market overseer always hurried to welcome us and, as the weeks went by, he and the stallholders became increasingly obsequious.

Embarrassed by these attentions, I happened to mention the matter to the local French commandant. He roared with laughter. "Monsieur," he said, "you have won their admiration. When an Arab appears in public with a woman, it means that she is his wife—and the more wives the greater the man. Your performance," he concluded, "must appear positively princely. Each week you are accompanied by a different woman." —H. K. CHILD

SOUTH OF Hong Kong a couple of years ago, our cruiser H.M.S. *Lion* encountered a handsome new U.S. missile ship, and exchanged the usual courtesies. Then, as the two vessels steamed past each other the American signalled, "Gee, you really do look swell."

Immediately our captain ordered the reply, "I bet you tell that to all the cruisers." —LIEUTENANT M. J. FISHER

ONE EVENING during the last war, word passed round our anti-aircraft battery that a practice alarm would sound during the night to show a visiting Brigadier how quickly we could man the guns. At lights-out we lay under our blankets in full kit and waited tensely. Finally, at two in the morning, the alarm clanged. As we pounded through the door, the Sergeant appeared. "The Brigadier's not here, boys," he said, "and there's no need to rush. This isn't the practice alarm. It's a real one." —A. KERRY

THE READER'S DIGEST

TO ESCAPE German shellfire, I was hiding with two Australians behind a partly wrecked building. One of them, reading a book he had found, asked, "I say, what does this word mean—CATEGORY?"

"That's easy," the other Aussie said. "C-A-T spells cat, E—it is a 'e cat, and you know what GORY means. Blimey, it's a ruddy TOMCAT."

—P. HASSETT

A GROUP of airmen were discussing the electrical appliances they planned to buy for their wives with a recent pay rise.

One old-timer, who had been listening with evident disgust at such extravagances, dispersed the group with the remark: "Bought my wife a clothes drier last month—200 feet of it, complete with pegs."

—D. L. W.

WHEN a draft of WRNS arrived at an isolated naval station where no woman had been seen for months, the captain warned the chief Wren of the perils her charges would have to guard against.

"Don't worry, sir," she replied, tapping her forehead, "my girls have it up here."

"It doesn't matter where they have it," growled the captain, "my sailors will find it."

—H. R. MURRAY

THE WIVES of my son Bob and his best friend were to have babies about the same time, and the two couples are next-door neighbours. The men agreed that if one were absent when the time came, the other would take the expectant mother to hospital.

Bob's baby came first. He was at home at the time, took his wife to

hospital—and behaved in the usual manner of a young husband with his first child.

A week later, when his friend's wife showed signs of imminent delivery, Bob was on hand to take *her* to the hospital. He thought he should stay for a while, so he sat in the waiting-room and took a nap. After a bit, he awoke to find two nurses standing before him.

"Weren't you in here last week?" one of them asked accusingly.

"Yes," said Bob unconcernedly. "But that was my *wife*."

—D. D.

AT SEA on a fleet exercise, our mine-sweeper ran into a storm. The deck crew were soaked to the skin, but worked on grimly as the waves cascaded over them. Then one seaman paused to empty his boots. "Hurry up, Jones," yelled the First Lieutenant. "Where do you think you are, in a holiday camp?" "If I am," said Jones fervently, "I'm not coming back next year."

—SUB-LIEUTENANT R. L. SMITH

THE newly-liberated citizens of a French town were greeting every Allied vehicle that rumbled past by shouting out the name painted on its side. "Vive Lizzie!" they cheered. "Merci Blackpool!"

Then a truckload of Americans appeared and the crowd went wild. Pausing to study the words stencilled on the bonnet of the personnel carrier, they sent up a great yell of "Vive Check Oil Level!"

—J. McNAMARA

ASKED about his bride's cooking, a sergeant replied, "Let's put it this way—I'm the only bloke in camp who packs a lunch to take home."

—J. T.



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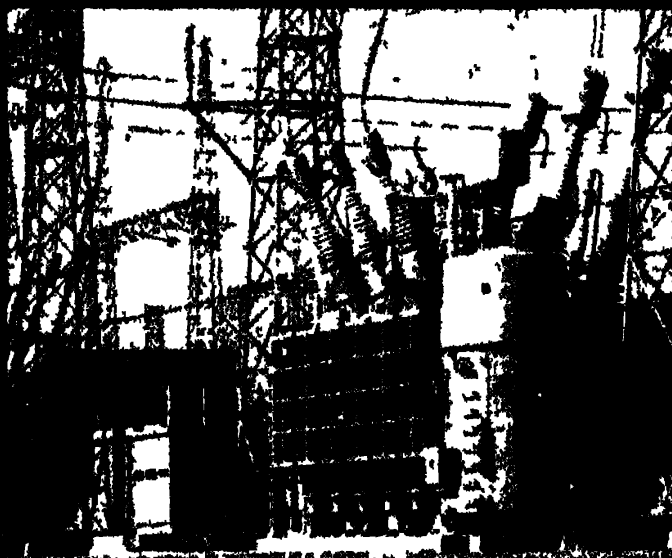
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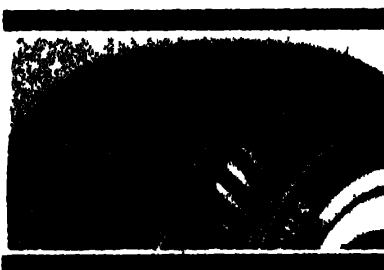
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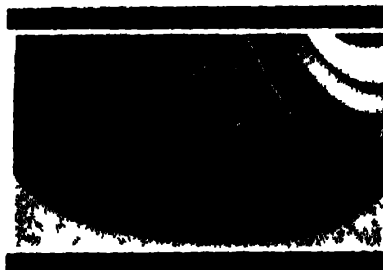
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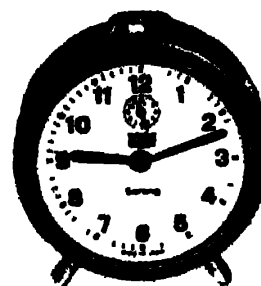
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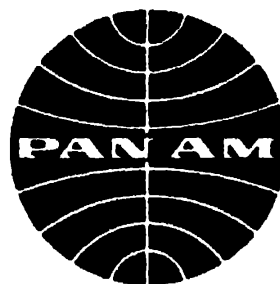
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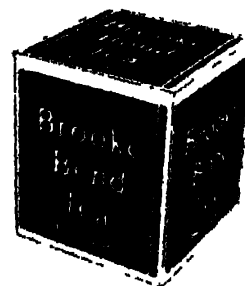
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At stake in the Vietnam conflict are worldwide issues which many still do not fully understand

China's Challenge in the Pacific

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE
Military Editor of The Reader's Digest

THE CHINESE communists are embarking on a plan of unparalleled audacity. Their scheme: to turn the Pacific into a communist lake fronting the shores of North and South America.

Korea was the site of the first surge. It failed. South Vietnam is the latest.

The war is being fought in a place so unfamiliar that many people are asking: Why are the Americans fighting in this remote land? Why can't they leave and let the Asians fight it out among themselves?

High Stakes. The war, however,

does not merely concern South Vietnam or even South-East Asia. It concerns the future of the whole Pacific and the security of the Western hemisphere. At stake are worldwide issues still not fully understood by the public.

South Vietnam is the key to the safety and independence of nations made up of 325 million free people. Burma, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, the Philippines could all be forced into serfdom with the collapse of South Vietnam and the expulsion of the United States.

Even more critical, however, is

the fact that South-East Asia leads to the ultimate, little-understood objective of the present conflict—control of the Strait of Malacca. This strategic waterway, dominated by the great port of Singapore, is one of the prime shipping bottlenecks of the world. Six hundred miles long, 60 miles wide at its narrowest point, studded with islands, it is a thoroughfare even more important to the West than the Strait of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal or the English Channel, for it is the shortest and safest route from the Pacific to the Indian Ocean.

About 98 per cent of the trade of the Orient flows through the Strait in a procession of ships carrying merchandise worth millions to and from world markets. In one year more than 12,000 ships drop anchor in Singapore and more than 10,000 at ports in Indonesia. Thousands more go on through the Strait for Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, Australia.

Next Targets. Communist conquest of South Vietnam would almost certainly trigger the downfall of neighbouring Thailand and Malaysia and yield control of the Strait of Malacca to the communists, permitting them to seal off trade routes, east, west and south. It would also put the communists within easy reach of their next targets of expansion: Indonesia, Australia and Japan.

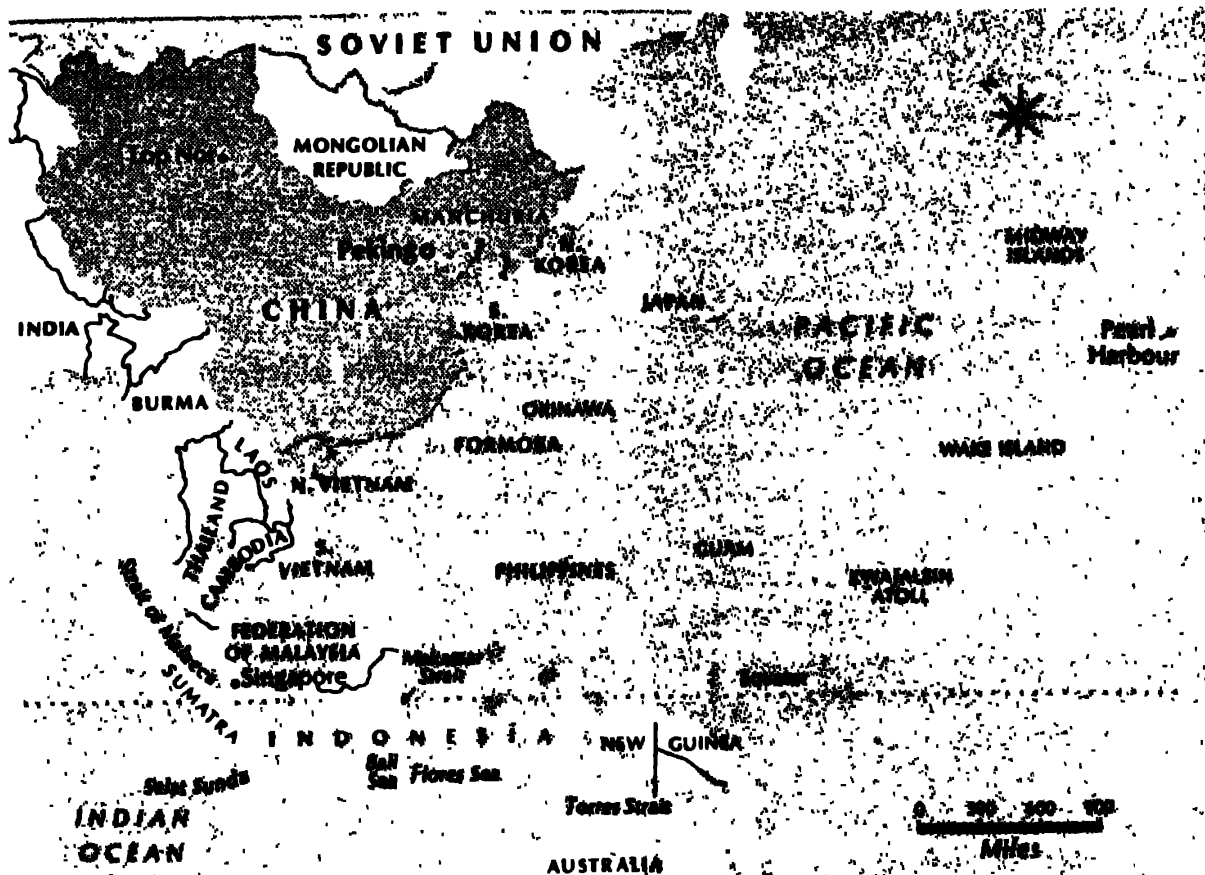
Indonesia, with a population of 100 million, is an archipelago of

more than 3,000 islands which stretch like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle from the Asian mainland to New Guinea on the threshold of Australia. Already it leans heavily to the left. Making no secret of his dislike of the West, President Sukarno accepted Rs. 308 crores proffered in aid from Russia, plus two heavy cruisers, four destroyers, six submarines and 175 MIG planes.

While Indonesia is still fence-straddling, awaiting the outcome of the Vietnam conflict, the country has been strategically infiltrated by three million members of the People's Communist Institute, waiting the word to seize power.

If they do so, this would leave Australia facing a solid communist rampart to the north—a perilous predicament for a vast country, with only 11 million inhabitants, slight defences and some of the greatest mineral resources in the world.

Japan, too, will be vulnerable and a rare prize, for her productive genius has developed the world's fifth largest industrial complex. China reached for Japan via Korea and was defeated. But if China should gain control of both sides of the Strait of Malacca it would be another story. Without striking a blow she could constrict the great artery of Pacific trade. Ships attempting to use other Indonesian straits would not only have a far longer way to travel but could just as easily be stopped by hostile planes, torpedo boats and minefields.



Such a blockade would be catastrophic for Japan, which must import all her raw materials and export much of her manufactured goods. The Chinese, themselves without food to export or money to pay for imports, have long hoped to force Japan into their sphere in order to use Japan's productive genius to build up a communist economy. Perhaps the most effective way to do this would be to shut off the supply of oil on which Japanese industry is almost wholly dependent. Ninety-two per cent of this passes through the Strait of Malacca. Were the Strait shut off, Japanese industry would grind to a halt. The

price of survival would be union with China.

In fact, everywhere China peers in the Pacific she sees items that she needs desperately—lead, zinc, nickel, manganese, rice from the Philippines; rubber, oil, tin from Indonesia and Malaysia; ships, iron, steel, machinery, tools from Japan; sugar, wood, chemicals from Formosa; gold, silver, copper, teak from Burma. Everywhere she sees rice, wheat, barley in profusion to feed perpetually - undernourished Chinese stomachs.

The Reason Why. Virtually all these countries are party to defence treaties with the United States and

with each other. The United States is honour-bound to come to their aid in case of aggression. Furthermore, without them the United States would be at a great disadvantage. American planes would be deprived of forward bases, ships would have to fight their way through treacherous narrows under a hail of communist bombs. At the least America would suffer heavy losses; at the most she would be drawn into a third world war.

This is why the United States is trying to stop at its source the projected conquest of the Pacific. This is why her great naval forces, planes and men are resisting the Viet Cong puppets in Vietnam. This is why the British Commonwealth has nearly half its naval strength and 75,000 men at Singapore athwart the route to Australia. It is also why the communists have refused to "negotiate," for they feel close to realizing their dream of world domination.

Balance Sheet. Is the West militarily strong enough to block the conquest of South-East Asia and the Pacific? Is it strong enough to withstand the "escalation" constantly threatened by the communists? The answer is, Yes.

From Pearl Harbour great forces can be moved to any point in the circle of the Pacific quicker than the communists can move along the rim. In the Pacific the U.S. Navy comprises 400 warships, spear-headed by nine carrier task forces. The U.S. Army numbers over

200,000 men and can be increased at will. The U.S. Air Force has 50,000 men and, with the Navy and Marines, nearly 2,000 combat jets in the Pacific, with thousands more on call. These jets are likely to be of decisive use, for they can fly at 1,500 miles per hour, carry cannon and missiles, and some have a bomb load three times as heavy as that carried in the Second World War Flying Fortresses. But they have one great need: a place to sit down, refuel, take on weapons.

This is why American aircraft carriers and stepping-stone bases—Midway, Wake, Guam, Kwajalein, Formosa, the Philippines—have become vital as never before, for a fortress today is not a Rock of Gibraltar but a runway with supplies.

America also has allies and potential allies whose lands, populations and planes add up to a formidable total: some 325 million people in Japan, Australia, the Philippines, Malaysia, Thailand, South Vietnam, Formosa, Okinawa, South Korea and free Indonesia. Their combined armies total 2.175 million men, supported by a total of 1,800 jet aircraft.

Arrayed against this force is the population of China, some 750 million strong. The numbers are daunting, but masses of men need ships, trains and trucks to transport them and their supplies. China does not have these. Most Chinese battalions still move on their feet. The army is composed of 2.5 million

men and millions of militia, but has scant transport, artillery and tanks. The Chinese navy has 28 old submarines and a lot of small craft. The air force has 2,400 planes, but nearly all are partially obsolescent. Maintenance is poor, fuel is short. The whole force lacks quality.

Thus the Chinese threat to "escalate" the war in Vietnam by sending in its own troops does not stand up to realistic military examination. For one thing, North Vietnam possesses a natural dam against a flood of men from China, a rampart of mountains. The only rail ingress is through two long and deep ravines, with bridges that could be destroyed from the air. Roads are few and poor. Moreover, escalation can run two ways, and China dreads retaliation into her own territory. Lop Nor, the atomic centre where she proposes to build nuclear weapons with which to blackmail the Pacific, would be the first target in an expanded war, and its destruction would throw China into a Great Leap Backwards in nuclear plans. When she calls America a "paper tiger," she is gazing in a mirror.

The final comparison of the forces in the Pacific is therefore as follows, including United States and British Commonwealth units in the area:

	FREE COUNTRIES	CHINA
Populations	325,000,000	750,000,000
Armies	2,700,000	2,500,000
Ships	500	50
Jets	4,000	2,000

Such is the balance sheet on which

victory or defeat in the Pacific now depends. It shows that the West has supreme power on the sea and in the air. Ample troops can be transported to meet the enemy if China itself is not invaded. It does seem, therefore, that the West is equipped to make a stand now in South-East Asia, to come to grips with the enemy before he grows stronger, to try to limit the conflict to an area where he cannot bring all his forces to bear, and this can be done.

The Challenge. To beat the communist drive in the Pacific the West has much to learn. The Americans backed into South Vietnam with a handful of "advisers" and a few obsolete planes. They did not recognize it as the start of a very big thing. They suffered humiliating defeats. Now they are putting in desperately needed military power; but the ultimate solution will demand more than arms.

It will demand that millions of people in Western countries be able to feel a measure of *self-identification* with millions in the Pacific who are eager to be friends, if trouble is taken to understand them.

They know that the Chinese want to take them over. They have yet to learn that the United States does not, that she rightly considers foreign possessions as so many liabilities, and wants the Pacific nations to be free, independent and self-protecting. The challenge in the Pacific has already begun. It is as great as any that has ever been faced.

*The "miracle of the anchovy"
has made this developing South
American nation the world's
No. 1 fisherman—and
is bringing unprecedented
prosperity to thousands*

FIFTEEN YEARS ago, Peru did not even rank among the top 25 fishing countries of the world. Today, thanks to the slender anchovy, a silvery fish no longer than the hand is wide, she is unquestionably No. 1. Moreover, the Rs. 76 crores in export income that Peru's fishing industry earned last year ensured a favourable balance of trade and has made the Peruvian *sol* one of the world's sounder money units. Peruvians call this extraordinary, almost overnight triumph "our miracle of the anchovy."

Boom! The moment you arrive at Lima's international airport, the pungent aroma of fish, wafted inland by the Pacific mist, announces the burgeoning new industry. The smell grows stronger as you drive through the night past flood-lit boatyards in Lima's port, Callao, and swing up the coast past galaxies of fish-processing plants in little coastal villages like Supe and Chancay.

When the anchovies are running, night becomes day for Peru's fishermen;

working round the clock,

140 hungry factories suck the teeming catch through giant hoses from 1,500 incoming boats; freighters wait offshore to haul the processed fish to Europe and North America.

The anchovies are transported as a finely-ground, amber-coloured meal in canvas or paper sacks. For Peru's anchovies, distant cousins of



BY DONALD STROETZEL

Condensed from Americas

PERU NETS A FORTUNE

those favoured by gourmets, are prized not for pizzas and savouries but for blending with soya-bean meal and other animal foods for sale to farmers. This protein-rich fish meal is the housewife's good friend: it keeps down the price of poultry and pork by greatly speeding the growth of broilers and young pigs to marketable size, making them cheaper to raise.

Some 35,000 Peruvians now have jobs on fishing boats and in the factories. Thousands more work in allied industries. Whereas 15 years ago Peru had only a handful of carpenters able to make boats, ten big yards now compete feverishly in mass-producing fishing boats. Three factories produce the Rs. 1 lakh

use to locate fish, and the centrifuges with which the factories siphon off fish oil. "We are even exporting boats and machinery to Chile," a leader in the boom told me proudly.

Lesson? Is there a lesson here for other nations seeking progress in a hurry?

"Of course," says Manuel Elguera, doyen of the Peruvian fish-meal industry. "For rapid growth, every nation needs bold businessmen who will take risks to make money. Peru, fortunately, had them. Some won their gamble. Some lost. But enough succeeded to bring a great new element of prosperity to my country.

"It is fashionable in academic circles to preach that developing



nylon nets; another plant makes plastic-net buoys; still others turn out steel hull plates, pumps, rope and and millions upon millions of sacks.

Every need of the industry is met in Peru except for diesel engines, the echo-sounders which the fishermen

countries must lean heavily on government planning, that they cannot afford the 'disorganized' and 'wasteful' methods of competitive private business. Nonsense! What the theorists forget is *incentive* provided by hope of profit—and by

fear of failure. If we had left it to the government, Peru would never be the fishing giant it is today."

In fairness, it was Peru's government—or, more precisely, its state monopoly for mining bird droppings—that sparked off the first local interest in fish meal. The birds, some 25 million pelicans, cormorants and other seafarers, feed on the anchovies and drop their guano in thick layers on offshore islands, where it is dug for sale as nitrogen-rich fertilizer. "But aren't the anchovies, not the birds, our *real* resource?" scientists at the state guano company began asking in the early 1940's. "Why not grind them up directly?"

The bird's stomach, they reasoned, is a highly inefficient fertilizer factory: to produce a ton of guano, the birds must digest 20 tons of anchovies. By contrast, a ton of machine-ground anchovy meal requires only five and half tons of fish—and brings much higher prices. Once the startling economics of the business percolated through to Peru's entrepreneurs, there was no stopping fish meal. Cost of production in the 1950's: less than Rs. 240 a ton. Market price: Rs. 573. Profit: fantastic!

Between 1955 and 1962, a wild scramble took place. "Put down 25 per cent cash on a diesel, and we will finance your boat," proclaimed the engine manufacturers. "Put up a third and we will lend you the rest to build a processing plant," said the

banks. Lawyers, dentists, doctors, engineers teamed up to buy machinery and boats.

Luis Banchero, who had been travelling round selling oil to pay his way through university, impressed the lenders as a *hombre de empuje*—a man of drive. Today, at 34, he owns an estimated seven per cent of the industry, his own boatyard, more than 100 fishing boats, a chain of newspapers and a vegetable-and-fruit canning factory. Many others, like Banchero, became self-made millionaires.

Paradise. Anchovy fishing is commercial fishing at its easiest. The Humboldt current, flowing up from the Antarctic, provides the chilly water the anchovies love; the warm tropical sun brings forth the microscopic animal life on which the anchovies feed. The combination is an anchovy-fisherman's paradise.

The fish run by the millions in closely-packed schools, and generally swim close to the surface. "There's a big school under me!" screams the spotter-plane pilot into his mike, and scores of 60- to 80-foot boats race to the location, lowering their great nylon nets into the sea. The fish are easily trapped by these buoy-floated nets, towed from the boat by a light skiff.

As for the factories, all they need is a cooker to soften up the fish; a press to squeeze out the oil and water and form the mass into a cake; a drier; a grinder—and plenty of sacks. Anyone able to raise

Rs. 1.6 lakhs could buy a small wood-hulled fishing boat; anyone with Rs. 2.4 lakhs and enough baling wire could assemble a second-hand sardine-meal plant from California. In the early days of the industry, almost any bold operator could sell enough to pay for his boat in a year, his plant in two.

As word of quick fortunes flew around Peru, the quiet coastal town of Chimbote exploded from 20,000 people to more than 120,000. The populations of other little ports doubled, trebled and quadrupled. At Callao, new boatyards invaded every vacant site with access to the Pacific; when the sites were filled, boatbuilders took over the streets. Everywhere, seacoast land values skyrocketed. As new factories grabbed up the port sites, competitors piled up two and three deep behind them, pumping their anchovies inland by pipeline. "They're crazy," said villagers at Chancay when a syndicate took over the local rubbish dump, separated from the sea by a mountain. But the new owners, mining engineers, tunnelled through the rock to bring in their fish.

Down from the Andes by the thousands came job-seekers. Few of them could read or write, but they showed remarkable powers of visual retention, cleverly copied any skill they saw practised. Many a *patrón*—as the Peruvians call the skipper—can read nothing but a compass. But with this one navigational aid and an extremely sensitive "seat of

the pants," he does remarkably well in Peru's mist-shrouded waters. At first he feared losing sight of land; now many venture as far as 50 miles out in the middle of the night.

The skipper, who usually draws a percentage of his catch, will frequently earn Rs. 4,500 a year; a mechanic or electrician Rs. 20 daily—phenomenal wages in a country where *per-capita* income averages less than Rs. 450 a year. Although living conditions have not yet been dramatically transformed, there are hopeful signs. The workers demand education for their children. "You should see my men pour in every March for pay advances to buy their sons books and uniforms for the start of the school year," Elguera said to me.

Chimbote's mayor, told by the central government that Lima would send only 20 teachers, went out and engaged another 45 himself. Employers are recognizing more and more that their responsibility does not stop with the pay packet. Javier Labarthe Correa was the first to engage professional social workers to teach employees' families cooking, housekeeping and saving, and better sanitation. Now 37 other fish-meal plants in Callao have followed his lead with a joint programme.

Problems and Promise. During 1962 and 1963, many operators went broke as costs rose and world fish-meal prices plummeted in the face of unrestrained Peruvian production. But last year meal demand

again overtook supply: big fish among the operators swallowed smaller fry; new foreign capital (it is welcomed) came in; and, perhaps most important, the industry was modernized. Operators bought larger, more versatile fishing boats, replaced their older machinery. With new centrifuges, they save more of the saleable fish oil, salvage protein once lost in waste water. And, with quality-control laboratories, they have begun to market better-grade meal commanding premium prices.

Might the anchovies give out? To probe the ways of the tiny fish and to teach fishermen to preserve their industry, the Peruvian government teamed up with the United Nations in 1960 to establish at Callao the Marine Resources Institute, staffed with local and foreign scientists.

Researchers worried in July and August 1963 when the anchovies mysteriously vanished and three

million birds died of starvation—but the fish returned, abundant as ever.

"So far, there are no signs of over-fishing," reports marine biologist Hermann Einarsson, of the Institute. Meanwhile, whalers report anchovy schools 90 miles out, giving credence to the belief that bigger boats—and more experienced skippers—will find good catches even when the anchovies shun coastal waters.

Other Latin-American nations, looking with new respect to their own fish-rich waters, are beginning to follow Peru's example. In Chile, 30 new fish-meal plants prepare to handle some two million tons of anchovies a year. Ecuador and Venezuela have begun fish-meal production experimentally, and the Argentine and Brazil are taking steps to encourage more intensive fishing. In the long term, world demand for fish and fish meal should be enough for all comers.



Street-guides

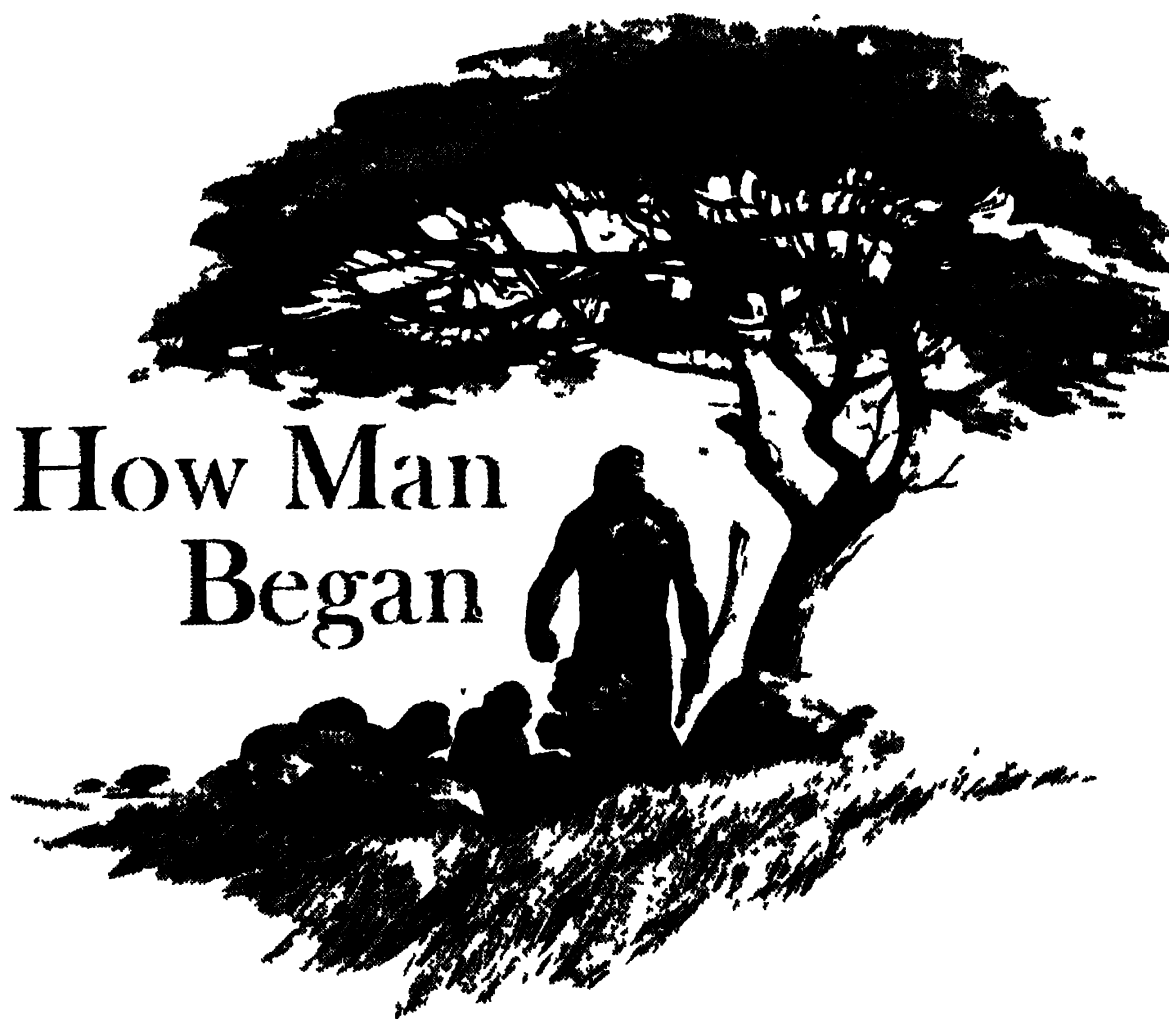
A VISITOR to West Berlin asked a policeman for directions to a particular street. In precise, official tones the policeman told him to take two buses, make several turns, and cross various squares. Utterly confused, the visitor said thank-you and turned away. The policeman grabbed him and said, "Don't thank me. Repeat it!"

—T.M.

I WAS beginning to congratulate myself on remembering the way to my sister's house when I came to a fork in the road. I couldn't remember whether to go left or right, so I pulled into a near-by garage. The taciturn attendant listened to my question and then said, "You asked the same question last year. Now just sit there and think a minute. It'll come to you."

And it did—after a while.

—F. E. C.



How Man Began

Recent scientific discoveries are bringing us closer to the solution of that most fascinating of mysteries: the origin of our species

THE MOST tantalizing question ever asked of science: who is man and where did he come from?

Man's genealogy has been exceedingly difficult to trace, for fossil remains of his ancestors are scarce. Still, thanks to a stepped-up search and new developments in science, the ever-intriguing mystery of how man began may be nearing solution. Fossil finds are turning up at an accelerating pace—in India, South and East Africa, Israel and elsewhere. These fragments, a few teeth, a leg bone, a piece of skull, tell astonishingly detailed stories of the first halting steps towards manhood.

According to some experts, teeth disclose whether their owners were meat eaters or vegetarians. Studies of the spine-skull juncture and of hip formation say whether distant apes on the

By J. D. RATCLIFF

way to becoming men walked erect. Tools reveal the stage of cultural development. Skull fragments indicate brain size. To cross the "cerebral Rubicon," some estimate that brains must be larger than 750 cubic centimetres (1,350 is average today).

Geologists and climatologists contribute information about what weather was like as man slowly struggled up the evolutionary ladder. And observations of today's apes (our distant cousinship shown by the fact that we have the same blood groups, similar chromosomes and many common metabolic processes) suggest what behaviour patterns might have been.

Another recent discovery makes possible accurate dating of the steps towards humanity. Potassium-argon dating—radioactive potassium decays into argon at a steady rate over millions of years—provides a reliable atomic clock to say when man emerged, for it dates some of the rocks in which he is found.

Wits, Not Brawn. Most living creatures are specialized; they have special qualifications for special jobs. Thus the beaver's sharp teeth for felling trees, the tiger's claws for ripping open carcasses, the bear's coat of fur to protect against cold. Proto-hominid—pre-man—had no fangs, claws or protective leathery hide. His chances of survival in a hostile world would have appeared to be nil. Actually it was this *lack* of physical defences that gave him his

chance. He had to develop his wits or perish. And it was wits, not brawn, that would allow him to dominate the earth.

It would seem that this little ancestor of ours started off as an unpromising candidate in the race for survival. The story archaeologists have been able to reconstruct begins in East Africa in the Miocene period, something like 20 million years ago. A climatic change was under way. Heavy, jungle-making rains ceased, not suddenly but with a gradual drying up over thousands of years. Grassy savannah land appeared. There was no longer room for the great ape population in the trees which had provided food, home, protection, and some sought to live and feed on the ground. These adventurers were our grandfathers. Apes that remained close to the trees would eventually become gorillas and chimpanzees.

If today's problems appear great, they dwindle into insignificance compared with what faced the bewildered groundlings. Under five feet tall and weighing around 90 pounds, they were in constant danger of extermination. A variety of beasts, long since departed from the earth, were deadly threats—terrifying wild boars as large as hippopotamuses, sabre-toothed tigers, hyenas the size of calves, giant rhinoceroses.

Food was a constant problem to the ape-men. In times of drought, to supplement their usual diet of berries, fruits, nuts, leaves, they had to

subsist on small animals they could catch—snails, snakes, worms, porcupines—and on leftovers from the kills of preying animals. In the beginning they were feeble hunters. Fossil remnants of their ancient meals suggest this. About the best one could do was grab an unattended suckling pig and run for his life.

Yet, ape-men somehow managed to gain advantages from their weaknesses. The forced shift from a vegetable diet to one that included meat was exceedingly important. To live at all, vegetarian animals must eat almost constantly to wring scant nourishment from vegetation. But a meal of high-calorie meat suffices for long periods. Our ape ancestors now had time for a variety of new activities. Most important—meat eating meant hunting, which led to tool making and organization for group hunting: the first social pattern.

Up On His Feet. When man's ancestor first came down from the trees he probably had a four-footed gait; use of all four members is essential for climbing. But things were different on the ground. There were more and more jobs for forelimbs—to carry a haunch of zebra left by a leopard, for example.

Upright posture began developing, a slow business which would take hundreds of thousands of years for full accomplishment. Legs had to lengthen and feet to flatten, enlarge and get shock-absorbing

arches. Curvature of spine had to change, and hips needed remodeling. It was quite an overhaul job but one which enormously increased chances of survival. Standing erect in savannah grasses these ancestors of ours could see farther, a protection from deadly enemies. And they could walk long distances, an advantage in hunting.

First Weapons. It was now about time for history's most awesome discovery: weapons. We can never know for sure how this happened, but Dr. Charles Hockett and Dr. Robert Ascher, of Cornell University, make a reasonable reconstruction: A ground-dwelling ape is cracking a nut with a rock when surprised by a preying animal, say, a leopard. Flight is impossible. In desperation he brings down the rock on the leopard's skull, killing it. This amazing deed has achieved two things: it has saved the ape's life and provided food.

At another point along the way, this remarkable ape found that he could split one rock with another to get a sharp cutting edge. This tool, the first made on earth with deliberation, had none of the sophistication of the flint knife or stone axe. They were still aeons in the future. Yet these crude sharp-edged "pebble tools," the size of a fist, gave our ape-man a great advantage. With them he could cut through tough hides of animals, he could even butcher meat into convenient, portable chunks. Safety in the

savannah was a constant problem. There is evidence that early on an important discovery was made: stones piled in a circular pattern gave protection. This was perhaps the beginning of the house, nearly two million years ago.

Survival of the Fittest. There is growing evidence that several types of pre-men, all with the potential of fathering the human race, lived at the same time and in the same areas. Nature, ever the great experimenter, was trying out a number of models. Only the most ingenious, the most talented would survive.

Was there a direct progression from one of these early types to man? There is no sure answer yet. It is clear, however, that early creatures were well on the way towards becoming modern man. They had discovered group hunting, weapons, cutting tools. They were no longer the forlorn, bereft weaklings just down from the trees. They had become masters of their environment. Still, as Hockett and Ascher point out, "They were not striving to become human. They were doing what all animals do: trying to stay alive."

Increasingly complex social patterns began to develop. Meat, fruit and protein-rich grains could now be carried to the "home," giving a new sense of stability. Another thing worked in this direction. It seems likely that unlike lower animals, prehomimid females were sexually receptive at all seasons. Thus, the

sex lure was always present, and males were less apt to stray from the group.

Another fascinating idea has developed recently: the concept of "territory." Studies with fish, birds, mammals indicate that they stake out for themselves or other groups territories sufficient to provide food, and that they will fight any intruders to the death. Indeed, many investigators believe that the urge to protect territory is even stronger than the sex urge. Rough ideas of territory have been observed with all primates. Pre-man almost certainly had them, too.

Territory was the beginning of community, of the group living together in a certain area. But, inevitably, these areas became overcrowded, and younger members almost certainly wandered off to stake out new territory.

Thus ape-man became a traveller. Fossil remains have been found thousands of miles apart in China, Java and Africa.

Indeed, ape-men spread almost everywhere until stopped by water barriers; they never reached Australia or America.

Tools of Death. Potassium-argon dating traces some of these talented ape-men back as far as two million years. By then they were proficient hunters.

One South African cave contained fossil remains of 58 baboons. Their skulls had been crushed with leg bones of antelopes that still exactly

fit the indentations left in the skulls.

All the time, weapons grew more sophisticated, pebble tools giving way to carefully pointed flints. This raises an intriguing point. Did a rapidly developing brain lead to advanced weapons? Or was it the other way round? The weight of evidence indicates that brain development tagged along *behind* weapon development, the brain having to grow to keep up with advancing technology. If so, then modern man is a child of violence, born of tools of death.

All along, great structural changes of the body were under way. Jaws which once moved only up and down (as with today's apes) became re-hinged to give lateral motion as well; the rolling motions of chewing were better for a varied meat-vegetable diet. With erect posture, the huge muscles in the buttocks appeared, to hold the spine upright. As the brain grew ever larger, the forehead pushed out to make room for it.

Language? The earliest types undoubtedly had cries to signal danger, discovery of food, sexual interest. Crows, porpoises, gibbons and others have a variety of such calls, and the superior ape-man surely had them, too. But he wasn't ready for true speech. Tens of thousands of years dragged by before the basic sounds of communication could be combined into the crudest elements of true speech.

At what point did our primitive

ancestors begin to wear clothes, and why? Here again no known facts, just reasonable guesses. Early hunters must have suffered painful wounds to relatively tender skins when they chased game through brier patches. So the first animal-skin clothing developed not from modesty but from a desire for protection. But it brought an enormous advantage: it opened the way for settlement of colder regions.

Discovery of fire marked another great step forward. It provided more tasty food, warmth, and protection from preying animals that feared it. Where and when was this tremendous discovery made? Possibly by primitive cave dwellers in China. Ash deposits in Chinese caves indicate that fire had been tamed as early as 360,000 years ago. How much earlier no one knows as yet.

By now true man was about ready to be born. The transitional brain was just about the size of the brain that was to hit upon atomic fission later on. Agriculture had yet to be discovered; this happened only 10,000 years ago. The mud huts of the first towns had yet to be conceived. But the really difficult jobs had been completed: a remodelled body with forehead and jutting chin; the acquisition of weapons, clothing, fire.

In space of time it was only a short step to jobs comparatively far easier: the invention of motor cars, television and jet aircraft.

Say It Now!

How often we fail to speak the generous word at the moment it is most needed BY MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

A COUNTRY doctor once told me the story of one of his patients, a farmer's wife whose husband was a strong, taciturn man little given to expressing his feelings. The woman, always frail, suffered a ruptured appendix and was rushed to hospital where, despite a successful operation and numerous transfusions, she grew steadily weaker. The doctor tried to challenge her to greater effort by saying, "I thought you would try to be strong like John."

She replied, "John is so strong he doesn't need anyone."

That night the doctor told John he didn't think his wife wanted to get well. "She's got to get well," said John. "Would another transfusion help?"

The farmer's blood proved to be the same type as his wife's, and the doctor arranged a direct transfusion. As John lay there, his blood flowing into his wife's veins, he said, "I am going to make you well."

"Why?" she said, eyes closed.

"Because I need you," he answered simply.

There was a pause, then her pulse quickened. Her eyes opened, and she slowly turned her head. "You never told me before," she said.

Writing of the incident later, the doctor said, "It wasn't the transfusion but what went with it that made the difference between death and life."

But, you say, I am never involved in any life-and-death situation. I'm just an ordinary person going about my daily business doing what needs doing. How does this apply to me?

The truth is that it does apply, for all of us, being human, need to face the unalterable fact that at any instant it may be too late to say the things we really feel but too often put off saying. As St. Augustine once put it: "God has promised forgiveness to your repentance, but He has not promised tomorrow to your procrastination."

Death is not the only dead end on which we gamble when we indulge

Condensed from Christian Herald

SAY IT NOW!

our do-it-later urge. Equally great is the risk we run of creating dead ends in living. For by *not* saying now perhaps some simple word of commendation, such as "You're doing very well," or "I'm proud of you," we may suppress some unguessed strength, talent or contribution that we might have brought to life.

Alfred Sutro's play, *A Maker of Men*, tells the story of a bank clerk who was filled with despair. Wearily he told his wife that the promotion on which they had set their hearts had gone to another man. "I'm a failure," he cried. "What have I done with my life?"

His wife turned to him and said, "I'll tell you what you have done with your life! You have made a woman love you. You have given her love, loyalty, understanding, devotion. You have given everything except luxury, and luxury I do not need. In every way that counts you are the greatest success." Such simple words, said now, can dull the edge of another's sharpest disappointments.

And what of happy occasions? Do *you* readily say it now when congratulations are in order, or do you perpetually haunt the belated-greeting-card counter? Or send no greeting at all?

Sometimes we reveal a good deal about ourselves by failing to say, "I'm glad for you," when a special event takes place in the life of someone we know. "I never knew my

brother was jealous of me," an eminent man once told me. "But he, out of all my family, never sent a single word of congratulation, or even mentioned it in passing, when the university awarded me an honorary degree."

Closely akin to congratulations meant but left unsaid is the block some of us need to overcome in saying thank you now, especially for things or services we take for granted. How long has it been since you, a husband, thanked your wife for a good meal or you, his wife, thanked him for the last hat you bought? How many parents thank children for running errands or children thank parents for mending socks or even providing those socks?

Actually, our remissness is seldom intentional, nor is it always a simple dereliction; it often becomes complex. When, for example, I failed to send condolences to our dentist on the death of his son, I had an initial excuse in that I was away at the time, but on my return there was no real reason for not getting in touch. I simply kept telling myself that later I'd call on him or at least write a letter of sympathy.

Later became days, then weeks. I thought of my bereaved friend time and again—always with a stab of guilt. Gradually I lulled it by telling myself that saying anything now would only stir up his grief.

Then excruciating toothache hit me. After days of battling with the pain, I telephoned him and an

hour later was rubbing my mercifully numbed jaw and eyeing the abscessed tooth he held. "Why in the world didn't you come sooner?" he asked.

I blurted out my remorse for not coming in *his* time of pain. "I have no excuse to offer other than the usual going-to-do-it-later one," I said. Then I tried to tell him how much I cared.

"Thanks," said he. "I missed hearing from you, but I understand—we all play the do-it-later game. Don't feel bad about it."

But for a long while I felt even worse because of his generosity of spirit. For whenever we play the "later" game we risk not only robbing others of comfort due to them in some telling time of life, but we stand in real danger of losing their respect and our own self-respect as well.

So the next time you are tempted to put off saying it now, ask yourself: is my excuse for delaying honest? When I say I don't feel well enough or have time to send word

ranging anywhere from condolence to congratulation, am I really lazy? Or, as so often happens, do I hesitate merely from fear of being unable to find words to express appreciation or to make some needed apology?

Remember, the important thing is not what you say in finished form but that you clearly establish your desire to say it now and end your put-it-offness. If, for example, you need to say, "I'm sorry," for any reason whatsoever, do it now! Make that phone call this instant and straighten out the misunderstanding you've long intended to correct. Or, if you can't say it, write a note. At least say this much, "There are usually two sides . . . let's try to see them together."

"The door to happiness opens outwards," Kierkegaard once said. And among the many ways there are to open it none is more important than any word of ours which can simply say to another human being, "I care!"

In a world which desperately needs caring, *if you do—say it now!*



Old-fashioned Christmas

FROM the advice column of a local newspaper: "Dear Sir, Where can I buy aluminium Christmas-tree needles to spread on the carpet under my aluminium Christmas tree? I want it to look natural, as if they'd fallen off the tree in the old-fashioned way. SENTIMENTAL."

"Dear Sentimental, They aren't available at the moment, but for a satisfactory substitute why not buy a few boughs of evergreen, allow the needles to dry and fall off and then spray with aluminium paint? They will look like the real thing."

—Harrison Brown

LAUGHTER, THE BEST MEDICINE

WHILE DOING some Christmas shopping I overheard an assistant ask a young customer what he wanted Santa to bring him for Christmas.

The little boy's face lit up as he answered enthusiastically, "A baby brother."

Upon hearing this request his mother patted him on the head and replied sweetly, "I'm afraid there just aren't enough shopping days left, dear."

—Dannie Hammett

MY LIFELONG friend had just been defeated in an election. His supporters gathered at headquarters the next morning to console him. He arrived late, and we asked him where he had been.

"Walking from the station *not* smiling at anyone," he said.

—William Potts

HAVING survived the 1889 flood disaster in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, a man talked about it endlessly all his life. When he finally died and went to heaven, St. Peter greeted him and said, "If you think of anything that will make you happier here you have only to mention it."

"Well, there is one thing," replied the man. "I'd like to tell a group of people here about my terrible experiences in the Johnstown flood."

"There must be a number who would be interested," replied St. Peter. "It will be arranged."

The following evening a large group gathered. As the flood survivor was about to speak, St. Peter touched him on the shoulder and whispered, "Perhaps I should tell you that Noah is in the audience."

—Viola Paradise

YOU CAN always tell a man's nationality by introducing him to a beautiful girl. An Englishman shakes the girl's hand. A Frenchman kisses her hand. An American asks for a date—and a Russian cables Moscow for instructions.

—Robert Orben

"CHIVALRY," said a little boy, after studying knighthood at school, "is going round releasing beautiful maidens from other men's castles, and taking them to your own castle."

—Sydney Harris

THE OFFICE Christmas party seems to be declining in popularity. That's understandable—who wants to smooch with an electronic computer?

—Earl Wilson

ACTOR Eli Wallach reckons that his son, Peter, who is approaching his teens, must be pretty sharp for his age. He called the boy in and gave him the time-honoured story about the birds and the bees. When Dad had finished, Peter spoke up. "You know," he exclaimed, "in a rudimentary fashion, the process isn't too dissimilar to human reproduction!"

—Bill Kennedy

THE READER'S DIGEST

A MAID who's been long in the service of a playwright treasures an autograph book she's kept for years. Actress Gertrude Lawrence inscribed it: "Remember, dear Frances, that great elms from little acorns grow." Then a producer signed it: "Remember, dear Frances, that Gertrude Lawrence is a star and not a botanist."

—Leonard Lyons

THERE'S a story going the rounds about a woman who had a nightmare and woke her husband screaming at the top of her voice. When he asked why, she told him she had just dreamt that she was at a husband auction and that one man had fetched Rs. 40,000. Others went for sums in the thousands. That brought him wide awake. "What were husbands like me bringing?" he foolishly asked.

"That's what made me scream," she said. "They had them tied in bunches and were selling them at Rs. 5 a bunch."

—Pierce Harris

EXPLAINING why she isn't giving up smoking, an American woman said: "Oh, I would, but I'm afraid to. The last time I stopped they bombed Pearl Harbour."

—L. Sims

A MAN who had given his wife a black eye was brought into court and charged with assault. The magistrate listened to his sob story and let him off on probation.

The next day he was back before the same magistrate, having blacked his wife's other eye. "Well, sir, it was like this," he explained to the furious magistrate. "Yesterday was a difficult day for me—here in court, surrounded by all these people. Sir, my nerves were

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screaming. I thought a little drink might help—and another and another. When at last I got home the little woman was waiting for me. 'You good-for-nothing drunk,' she said.

"Sir, I didn't do a thing then. I thought about the condition I was in and I could see perhaps she had a point. Then she said, 'You lazy no-good layabout.' And, sir, I thought about the way I'd let my job go and the rent being due. And again I didn't say a word or do a thing.

"But *then*, sir, she said, 'If that nincompoop of a magistrate had any backbone, you'd be behind bars right now.'

"And, sir—that slur on our judiciary was more than I could bear."

—J. Edward Day

LEAVING the house one icy winter morning, I slipped and broke my leg. An ambulance was summoned, and a crowd gathered. As I was being lifted on to the stretcher I heard my elderly next-door neighbour exclaim, "I wondered why she was lying there beside the road—it wasn't a *bit* like her!"

—Mrs James Pabody

I HAVE A son in the second form and another in the third. Last term their school gave some general-achievement tests, and one of the boys scored considerably more than the other.

"I came in the top nine per cent," one boy remarked with elaborate casualness as we were all seated at the dinner table.

We looked at our other son to see how he was taking this piece of information. He had nothing to say to us, but he turned to his brother and whispered softly, "Computer's pet! Computer's pet!"

—Rex Gogerty



They Teach the World in French

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

*France's lycées
are making a
unique contribution
to international
education and culture*

London's Lycée Français in South Kensington

ON A RECENT visit to London a French official who was being entertained in the home of a British civil servant congratulated him on his daughter's excellent command of French. "No doubt," suggested the Frenchman slyly, "your Foreign Office encourages you to instil in your children an understanding of the language and customs of your principal continental rival?"

"Not at all," replied the Englishman. "The encouragement comes entirely from the *French* Foreign Office—which is kind enough to provide my daughter with a French school right here on my doorstep."

The civil servant's daughter was a pupil at London's Lycée Français, a remarkable institution which celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this year. It is one of 192 similar schools in 38 countries which now, thanks to the assistance

of the Cultural Affairs Department of the French Foreign Ministry, provide a French education for some 250,000 youngsters.

About 25,000 of these pupils are the children of French parents living abroad. It was for such students that the lycées were originally founded. But today the others represent for the most part the future leaders of nations all over the world.

Consider some of the former lycée pupils who are now among the outstanding figures in their countries. In Brazil, they include the architect Oscar Niemeyer and his brother, neurosurgeon Dr. Paulo Niemeyer; in Germany, Ambassador Sigismund von Braun; his brother Wernher, now a U.S. citizen; in the Lebanon, Interior Minister Takiyedin Solh; in Cambodia, Prince Norodom Sihanouk; and among recent graduates of the lycée in Stockholm are the three royal princesses, Birgitta, Desirée and Christina.

Time and again, cultural ties fostered by the lycées have held fast under pressures which have ruptured political ties. During the Suez crisis of 1956, classes at the Lycée Français in Port Said were suspended only when the fighting reached the town. "In my history class were three strapping 17- and 18-year-old youths who were trained as commandos," recalls Professor Fernand Pauly, now on the staff of the Lycée Chateaubriand in Rome. "When the crisis exploded, they left

to join their regiments. After a week, they returned to visit the lycée with their usual friendly '*bon-jour*' for their French *professeurs*."

No Axe to Grind. While teachers from other countries are regarded as representing the points of view of the government that sent them, French teachers are universally respected as educators with no axe to grind, and France's Cultural Affairs Department bends over backwards to see that this reputation is justified. French teachers are sent only at the invitation of the host country, and every teacher pledges to refrain from interference in that country's politics.

This reputation for disinterest has enabled France to maintain its "presence" even behind the iron and bamboo curtains. In Hanoi, capital of communist North Vietnam, the Lycée Albert-Sarraut continues under state direction with about a quarter of the students following a predominantly French curriculum—and with seven teachers from France. At the same time, the French Foreign Office helps to maintain lycées in South Vietnam for about 12,000 students, taught by 290 teachers sent from France.

In addition to the Lycée Descartes de Phnom-Penh in Cambodia, which is administered directly by the French Cultural Affairs Department, the state runs 30 lycées—with the help of 255 French teachers. In communist Bulgaria, five

teachers from France assist at the two state-run lycées in Sofia and Varna.

French lycées and their staff command international respect because they stress the intellectual disciplines: clear, logical reasoning, a wide range of knowledge, and fluency and precision in writing and speaking. Many non-French parents feel that a knowledge of French, gained in the early years, will be a lifelong asset to their children. Recently, Emile Bollaert, head of the Mission Laïque Française, made a tour of African states. In Khartoum, where the MLF runs the Lycée Franco-Soudanais, a high Sudanese official told him: "In our inter-African meetings we have noticed that the better a delegate speaks French, the more effectively he puts his points across."

"At the very moment when many peoples of Africa and Asia under French control were fighting for their national independence, the French language was the source of the very concepts preached by the new leaders," says Paul Teyssier, cultural counsellor at the French Embassy in Rome and former cultural counsellor in Tunis. "In their own native tongues there were often no words for 'nation,' 'freedom,' 'democracy' and other concepts to guide them towards statehood."

In 1960, the headmaster of the Cairo lycée received a phone call from an official in the Egyptian Ministry of National Education. It

seemed that his government hoped to enrol two boys in the lycée. Could the principal possibly find room for them? The boy's father was Patrice Lumumba, who had just been assassinated. The boys passed their entrance examinations and were accepted.

Progress Report. This desire for admission is representative of the story of lycées everywhere. In Europe, Asia, the Near East, North and South America, there are long waiting lists.

Enrolment in London has shot up from 400 before the Second World War to its present 2,100. "We're booked solidly into the 1970's," says Augustin Gaudin, principal of the South Kensington lycée. "We had to give up our waiting list. We were getting applications from parents whose children were not yet born."

A new lycée building in Stockholm opens next year. Others are being planned in Brussels, Rome and a number of other capitals, including Madrid, where the present lycée had to turn down 1,500 applicants last year. There is also a project to establish a lycée in Tokyo.

Teachers in the overseas lycées have a sense of mission that astounds their colleagues from other countries. "They aren't classroom teachers only," says Georges Saade, director of private education at the Ministry of National Education in the Lebanon, "but educational counsellors to whom teachers from other

countries look for information and guidance."

French academic requirements for the lycées are generally acknowledged to be the highest in the world. In addition, every teacher for a foreign lycée must go through a stiff training programme. In principle, teachers are not supposed to remain more than six years in one country. In practice, however, many work abroad as long as ten years before returning to France.

France devotes about 450 million francs (Rs. 44 crores) to cultural activities, and the largest part of this goes to teaching staff. The cost is easier to bear than the drain on talent: France sends abroad 36,000 of its best teachers.

The French Cultural Affairs Department, which is directly responsible for 30 lycées abroad, including those in London, Rome and Madrid, also supplies many of the teachers for 162 other lycées and secondary schools run by private societies—either French or foreign—and by the local governments themselves.

The largest of the private societies are the Alliance Française, with schools in Chile, Mexico, Colombia and the island of Mauritius; and the Mission Laïque Française, which runs lycées in the Lebanon, Syria, Iran, Ethiopia, the Sudan and North Vietnam.

Such outstanding lycées as those in Helsinki, Montevideo and New York are run by private societies in

each city and are self-supporting. In Algeria, the French Embassy's Cultural Mission is responsible for eight lycées with an enrolment of 7,860 students—over half of them Algerian. South of the Sahara, the French Ministry of Co-operation helps maintain and staff 50 lycées, as well as vocational and technical schools.

Varied Programmes. No two lycées abroad are exactly alike. Some, including those in Rome, New York, Madrid, Barcelona, South Vietnam and Brussels, follow programmes which are almost wholly French and include rigorous instruction in Greek, Latin or a modern language, philosophy, mathematics and science. Lycées offer, in addition, subjects such as history and literature in the national language taught by local professors.

Often two programmes are offered—one French, one local. The lycée of the Mission Laïque in Beirut offers both the French baccalaureate and the Lebanese "bac" to its 3,277 students. In Berlin, the lycée has two completely autonomous faculties—French to prepare students for their "bacs," and German to prepare others for their *abitur*. History courses, incidentally, are taught from textbooks reviewed by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) to see that both French and German points of view on events like the Franco-Prussian War are fairly presented.

The lycées have to make certain non-academic concessions to local customs or dictates. In Hanoi, North Vietnam, the teachers and students at the Lycée Albert-Sarraut, like everyone else throughout the country, have to begin the day with a prescribed set of gymnastic exercises. In Rome's Lycée Chateaubriand, girls and boys can acknowledge one another's presence only in the classroom. Conversation between the sexes is frowned upon in the corridors, in the grounds, or even in the street to and from the lycée. "This is Italy," explains headmaster Vincent Espana. "We are simply conforming to custom."

For the children of diplomats, businessmen and other French nationals living abroad, having lycées in almost every great capital has enabled them to move from one end of the earth to another without ever leaving the French educational system. They can transfer from lycées in London or New York or Rome to those in Iran or South Vietnam and take up their education precisely where they left off. Later,

they can enter French universities and professions. Diplomats and professional people of other countries living abroad have been quick to take advantage of this worldwide educational network.

The children of a French diplomat, an Arab emir and a Cambodian general all learn at about the same time to conjugate the irregular verbs, recite *Phèdre* or write a dissertation on Sartre and Existentialism. The French lycées with their stress on the universality of human values bridge the cultural distances between Paris and the Ivory Coast, New York and Addis Ababa. In a profoundly human sense, the far-flung students of the lycées "speak the same language."

Napoleon said, "I have been forced to conquer Europe by the sword; he who comes after me will conquer it by the spirit. For the spirit is always more powerful than the sword."

The days of empire building have long since passed. In place of colonies, France has created a worldwide community of the spirit.



Poles at the Polls

THE RECENT Polish elections, in which 99.3 per cent of the electorate voted to retain the Gomulka regime, have prompted revival of an old joke in Warsaw: "God showed Eve to Adam and said, 'Now choose a wife.'"

—*The Insider's Newsletter*

*Majestic and mysterious,
the moose is one of
Nature's strangest creatures*

Monarch of the Forest



BY JACK DENTON SCOTT

SUN FELL upon the water illuminating the incredible scene Beneath my canoe, at the bottom of a clear wilderness lake in northern British Columbia, was an enormous animal. Completely submerged, it looked like a mythical sea monster with its big horse's nose, five-foot spread of shovel-flat antlers and slick brown-black hide.

Suddenly the beast popped to the

surface 30 feet away, water bubbling round it, half-chewed pondweed hanging from its mouth. Glaring and grunting, it tossed its great axe-blade head—and came for me. Easily as an otter, it circled the canoe where I sat, paddle frozen. Then, in a quick surprise manoeuvre, it turned and swam for the shore, taking my fear with it.

That was my first meeting with

Condensed from National Wildlife

MONARCH OF THE FOREST

the moose, the largest and most fascinating member of the deer family.

The bull moose looks like a huge, slightly sway-backed mule that has grown strange horns and developed an outsize drooping muzzle. He has a three- or four-inch tail, humped shoulders, a mane and a "goatee" (a hanging, useless hairy strip called a dewlap or "bell"). His four-foot, stilt-like legs raise him higher than a horse; he often stands seven feet at the shoulder. During the autumn he carries 60-pound palmated antlers, sometimes with a six-foot spread (record, $77\frac{5}{8}$ inches); as easily as a man wears a straw hat.

Truly an elk, this magnificent mammal was named by the English colonists, who gave him the Algonquin Indian name "moose," which means "twig-eater." The moose is a single species (also found in Europe and Asia), but there are four subspecies in North America, differing only in size.

Naturalists believe that the moose came from Asia during the Pleistocene period, crossing a continent-linking strip of land at Bering Strait. Today it is found in much of the Canadian wilderness and parts of the United States. But Alaska holds the largest concentration (believed to be well over 100,000), and from there come the most startling reports of what may be North America's most unusual animal.

Fearless Fighter. Moose seem completely unafraid of man's mechanical might. Arthur Bratlie of the

Alaska Department of Fish and Game describes a bull moose that became annoyed at the noise of a Boeing 720 jet on a runway at Anchorage International Airport. Suddenly he rushed at it, smacking it between No. 1 and No. 2 engines. Apparently satisfied that he had proved his superiority, he stepped back, shook his head and strolled off. The jet was delayed for half an hour while mechanics checked for damage.

In the winter it is common for moose to trot along snow-cleared highways. Impatience on the part of motorists can cause serious difficulty. The moose consider the highways theirs; and if they are annoyed, they may wreck a car simply by rolling over on the bonnet, kicking in a windscreen or smashing the roof.

The Alaskan railways have yet to devise a method to keep moose off the tracks. However, the situation is better than it used to be when the timetable carried the disclaimer, "Not responsible for train delays because of moose." There are still cases of moose attacking diesel engines. Some naturalists claim the whistle sounds somewhat like the bellow of a mating bull.

For the bull moose, sex is something to be taken seriously. During the mid-September to late October rut, he travels widely, eating little, searching for willing females, fighting, even killing bulls that get in the way. Witnesses call the fight between bulls one of the most

awesome combats in nature. "I watched a struggle for 20 minutes," E. B. Bailey of Quebec's Department of Fish and Game told me. "The bulls knocked down trees three and four inches in diameter as they battled. When it was ended, it looked as if a bulldozer had worked over about an acre of ground." In travelling less than 500 miles in Alaska, biologist Frank Dufresne found 14 bulls killed in battle, six with antlers locked in death.

The antlers are a key to moose survival; the hardening of the broad-bladed battle weapons accompanies a heightening of the reproductive urge. Beginning as small buttons on the bull calf, the antlers grow bigger each year until the moose is six, when he grows the remarkable spread that marks the bull in his prime.

This growth begins in April, reaching its amazing size in four months. During this period the spongy antlers are covered in "velvet," a fleshy tissue containing blood vessels that nourish the developing bone. In the later stages of growth the antlers begin to harden, and by August the blood vessels have dried up and the bone is firm. The velvet remains, hanging in tatters as it is rubbed off against trees. By September the antlers are as smooth and shiny as duelling sabres.

Mating Season. Now the nearly two-month rut begins; and the bull, his neck swollen, eyes bloodshot, temper short, becomes a fearsome,

belligerent beast with a one-track mind. He bellows, grunts and moos his desires, his voice rising and ending in a siren-like sound. An interested cow responds in shrill moos and bawlings. It is often debated whether the bull moose in rut is a dangerous animal that will attack man, or just a love-smitten mutt who doesn't know what he is doing.

The evidence is confusing. Stories of bull moose in rut chasing men up trees are numerous. Yet George Davis, famous New Brunswick guide and taxidermist, who has seen more than 10,000 moose, told me he didn't think they were dangerous—at least not intentionally. "I have never seen a moose charge a human," he said. "They'll charge in the direction of a call, all right; but that's in the belief that it's another moose—either another bull to be fought or a cow to be courted."

Normally, the moose is a wary animal that loses its equilibrium only during the mating season, a period which includes a ten-day courtship. The bull will usually mate with four cows before the fire is gone by the end of October. Gaunt then from lack of food and his strenuous schedule, the moose, docile now, joins a small group of bulls and cows and behaves himself. The antlers now become a useless weight, discarded in late December, to grow again next spring.

Fond Parent. About eight months after the autumn fling, usually early in June, a helpless 25-pound moose

calf is born. Sometimes there are twins, rarely triplets. The cow finds an isolated place on an island, deep in a swamp or heavy thicket, where she carefully conceals her offspring for three days until it is able to follow her about. Seven days later the calf can outrun a man. The moose calf may be the fastest growing of wild animals, gaining two pounds every day for the first month, and four pounds daily after that time. The calves stay with their parent until the following autumn, when, ready to mate again, she drives them away or abandons them.

The cow moose has a strong maternal instinct and does much for her offspring. They learn from her the art of back-tracking; of standing motionless in thickets, taking advantage of the natural camouflage; of moving silently and swiftly when they scent danger from afar.

Shortly after they learn to walk, she teaches them to swim. Some observers say moose are almost as much at home in the water as beavers, occasionally diving, back-rolling, spending much of their time during the hot summer in rivers and lakes to escape the mosquitoes and other forest pests. Adolph Murie, in a prolonged study of moose in a national park, several times saw a moose dive to the bottom of a lake and remain submerged for one and a half minutes.

Something Special. Although the moose calf will grow into the largest antlered animal on earth, his

colouring will protect him, almost paint him out of the picture. In spruce or any evergreen, the brownish-black back and sides and the yellowish-white legs blend into foliage—and the moose knows it. This camouflage is effective against man, the moose's No. 1 enemy, but something special is needed for protection against keener-eyed predators, such as the wolf and bear. The moose has it in his superb senses of smell and hearing. In an experiment a biologist found that the moose's hearing is unequalled: moose were aware of the footfalls of a man two minutes before the scientist could detect the approaching sound.

Speed and stamina are impressive, too. One harness-broken moose drew a sleigh 160 miles on the frozen St. John River in New Brunswick, and showed no signs of being tired. Naturalists agree that a moose can outrun a horse, especially on home terrain. And in a race the wolf, considered by many to be the moose's major enemy next to man, doesn't stand a chance.

A moose's hooves, with tremendous muscle behind them, can break the back or crush the skull of almost any adversary. E. B. Bailey saw a moose kill a large black bear by pounding its head and back with his front hooves.

The hooves, often seven inches long, and aided by the additional purchase of large dew-claws, provide more than defence. More flexible, with a greater division

than those of most hoofed animals, they enable the moose to spread his toes, improving his footing. He can walk in areas that other large creatures, including man, would find impassable. Arthur Graef, an experienced hunter who has shot 13 prize moose, has seen a 1,000-pound bull moose cross a swamp where a hunter would have difficulty walking. He also says that the speed and grace with which a moose negotiates mossy, slippery, rocky terrain and hurdles the tangled hazard of felled trees is unbelievable.

A Stay-at-Home. Normally, the non-migratory moose is not much of a mover. In winter, in the company of a few of his fellows, he lives in a "yard"—tramping down the snow, often staying on less than 50 acres. He is a browser, feeding on leaves, twigs, plants, grass, aquatic growth, lily pads, bark. He does not need much space to forage for his 35 pounds of daily food. Many naturalists believe that a moose may spend much of his 15- to 18-year life-span in a range whose radius is less than ten miles. His summer domain of woodland and brush, near lake, river or swamp, may encompass a mile or less.

This restricted activity almost brought about his downfall. Indians believed the moose to be an omen of good, and also thought that by

eating his meat they would gain his strength. In the early days, it was thought that the left hind foot of the moose was a certain cure for epilepsy. Bone rings from the antlers banished headaches and dizziness; mixed with various herbs, ground antler was an antidote for snakebite. The hooves of the moose were believed to cure more than 600 diseases or afflictions. Sportsmen, Indians and market hunters killed moose of any age or sex during any season, until in parts of Canada and the West this great mammal dwindled in numbers.

But as science superseded superstition, the moose began to prosper. Most American states abolished hunting, or, like Canada, had short and stringently-controlled seasons. Lumbering and forest fires have also meant new vegetation which improves the moose's habitat. Today the moose population in North America is over a quarter of a million and on the rise. The moose now seems to be here to stay.

One of the far-sighted men who made the world safe for the moose was Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn. When he was president of the New York Zoological Society, he said, "Nature has been millions of years in developing that wonderful animal, and man should not ruthlessly destroy him." To our everlasting credit, we haven't.

SELECTING annual Christmas card, wife to husband: "How about this one, dear? Think it *too* Christmassy?"

—J. B.

*Out of her suffering
has been born a network
of hope and help
for thousands*

*"I hope
Alcoholism
I'll get the
Alcoholics*



By FLOYD MILLER

AN ASHEN-FACED man in search of help made his trembling way into a quiet office in New York's Fifth Avenue. He was an alcoholic, and he poured out his despairing story to a handsome woman in her 50's who sat behind a large desk.

After a few moments he paused, spread his hands helplessly and said, "It's difficult to make you understand how I feel."

"Oh, but I know *exactly* how you feel," she said. "I, too, am an alcoholic. I wouldn't be here if I hadn't

gone through the valley of the shadow."

The woman was Mrs. Marty Mann, executive director of the U.S. National Council on Alcoholism, a voluntary health organization which she founded 21 years ago. A remorseless crusader against ignorance and prejudice concerning alcoholism, she has been largely responsible for the fact that the public's attitude towards the "drunkard" is changing, that alcoholism is now recognized as a disease and that thousands of

Condensed from The Denver Post

alcoholics are today being successfully treated.*

On the lecture platform Marty Mann is electric. Her handsomeness is deepened by marks of suffering, and she summons up a power of purpose that transfixes her audience. Her husky voice speaks of reasoned facts, but with a spirituality that drives them hard into the hearts as well as the minds of those who hear.

Once in Jacksonville, Florida, a man awoke in a hotel room after a week of drinking, turned on the radio and heard Marty Mann speaking from New Orleans. "No alcoholic wants to be the way he is," she was saying. "Alcoholics are not dead-beats. They are sick, and they can recover from this disease just as from others."

The words penetrated the man's numbed brain, and for the first time he began to hope. He picked up the phone, rang the radio station and asked to speak to the woman who had just broadcast. Marty not only talked to him; she put him in touch with someone in Jacksonville who could give him immediate help.

Marty Mann can supply almost immediate help anywhere in the United States through NCA's network operating Alcoholism Information Centres in 75 American

cities. Without charge and without humiliation, the alcoholic or his family can telephone or come to these centres for consultation. Depending on the individual's condition and need, he is sent to a doctor, a hospital, a clinic or to Alcoholics Anonymous.

Science now believes that two basic conditions must be present to make a person prey to alcoholism: an emotional vulnerability, and a body chemistry which makes him sensitive to the alcohol he consumes in an effort to ease his emotional stresses. Marty Mann's own case demonstrates these concepts with classic simplicity.

Born into a wealthy Chicago family, she went to the best private schools. As a débutante she entered a world that was all champagne and caviare. In her set it was gay and smart to go to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. On the spur of the moment she married a young man she met there; she was 22. A year later tuberculosis, which she had had as a child, flared up, and she went to a Western ranch for both recovery and divorce.

Though she did not realize it until much later, her real descent into the hell of alcoholism began when she was 24, the year her father lost his fortune. Suddenly thrust against the buzz saw of life, she went to New York to look for a job. She moved into a small Greenwich Village flat with two other young women, and if there were days

* Only one drinker out of 15 or 16 develops alcoholism. Like an iceberg, the symptoms are below the surface at first, but the disease progresses relentlessly until the victim, once he takes a drink, stops only when he is too drunk to continue. It usually takes 10 to 15 years of drinking for a potential alcoholic to acquire the disease full-blown. If unchecked, it can end only in insanity or death.

when they were without food, they were seldom without bootleg whisky. For this was the Roaring Twenties, era of U.S. prohibition.

Marty got a job reviewing books, and then became an editor of a glossy magazine. Her talent was apparent and her career well launched, but so was her social life. A writer who escorted her to speakeasies and flamboyant parties of the era recalls with awe, "I can't remember taking out a more beautiful and intelligent girl. And she could drink any man under the table. A hollow leg, that girl!"

A high alcohol tolerance—the ability to drink a lot without showing signs of drunkenness—is one of the early symptoms of alcoholism. Others soon followed for Marty. She became dependent on alcohol in order to enjoy a party; then dependent on it to cope with difficult events.

The death of her grandmother brought a small inheritance, and Marty gave up her job and travelled to London. She was as sought after there as in New York, for she was bright, witty, and the gayest of companions.

Now the first drink of the day was advanced to noontime and became increasingly important. Also, she began to drink surreptitiously at parties, knocking back two while others were taking one. And she began to have memory blackouts. Then, in 1931, her tolerance for alcohol reversed. She began getting drunk on lesser and lesser amounts.

"What has happened to you?" her friends demanded. "Why can't you drink the way you used to?"

No one asked these questions more urgently than Marty. What frightened her most was the fact that, despite the most desperate exercise of will, she could not cut down her drinking.

One summer afternoon in 1934, at a week-end houseparty in the country, she became extremely drunk and dizzy and had to be led upstairs to sleep it off. Her bedroom opened on to a small balcony. Below was a paved courtyard. Marty was only vaguely aware of the events that followed. She never knew whether she fell or jumped. Even the moment of impact on the cruel stones was mercifully fogged by alcohol. She fractured her leg at the hip and broke both hinges of her jaw.

After having her leg in traction for six months, she recovered from the accident—but not from her drinking. Her inheritance gone, she got jobs and lost them. Now she was utterly alone. Day after day she huddled in a secluded corner of Hyde Park, sipping from a bottle. There one day a friend found her and begged her to do something about herself. "Maybe you should go back to New York," she suggested.

This struck a response in Marty's dulled mind. Typical of the later stages of alcoholism is the desperate conviction that a geographical change will somehow work a cure.

Marty borrowed money and sailed for New York. But the transfer only changed the locale of her drinking.

In rare moments of clarity she was completely disgusted with herself, and concluded that she must be insane. She went to a series of psychiatrists, none of whom would accept her as a patient after she described her drinking. The only suggestion the doctors could make was that she commit herself to a mental institution. This compounded her fears, and she returned to alcohol for forgetfulness.

Some hard, brave corner of her mind refused to give up the search for help, however, and finally Dr. Harry Tiebout agreed to take her, free of charge, as a resident patient in Blythewood Sanitarium in Connecticut. Here, for a year, she had regular psychiatric sessions, but the doctors remained baffled.

One morning Dr. Tiebout brought a manuscript to her. "This was written by people like you," he said. "They seem to have found their way out of trouble. Perhaps it can help you. Let me know what you think of it."

She began to read slowly, sceptically. As she read on, her scepticism gradually began to lift, to be replaced by a mounting excitement. These people were drunks; they had suffered just as she had suffered, and they had survived!

She discovered that her ailment had a name—it was called "alcoholism." It seemed a blessed thing

just to have a name pinned to her. As she read on, the fog of fear and ignorance began to part, and she learned that alcoholism was a disease! They described it as "an allergy of the body coupled with an obsession of the mind." She learned that the "allergy" was irreversible and that the afflicted person could never put alcohol into his sensitized system. The "obsession" was that the alcoholic was driven to take a drink despite his knowledge that disaster waited.

What was the answer?

It came with stunning simplicity: she must discard attempts at moderate drinking; she must give up *all* drinking. But wasn't this beyond her power? The manuscript spoke of God's help. Through the recent hellish years, though, she had lost God. Now, suddenly, she knew for a certainty that He could help her.

As she pondered this, something happened that she cannot fully explain. She seemed to lose the uppermost level of consciousness, and when she regained it she found herself on her knees beside her bed, her pillow wet with tears. And through her body surged a feeling of serenity and soaring confidence such as she had never known.

She ran to Dr. Tiebout to tell him what had happened. "Have I lost my mind? Am I insane?" she demanded.

Thoughtfully, he said, "Something very real has happened. Let us watch and learn together."

They did watch and learn. The road back to health was difficult, but Marty was never again to feel alone, to know despair. Old friends noted the difference in her appearance; there was a new radiance about her. She explained, "You let God in, and He comes out of you."

Within a year she had an excellent job, but she knew now that her life would have real meaning only if she served other sufferers. Alcoholics Anonymous was helping many, but it could assist only those who sought it out. Most alcoholics were hidden, closed in by their ignorance and fear and shame. Marty dreamed of a vast programme of education that would remove the stigma from alcoholism and allow alcoholics and their families to seek help openly, without shame; a programme that would marshal sufficient public interest and support to provide adequate diagnostic and treatment facilities.

One February night at 3 a.m., Marty got out of bed, went to her typewriter and outlined a plan of action which was to become the National Council on Alcoholism. It was presented to a group of scientists who had founded the Yale Centre of Alcohol Studies. They underwrote it financially. On October 2, 1944, the NCA opened a modest suite of offices in the New York Academy of Medicine.

Marty now found support for her

dream from many sources. Within five years the NCA was able to function without the subsidy from the Yale group, and took its place as a fully-fledged voluntary health organization. The bulk of its money came, as it does today, from individual gifts.

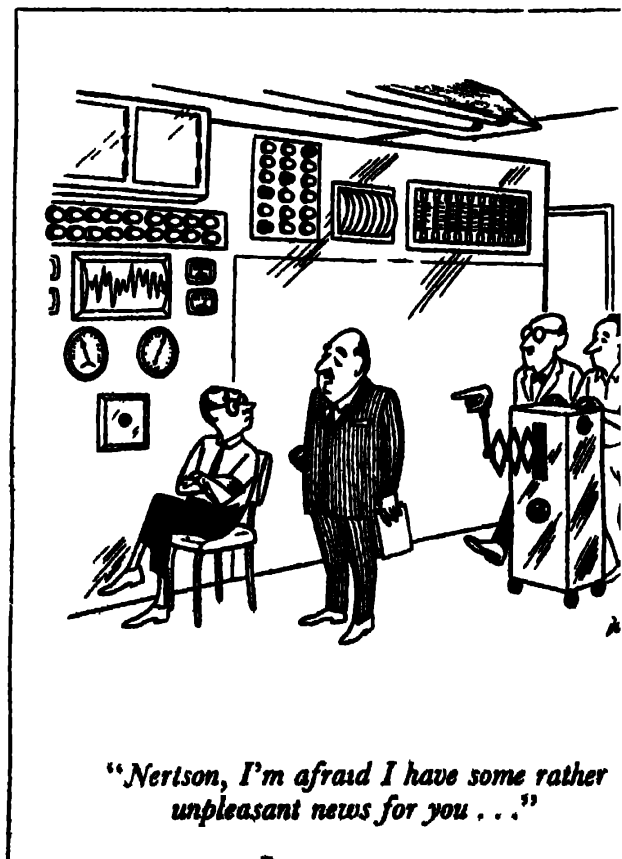
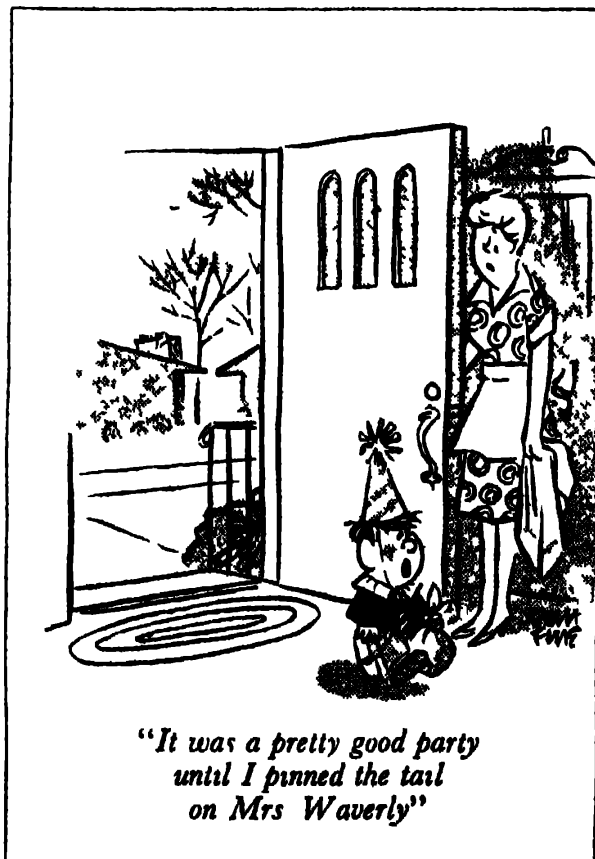
The council now employs 45 people at its national headquarters, and its branches across the United States employ 150 full-time counselors in the Alcoholism Information Centres.

Enquiries flood into the NCA, and since each represents a personal need, it receives a personal answer, many from Marty herself. In addition, Marty travels more than 50,000 miles each year, speaking at meetings of all kinds, appearing on television and radio. Largely because of NCA's educational work, more than 200 large corporations have established procedures to handle their problem drinkers as sick people; trade unions have installed programmes in industries and shops; some 3,000 general hospitals now accept acute cases.

Most important, out of Marty Mann's suffering has been born a network of hope and help immediately available to *any* lost or frightened individual. In the areas served by the NCA's Information Centres, no man or woman need face his illness alone—he has only to pick up the telephone.

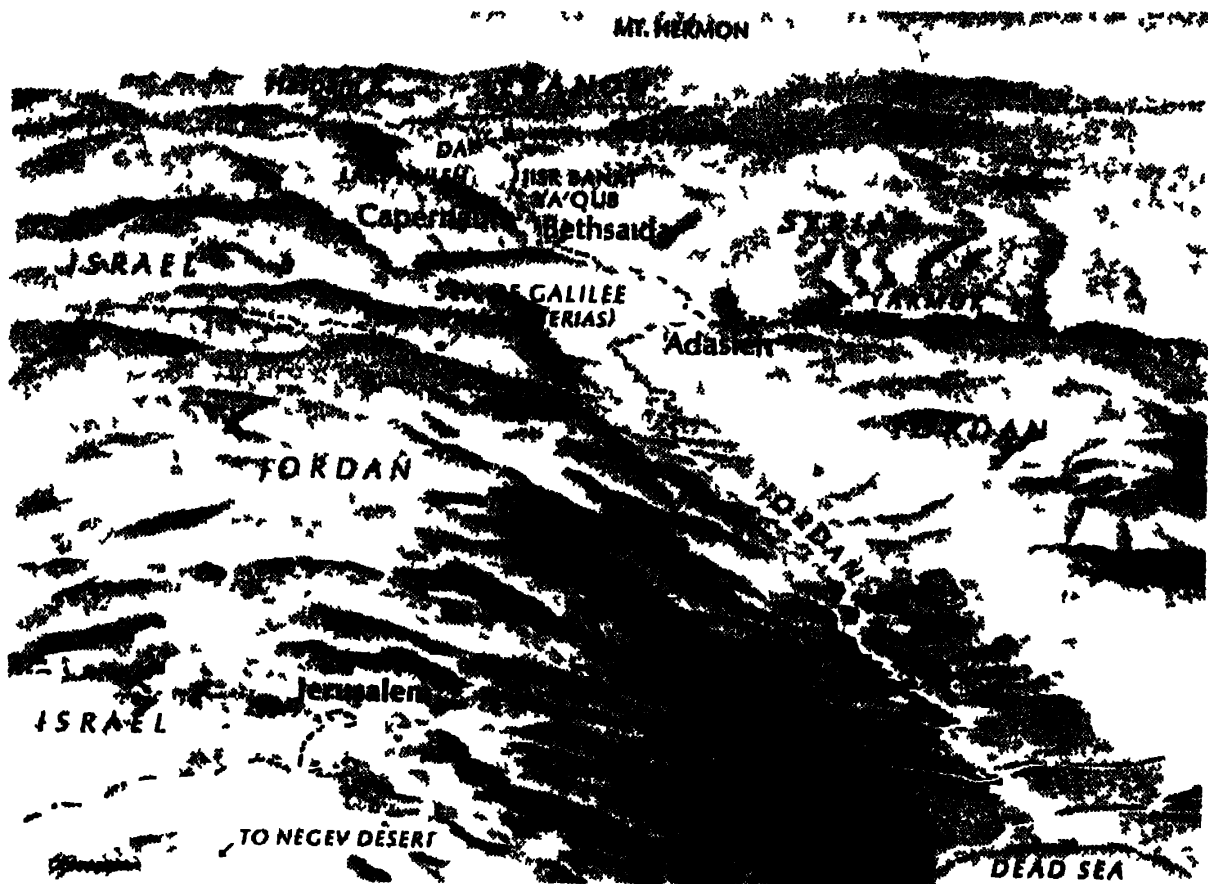
Bureaucracy is a giant mechanism operated by pygmies. —Balzac

Look on the Light Side





"She has a terrible voice, but she certainly sings well otherwise"



It is reported that many of the world's great cities have been built on a troubled place in the history of mankind.

Troubled Waters of the Jordan

By GEORGE KENT

78

IF YOU come to the River Jordan without reverence or imagination, prepare to be disappointed. The world's most celebrated river, flowing southwards through the Holy Land, is short and shallow, 25 per cent mud and for the most part unbeautiful. There are no roads beside it, and for all its 158-mile length, just three bridges. Today, because of the undeclared war between Israel and the adjacent Arab nations, Jordan and Syria, only two of

TROUBLED WATERS OF THE JORDAN

the crossings are in service. As rivers go, the Jordan obviously leaves much to be desired.

Yet this strange and forbidding river is entwined with all the great threads of our religious and spiritual life. Here Christ was baptized, here He lived and preached, and here He began His last journey to Jerusalem. The river's grey-green water was a witness when He fed 5,000 people with five loaves and two fishes. Its waters parted to allow Joshua and his army to cross over to trumpet down the walls of Jericho—and the walls themselves were made of Jordan clay. From its banks Moses saw the Promised Land. Lot pastured his flocks here. The brass for the Temple in Jerusalem was cast on its banks.

But this river of the God of love is not a peaceful river, either geographically or politically. In places it plunges downhill at a furious pace, squirming frantically, suddenly breaking into cataracts which sluice white water over black rocks. Along its course it spreads out across a wide plain; then gets boxed into a cleft so profound that you cannot see the water unless you look straight down. On both sides sit Syrian, Jordanian or Israeli troops, ready to shoot at anyone they consider an intruder.

The Jordan has always been a tumultuous frontier, a barrier between East and West. From the beginning men have fought to possess it. The first westerners to cross it

were the Greeks. Centuries later came the Crusaders, who held the eastern bastions for 88 years until Saladin in 1187 wiped them out after the fall of Jerusalem. Nevertheless, this inhospitable region is the cradle of western civilization, of great arts and literature. It has been the scene of many of the determining events of mankind.

Though far removed in size from such majestic rivers as the Amazon and the Nile, the Jordan, seen from the air, becomes dramatic: a brown and malachite serpent coiling and uncoiling among farms and desert plateaux, between white marl cliffs and burnt-out volcanoes in a landscape that belongs more to the moon than to our planet. Three lakes, like three blue beads, adorn its course: Huleh, the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. The river winds at the bottom of that strange natural phenomenon, the Great Rift Valley, which continues down to the Red Sea across the Gulf of Aden, and on into Ethiopia, Tanzania and eventually Malawi in East Africa. The earthquakes which created the Rift are thought to be the same that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah.

The Jordan begins in the snows of Mount Hermon, where three streams, the Hasbani and Bareighit in the Lebanon and the Baniyas in Syria, race downhill and join the Dan in Israel. A little below, at a point 260 feet above sea-level, the Jordan proper starts. True to one of its many names—the Descender or

Downcomer—it is a flooded staircase bumping its way down with never a pause, dropping nine feet per mile. At the Sea of Galilee—one-third of its length—it is already 680 feet below sea-level. When it reaches its delta and vanishes in the Dead Sea it is 1,287 feet below sea-level, the lowest point on earth, often described as the cellar of the world.

Seven miles below its beginnings, the Jordan enters what used to be a much larger basin, known as Lake Huleh. This was a three-mile body of water ending in a swamp 20 miles square, a hot, humid, malarious area shunned by almost all human beings. By 1958 Israel had drained the swamp, and today, where once there were only snakes and mosquitoes, there are thriving orchards and vegetable farms.

Just south of Huleh stands the Jisr Banat Ya'qub (Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob). Only U.N. officials and others charged with keeping the peace use it, for it is one of the most dangerous bridges in the world, spanning the border between Syria and Israel. Militarily the Syrians have a great advantage because, perched on hills, they can look down on the Israeli co-operative farms, or *kibbutzim*, across the river. There have been many incidents of gun-fire on this stretch of the border.

Below the bridge, the Jordan drives down between high black basalt cliffs, gushing like water out of a mammoth high-pressure hose

through a wild, uninhabited nine-mile gorge, until it arrives with surprising gentleness at the Sea of Galilee. Here the water is a limpid blue, and peaceful fishing boats rock by the shore. Shaped like a harp, the lake is 13 miles long and eight miles wide. Hills plunge into its depths, and the snows of Mount Hermon are reflected in it like white flowers. Christ lived here for a time in a fishing port called Capernaum. Once Jesus was in a boat overtaken by a sudden tempest. The Saviour calmed the waters, and reproved His terrified disciples, saying, "Why are ye fearful? How is that ye have no faith?"

Leaving Galilee, the river develops violent currents which, buffeting from shore to shore, rip the earth from the banks. From clear blue, the colour changes to a dirty yellow-grey. There is even more turmoil at 'Adasieh, where the Yarmuk River, the fourth large tributary of the Jordan, enters with a great swirl of waters. Here, the Israeli frontier with Syria ends and that with Jordan begins. The river runs as a barrier between the two nations for about 30 miles, after which it is wholly in Jordanian territory. The terrain along this stretch, formerly wasteland, has been reclaimed and converted into prosperous farms. Men working on one bank are often within speaking distance of those on the other side. But no words are exchanged.

Suddenly the river plunges down

a stairway of black boulders in which the waters seem to go berserk, writhing and boiling and exploding in curtains of falling spray. At times it is only knee-deep; elsewhere there are holes deep enough to drown a man. Mark Twain reported that he waded across. He was lucky. Others who tried have been swept away by the current and drowned. Landslides are frequent, and some historians believe that the waters which parted for Joshua were held back by a movement of an earthquake which, in turn, cracked the walls of Jericho.

On the Jordanian side about a dozen violent small streams race down between high cliffs to join the river. Then, abruptly, the jungle closes in—a macabre tangle of papyrus reeds, tamarisk, giant thistle, oleander, and Christ's Thorn (so named by the Crusaders who believed that it had been used to plait the Crown of Thorns). Here in the so-called Zor or Jungle of the Jordan, are hyenas, wild boar and jackals. There are also snakes: the Palestine viper and the Cleopatra asp, both of which can kill. It is a bird-watcher's paradise with ibises, herons, black and mallard ducks, pelicans, storks, kingfishers and, of course, the Palestine sunbird with its brilliant red, green and blue plumage. Among the birds flutter a bewildering variety of butterflies.

After this rugged stretch of country it is a relief to enter the immensely fertile fields of the Jericho plains,

where the smell of sweet figs fills the air and date palms reach their feather dusters to the sky.

East of Jericho, shortly before the Jordan expires in the Dead Sea, there is a lovely bend in the river called Makhadet-Al-Hijla, or the Ford of the Partridge, in which, according to tradition, St. John baptized Jesus. It is a spot of great beauty, shaded by willows and eucalyptus, much as it was in the days of Christ. Monasteries and chapels of various denominations stand on the low hills, from which priests descend to immerse believers in the christening rite. The varieties of Christian worship seem endless. There are Ethiopian Christians accompanying their baptism with tom-toms, and Egyptians shaking that curious musical instrument, the sistrum. Two years ago the Pope himself dipped his hands in the Jordan near the spot and sprinkled the devotees.

Today the Jordan is disputed by Arabs and Israelis who are arguing over the disposition of its waters. The Jordan-Israel area is mostly desert and can feed its populations only by irrigation. But there is not enough water for the two countries even with careful storage and allocation. The history of the resulting debate is long and complex, aggravated at every juncture by national antagonisms.

The controversy blazed up last year when Israel opened its Rs. 52 crores, 88½-mile pipeline bringing

THE READER'S DIGEST

water from the river to the Negev Desert. Then the Arab nations decided to divert via canals two of the northern rivers—the Hasbani and the Banias—which are sources of the Jordan. Israel made it clear that such diversion would be regarded with the utmost seriousness. The Arabs in turn said that they, too, were ready for drastic action if Israel persisted in piping the waters of the Jordan south to the Negev.

For the long term, Israel is working on several giant desalinization projects which, if successful, will make water from the Red Sea or the Mediterranean available for large-scale irrigation. Jordan, too, may have to make adjustments. In both cases, it may mean the abandonment of some agricultural enterprises in favour of industries requiring little or no water.

Meanwhile, the Jordan keeps rolling along, undisturbed by angry statements and occasional gunfire. Irrigation schemes may reduce its lower third to a trickle.

But there will always be a spring-time, and in spring the river will rise again as it did in the days of the Bible.

For this is the sacred river. Its virtues have been celebrated in a thousand hymns sung by millions of voices. The immortal words uttered on its banks have influenced the course of mankind for nearly 2,000 years.

In time, one hopes, its quarrelling peoples will approach their common problems in the spirit of reason, in the spirit of Jesus, who once wandered the wild places of this strange river and gave humanity a new faith.



Vested Interest

SOME FILM executives were discussing the problem of making appropriate comments after a preview of one of their shows. One of them recalled former 20th Century-Fox president Spyros Skouras' habit, whenever he gave a screening of a film. As soon as it was over, Skouras would ask each viewer, "Well, how did you love that picture?"

—Leonard Lyons

* * *

Male Viewpoint

SOMETIMES a man finds it hard to play his proper role with aplomb or even with goodwill. I asked a worldly man I know what annoys him most in the area of women and etiquette. After considerable thought, he said, "The woman who takes me for a commissionaire when I hold open the door for her in a public building." He thought again. "And," he added, "the 40 women right behind her who know a good thing when they see it."

—Peg Bracken, *Try to Behave Myself*

TEST

Your Creativity

TESTS designed to reveal creative ability are still quite new but they are already helping firms to find men and women with a knack for solving old and new problems imaginatively. Psychologist

Eugene Raudsepp conducts creativity workshops for some of America's largest industries. Here are some examples of his tests. To assess your own creativity, try them, then turn to page 112 for the answers.

1. WORD HINTS TO CREATIVITY

OBJECT : *Think of a fourth word related to all three words listed below*

Cakes

heart

sixteen

The answer is "sweet." Cakes are sweet; sweet is part of the word "sweetheart" and part of the phrase "sweet sixteen."

Now try these words :

- | | | | |
|-------------|------|----------|-------|
| 1. surprise | line | birthday | |
| 2. foot | snow | dance | |
| 3. mouse | blue | cottage | |
| 4. nap | bird | call | |
| 5. golf | foot | country | |
| 6. tiger | news | plate | |

Condensed from Nation's Business. Test 2 is reproduced by special permission from the Barron-Welsh Art Scale, Consulting Psychologists Press, Inc., Palo Alto, California

THE READER'S DIGEST

7. painting	bowl	nail	
8. maple	beet	loaf	
9. show	oak	plan	
10. light	village	golf	

2. YOUR CHOICE OF RESPONSES SHOWS CREATIVITY

OBJECT: *Tick the responses that you feel apply to you*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Would you rather be considered :</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a..... practical?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b..... ingenious?</p> <p>2. Does following a schedule :</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a..... appeal to you?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b.....cramp you?</p> <p>3. Do you often get behind in your work?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a.....yes</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b.....no</p> <p>4. Do hunches come to you just before you go to sleep?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. yes</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b... ..no</p> <p>5. Do you often fret about daily chores?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a.....yes</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b... ..no</p> <p>6. Do you like to introduce the speaker at a meeting?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a.....yes</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b.....no</p> | <p>7. Do you sometimes feel anxious about the success of your efforts?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a.....yes</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b.....no</p> <p>8. Do you like work in which you must influence others?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a.....yes</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b.....no</p> <p>9. Are you fundamentally contented?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a.....yes</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b.....no</p> <p>10. Do you spend many evenings with friends?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a.....yes</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b.....no</p> <p>11. Do you frequently day-dream?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a.....yes</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b.....no</p> <p>12. Do you remember the names of people you meet?</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a.....yes</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b.....no</p> |
|--|---|

3. WHICH TRAITS DESCRIBE YOU? . . .

OBJECT: *Tick the adjectives that you believe describe you*

determined	life-of-the-party	tolerant
sensitive	independent	restless
inventive	impulsive	reflective
enthusiastic	clear-thinking	popular
understanding	cheerful	organized
dependable	unassuming	moody
absent-minded	worrying	logical
loyal	versatile	good-natured

*Gangs trained in communist
"crime colleges" are carrying out
subversive operations throughout
Latin America*

CASTRO SPREADS THE REVOLUTION

BY ROBERT STROTHER

ARMED WITH submachine-guns and pistols, six young thugs stormed into the Banco de Crédito in Lima, Peru, last July 16. They took Rs. 47,500 in cash, then fled in a stolen car. It looked, at first, like a routine bank robbery. Then a sinister story emerged.

Four of the gunmen were arrested at Lima airport while trying to escape. Investigation revealed that the men were members of a communist "expropriation team," ordered to rob banks and business offices. Their purpose: to finance a revolution. The Rs. 47,500 loot, like that of a number of earlier bank holdups, was not recovered. Presumably, it was delivered to one of three guerrilla gangs operating in the Andean

highlands against the landowners.

The bank-robbing team was a link in a continent-wide chain of criminals—the "action units" of Castro-sponsored "national liberation fronts." Since Castro seized power in 1959, these gangs have pulled off hundreds of robberies and payroll holdups in South-American countries and in Haiti, Panama and Puerto Rico.

Students of history recognize a familiar pattern. Nearly 60 years ago a team directed by Josef Stalin held up banks in Tsarist Russia to finance the party's Bolshevik wing in the Russian revolution.

"Crime College." Occurring at the same time as two leftish bombings in Lima and renewed guerrilla

activities in the central highlands, the Lima robbery jolted Peru into the realization that Castro had made that country a priority target, together with Venezuela and Colombia, in his campaign to overthrow non-communist governments. The Peruvian Congress denounced "aggression by communist imperialism," and made terrorist crimes punishable by death. President Fernando Belaúnde Terry declared a state of siege and sent civil-guard and airborne counter-insurgency commandos into action against the guerrilla bands.

Of the 34 guerrillas taken in one bloody encounter in the rugged terrain around Cuzco, several were identified as graduates of Castro

terror schools. Others said they had been trained as revolutionaries at a Nanking "crime college" in China. Many were students from Lima's own San Marcos University. (The university is known to be a centre of subversion but is untouchable because the law in Peru—as in many Latin-American countries—grants "immunity from all government authority" to anyone within the confines of a campus.) Also seized were a number of forged identity cards and guerrilla-warfare instruction pamphlets from Cuba.

Venezuelan Vietnam. Castro has long coveted Venezuela's vast mineral wealth for the communist cause. The Organization of American States proved that three tons of

Target U.S.A.—A Warning from Peking

Communist China now openly declares that its support of revolutionary wars in underdeveloped countries is a strategy directed at the eventual encirclement of the United States and Western Europe. And, it asserts, the war in Vietnam demonstrates that a "people's war" in Asia, Africa or Latin America *can* be waged successfully against the United States.

The new definition of Chinese communist global strategy is contained in a 30,000-word article by Lin Piao, minister of defence and a vice-chairman of the Chinese Communist Party. The article was published last September in *Jenmin Jih Pao*, the Party newspaper, and in all provincial and municipal newspapers throughout the country.

It stated that the outlook for worldwide revolution was more favourable than ever before; that application of the theories of Mao Tse-tung could result in an overcoming of the superior material strength of North America and Western Europe.

The article reviewed Mao's military strategy, which holds that revolutionary bases must be established in rural areas so that cities can be encircled from the countryside. This conflicts with the global pattern of

weapons hidden on the Venezuelan coast late in 1963 had been smuggled in from Cuba.* Ever since, Castro has openly bragged of his support of Latin-American terrorists, and the Havana Press now refers to Venezuela as "the Vietnam of the hemisphere."

To emphasize his determination, Castro has violated diplomatic usage by giving German Lairet, representative in Havana of Venezuela's Armed Forces of National Liberation (FALN), the status of ambassador. Lairet states his aims:

"The goal of the armed fight in Latin America must be the destruction of all existing regimes and their

replacement by communist governments. The forces of national liberation must exploit any political or economic crises. Through front organizations and *tontos útiles* [useful fools] they must demand the release of communist prisoners, howl for freedom of the Press if a communist newspaper is suppressed, agitate for constantly higher wages. And even if these demands are granted, we must not drop the fight."

Fund-Raising by Gun. Bank robberies, payroll holdups and jewel thefts by FALN's gunmen are common occurrences in Venezuelan cities.

A meeting of inter-American police officials was held in Caracas to plan defensive measures

* See "Cuba's Brazen Blueprint for Subversion" The Reader's Digest October 1965

Marxist Leninist theory adhered to by Moscow that the proletariat must lead the revolution. The Maoist position in essence is that the revolution must be based on the peasantry.

"In a sense, the contemporary world revolution also presents a picture of the encirclement of cities by the rural areas," writes Lin Piao. "Taking the entire globe, if North America and Western Europe can be called 'the cities of the world,' then Asia, Africa and Latin America constitute 'the rural areas of the world.' Since the Second World War, the proletarian revolutionary movement has for various reasons been temporarily held back in North America and the West European capitalist countries, while the people's revolutionary movement in Asia, Africa and Latin America has been growing vigorously."

The minister of defence added: "In the final analysis, the whole cause of world revolution hinges on the revolutionary struggles of the Asian, African and Latin American peoples, who make up the overwhelming majority of the world's population."

Lin Piao further noted: "We shall fight in ways most advantageous to us to destroy the enemy, and wherever the enemy can be most easily destroyed."

—Seymour Topping in New York Times

for banks. Twice on the opening day it was interrupted by near-by bank holdups! In some cases, Caracas bank robbers have fled with their loot direct to sanctuary on the Central University campus—often in the so-called “Stalingrado” dormitory. From there they thumbed their noses at police. Students tried to lynch an officer who entered the campus in disguise; he barely escaped with his life.

Besides bank and payroll holdups, the FALN also directs sporadic business-office robberies, embezzlements, police assassinations, strikes, bus burnings, the incessant sabotage by fire and dynamite of American-owned companies. To heighten the fear and wear down the police, guerrilla chieftains like the notorious Douglas Bravo often boastfully publish advance warnings of their crimes. In the chaos produced by the terror, ordinary lawlessness multiplies along with politically motivated crime.

FALN uses professional criminals in difficult holdups and safecrackings. Cars may be another source for the FALN “fund-raisers.” From 40 to 70 cars are stolen in Caracas every week—despite the chains and padlocks used by owners. Quickly disguised with new paint and fake

number-plates, they are sold in near-by countries.

Last year, the Women's Anti-Communist Movement of Venezuela began publishing regular full-page newspaper advertisements, listing the 140 to 200 major crimes of the preceding month. One headed *¡YA BASTA!* (That's Enough!) summed up the fearful toll of terror in Venezuela at 3,500 murders and 16,500 armed robberies in four years.*

Burn the Files. Even more demoralizing, however, are the capture and looting of entire towns by guerrilla units—often armed with weapons from Czechoslovakia and propaganda from Red China. The raiders seize cash and arms, liquidate opponents, destroy tax and criminal records. A typical foray opened the intensified drive against Colombia last January 8. A band of 50 armed with grenades and automatic rifles, surrounded the mountain town of Simacota, gunned down three policemen and a small boy, cut the telephone wires, then spent two hours looting stores, offices and private homes. The guerrillas, commanded by a woman they called Mariela, wore olive-green uniforms with red armbands identifying them as the “Army of National Liberation.”

For more than 15 years, Colombia has reeled under a brutal rural terror in which more than 200,000 men, women and children have been killed by bandits. In recent months

* Venezuela's crimes recall those of Russian revolutionaries in 1906. “The month of October alone witnessed 121 terrorist deeds, 47 fights with police, and 362 ‘expropriations,’” says Boris Souvarine in his biography, *Stalin*. “In four months, 2,118 government agents and officials were killed and wounded, following on 2,000 casualties in the preceding 18 months.”

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the government seemed to be gaining against them, but the Simacota attack signalled the beginning of a new ordeal. It was the first appearance of a well-organized modern guerrilla unit. Only the month before, while in New York City to appear before the U.N. General Assembly, "Che" Guevara had indicated that Colombia might be a top-priority target for communists when he said that "revolutionary conditions are ripe" and that "liberation struggles" were already taking place there.

In the cities, student-led riots erupted, extortion cases multiplied. The nation's criminal records were destroyed by a mysterious fire. President Guillermo León Valencia declared a state of emergency and begged threatened businessmen not to flee the country. Bogotá newspapers report that 700 more Colombian youths have gone to Cuba for training in subversion. Some 20,000 soldiers are kept busy in the back country, trying to break up "independent states" proclaimed by communist gang chiefs. In the chaos,

"social decomposition," as sought by the communists, moves ahead.

Generator of Hate. As violence increases, radio stations in Havana, Moscow and Peking hurl a staggering total of 410 hours of propaganda a week into Latin America, most of it pure hate. The Moscow line seeks to drive a wedge between classes; the Peking line blows on every ember of discontent or envy among the coloured peoples of the world, and openly incites them to revolt against white people.

The three U.S. Presidents in office since the rise of Castro have vowed that the United States would not allow him or his communist masters to use Cuba as a centre for subverting the rest of the hemisphere. Yet Cuba's role as the generator of hate and chaos expands daily.

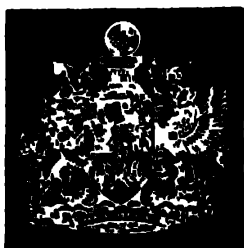
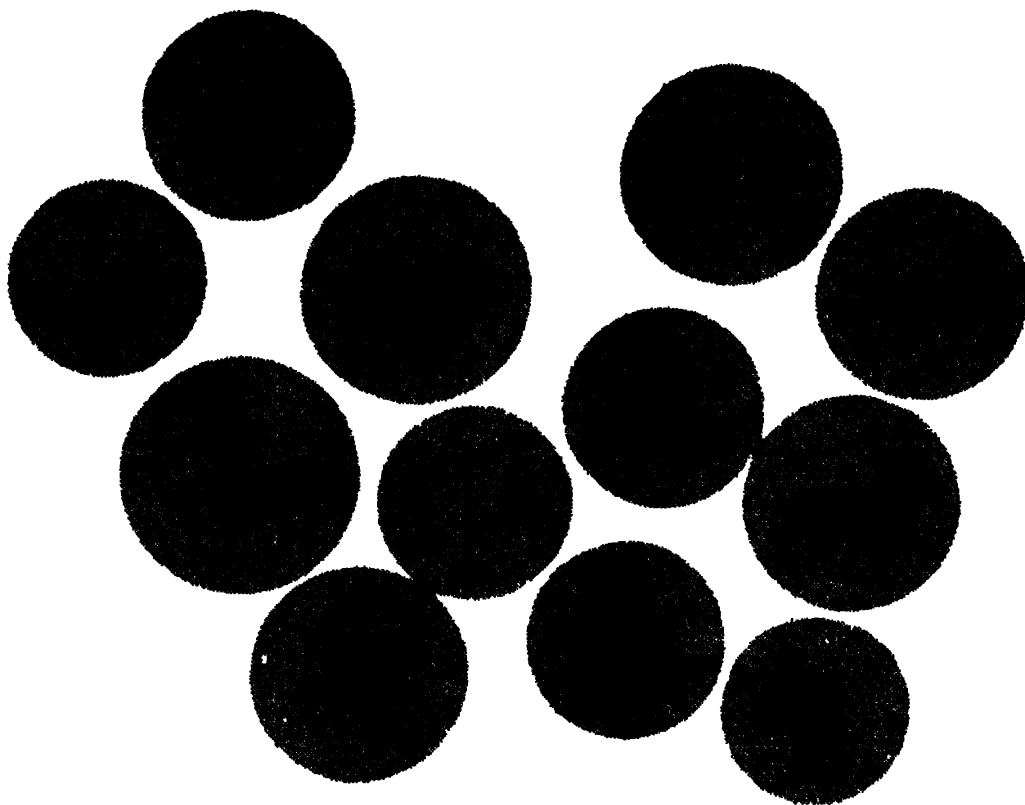
Not Latin America alone but the entire Western Hemisphere is under attack. The essential immediate step, if the terror is to be crushed, is to replace the present half-hearted watch over Communist Cuba with an effective quarantine that could end the ordeal.



Difference of Opinion

CHARLES DARWIN was "Great Uncle Charles" to the composer Vaughan Williams. When Williams was a child he became aware that some sort of notoriety had attached itself to his uncle's name and work. Enquiring of his mother, he received the serene answer: "The Bible says that God made the world in six days, while Great Uncle Charles thinks it took longer. But we need not worry about it, for it is equally wonderful either way."

—Ursula Vaughan Williams, *R.V.W.* (Oxford University Press, London)



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Aces of Clubs

BY CHARLES GRAVES

Ever since White's and Boodle's were founded over two centuries ago, London clubs, now numbering nearly 100, have remained bastions of privilege and male sanctuary. In this world of fine old buildings, crystal chandeliers, deep carpets and vintage wines, wit and charm rub shoulders with cultivated eccentricity and blunt comment.

"Leather Armchairs" reveals the world behind clubland's dignified porticoes. Here are excerpts from the book

WHEN A West End club advertised not long ago for a manager, there were 200 applicants. This number was reduced to ten by the club's committee. Of these applicants, only one had *not* been in the hotel and catering business and it was he—a naval paymaster—who was given the job, on interesting grounds. The committee thought that if any of the other nine had been really first-class,

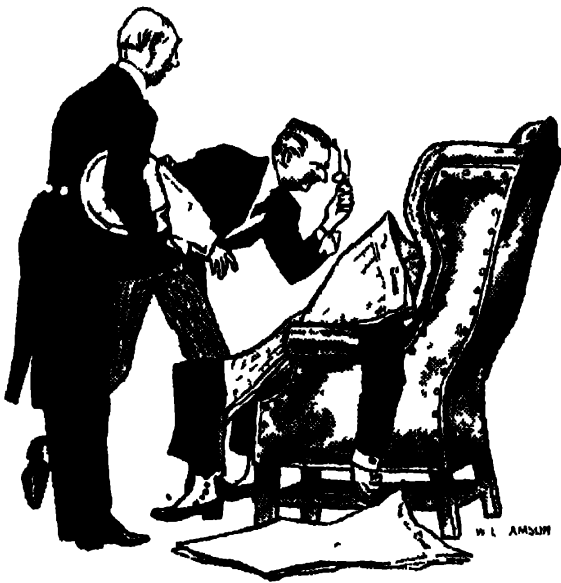
they would not have applied for the position.

CLUBMEN have long memories, and it was not uncommon for them to blackball an innocent candidate for membership simply because they did not like his father, uncle or grandfather. At Brooks's, the third oldest surviving club in London, they tell this story of a friend of the Prince Regent (later George IV),

Condensed from "Leather Armchairs," © 1963 by Charles Graves and published by Cassell, London

who knew he was being blackballed by two members. The night of the membership meeting, he had recourse to a stratagem. He arranged for one of his enemies to be told that his house was on fire, the other that his daughter was very ill. While they were gone, the candidate entered the club on the arm of the Prince Regent, and was elected a member.

A WAITER at Pratt's told the club secretary one afternoon that Mr. P. seemed to be asleep under a copy of



The Times. "That's nothing unusual," said the secretary.

"I'm afraid it is, sir," said the waiter. "You see, it's yesterday's *Times*."

CHARLES GRAVES, a social historian whose books include *None But the Rich* and *Palace Extraordinary: The Story of St. James's*, is the brother of Robert Graves, the poet.

SIR CHARLES PETRIE, a member of the Carlton, tells a story of calling at the Caccia Club in Rome. A silver-haired member, observing him alone in the bar, said, "Excuse me, sir. I see you are a visitor. You must allow me to buy you a drink." Then, turning to the barman he said, "Give the gentleman one of my specials." As Sir Charles began to thank his benefactor, the latter said, "By the way, I'd better introduce myself. The name is Borgia."

THE PORTLAND, just off Berkeley Square, has fewer members than any other club in London—just over 100—but it is to cards what St. Andrews is to golf. The first game of bridge ever played in England took place at the Portland in 1894. Lord Brougham, returning to London after a visit to Cannes, absent-mindedly dealt the first hand in a rubber of whist, and failed to turn up the last card as was customary. When the other three players expressed surprise, he replied, "I thought I was playing bridge, the most fascinating card game I know. I learned it recently in France. Let me teach you." The three agreed, and shortly thereafter nearly every member was enthusiastically playing the new game. Since then, questions on the rules of bridge arrive at the club continually from all over the world.

At the Portland Club, candidates for membership may be invited to play bridge so that members can

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THE READER'S DIGEST

look them over. One man seemed sure to pass until, after winning the first rubber, he was so effusive that he actually offered to shake hands with his partner. That breach of decorum was the end of him. He might just as well have smoked cigars between courses at dinner.

THE JUNIOR Carlton Club's misleading name once drew a letter from a German pen-pal group addressing its members as "Dear boys and girls." Actually the club, founded in 1864, is almost wholly political in its membership. Recently when its elderly secretary was about to retire, he was asked what he planned to do.

"I shall have breakfast in bed every morning and cause *The Daily Telegraph* to be sent up," he replied. "Then I shall read the obituary column, and if I am not in it, I shall get up."

EVERY CLUB has had its eccentrics. Sir Edward Elgar used to telephone his house in Worcestershire from Brooks's to hear his dogs barking.

At the Union, John Cobbett would complain that change given to him by the cashier was cold, then order the coins to be warmed.

There was a member of the Oriental who refused to pay 1d. for a second biscuit with his tea, saying that he couldn't afford it. A waitress took pity on him and paid for it herself, only to learn at his death that he was worth £500,000. Also at

the Oriental was "Switch Box Willy," who pulled out the light fuses when nobody was watching, and old "Musk Rat," so-called because he would run round the room, never across it.

LORD GODDARD, doyen of Britain's legal profession, is a very keen member of Pratt's and a great judge of all red wines. On one occasion he invited a new member to a glass of port. Said the latter, "Thank you, Lord Goddard, I would like a small one."

"Never have a small glass, my boy," replied his Lordship. "It just goes wambling around looking for damage to do. Have a large glass. It settles down and does you good."

IN THE last century the Oxford and Cambridge once opened its doors to the Guards Club whose premises were temporarily closed for redecoration. The younger Guards members were inclined to patronise their hosts and one uniformed Ensign, having lunched excellently, saw fit to address an elderly Oxford and Cambridge man concealed behind his *Times*. "By Jove," he said loudly, "you fellows of the middle classes do yourselves well."

Whereupon the newspaper was lowered to reveal the outraged face of the Duke of Wellington who occasionally liked to escape from the military surroundings customarily frequented by the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.



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ACES OF CLUBS

IN THE United Service Club, a young captain in the 11th Hussars asked his commander, the Earl of Cardigan, for a short leave. Twice he was refused with frowns. At last the young man said, "The fact is sir, I've arranged to elope with Mrs. — — —."

"My *dear* fellow," said the Earl. "Why didn't you say so before? Of course you may have your leave. A most Hussar-like action!"

CLUB dining-rooms offer some of the best food in London, but at Crockford's, where today's specialities include trout fresh from a tank, the Earl of Sandwich could not bear to waste gambling time by going into the dining-room for a meal. He ate at the gaming table a slice of cold beef between two slices of bread, to which he gave his name.

Dining-room standards slipped during the Second World War, when clubs found it very difficult to supply tempting food. While lunching at Brooks's the late Sir Edwin Lutyens was offered a fish dish. "What on earth is this?" he enquired.

Said the waiter, "A piece of cod, sir."

"—which passeth all understanding," snorted the distinguished architect.

SOME CLUB waiters get little or no reaction from diners. Maurice Baring, the poet and novelist, used to

tell a story of being a guest at the Turf. After the delicious meal, Baring said to the waiter, "Please thank the chef and thank you for your splendid service." At this, the waiter broke down.

"I have been employed here man and boy for 40 years, sir," he blubbered, "and that's the first kindly word I've ever had!"

IT WAS at The Athenaeum that Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, after an afternoon in the billiard room, is said to have observed to the juvenile opponent who beat him, "Proficiency at billiards is proof of a mis-spent youth." Later he denied the remark, but it was clearly too good to be untrue.

The Athenaeum has always had a reputation for the number of bishops and archbishops who belong. One member, who lost his umbrella, said, "This, of course, comes from admitting all those confounded bishops!"

OLDER members often take advantage of their juniors. At the Savage, the story is told of an old character actor named Odell who borrowed £5 from a newcomer on the day he entered. When the young man, having waited patiently for six months, asked for its return, old Odell expostulated, "I haven't finished with it yet."

In 1928, four months before Odell died, the Duke of York—later King George VI—was guest of honour at

one of the club's Saturday house dinners, which have long been famous for their entertainment. After the entertainment, the Duke went into the bar and sat on the nearest chair. A moment later Odell, who had delivered his usual extract from Shakespeare during the performance, appeared. Screaming with rage and waving his arms, he yelled, "Out of my chair, sir. Get out at once." The Duke, very much taken aback, apologized and went to the bar.

WHEN the late Lord Birkenhead was to be chief speaker at an election meeting in a small town some distance from London, he arrived promptly, then fidgeted through an

interminably long introductory speech by the chairman. At last the official turned and announced, "Our speaker will now give his address."

"The Carlton Club, Pall Mall, London," said the fuming visitor, "to which I am returning at once."

THAT the desire not to be disturbed can be carried to extremes is apparent in the story of the second Earl Russell, brother of Bertrand Russell, who was seated at a table in the Reform Club one day when Sir Hamar Greenwood approached him with the request, "May I take this chair?"

"Yes," said Russell, "provided you take it with you."



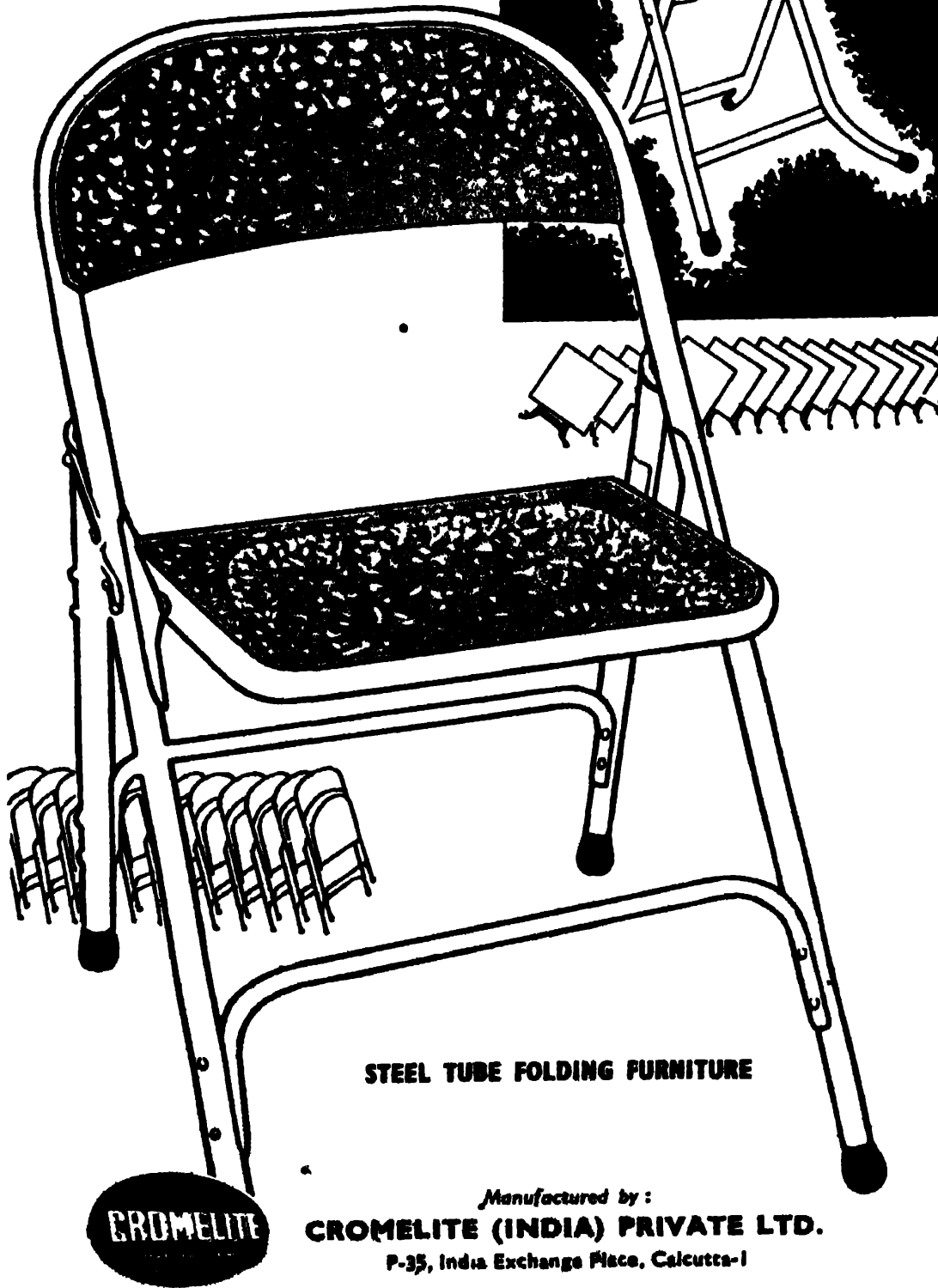
Organic Disease

PLAYING a new variation on a familiar theme, the American Guild of Organists deplors the effect of air pollution on the lungs of church organs. The sheepskin valves that pump air into the large electro-pneumatic organs used to last from 20 to 30 years, but now they hold up for only about five years in some cities. Chemicals in the air are eating big holes in the valves, causing squeaks and squeals. A particularly difficult city for organs is New York, where many of the leading churches have been forced to make costly repairs. Since the cost of repairing an organ's insides has been known to run as high as 40,000 dollars—Rs. 2 lakhs—some churches are replacing their large organs with smaller ones containing more wood than leather.

In a wry comment the president of the organists' guild observes: "For every church organ in New York, there must be, by conservative estimate, 30 choir singers. With unfailing regularity they all take deep breaths the better to praise God for 'the cool breeze in the winter, the pleasant summer sun,' and in so doing take to their innermost selves countless tons of grease-laden soot."

—Dr. Morris Fishbein in *Medical World News*

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His Turkeys Lay Golden Eggs

By GREG KLETON



The remarkable success story of a young Englishman who has become the world's biggest turkey-producer—on an initial outlay of Rs. 33

IN 1950, Norfolk-born Bernard Matthews knew nothing about turkeys; being poor, he had tasted turkey only once. Today, at the age of 35, he is the world's largest turkey producer and will market 1.1 million birds this year for a gross revenue of Rs. 3 crores. About one-third of all the turkeys consumed in Britain this Christmas will be from his breeding stock.

Matthews' career as a turkey farmer began literally on impulse. As a

trainee with a Norwich firm of agricultural auctioneers (salary Rs. 22 weekly), he was struggling to save enough money to marry pretty Joyce Reid, daughter of a Civil Servant.

One day, 20 turkey eggs came up for sale. At a shilling (66 p.) an egg they were cheap, but there were no buyers until young Bernard piped up and bought them. Why he did so he cannot explain. The auctioneer, knowing the boy lived in

Condensed from Irish Farmers' Journal

HIS TURKEYS LAY GOLDEN EGGS

town, thought him a trifle mad. But Bernard, never one to do things by halves, then bought a battered old incubator for Rs. 20.

That evening he took the eggs and incubator aboard a bus, riding the six miles to Taverham, where Joyce lived, and left them in the garage. Then, a bit nervously, he went inside to tell her what he had done. She was enthusiastic. They put the eggs into the incubator, the incubator into a shed and literally talked turkey until midnight.

To be near his birds, Bernard left his room in town and moved into a spare room in the Reid home—with some misgivings on the part of his future mother-in-law. She was not sure she approved of this handsome, gangling though somewhat threadbare young fellow.

There is nothing romantic or lovable about eggs, but the couple watched them as if they were newborn babies. One evening Bernard held an egg before a candle flame and exclaimed with a catch in his voice: "Look, they're shrinking away!"

Joyce looked, and it was true. Where each egg had been almost solid inside, there was now a hollow space. Either the eggs were infertile or the embryos were lifeless, thought Bernard, and he would have to throw them away. The story might have ended there but for a friend who explained that dehydration always occurs during the incubation process, and that this was

how all eggs look when on the point of hatching.

In time, 12 baby turkeys emerged. But four weeks later Bernard's money ran out and he could not buy any more feed. So he sold the poults for Rs. 9 each. Profit: Rs. 60—allowing for Rs. 16 spent on feed—and a return of nearly 200 per cent on the original investment. Not bad at all thought the Rs. 22 clerk, doing a jig-step.

The next year, 1951, Bernard bought more eggs from a turkey farmer near by, arranging to pay for them when they hatched. The poults grew into laying birds. With the eggs they laid and the purchase of others, he had 1,000 eggs by the following spring. He bought three oil-heated incubators.

Never did two people work harder. Up at six in the morning, Joyce turned the eggs and scrubbed the shed while Bernard built pens. That spring they sold 600 day-old poults for Rs. 6 each. They now had Rs. 4,000. The original investment of Rs. 33 had multiplied nearly 120 times. This wasn't arithmetic, this was astronomy!

Joyce left her secretarial job to give all her time to the turkeys. Bernard bought a book on turkey management. He also bought a load of breeze blocks and built a second shed. Then he set 10,000 eggs in his incubators. The task of turning them every day was irksome, but Joyce tackled it lovingly. As hatching time approached Bernard did

THE READER'S DIGEST

what few farmers do: he advertised—in the *Eastern Daily Press*, offering day-old poults for sale. And he sold them all. That summer the money in the bank was Rs. 33,000—1,000 times what he had laid out for the original 20 eggs and incubator!

The course of turkey producing, however, like true love, rarely runs smooth. There were mishaps, but through luck and hard work, Bernard and Joyce always managed to bring the birds through alive and to market. In 1952, with the business prospering, they began making plans for their wedding and were married in August.

One Saturday at the beginning of the following year, Bernard announced that he had left his job to devote all his time to his own business. As if to make him think twice about this bold decision, that very night a gale blew up. It knocked down all the outside pens he had built and toppled the brooder houses. Where there had been several hundred birds, not one was to be seen; only the incubators in the sheds escaped. Donning boots and oilskins, Bernard followed a trail of a feather here and a footprint there, and at last he recovered some 200 birds.

That autumn, too, he lost half his birds to disease, learning at great cost that turkeys kept in a confined space will fall ill and die. He leased a nine-acre field adjoining Joyce's home, but it was no good as a permanent arrangement and he began

looking for "a cheap chicken house."

He found it in Great Witchingham Hall, an 80-room Elizabethan manor standing in 36 acres of parkland. Borrowing Rs. 27,000 and putting up Rs. 13,500 of his own, he made an offer. The owner wanted Rs. 2 lakhs, but Matthews would not raise his bid. "I had no alternative," he told me. "It was all the money I had, all the money I could borrow." At that price it was cheaper than anything he could build.

As it became apparent that his offer would be accepted, Joyce came to look at the place. It was winter, and the sight was bleak. The lawn and gardens were a jungle of weeds and bramble, chest high. A yew hedge rose 20 feet high, 18 feet across. The interior of the house, though basically intact, had not been painted or cleaned for 40 years.

But by late spring, with the park alive with wild flowers and the trees in blossom, things looked better. Turned loose in the overgrown gardens, the maturing turkeys made short work of the weeds. Relations contributed furniture and saucepans. Into the banqueting hall went 10,000 eggs in incubators, into the bedrooms went the brooder houses, 7,000 baby turkeys inside them.

Bernard and Joyce worked furiously, he building turkey houses and setting up fencing, she caring for the eggs. Despite their labour the turkeys that year were a failure. The

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turkey houses were not ready on time, the eggs would not hatch, newcomers in the business flooded the market, cutting the price of turkeys.

Bernard was deeply in debt for the house, for eggs he had purchased, for feed, for timber and fencing. But he refused to give up. He spent the cash in hand on new stock, new incubators, more feed. He discovered that because of the conformation of the broad-breasted turkeys, their eggs were often infertile. He became the first turkey farmer in Britain to use artificial insemination.

As 1956 began, Bernard and Joyce Matthews stopped worrying. The birds were doing well, the order books were full. Great Witchingham Hall resounded to the cluck and gobble of growing turkeys. Then, on a February Tuesday, it began to snow and sleet. The roads became impassable and, as the temperature dropped, power lines snapped under the weight of ice, leaving the area without electricity. For Matthews, with 50,000 eggs in incubators and 10,000 babies in brooders, it was a disaster.

"This is it," he muttered. "I'm beaten." The gamble had failed: he was wiped out.

Or was he? Something inside him kept saying *no*. He paced the floor, beating his fists together, fighting for an idea that would save him from ruin. Then he had it. The Hall had central heating of a kind. He stoked the ancient boiler with coke

until the fire roared and crowded the day-old poults around the radiators. Joyce ploughed her way to the village, bought all the paraffin heaters she could find—seven—and these they set up in the bedrooms for the baby birds in the brooders. Then, very gingerly, he hosed the floor of the incubators with hot water, enveloping the eggs in steam. Slowly the thermometer rose. When it went over 100 degrees, the correct temperature, he opened the incubator doors.

For two days and nights he and his wife kept up this procedure. When the roads were cleared Matthews sent the eggs by van to a friend who had empty incubators in an area where the electric power had not failed. Three days later they came back, and in time hatched into perfect birds.

Within six months, money poured in to pay all Matthews' debts, and to spare. Year by year his output increased until, by 1960, he had become the largest turkey farmer in Europe.

Today, as the world's largest turkey producer, Matthews owns five farms, four in Norfolk, one in Ireland, and 35 associated farmers work for him on contract. Two of his turkeydoms occupy wartime airfields where his brooder houses and fattening pens rise on runways from which bombers once roared off to attack Germany. Great Witchingham Hall, now beautifully furnished and decorated by Joyce, is

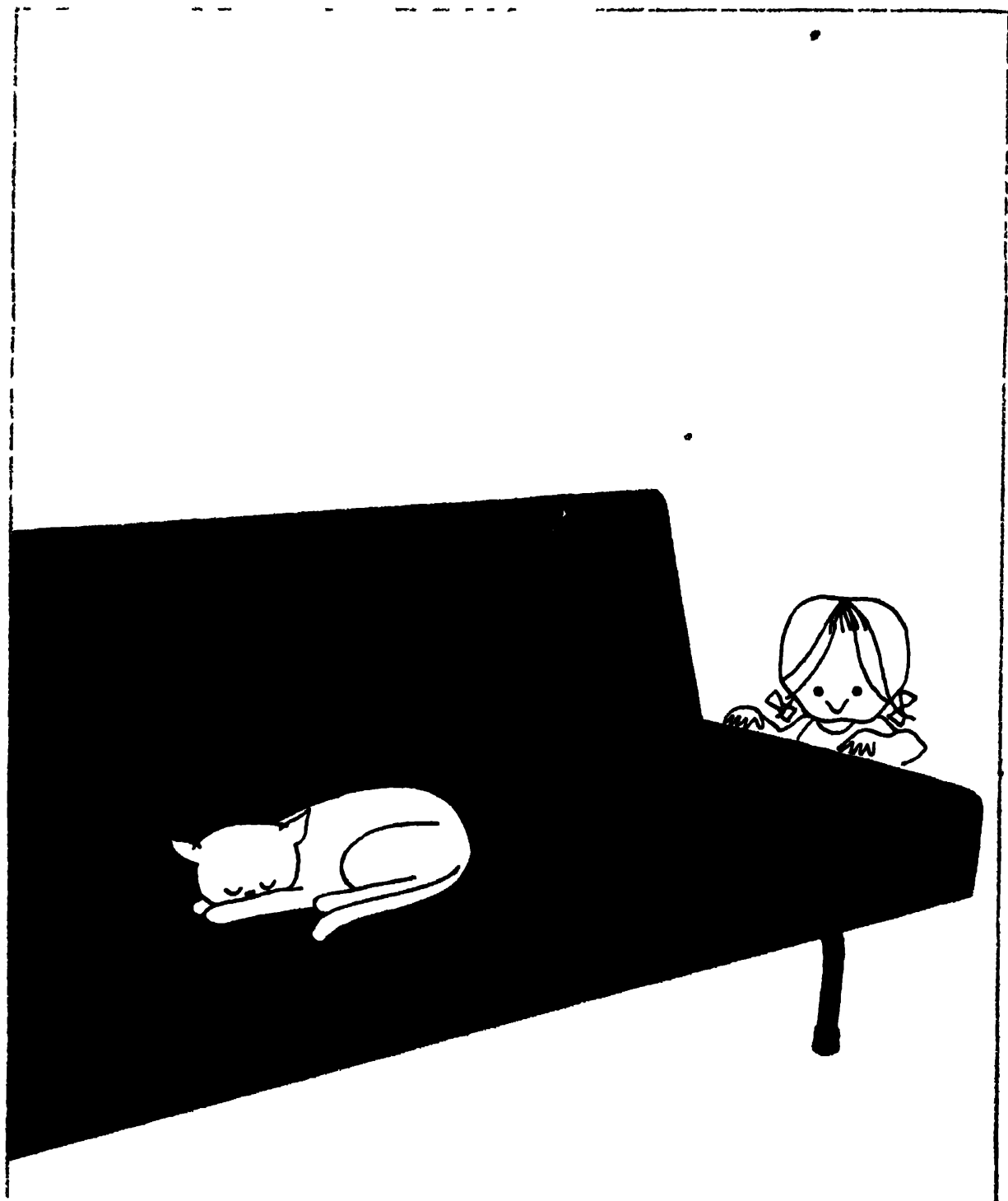
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HIS TURKEYS LAY GOLDEN EGGS

both home and office. The well-equipped office wing holds punch-card machines, teleprinter, canteen and research department. An up-to-date processing plant in the grounds daily speeds more than a mile and a half of turkeys through from gobble to deep-freeze. The hatcheries can produce 50,000 poults each week; the cold store can accommodate 200,000 birds.

When I asked Matthews to explain his success, he said, "In the first place, *not* hard work alone. I get more pleasure doing things with turkeys than anything else in life. A second reason is that I knew nothing about turkey raising, so I started off without any preconceived notions. And finally, I had no money. If I had had, say, Rs. 67,000 to start with, I would have gone to a shop or a manufacturer and bought the existing machinery. As it was, I had to design my own."

The most fascinating aspect of the Bernard Matthews adventure is what he has done to produce better birds. When he started out nobody thought a turkey killed before 24 weeks would be acceptable either for its meat or for its appearance. But by careful selection of breeders and by persuading feed manufacturers to add five-per-cent fat to the ration, he has developed an attractive, tasty bird marketable at 15 weeks—and it has the added virtue of being cheaper to produce.

From Britain, the United States and other countries he gathered

some 27 varieties of turkey—probably more than any other producer in the world can boast. They cost him in all Rs. 6 lakhs. Today this collection is beyond price. The reason is that, in the hands of his two geneticists, these many strains become a genetic piano on which they can play any turkey tune desired. Already they have developed a "mini-turkey"—a five- to seven-pounder as meaty and as tender as the larger ones, and a reasonable size for a small family—as well as a giant of up to 50 pounds designed for the catering trade.

After 15 years in the business, Bernard Matthews is more enthusiastic than ever. The turkey, he pointed out, as if speaking of an old friend, is the most economical of farm creatures, not excepting the chicken. For a given quantity of food it puts on weight faster than any other.

Britain will consume over eight million turkeys this year, mostly between two and seven o'clock on Christmas Day. Matthews has already begun to break the stranglehold of December 25 and next year will sell 200,000 at Easter and Whitsun. Thanks to his great production, the price of turkey in Britain has fallen from about Rs. 5 a pound to little more than Rs. 3.

"There is no reason," he said, "why turkey cannot become an item of daily consumption, no reason we cannot go to 15 million a year, especially as the price goes lower;

one day, not too far off, it will be cheaper than chicken."

Matthews sells breeding stock and eggs to 15 countries in Europe, Africa and Asia, and is now negotiating with five of them to establish full partnerships, he supplying birds and know-how, they providing plant, labour and capital. One such arrangement is already functioning

in Australia. With such partnerships he hopes to be selling over four million birds within the next five years. His vision goes even further, to a day when one of the basic foods of the world, particularly in the protein-hungry underdeveloped countries, will be turkey—a super-fowl giving meat cheaper, more delicious, more nourishing than any other.



Called to Account

AN IRATE customer in correspondence with a department store about errors in his account, enclosed this explanatory note: "You will notice that I am enclosing two identical letters about my account, one marked 'left hand' and the other marked 'right hand.' The reason for this is that it is obvious these days that at your store the left hand does not know what the right hand is doing."

—G. A. Gerrard

Answers to TEST YOUR CREATIVITY (see page 83)

TEST 1. 1. party 2. ball 3. cheese 4. cat 5. club 6. paper 7. finger 8. sugar 9. floor 10. green.

Creative individuals get seven or more of these words right.

TEST 2. Creative individuals usually tick these responses: 1b, 2b, 3a, 4a, 5a, 6b, 7a, 8b, 9b, 10b, 11a, 12b.

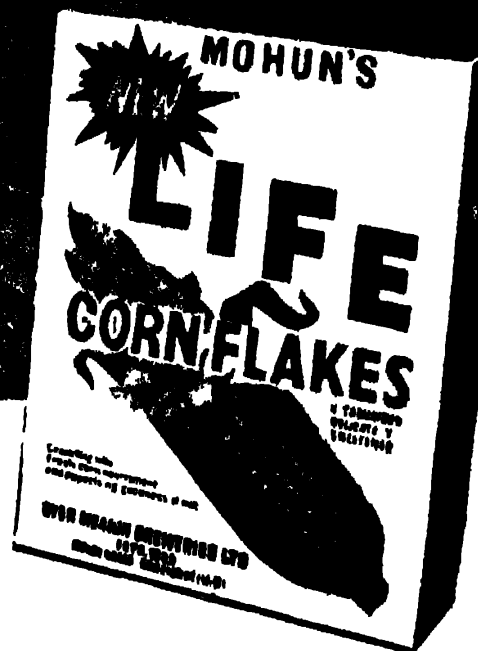
TEST 3. Highly creative individuals tend to describe themselves by these adjectives: **determined, sensitive, inventive, enthusiastic, absent-minded, independent, impulsive, unassuming, worrying, versatile, restless, reflective, moody.**

Dr. Donald MacKinnon of the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research has shown that the adjectives that the more creative individuals tick as descriptive of themselves reveal that they have excellent self-images. Yet, paradoxically, they also chose the more unfavourable adjectives.

Dr. MacKinnon says: "One finds in these contrasting self-descriptions a hint of one of the most salient characteristics of the creative person, namely, his courage. It is a personal courage of the mind, which often makes a person stand aside from society and in conflict with it. It is the courage to be oneself in the fullest sense, to grow into the person one is capable of becoming."



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By W. W. WARD

WAITER is a changed man," Rosemary Farley told my wife one night at the Yacht Club. "That white jacket he's wearing came back from the cleaners today with two spots on the right sleeve. Normally he would have hit the ceiling. This time he just smiled and put it on and went in to kiss the kids good night."

A little later one of the members tripped and dumped his martini on Walter's lap. I was sitting next to him, and I drew back politely to give him room in which to explode. "Don't worry," Walter smiled at the chagrined man. "It will dry in a few minutes."

At dinner that evening I got a long-distance phone call from a good-for-nothing ex-friend whom I haven't heard from for years. He

already owed me money. Now he told me he was stranded and needed a loan to get him back home. Would I wire it to him tonight, please?

I went back to our table, fuming. The nerve of that chap! I grumbled through dessert and scowled into my coffee. I wouldn't dance with my wife. Finally she got up to dance with a handsome bachelor.

"I suggest you go and have a talk with Walter Farley," she said pointedly.

I found Walter on the veranda. He's a nice chap. He writes stories about horses that children love. We're good friends, but I would never have said that he was a paragon of equanimity.

"My wife suggests I talk to you," I said. "What have you got? Tranquillizers?"

He just grinned. Then he told

Condensed from Sarasota Herald Tribune

me what had happened to him. "I had to drive to the city the other day. You know what that's like these days," he said.

Who didn't? Construction work is going on, and the miles are tortuous, with bumpy detours from one unfinished lane to the other unfinished lane, with the pace set by the slowest driver.

"I had a 15-year-old boy with me," Walter went on. "Friend of the family who wanted a lift into town. At one point I got behind a big lorry—the kind you can't even see round. Several times I tried to pass him, only to whip back as cars came the other way.

"I was ready to scream, when this boy—this 15-year-old boy—reached over and touched me on the shoulder.

"'Don't worry about the small stuff, Mr. Farley!' the boy told me."

It hit him like a bomb, Walter said. He slowed down and began watching the scenery. It was nice, something he was noticing for the first time, with trees and glimpses of the bay.

"What that kid said got me thinking about the 'big stuff' I could worry about, if I wanted to worry at all," Walter told me. "But that lorry in front? Small stuff, really, like spots on my white dinner jacket or somebody spilling a martini into my lap.

"This is the first completely relaxed evening that I can remember.

Two or three things have happened that would once have infuriated me. Now I just think, 'Don't worry about the small stuff,' and the irritation goes away."

He grinned at me and got up to go and dance with his wife. When I went looking for my wife, she was still dancing with the handsome bachelor and looking entranced. My temper stirred.

"Don't worry about the small stuff," I said to myself, and cut in.

"Thank heavens," my wife whispered. "What a bore—and the worst dancer on the floor!"

I won't insist that the boy's comment changed my life. But during the next few weeks, when the normal, human quota of irritants occurred, I found that I could forestall the quick flare of temper. My wife and I have talked about it several times. What is the "big stuff" it's all right to worry about? We made a list together.

Our health. The health of our children. Their happiness and ours. A certain amount of security. The keeping of good, close friends. Love and understanding between us. Doing the things that are important to ourselves, our loved ones.

A pillowcase lost in the laundry? The traffic lights that take so long to change? The washing machine breaks? The children argue? Small stuff. Too little to spoil a day, an hour, a moment.

I don't know the boy, but I think of him often—him and his wisdom.



WHEN YOU'RE TIRE
FOR COMFORT
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COMFORT IS A FACT

In the Lead— JIM CLARK

"He is the greatest racing driver the world has ever seen," says Lotus-designer Colin Chapman

"Moteurs!" The command rang out at 3 p.m., and for one long moment last July, all the klaxons of hell seemed concentrated at Clermont-Ferrand in the Auvergne Mountains of France. The starter's flag fell, and to a roar from 50,000 spectators, 17 Formula 1 racing cars hurtled off the starting grid for the first lap of the 1965 French Grand Prix, oldest motor race in the world

As the howling machines disappeared into the hills, the grandstand crowd lapsed into silence, eyes riveted on a spot 400 feet below, where the asphalt track curled like a thin, black snake between two green hills. There, any second now, the leading car would appear. The noise came first: the rising nasal whine of a V-8 engine; the gastric grunts as its driver worked down through the gears from fifth to second for a 60-m.p.h. bend; the throaty snarl as he stepped on the throttle, flashed into the open at 90 m.p.h. and



Condensed from *Time*



vanished round still another bend

Who was it? The car was green
No 6 driver wore a blue helmet,
"Clark," somebody shouted, and
suddenly the crowd was chanting,
"Clark! Clark! Clark!" Sure
enough, just 3 minutes 29 seconds
after it had left the starting grid,
Jim Clark's Lotus Climax swept
into full view of the cheering stands
'*C'est formidable!*' gasped one
tired Frenchman. Sighed another,
'*C'est termine*' ("It's all over")

And so it was. After just one lap,
Clark was already 100 yards ahead
of his nearest pursuer. But for 39
more laps, he coolly poured it on
until he had lapped all but three of
his rivals, smashed the official lap re-
cord (81.59 m.p.h.) three times in
succession and 15 times in all, even-
tually raising it to a fantastic 90.59
m.p.h. And he did it on a course
that ranks as one of the toughest in
the world—51 bends and 30 gear
changes per five mile lap, an aver-
age of one gear change every seven
seconds.

The Man to Beat. His triumph
proved once again that James Clark,
O.B.E., of Edington Mains, Chirn-
side, Berwickshire, Scotland, is the
world's winningest man on wheels.
Today, at 29, he has raced and won
in rear-engined cars, front-engined
cars, sports cars, grand touring cars,
saloons and Formula Juniors. In
1963 Clark became the youngest
Grand Prix champion in the history
of motor racing, set another record
by winning seven out of the ten

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IN THE LEAD—JIM CLARK

events that counted towards the title.* In five short, incredible years, Clark has won more world championship Grand Prix races than anybody else. Lotus designer Colin Chapman puts it emphatically: "Jim Clark is the greatest racing driver the world has ever seen."

Motor racing is as old as the second car. The first organized race was 71 years ago, in 1894, and it was won by a bowler-hatted French nobleman, the Marquis de Dion, who drove his steamer from Paris to Rouen, a distance of 79 miles, at an average speed of 11.9 m.p.h. Dare-devil de Dion could not possibly have guessed the contagion he was spreading. Other races followed quickly.

By 1903, three million fans were turning out to watch a road race from Paris to Madrid. In the United States a year earlier, a farmer's son, Henry Ford, had driven "the fastest car in the world" 91.37 m.p.h. on the cinder-covered ice of Lake St. Clair. Before long an enchanted public was thrilling to the exploits of a whole new set of heroes, helmeted hotspurs who risked life and limb in the glorious pursuit of speed.

The biggest one-day sports attraction in the United States is the

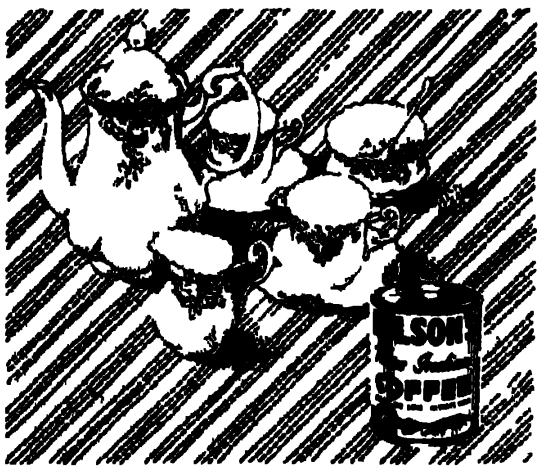
Indianapolis 500. Estimated attendance last May 31: 300,000. Germany's top sports-car race, the 1,000 kilometres of Nürburgring, regularly attracts more than 300,000 fans. Japan staged its first "grand prix" race in 1963. Promoters were stunned when no fewer than 360 would-be Jim Clarks signed up to compete and 170,000 enthusiastic spectators turned out to cheer them on.

Chores and Concentration. Nearly everyone who drives a car thinks, at one time or another, about beating the driver in the next lane. Car firms do their best to enhance the illusion: naming cars "Le Mans," "Monza," "G.T.O.," "Grand Prix"; equipping them with bucket seats. But the fact that a fellow goes vroom-vroom, slides around the streets, breaks the speed limit and scares people doesn't mean that he is a racing driver. Racing isn't all noise and speed and excitement. It is tedious little chores: counting revs, gauging distances, plotting trajectories. It is absolute concentration, the kind it takes to flick through a corner in driving rain at the limit of tyre adhesion, the point at which one more mile-per-hour will send the car hurtling off the road. It is good driving at its best.

Handsome, hazel-eyed Jim Clark is the perfect pro driver. At five feet 7¾ inches and ten stone ten, he is even the perfect size: small enough to squeeze into the two-foot-wide cockpit of a 1,000-lb. Formula I car,

* Although more than a score of Grand Prix races are held each year in various countries, only these ten count in the scoring that determines the world champion: the South African Grand Prix, the Belgian, Monacan, French, British, Dutch, German, Italian, U.S. and Mexican. Drivers receive nine points for first place, six for second, four for third, three for fourth, two for fifth and one point for sixth.

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big enough to see over its bonnet. He has the hands and arms of a jockey; his eyesight is phenomenal. His reflexes are incredibly fast. Clark's business adviser, John Stephenson, remembers a mid-winter ride in a saloon car with Jim two years ago. "The road was wet and frosty," says Stephenson. "Suddenly we were going into a tight downhill left-hander. I estimated it as a 70-m p.h. corner—but there we were doing 90. The tail started to go, and I thought this is it. Then Jim made a tiny correction with the steering wheel, and we were through the corner. All he said was, 'Wee bit slippery back there.'"

What's more, Clark loves his work. Not many Grand Prix drivers do. In the last 20 years, 50-odd drivers have been killed in Grand Prix racing. Clark's nerves are fine. "When I'm going flat out, drifting through a corner, I'm not driving a car, really," says Jim. "I'm putting myself through that corner. The car happens to be under me and I'm driving it, but I'm part of it and it's part of me."

At the age of nine Jim Clark began studying every move his father made as he drove the family Austin Seven around the fields of the Clark's 1,200-acre Berwickshire farm. One evening Clark's mother glanced out of the window to see the Austin rolling merrily across a field, apparently with nobody at the wheel. "Jim was told he must never do that again," says Mrs. Clark.

1965

"But you can't watch an active boy all the time, can you?"

By the time he was 18, Clark had his own car, a Sunbeam Talbot, and he began competing in local rallies. In 1958, he joined the Border Rovers, a Scottish motor-racing club whose dark-blue crash helmet he still wears. A fellow Border Rover recalls, "Jim drove so fast that most people were scared stiff to sit next to him." That same year Clark met Colin Chapman, a young engineer who had set up shop in 1952 at Lotus Cars. It was the start of a lasting friendship.

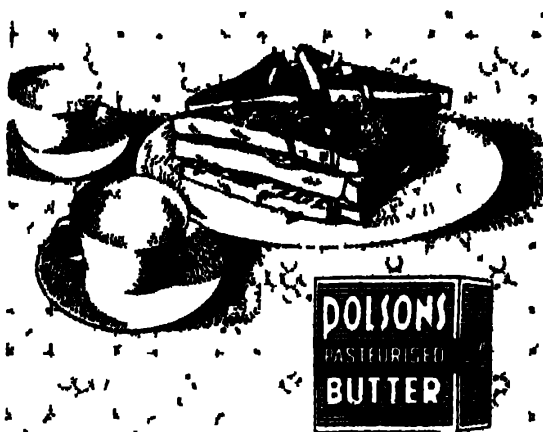
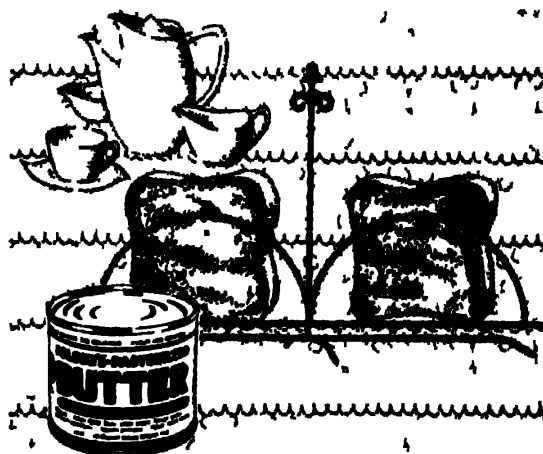
Petrol Tank on Wheels. Chapman was already hard at work on a revolutionary Grand-Prix-car design—a "monocoque" body shell that was actually little more than a steerable petrol tank on wheels. He decided that Clark was just the man to drive it if he could get him. Clark had hoped to drive a Grand Prix car for Aston Martin, but Aston Martin never got round to building it. In the middle of the 1960 season, he switched to Lotus in time for the Dutch Grand Prix.

In that race, Clark's gearbox broke; in the British Grand Prix, it was his suspension. In 1961, Jim drove full-time with Lotus, but even that didn't change his luck. "I can keep up with the other drivers," he said. "I just can't keep up with their cars."

In 1962 it looked like the same story all over again. Jim was leading the Dutch Grand Prix when

123

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he lost three of his five gears. At Monaco he was running second when his engine blew up. Before the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa, mechanics worked all night to install a new engine and gearbox in Clark's Lotus. Then next day Jim worked his way into the lead on the ninth lap, and ran away with the race for his first Grand Prix score. Before the year was out, he had won two more.

Out in Front. After that, it suddenly got easier to count Clark's losses than his victories. In 1963, he won in the Netherlands with the wrong tyres and steered to victory in Belgium with one hand, using the other to hold his slipping gear lever safely in fifth. All told, Jim won seven Grand Prix, bettering Alberto Ascari's 13-year-old record.

Last year evil luck dogged Clark again, with all sorts of things going wrong with his cars. But this year it's different. In his smashing victory at Indianapolis last May, he led for all but ten of the 200 laps, became the first foreigner to win the Indianapolis 500 since Dario Resta in 1916. (His cash prize: Rs. 8 lakhs.) He became the first man ever to top 100 m.p.h. in South Africa on East London's tricky, twisting

track. At Spa last June, thunderstorms made the trip a little dicier than Jim expected, but he still scored his fourth straight victory in the Belgian Grand Prix and left the rest of the field strung out one and a half miles behind.

The Compensations. The trouble with being a hero is living up to it, which for Clark means living at a frantic pace. But there are compensations. His gross income from racing this year could top Rs. 11 lakhs. And there is fame. Jim Clark is already the most famous Scot since Robert Burns. Pretty girls strain against police barricades pleading for his attention; small boys dog his footsteps. His fan mail runs to 100 or more letters a week.

Jim Clark is still shy: "If you're a Scot, you don't push yourself forward. That's the way I was brought up."

He can't quite get it into his head that he is a celebrity. And his idea of a really good time is to tug on kangaroo-skin gloves, climb into his little Lotus Elan and go driving through the Scottish countryside.

"Actually," says Jim Clark, "the only time I'm relaxed is when I'm behind the wheel."



Thought for the Future

"*WE ARE NOW* at the point," says anthropologist Margaret Mead, "where we must educate people in what nobody knew yesterday and prepare in our schools for what no one knows yet, but what some people *must* know tomorrow."

—G.F.

Mrs. Miniver's Christmas Day

By JAN STRUTHER



The time comes but once a year—and makes up for everything

HOWEVER MUCH one groaned about it beforehand, however much one hated arranging decorations and doing up parcels and ordering several days' meals in advance—when it actually happened Christmas Day was always fun.



Mrs. Miniver, Jan Struther's delightful story, became an outstanding best seller and was later adapted into a popular wartime film.

It began in the same way every year: the handle of Mrs. Miniver's bedroom door being turned just loudly enough to wake her up, but softly enough not to count as waking her up on purpose; Toby glimmering like a moth in the dark doorway, clutching a nobbly Christmas stocking in one hand and holding up his pyjama trousers with the other.

"Toby! It's only six o'clock!"

Condensed from "Mrs. Miniver," © 1939 and published by Chatto & Windus, London. The book is now out of print

"But, Mummy, I can't tell the time." He was barefoot and shivering, and his eyes were like stars.

"Come here and get warm, you little *goat*." He was into her bed like a flash, stocking and all. The tail of a clockwork dog scratched her shoulder.

A few minutes later another head appeared round the door, a little higher up.

"Judy, darling, it's *too* early, honestly."

"I know, but I heard Toby come in, so I knew you must be awake."

"All right, you can come into bed, but you've got to keep quiet. Daddy's still asleep."

And then a third head, higher up still, and Vin's deeper voice.

"I say, are the others in here? I thought I heard them."

By that time, of course, Mr. Miniver was awake, too. The old transparent stratagem had worked to perfection once more: there was nothing for it but to switch on the lights, shut the windows, and admit that Christmas Day had definitely begun.

The three right hands—Vin's strong and broad, Judy's thin and flexible, Toby's still a starfish—plunged in and out of the three distorted stockings, until there was nothing left but the time-hallowed tangerine in the toe. Their methods were as different as their hands. Vin examined each object carefully before he went on to the next. Judy, talking the whole time, pulled

all her treasures out in a heap, took a quick glance at them and went straight for the one she liked best. Toby pulled all his out, too, but he arranged them in a neat pattern on the eiderdown and looked at them for a long time in complete silence. Then he picked up one of them—a big glass marble with coloured squirls inside—and put it by itself a little way off. After that he played with the other toys, appreciatively enough; but from time to time his eyes would stray towards the glass marble, as though to make sure it was still waiting for him.

Mrs. Miniver watched him with a mixture of delight and misgiving. It was her own favourite approach to life: but the trouble was that sometimes the marble rolled away.

To the banquet of real presents which was waiting downstairs, the stocking toys, of course, were only an *apéritif*; but they had a special and exciting quality of their own. Perhaps it was the atmosphere in which they were opened—the chill, the black window-panes, the unfamiliar hour; or perhaps it was merely that the spell of the old Santa Claus legend still persisted.

There were cross-currents of pleasure, too: smiling glances exchanged by Mrs. Miniver and Vin about the two younger children (she remembered suddenly, having been an eldest child, the unsurpassable sense of grandeur that such glances gave one); and by her and Mr. Miniver, because they were both grown-ups;

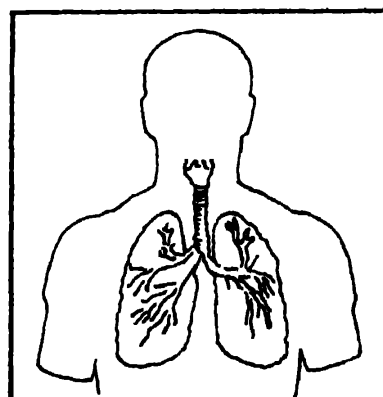
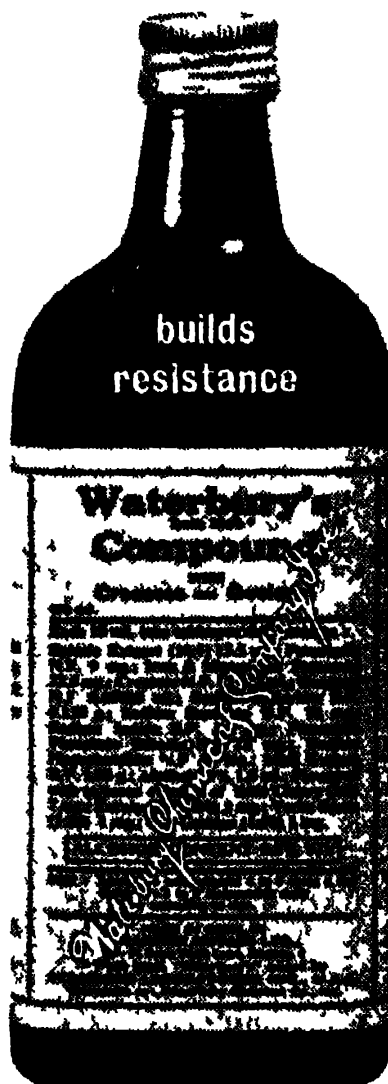
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and by her and Judy, because they were both women; and by her and Toby, because they were both the kind that leaves the glass marble till the end. The room was laced with an invisible network of affectionate understanding.

This was one of the moments, thought Mrs. Miniver, which paid off at a single stroke all the accumulations on the debit side of parenthood: the morning sickness and the quite astonishing pain; the pram in the passage, the cold mulish glint in the cook's eye; the pungent white mice, the shrivelled caterpillars; the plasticine on the door-handles, the nameless horrors down

the crevices of armchairs; the swallowed button, the inexplicable earache, the ominous rash appearing on the eve of a journey; the school bills and the dentists' bills; the shortened step, the tempered pace, the emotional compromises, the divided loyalties, the adventures continually forsworn.

And now Vin was eating his tangerine; Judy had undressed the favourite doll and was putting on its frock again back to front; Toby was turning the glass marble round and round against the light, trying to count the squirrels. There were sounds of movement in the house. Christmas Day had come again.



Ways of the World

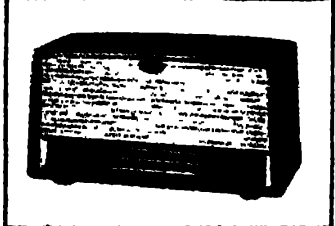
ZOO OFFICIALS in Copenhagen have bought a farm where zoo animals are sent for short periods "to get away from it all."

HOUSEWIVES in Citerna, Italy, are happy about their new mayor, writer Flora Volpini. Her first official act was to install four washing-machines in a public place, for the free use of all. Many Citerna housewives had previously done their washing along the banks of the Cierfone River.

IN FRANCE the Catholic Church has branded driving faults as sins which must be confessed by the faithful. Speeding, illegal overtaking and drunken driving should be included in the confessional among "sins of pride." Excess pride, a spokesman for the French bishops explained, is often responsible for speeding.

A SPORTS-GOODS firm has built above its shop in the heart of Tokyo a 60-foot cliff for would-be mountain climbers, who pay about Rs. 2 an hour—plus insurance—for instruction. The 84-degree man-made cliff, with ledges, ridges and hooks for ropes, cost about Rs. 1 lakh.

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SCIENCE EXPLORES ANTARCTICA

Man is by no means conquering nature in this harsh and bewitching land, but he is unlocking many of her secrets

BY IRA WOLFERT

EXPLORING a continent is one of man's oldest adventures. Never before, though, has he had a chance to do it the way it is being done in the Antarctic today. In 1961, 12 nations ratified a treaty agreeing to reserve Antarctica exclusively for scientific research for 30 years. As a result, scientists are now busily pursuing an intense programme of research and exploration on a year-round basis. It is a fantastic project, unique in history.

They are at work in an amazing land, nearly twice the size of the United States. The South Pole itself is in the midst of nothing at all—just flat, blank, snow-covered ice. But elsewhere on the continent there are jagged mountains, with all but their peaks buried in ice and snow; a lake—covered by more than 12 feet of ice—whose depths register a temperature of 80 degrees F. (27 degrees

C), violet and green ice, a smoking volcano; penguins in rookeries of many thousands, sometimes hundreds of thousands. There were times when I felt that I was walking in the sky because a sunset had encased me, the fields of snow reflecting the hues in the sky with breathtaking accuracy. At other times, when I exhaled, a bloom of tiny exquisite ice crystals shimmered into the air and fell like a rain of diamonds.

The coldest temperature officially recorded on earth was minus 126.9 degrees F. (– 88.2 degrees C.) at one of the Russian bases in Antarctica. The mean annual temperature at the South Pole is minus 56.7 degrees F. (– 48.2 degrees C.). Over much of the rest of the continent, it is usually 40 degrees below zero or worse. "It's the world's most fascinating icebox," one scientist said.

SCIENCE EXPLORES ANTARCTICA

Touch-and-Go Landings. Of the Antarctic programmes being carried on by various countries, the United States' is the most extensive. Geologists, biologists, meteorologists, algologists, glaciologists, cartographers, aqualung divers—in all, more than 3,200 Americans—were at work on and round the continent during the 1964–65 season and some 27 million dollars (Rs. 12 crores) was spent.

Is the operation efficient? "They've got it so well organized that a party of geologists can do in two months what, until this year, would have taken three entire seasons," says geologist Dr. Charles Bentley.

Weather permitting, never a day goes by that planes and helicopters are not giving aid to researchers. It is not unusual for 12 aircraft to be aloft at once, flying supplies to the South Pole, doing aerial mapping, reconnoitring terrain for men travelling over land never before trod by human feet, making touch-and-go landings to drop off or pick up field parties.

"A touch-and-go landing," explained Lieutenant-Commander Bert Johnson as we were about to make one, "is where you touch the ground to see if it's safe and go like hell if it isn't."

Radio-Carrying Penguins. From October to March the daylight lasts 24 hours, and work goes on round the clock in 12-hour shifts. At two o'clock one morning, with the sun

shining brightly, the American supply base near McMurdo Sound was alive with typically varied and extraordinary activities.

A traxcavator (an excavating and forklift truck on tracks) lumbered by with a load of snow to melt for water. It was followed by a tractor hauling an 80-foot sled train full of materials for the permanent housing (built to last 30 years) now going up at McMurdo to replace plywood and canvas huts constructed when exploration was on a maybe-never-again basis. The new housing will have electric heating from a nuclear power plant, hot-and-cold running water from desalinated sea-water pumped out from under the ice, plus refrigerators to keep food from freezing.

On McMurdo Sound itself, Arthur DeVries was preparing to trap fish to study their metabolism. He attached one end of a net to a harness, the harness to a seal, then shoved the seal down a hole in the ice. The nearest hole was a quarter of a mile away. When the seal came up through that one, the harness was unhooked and what everybody else had thought was impossible—spreading a large net *under* ten feet of ice—was accomplished by DeVries without taking his pipe out of his mouth.

Four men took off in a helicopter. Two of them, who called themselves sea-cowboys, were on their way to brand seals in an effort, eventually, to gauge their ages and trace their

wanderings. The other two, trying to determine how penguins are able to navigate so precisely over such vast distances across the featureless landscape, were carrying tiny radio transmitters to strap on to the birds so their course could be tracked.

Meanwhile, at the South Pole, ten men were starting out in three tractors on a two-month, 900-mile zig-zag traverse, through unexplored territory, towards the abandoned Soviet station at the Antarctic's farthest inland point, sometimes called the Pole of Relative Inaccessibility. Hooked on behind the tractors were six trailers carrying scientific instruments, spare parts, explosives and three tons of food. The trailers rode on enormous tyres in which extra fuel for the trip was stored.

A Window on the Unknown. There were more than 70 scientific research projects in the Antarctic this season. One of the continent's attractions is that it is a land mass surrounded by an ocean, unlike the Arctic which is an ocean surrounded by land. In the Antarctic, polar conditions and science can meet on a stable platform, where prolonged studies are possible.

Seals, for instance, have become a subject of lively interest in fields as diverse as medicine, sonar and submarine design. Physiologists have found that seals are able to shut off the circulation in their outer surface and extremities to concentrate the blood in the vital organs so they can conserve their oxygen supply. The

Weddell seal can hold its breath for more than 30 minutes and can dive to the hull-crushing depth of 1,400 feet. It is thought that this seal navigates under ice by making sounds—one of which is hauntingly melodious—and reading the echoes.

Biologists were amazed to find that the Antarctic Ocean supports larger numbers (although fewer kinds) of plants and animals than any other. (Among these is the biggest animal in the world, the Blue Whale.) Scientists worrying about feeding the world's expanding population are studying this phenomenon with interest.

The Antarctic also provides a window on unknown facets of nature's mechanisms. For example, tropical trees and plants once grew on the continent. In several places, petrified wood 270 million years old and coal beds up to 25 feet thick have been found. The coal is hard, and many slabs are imprinted with different ancient plant fossils. It is like turning the pages of a book.

Is the tropics-to-deep-freeze climate change temporary or permanent? Is it the result of a variation in solar activity? Or of the continent's breaking off and drifting away from some previous position closer to the Equator? Or of some alteration of the earth's axis?

These questions are of moment to all of us, as about 90 per cent of the ice on earth is in the Antarctic. If it were ever to melt, the level of all the oceans would be raised some 250

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feet, redrawing the map of the earth. Even a thaw too minor to make any significant change in ocean levels could in the long run affect the global weather pattern profoundly.

Landscape With Booby Traps.

Some of the greatest hazards to man in Antarctica occur when abnormal conditions cause one of nature's booby traps to explode in his face. I learned about this in a "white-out."

I had left camp for a stroll, when the colour of the air began to change. I was soon enveloped in a uniform white light that blotted out shadows and made depth perception impossible. Air and ground had become the same colour, and I had the eerie feeling that I was wandering round inside a ping-pong ball. Explanation: light was being reflected back and forth between white cloud layer and white snow, destroying all contrasts, and making it impossible to tell where the sky finished and the ground began.

The inevitable happened. I put my foot down on what turned out to be empty air over a gully and fell and slid some 20 feet. Fortunately, I had worn two of the three pairs of gloves I had been issued, and after I climbed out of the gully I threw a glove ahead of me at each step to make sure that what I was about to put my foot on was really there. I was learning that this is still a country where you can walk five minutes in any direction away from a base and find yourself lost.

Then there is the wind. It comes

up in no time, and the French reported its reaching a speed of 200 miles an hour before the instruments at their base broke. There is no overture of sound. Abruptly you are engulfed in the drumming and shrieking of a blizzard that goes on and on unceasingly—for nine days once, while I was there.

"Men haven't conquered nature anywhere, here least of all," said Major Adrian Hayter, commander of New Zealand's Scott Base. "They've only found the terms under which nature will permit them to operate."

Roads to Survival. Nature has equipped every living thing in the Antarctic except man, who is an outsider, with boundlessly ingenious natural devices for enduring the harsh climate. The fish have certain chemical substances in their blood which, scientists think, act as anti-freeze and keep their body fluids from freezing. The insects, of which 60 species have been discovered, are active only when the sun has heated their surroundings above freezing. "They have a practically instantaneous reversible hibernation," says entomologist J. Linsley Gressitt. "When in cold-stupor, they can be activated simply by breathing on them." If ice forms over their resting place as they sleep, they can wait a long time for it to melt—some insects have revived themselves from hibernations thought to have lasted 70 years.

Do these marvellous devices

enable any of these creatures to do more than merely struggle to survive? During a week-end with 60,000 penguins, I found indications that these wonderful birds seem to enjoy a remarkably successful adaptation to the harsh environment.

The Adélie penguins spend most of their time on ice floes at sea. They feed on shrimps, and, though they cannot fly, they can swim at speeds up to 30 m.p.h. Every October, they go ashore to breed, finding their way to the same spot in the same rookery.

After the female lays her two eggs, she returns to the sea to restore her depleted body, and the male takes over the domestic duties. He can go without food for as long as six weeks.

Welcome Home. At Cape Hallett, I saw the females returning to the rookery. Plump, sleek, shining, their white spotless, their black gleaming, they waddled in large groups over the ice and separated to go to their respective nests.

I could not stop grinning. The Adélies demonstrate emotion for one another graphically in what scientists call "mutual display." In each nest when a female returned,

the male jumped up from the eggs, stood on tiptoe facing his mate, and, with head and neck swaying, let out repeated, raucous "ga-ga-ga" noises.

At the end, when the male had started off to feed himself and the female had taken over the nest, I noticed that she would stand up every now and then, look down at the eggs under her and go into mutual display all over again.

On to the Moon. On my way back to the United States, I stopped in Christchurch, New Zealand. There I talked to a National Aeronautics and Space Administration representative from Washington who is involved in planning for the exploration of the moon. "We're keeping an eye on the Antarctica programme," he told me. "It's as close as men can come on earth to doing the job we're likely to want to do."

So a great new age of exploration is speeding through its dawn. Once nations looked to their explorers for gold. Today, in the Antarctic or on the moon, it is knowledge. That is not so different as it seems, for, in the final analysis, knowledge is the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Juvenile Crime

*I*N A SHOP a young boy stood in front of the fruit counter stuffing fruit into his mouth as fast as he could. No parent was in sight, and the inexperienced girl cashier stood helplessly by. Suddenly a woman appeared, stared in horror at her son and shouted, "Johnny! Not so fast!"

—H. J. J.



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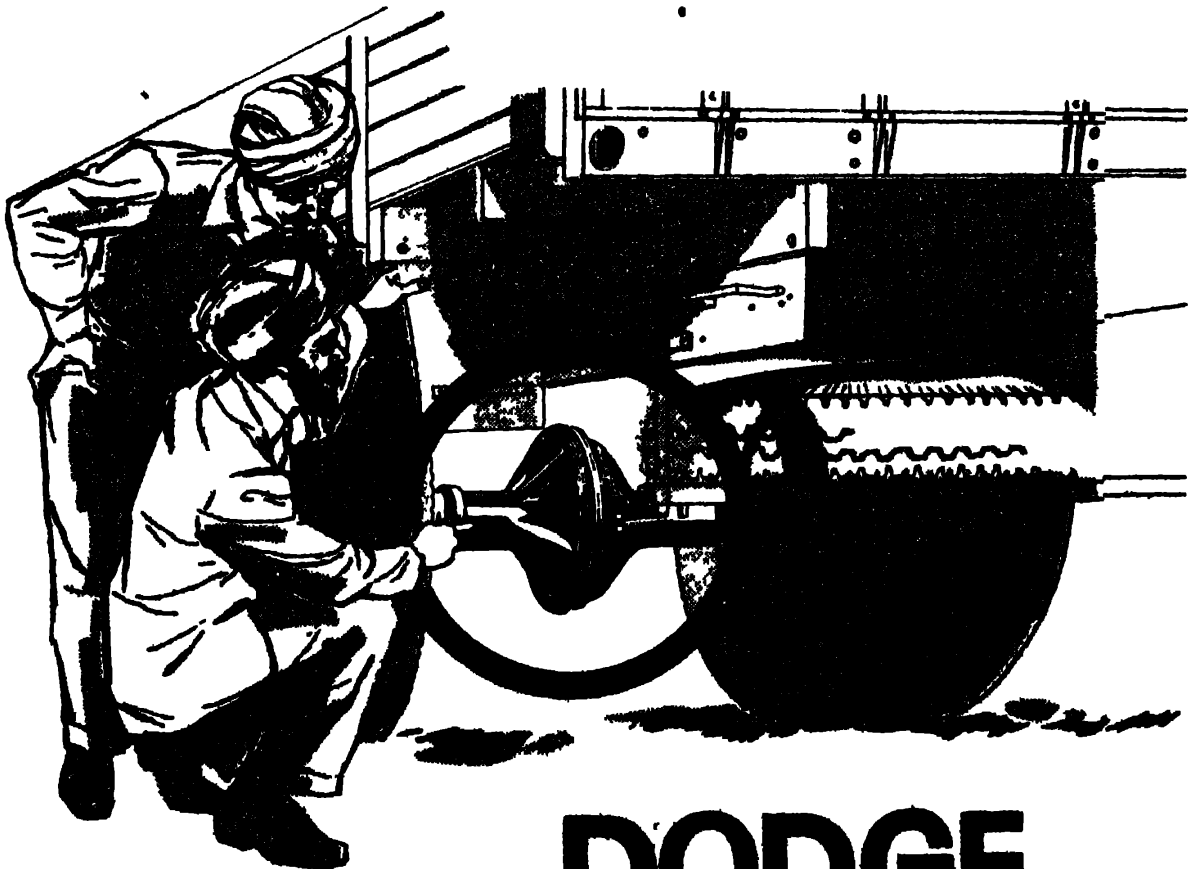
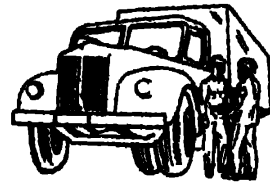
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"He was the best part of a human being, the innocent part that sees things with wonder"

SHORTLY after we moved to Los Angeles, my wife, Dee, and I began to notice that angels were playing music outside our bedroom window every morning. From somewhere, we didn't know where, came the sound of a harp. And then one day, over the tall fence that surrounded our garden, flew a badminton shuttlecock. I went next door to return it. The man who answered the door was Harpo Marx.

But it was not the Harpo Marx known to generations of cinema-goers round the world. Without his make-up—the fright wig, the battered hat, the long coat, the klaxon horn—he was a dignified, bald-headed little gentleman with smiling, young pixie eyes.

When I was a small boy, growing up in the wreckage of a broken marriage, I used to skip school and pay a dime to sit all day and most of the night in the cinema. The whole world was poor then. There was something going on called the Depression, something a child couldn't understand—but I knew it was bad. And in the middle of all the badness there were these films—the Marx Brothers pictures, and they made you scream and jump with laughter, and the world wasn't so poor then.



Harpo Marx AND THE GIFT OF LAUGHTER

BY ALLAN SHERMAN

Condensed from "A Gift of Laughter,"
© 1965 by Allan Sherman

As long as you could smile, you knew things were going to get better.

Where Has All the Fun Gone?

I saw them all—*A Day at the Races*, *A Night at the Opera*, *Monkey Business*, *Horse Feathers*, *Duck Soup*, *Animal Crackers*—I saw them all, not once but over and over again until I could do the jokes by heart. I could go flapping round with my knees bent low like Groucho, with a pencil in my mouth like a cigar, leering and making my eyebrows go up and down. I was never too good at imitating Harpo, though. I could make big eyes and roll them round, and I could flub my lips. But there was always something about him I couldn't imitate. Now I know what it was. It was the simplicity of the man, the beauty inside, the thing that God gives to maybe one in every 50 million of us: the ability to see and to laugh and to give joy to others in a way so special that you *can't* imitate it.

Harpo was a child who never grew up. He was the best part of a human being, the innocent part that sees things with wonder. He could see where the reality is, inside all of us, where there is a warm place,

bubbling with fancy and laughter and music and playfulness and love. Most of us get so scared, so civilized, that we invent a disguise for ourselves, and we walk round looking serious and acting self-important, and we call it Grown Up. So here we all are in our Grown Up suits, busy doing our Grown Up jobs, rushing our children to get Grown Up as fast as possible; and where has all the fun gone to, and why does the music sound so far away?

Well, Harpo Marx had the good sense and the great gift never to Grow Up, and that was the soul of his comedy. Harpo made eyes at pretty girls the way we all wish we had the nerve to do; and he invented harps out of broken pianos, and piccolos out of strands of spaghetti; and wherever he was, there was music for everyone, and laughter. And when he was sad he was so terribly sad that we could see that there is even something funny in that, and so we laughed and forgot some of the things that made *us* sad. Comedy makes you *feel good*, and that is what Harpo Marx did.

Under the Rubber Tree. Harpo had a home near Palm Springs, but he had rented the house next door to us for the summer to escape the desert heat. I was an unknown (and often unemployed) television producer, and I didn't have much to offer Harpo except a sight of the Second Largest Rubber Tree in the Western Hemisphere, which grew in my back garden. I told him about

ALIAN SHERMAN was a relatively unknown television producer until his album, "My Son, the Folk Singer"—the fastest-selling recording of all time—skyrocketed him into stardom. Subsequent albums and television shows have strengthened his hold on success. He is the author of "A Football for Grandma," a warmly nostalgic story which appeared in *The Reader's Digest* for May 1960.

it. He came over one afternoon to admire it and pick up a few free samples of raw rubber, and he came often after that.

We often went over to Harpo's, too. In fact, a measure of the size of Harpo's heart was that he gave parties so that the celebrities of Hollywood could hear his unknown neighbour sing.

One night Dee and I were walking next door to Harpo's house when an enormous white Cadillac drew up alongside of me. It stopped. The driver said, "Excuse me, boy. Is this the Marx party?"

The speaker was Jack Benny. Beside him was Mary Livingston, his wife.

"Yes, Mr. Benny," I replied. "It's that house right there."

"Will you take care of the car, boy?" Jack Benny asked.

"Sure, Mr. Benny."

He gave me a one-dollar tip and I parked the car. Then I walked back to Harpo's house and mingled with the celebrities. Mary Livingston did a double take when she saw me. "Look," she told Jack, "there's the parking boy."

"It's all right, Mary," Jack explained. "Harpo is a very democratic person."

At this party were all five Marx brothers and many other leading comedians. They were stunned when Harpo asked me to sing some of my parodies. As I was leaving, Mary Livingston said to me, "With all your talent, you shouldn't have

to park cars for a living, young man."

Chasing Flies. At the end of that summer Harpo moved back to Palm Springs. Meanwhile, my world was turned upside down by the success of a comedy record I had made, which became a hit throughout the United States almost overnight. But one thing never changed—my friendship with Harpo. And in the turmoil brought on by sudden riches and popularity his simplicity surely helped save my sanity. Take the day I went up to have lunch with him and Susan at their home.

There were a lot of flies about that day, and I told Harpo about a new way of getting rid of them. You suck them up in a vacuum cleaner, right out of the air, *poof!* Well, Harpo had one of those tremendous factory-type vacuum cleaners, and he thought this was a marvellous fly-removal method. When he turned the thing on, it made a sound like a hundred jet planes all at once. There followed the most beautiful and insane scene I have ever seen in my life: this little bald-headed 75-year-old man who had had five heart attacks went running around and leaping up and down like a kid with a wild new toy, trying to suck up flies in that vacuum cleaner. And he never got *one*. *Not one*. And he was glad, and so was I. Because Harpo never wanted to kill a fly anyway.

It was at that lunch that I worked up the courage to ask Harpo to do

a concert with me. Astonishingly, he agreed, and we scheduled a show on January 19, 1963. It made show-business history. That night when I walked into my dressing-room I found a note written on plain brown wrapping paper. It said:

Dear Allan,

Tonight, as I retire from show business, I pass on to you the advice Bernard Baruch gave to me years ago when I was starting. Baruch said, "If you want to succeed you must always remember three things . . ."

I would gladly tell them to you, Allan, but unfortunately I have forgotten all three.

With great affection,
Harpo

So this was Harpo's last public performance. After Harpo had done his act and played the harp and shuffled off, I walked on stage and took the microphone and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Harpo Marx has been delighting the world for 56 years. And what you have just seen—these beautiful minutes we have just spent with Harpo—this was the last . . . it was Harpo's final . . ."

By now I was weeping so badly I couldn't talk. Three thousand people sat there, watching a short, fat man with glasses crying like a baby. I couldn't pull myself together, and I couldn't leave the stage either. The audience began to mumble. They didn't know what was going on.

Harpo Speaks. And then from

the wings Harpo wandered out, and the audience began to applaud. Harpo waved his hand to stop them, and then he took the microphone from my hand, and for the first time in 56 years, this man that so many people thought was a deaf-mute spoke on a stage. "Allan," he said, "you're too emotional."

Harpo was an old professional, and he knew you don't just stand on a stage like an idiot and cry. He turned to the audience and said, "Now! As I was about to say in 1907 . . ."

They roared. Harpo went on talking, and almost every word got a tremendous laugh, as the audience realized with delight how articulate he really was. Harpo said, "Say, I *like* this talking business. I think I've found a whole new career."

Then he told them he really was leaving show business, and there were yells of "No! No!" and there were many people in the audience weeping. Harpo handed me the microphone and began to amble off the stage, but they wouldn't let him. The standing ovation lasted six or seven minutes. I never expect to see anything like it again. It was an outpouring of love, from children and Grown Ups, love gathered over the years for this man who had spoken so eloquently in every language without saying one word.

Twenty-one months later he was dead, but he left more than a monument, and more than a fortune. He left us all a gift of laughter.

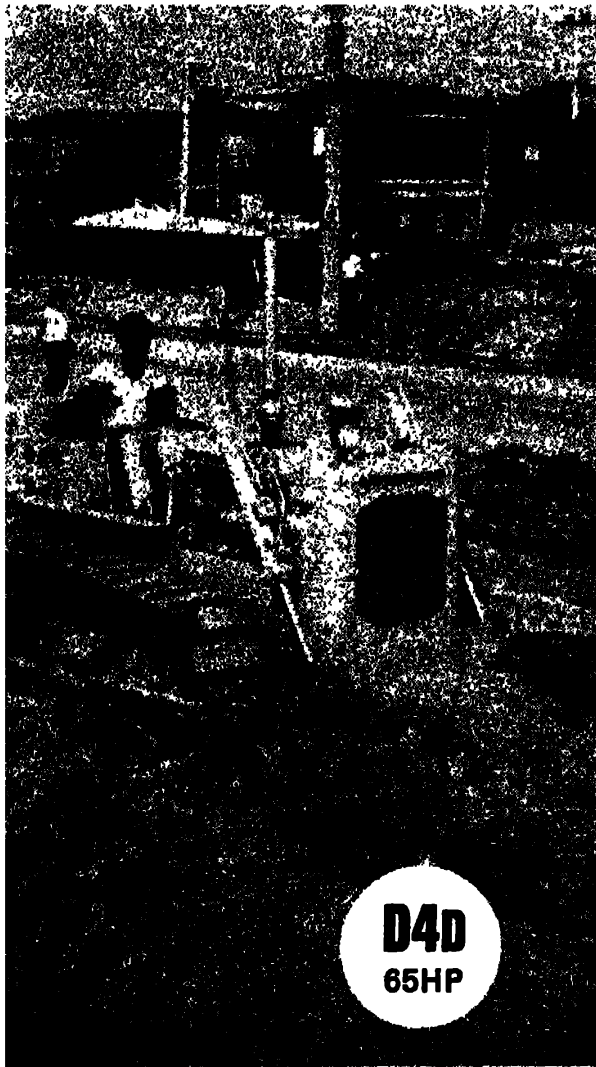


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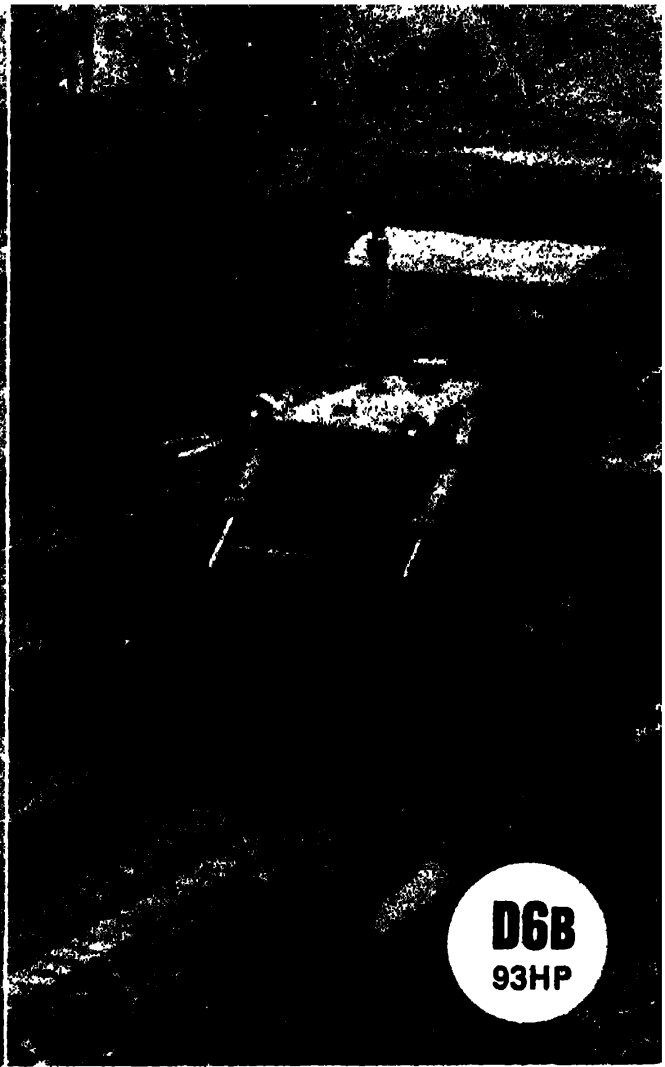
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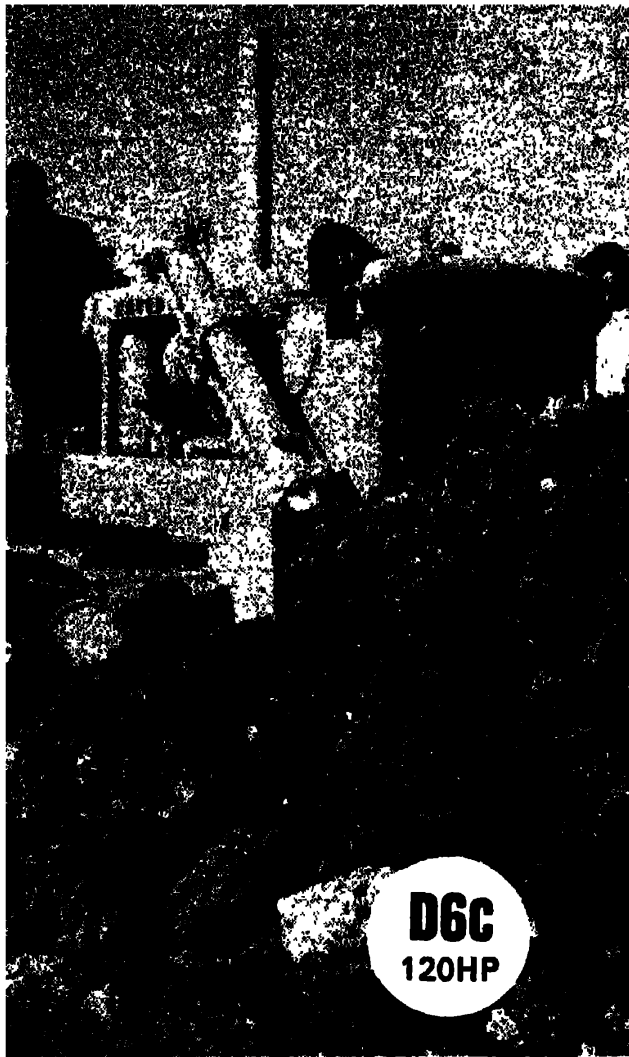


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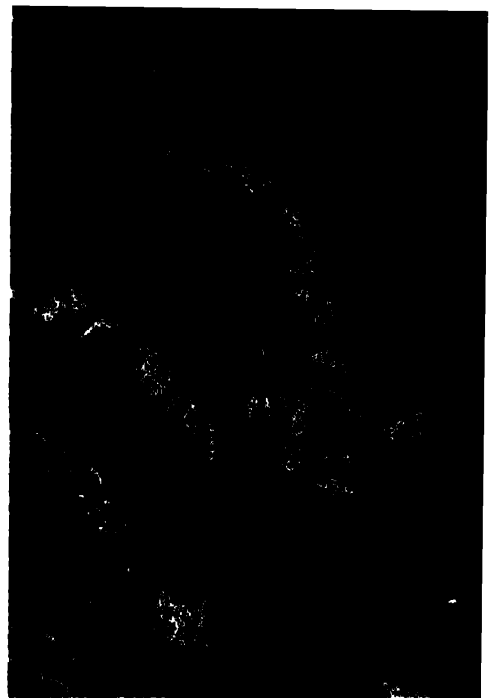
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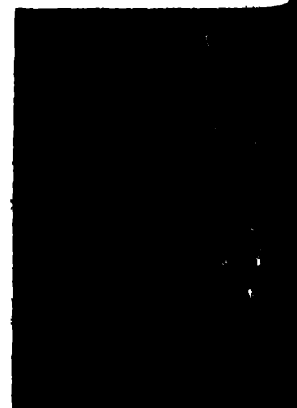
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man's imagination since the dawn of time

*A gold chalice,
seventeenth-century
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GOLD

King of Metals

BY ERNEST HAUSER

GOLD is peculiar stuff, a happy marriage between matter and idea. As the ultimate measure of values, this beautiful metal clatters round the world in an unceasing stream of smoothly finished yellow bars. Its price of £12 10s. (Rs. 166) for a troy ounce, fixed in 1934 and recognized as gold's "official" price throughout the world, is unrelated to demand, supply, or mining and refining costs. In India and many other countries, the law forbids individuals to own it except as jewelry or as collector's coins. Nations use it in their trade with one another, to settle their accounts. And the world's central banks carefully keep it in their coffers as a reserve for paper currencies.

As the basis of so many monetary systems, gold, to most of us, becomes the nearest thing to an abstraction. But gold is also something else—the king of metals and a friend of man. Without it, our civilization would not be the same. Its scientific symbol, indicative of man's long love affair with gold, for centuries was a picture of the sun: ☉;

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it is now *Au*, short for the Latin *aurum*.

Impervious to the ravages of time, not tarnished by air, water, and most corrosives, gold bears the imprint of eternity. Gold has been melted down, recast and melted down so long that the ring you buy today may contain gold that once shone in the necklace of the Queen of Sheba. Gold performs in many guises. Its uses range from pen points to the gold-plated "umbilical cord" connecting walking astronauts with the mother spacecraft.

Goblets from Ur. Bright, lustrous, and astonishingly heavy, gold is more malleable and ductile than any other metal. It has been hammered into sheets as thin as one 250-thousandth of an inch. An ounce of gold can be drawn, without breaking, into a 35-mile wire. Alloyed with other metals to acquire hardness, gold changes its complexion: silver will make it pale, while copper makes it blush; such fancy shades as green, orange, ruby-red and purple can thus be obtained. When you buy gold jewellery a pressed-in quality mark usually tells you how much gold you are getting. The portion of pure gold in any object is expressed in "carats," with 24-carats representing pure gold. An 18-carat ring is made of 18 parts of gold and six parts of alloy.

The modern goldsmith knows of no technique his forebears did not pioneer. The royal tombs of Ur, one of the oldest human settlements,

have yielded diadems and goblets that would look good in a fashionable modern jewellers. And the Etruscans, perhaps the greatest goldsmiths ever, have left the world a little bowl encrusted with 137,000 microscopic golden globules forming a bloom as on a peach—a lost technique whose secret was not discovered until 1933.

Because of its compactness, gold makes a handy store of wealth. A cube of gold a foot long, deep and high, would weigh just over half a ton, be worth about £210,000 (Rs. 28 lakhs). Melt all the gold known to exist above ground—some £23,000 million (Rs. 31 crores') worth—into a single block, and you would get a mass about the size of a large barn.

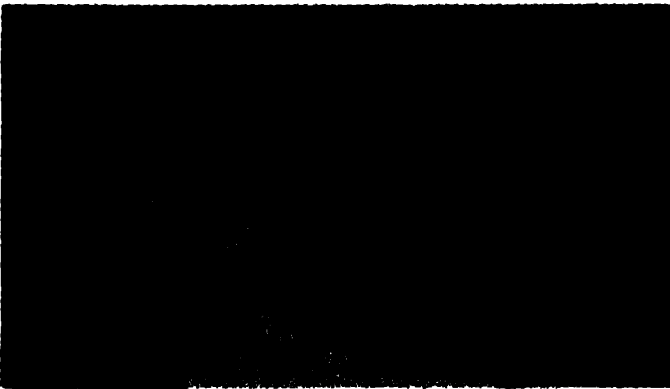
Gold has been used for anything from the ridiculous to the sublime. A Russian tsar played with a life-size golden flea which could jump like a real one. The proud city of Athens crowned its Acropolis with a tall gold-and-ivory statue of Athena, the city's patron goddess, whose golden garment weighed more than a ton. Most of the golden wonders of the ancient world have disappeared. But the visitor to Cairo's Egyptian Museum can still gaze incredulously at King Tutankhamen's gem-studded solid-gold coffin: six feet two inches long, and weighing 2,450 pounds, this is probably the biggest gold object known to exist.

Cash and Carry. It was King Gyges of Lydia who, about 650 B.C., struck the first gold coins. Roughly

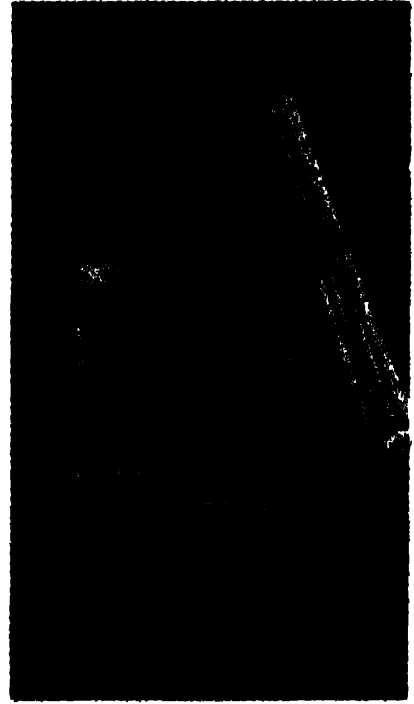


The world's oldest gold coin, shown slightly larger than actual size

From the excavations at Ur, a gold drinking cup of elegant yet simple design

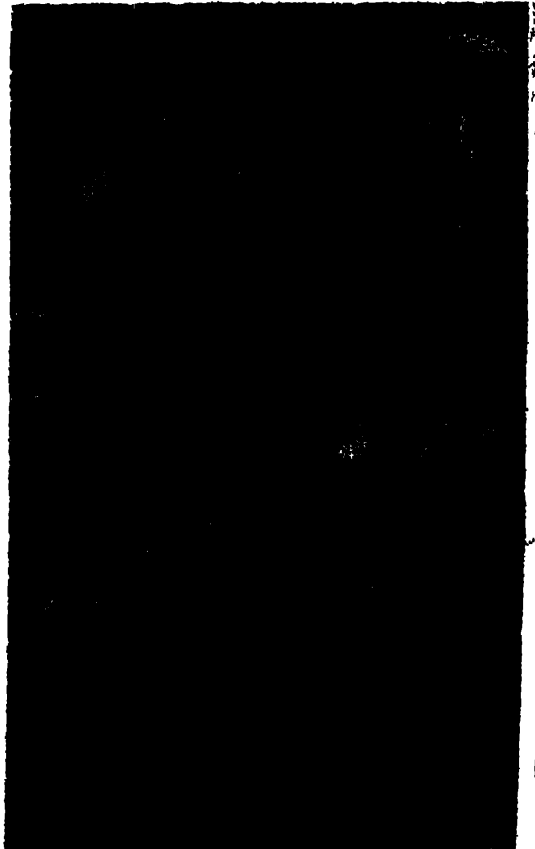


From Mesopotamia, a beaded necklace dating back to 2100 B.C.

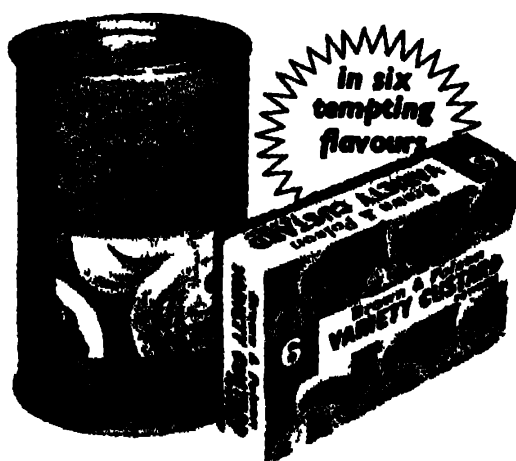


An Iranian dagger and drinking horn from the fifth century B.C.

Illuminated page in gold leaf from a thirteenth-century Bible made in Paris



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the shape of broad beans, these prototypes of all hard cash had a lion, emblem of the king, stamped on one side. A few that have survived are worth as much as £500 (Rs. 6,000) apiece to collectors.

Among the samples Christopher Columbus sent back to Spain from his first transatlantic voyage were a few grains of gold. As Spaniards penetrated the new world, they realized that they had stumbled on to El Dorado. Hernando Cortés, setting foot in Mexico, handed his helmet to the Indians to have it filled with gold dust. And in Peru, Francisco Pizarro, with 180 men, entered what must have seemed to him a wonderland where even ordinary objects, tools and furniture were made of gold. The Spaniards blinked—and helped themselves. For the next 100 years, armed fleets shuttled across the ocean, disgorging their rich cargoes of gold and silver at Seville. Percolating throughout Europe, these riches sparked a revolution that was to turn the age-old barter system into a cash-and-carry industrial economy.

Golden Grains. Gold occurs nearly everywhere. Copper, coal and the clay soil under many cities may hold traces of the noble metal. The sea contains six parts of gold for every billion parts of salt water.

In quantities worth going after, it occurs in two ways: in veins and in loose form. The veins, or lodes, are old fissures in bed-rock into which gold-rich quartz poured from the

earth's interior somewhere between ten million and two million years ago. The loose form, placer gold, was captive in the same tight lodes until erosion washed it out of them. The golden grains skipped downstream and collected in some pocket along the riverbank, where they were pounded into chunks and pellets. If the stream changed its course, they became stuck in the gravel, waiting for finders-keepers.

All major gold-fields were discovered after some near-by nuggets had given them away. The California gold stampede was triggered when James Marshall, one January day in 1848, fished a hatful of shiny grains from the American River at Coloma. The next year, 80,000 men trekked west, and some of them earned up to Rs. 250 a day panning gold. One of the largest single clumps picked up to date—Australia's famous Welcome Nugget found at Ballarat, Victoria, in 1858—weighed 160 pounds.

South Africa's rich Rand mines, opened nearly 80 years ago and now exploring depths of over 11,000 feet, yield more than 70 per cent of the world's total declared production of nearly 2,000 tons a year. Russia ranks second with an estimated 25 per cent. The United States, once the world's largest producer, now contributes less than three per cent.

Melting at 1,945.5 degrees F. (1,063 degrees C.), gold does not change its colour in liquid form. To watch it flow, in a refining plant, is

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a stirring sight. The molten metal is poured into moulds from a small pitcher held with long iron tongs. The pourer's hand has to be steady; a droplet spilled will be a missing ounce. The new-formed bars, whose serial numbers will identify them, leave the refinery in armoured vans.

From then on, almost anything might happen. For every seven gold bars passing through well-chartered channels, one manages to get away and see the world. A worldwide black market, whose contact-points are such places as Bombay, Beirut, Dakar and Hong Kong, absorbs vast quantities of gold. This is not surprising, with prices ranging up to £28 (Rs. 380) for an ounce officially worth £12 10s., and £350 (Rs. 4,500) profit waiting for anyone crossing a border with a single bar-of-chocolate-size ingot.

The Alchemists' Answer. To-day, although no nation uses gold as legal tender, some still mint gold to satisfy the huge demand. Britain turns out shiny sovereigns selling at a fat premium in the bazaars of Asia. American 20-dollar pieces are now made in Italy of slightly finer gold than the originals. They are sold to American tourists at 45 dollars apiece, an illegal purchase and a poor buy at that, as the coin's gold value is 34 dollars. The prudent French, who may buy gold coins legally at any bank, and who

consider them the best insurance against all calamities, now keep at least a quarter of the world's privately held gold stock of 75,000 million francs (Rs. 6,500 crores) in their linen cupboards and mattresses.

For centuries scientists claimed that gold could be obtained artificially, by transmutation, the only question being how. Gowned, bearded alchemists worked in hot, smelly labs, straining to find the "philosophers' stone" that would turn common metals into gold. Today, with cyclotrons replacing crucibles, we can succeed where they failed, using nuclear fission. One would not recommend this as a hobby, to be sure: the physicist would have to start with lead or platinum, and he would finish up with a golden pin-head costing the price of several tons of nature's gold. Still, it would be authentic, man-made gold—the end of a laborious trail.

Geologists assure us that, while there is plenty of gold left in the fields now worked, major new gold strikes are unlikely in the future; in our constant search, we have not overlooked any big field. But whether gold production falls or rises, whether the price per ounce is raised or just allowed to drift, demand for gold will ever outrun the supply. Man will continue to be fascinated with the yellow metal, as he has been for some 6,000 years.

A MILLION years from now the earth may be filled with creatures who stoutly deny that they ever descended from man.

—*The Irish Digest*

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When Your Doctor Examines You

.

By WARREN YOUNG

IT IS AN oddly shaped machine, only a few feet long, rather spongy on the surface and warm to the touch. Within its soft shell uncounted thousands of parts, many as brittle as glass or fragile as moths' wings, are fitted together in the most intricate pattern known. Sturdy little pulleys and ropes of unique design move its girders and beams this way and that. Pumps and bellows spurt precise amounts of liquid or vaporous chemicals through its maze of pipes and chambers. Electrical networks branching like trees carry incessant messages from a computer-like command post to the rest of the apparatus. When all of its delicately balanced parts are performing their marvels as they should, the owner of the machine rarely gives a thought to the precarious complexity upon which he

so depends. The wondrous machine is the human body.

Like the prudent owners of any precision equipment, a good many people take their bodies to their doctor once a year for a check-up. While a quick 15-minute appraisal may sometimes be adequate to take out an insurance policy or to get into the army, a complete study of a patient by a conscientious doctor, who has not previously examined him, takes at least *one full hour*. It can be the most important hour of a person's life.

As the doctor performs the necessary series of procedures, it also becomes a time filled with fearful tension. While the doctor gently pokes and pinches the patient as if he were a fattening calf, thumps him as he would a ripening marrow, listens to him as he might to

Condensed from Life

a broken watch, fixing him all the while with a suspecting eye, the patient's mind dwells darkly upon the mysteries within.

His feelings are sorely mixed. He wishes the doctor would stop being so inquisitive, because it is faintly embarrassing and there is an unspoken fear that the search may stumble upon some hidden horror.

What the Doctor Learns. While the doctor confines himself to murmuring an occasional and ominous "Hmmm!" the patient naturally wonders: "What can he possibly learn from these simple manoeuvres? What is going on in his mind?" The answers for the most part, can be easily understood.

What follows is, in effect, a panoramic tour through one adult patient, over the age of 35, who is not aware of having any serious condition. Every check-up takes different turns, but there are some unchanging principles.

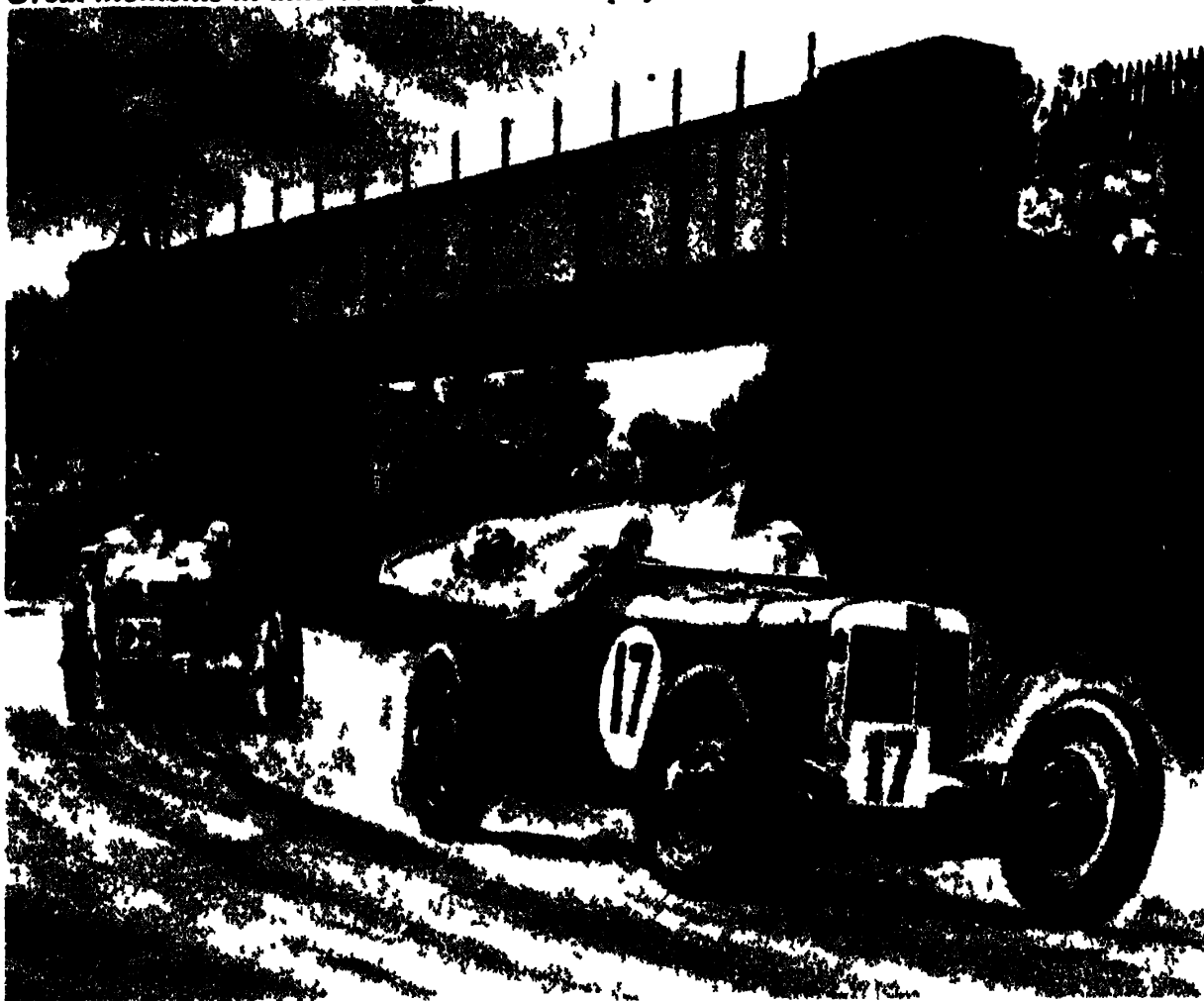
First comes the all-important "history taking," the searching interview which includes questions relating to each system in the body. Just the way a person stands, sits, walks and talks may give the doctor some first clues, and mention of a known pain, malfunction or abnormality will of course focus his attention on areas to which he should give special emphasis. Then, medical history duly recorded, the patient must take off his clothes for a step-by-step detailed appraisal of the body from head to toe.

The Educated Glance. During this examination the doctor depends primarily not on a battery of gadgets or laboratory tests—useful as they are—but on his relatively unaided senses. First of all, on simple visual inspection. Posture and body structure are appraised. The doctor can see at a glance such things as irregularities in the spine that may foretell back trouble, the stooping, tensely held shoulders and barrel chest that may mean chronic asthma or emphysema (malfunction of the air sacs and bronchial tubes), or an abnormally held leg that hints at tuberculosis, or congenital deformity, of the hip. A groove across the chest may have been left long ago by rickets; if the patient is a woman it raises doubts about her ability to give birth without a Caesarean, since the pelvic bones may also have been affected. Multiple deformations of bones can be the sign of calcium metabolism difficulties.

The doctor also scrutinizes the skin carefully. Do loose folds of tissue suggest recent and drastic weight loss? Are there sores or rashes that may be due to improper diet? Wrinkles in a young person may connote a loss of elasticity that needs to be explained. Abnormal skin dryness may have a variety of causes, ranging from a deficiency of thyroid function to diabetes.

Variations in skin colour convey their own signals. A pale hue, for example, flashes a suggestion of pernicious anaemia or bacterial

Great moments in auto racing/Tourist Trophy Race/Northern Ireland/1933



THE DAY OF THE MG

The final laps of the 1933 Tourist Trophy race narrowed down to an MG battle between Hamilton's J4 Midget MG and Nuvolari's K3 Magnette MG. Nuvolari began cutting into Hamilton's lead, pressing his advantage when Hamilton lost valuable time from a bungled pit stop. Charging back onto the track, Hamilton recovered his lead on handicap, both drivers breaking records with each lap. With two laps remaining and a 54-second lead, Hamilton was forced to stop for fuel. On the final lap, Nuvolari, scorning fuel, pulled past Hamilton. As his motor sputtered,



Nuvolari threw up his hands. No gas! Instantly, his mechanic switched to the tiny reserve tank, and Nuvolari blasted the Magnette on to victory. Emphasizing this dramatic battle was the closeness of their average speeds: Nuvolari won with 78.65 mph; Hamilton came in second at 78.46 mph. □ Three decades ago, Veedol was recognized as the motor oil capable of meeting severe lubrication requirements. Today, Veedol automotive oils and greases set lubrication standards. Help your engine to more efficient operation; ask for world-famous Veedol.

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endocarditis. Slightly raised, scarlet marks which look like spiders, with round bodies surrounded by thin, crooked, leglike lines, are swollen capillaries. When they appear during pregnancy, they usually mean nothing. But this "spider angioma" can also be a mark of cirrhosis of the liver.

The doctor will also take a look at the hand. It may have the knobbly knuckles of rheumatoid arthritis, or the weak grip which may mean bursitis of the shoulder or some nerve or muscle impairment. A hand that is cold but dry makes the doctor suspect circulation troubles. Cold and moist, it may mean arthritis or simply emotional tension. The hand of a person with liver disease may be a mottled red, a sign known as "liver palm."

If everything looks all right on this visual inspection, the doctor may write on his chart: "Well developed, well nourished and apparently healthy." He has already arrived at a wealth of opinion about the patient's health—in far less time than it takes to read about it.

Now the activity accelerates. The doctor weighs the patient, places a thermometer in his mouth, wraps a blood-pressure cuff round his arm. "Normal" pressure varies with the individual. Abnormal readings, depending upon degree, suggest a wide number of possibilities to be looked into.

Next the doctor reaches for his otoscope and inspects the ear canal

and eardrum. He is looking for compacted wax, which can interfere with hearing, and for bulging or redness of the drum membrane which could mean infection. Then he reads the thermometer. Interpreting the reading is not always simple. There is a range for normal (between 96.5 and 99 degrees Fahrenheit) rather than a fixed point (98.4)—a fact which, if more generally known, could avert many needless "emergency" calls to the family doctor.

What the Pulse Reveals. Now the doctor places two fingers on the wrist to take the pulse. He may consider the rate normal at anything from 60 to 75 beats a minute for a man (70 to 80 for a woman). He also notes whether it jumps wildly or flutters gently. Some normal pulses miss beats, usually because of anxiety. But intermittent blockage of stimulus to the heart also can cause skipped beats.

While taking the pulse the doctor can usually feel whether the artery is hardened. In some cases of arteriosclerosis, calcium deposits make the arteries in the arm feel as lumpy as a string of beads.

The doctor may also check the pulse in the ankles, especially if he suspects widespread disease of the arteries.

Inhale—Exhale. Next the doctor investigates the patient's breathing. A quick rate of respiration—more than 18 breaths each minute—may be caused by hunger for air:

Profile of an industry



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something could be wrong with oxygen delivery through the wind-pipe into the lungs, and from their air sacs into the bloodstream—or something could be wrong with the red blood cells which deliver it to the tissues. Abnormally slow breathing, shallow inspirations, gasping or rasping, barking, crowing and whistling air-intake patterns—each connotes a possibility of malfunction. The patient's breath may also convey a meaningful odour. The sweetish smell of new-mown hay or of rotting apples, for example, denotes acetone, which may be produced in diabetes or dehydration.

What the Eye Reveals. Now the doctor looks the patient in the eye. In certain cases of goitre, he may find the entire eyeball pushed forward. With the lid closed, he will gently feel each eyeball to see if it is unusually hardened—a sign of glaucoma. If the cornea, the transparent outer covering of the eye, is cloudy or marred by an opaque ring, it may be due to various diseases—among them, tuberculosis and arteriosclerosis. The iris, the coloured area ringing the pupil, may appear dulled, discoloured and swollen if the patient has infected teeth or tonsils, diabetes or certain types of arthritis. The whites of the eyes are turned yellow by jaundice or pernicious anaemia, and to a peculiar blue-tinged pearl colour in most other cases of anaemia.

But the most revealing part of the eye inspection is yet to come. For

this the doctor uses an instrument called an ophthalmoscope, and focuses through the magnifying lenses set in its illuminated, concave mirror. Now he can clearly see the retina, on which are inscribed plain clues to the patient's health. The retina resembles a bright red-orange curtain a little larger than a 5c piece, with a whitish circle, the optic-nerve head, approximately at its centre. Criss-crossing the scarlet fabric are dark-red, threadlike lines—veins and arteries which can be seen more directly, without surgical operation, than those in any other place in the body.

In high blood pressure the retinal arteries become narrowed and look like copper wires. Leukaemia produces its tell-tale retinal mark, a pattern of yellowish, red-ringed spots. With certain types of brain tumour and in various other diseases the optic nerve itself swells, pales or changes shape.

"Say Aaah." Next the doctor looks into the mouth, nose and throat. Their inner appearance can indicate a virus infection of which the patient is unaware. Blocked nasal passages may be caused by polyps, small tumours or, more often, by allergic reaction or infection. If it is the latter, the sinuses are likely to be tender and will appear opaque rather than illuminated when a light is held inside the mouth.

The request to say "aah" is much more than an old-fashioned

ritual. Should the protruded tongue be tremulous, the doctor thinks of an excess of thyroid hormone; if enlarged, he considers a deficiency in thyroid function. The tongue's normal colour scheme is a complex of red dots on a field of pink; variations may indicate certain diseases or diet deficiencies.

Before turning his attention to the main trunk of the body, the examiner feels just beneath the Adam's apple for the thyroid gland, which serves as an important regulator for the body. If afflicted with goitre, the gland is usually enlarged. It may pulsate and it may emit a persistent hum which sounds through the stethoscope like a beehive, sure signs that the patient is in effect racing his engine.

The Stethoscope. Now come the patient's heart and lungs. A multitude of sounds come through the doctor's stethoscope from the interior of the chest, and the doctor must know them all and be able to detect the one wrong note. There is the clean, loud "lub-dub . . . lub-dub" of normal heart valves clinking delicately into position, sometimes varied by the faint rumbling or whistling murmurs of scarred or swollen valves as they leak blood. Pistol-shot sounds suggest that the aorta is regurgitating blood back into the heart. Sometimes the heartbeats sound strangely far away. This could mean that the pericardium, the sac around the heart, is thickened or filled with blood or

fluid, and it calls for further tests.

The doctor, however does not rely entirely on his stethoscope. He feels the chest wall near the heart. If the valves are sufficiently scarred, a vibration or "thrill" can be detected. He also employs percussion, thumping different spots. A solid substance gives a different note from that of an air-filled container, and since the heart lies in a pneumatic cushion of surrounding lung, the doctor can thus outline its size and shape—in the same way that a carpenter locates the wooden struts in the wall of a house.

Looking at the whole chest, the doctor determines whether both of the patient's lungs expand equally.

Tapping again reveals the hollow outlines of the lungs, and any areas filled with congestion. He also listens to the lungs through the stethoscope. Various malfunctions produce sounds like drifting autumn leaves or crunching snow, a hacksaw, or the cooing of a pigeon. The doctor also explores the breasts, of men as well as of women, for possible lumps.

Educated Hands. Next he turns to the liver and spleen, organs normally tucked far under the ribs. He palpates (feels with the fingertips) for them: if they are diseased they may be enlarged and have lumps or hardened edges than can be felt. His probing fingers go on to the area above the kidneys, stomach and intestines, searching for undue tenderness or abnormality. While the

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WHEN YOUR DOCTOR EXAMINES YOU

patient lies on the table, the stethoscope is used again: healthy peristalsis, the action of the intestinal tract, utters a characteristic gurgle, whereas it changes in cases of intestinal obstruction to a high-pitched tinkle or no sound at all. The doctor also looks for hernias, placing a finger on the groin and asking the patient to cough.

"This is the part I don't like," the discomfited patient says as the doctor prepares to examine the rectum and sigmoid portion of the lower bowel. But that is where some 70 per cent of the cancer of the large intestine can be found. So, in addition to palpation of the rectum and the prostate—a gland shaped like a small apple which should have no irregular bumps—a thorough doctor inserts a sigmoidoscope. This is a tubular device with its own light bulb with which he can search visually for polyps or pre-cancerous growths. The procedure may be uncomfortable, but it is painless.

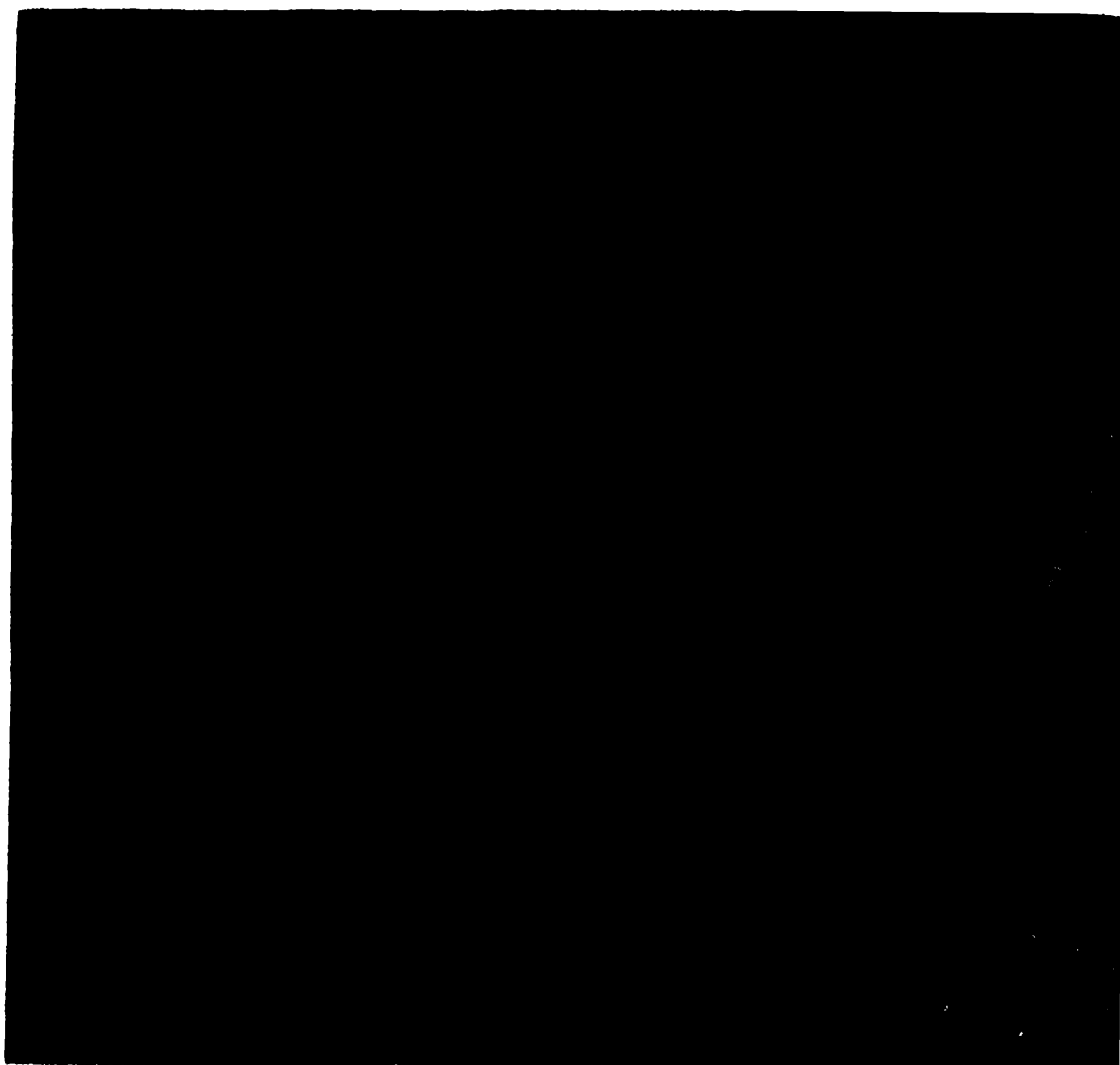
The central nervous system remains. To check every aspect of it would take far more than an hour, since there is an almost endless variety of nerve, reflex and sensory tests. But some hints of nerve afflictions are elicited even without special tests. So the patient who has shown no related problem up to this point may merely be tapped on the knee with a rubber hammer and scratched with a sterile pin, to

verify that the specialized nerve fibres are properly transmitting both sensory and motor messages.

Finally, to round off the physical examination, the doctor will call for a few routine laboratory tests—a chest X-ray for tuberculosis and lung cancer, blood tests for anaemia and diabetic sugar and for signs of general infection, a urine test for diabetes and diseases of the kidney or bladder, an electrocardiogram for further information about the heart. With women a smear test of the cervix for uterine cancer is standard. There are hundreds of other lab tests available, but they are largely to confirm conditions which the doctor has by now suspected; by themselves they would not tell him as much as the physical examination he has just completed.

As the doctor has gone through the check-up, sights and sounds have been pouring into his mind to form an ever clearer pattern. He has changed direction, discarded some tentative opinions, constantly fitted his fragmentary, unspoken thoughts together. No single clue has been so important to him as the company of other clues it keeps. And finally the doctor has discovered that distinctive pattern of this particular individual's health. It is all made possible by the expressiveness of the human body, which, as if made of glass, tells all its secrets to the man who knows how to read the signs.

*T*HE KINDNESS planned for tomorrow doesn't count today.—J. M. H.



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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

MY HUSBAND's job as theatre manager puts him in daily contact with mischievous and runaway children. So, during the Christmas rush when a boisterous two-year-old sped by us in a crowded department store, his arm reached down automatically and fielded the child. He led the tot back to its mother who, instead of being grateful, gave my husband a look of utter disgust.

"Look, clever dick," she said acidly, "did you have to catch him so soon?"

—BETH DAY

WHEN I was 21 years old, I lost my right arm in a car accident. But with an artificial limb, I quickly adjusted both physically and emotionally. When I attended a dance with a friend, he assured me, "Your arm looks so natural you can't tell it from the real thing."

If he didn't convince me, the first dance I had with a girl did. We got along so well that I relaxed the muscles controlling the arm's mechanism. The hand, which had been clasping her waist, drifted downwards. She jerked away, and said, "That's enough!" Realizing what had happened, I began to explain. "You see, I have an artificial arm and . . ."

She looked at me incredulously and burst out laughing. "I've heard excuses," she said, "but this really beats the lot!"

—JOHN MURPHY

IN THE middle of a small argument with my father, Mother became aware that she was losing. "You'd better

keep quiet," she threatened, "if you want this teenage marriage to last."

Mother and Father were 18 and 19 respectively when they were married 43 years ago.

—JEAN BAIRD

DRIVING along peacefully in her car, my neighbour was stopped by a police car.

A cameraman pulled up in another car to snap a picture of the officer giving her a white box.

"Congratulations, madam," the policeman said. "You are the first woman to receive an orchid for Safe Driving Week. We have been following you for some time and want to commend you for observing the laws."

Her picture was in the paper next day with the caption: "She appeared quite nervous while accepting the orchid."

Nervous was hardly the word for it.

Her permit had expired, and she was driving without a licence!

—MRS. HARRY WEBSTER

A VETERAN tugboat captain, with many salty years behind him, was heading towards his home port when he encountered some warships on exercises.

When the flagship sighted the tug she started flashing an earnest message. In ponderous detail she outlined the ships' positions and objectives in their various areas of operation. The tug captain's reply was a terse: "Permission granted."

—T. O.

THE READER'S DIGEST

As I switched off the engine of my car to wait for the drawbridge to be lowered, I heard a penetrating wail. I looked into the car next to mine to see an attractive young woman playing a clarinet, her eyes fixed on the music she had propped against the steering wheel. She was practising Christmas carols and doing very well.

When the all-clear whistle blew, she had just enough time to stow away the instrument and music.

I caught her eye and applauded; she bowed in my direction—then we both drove on.

—ARIH R COLLINS

WHILE on holiday, I took my family to Mass on Sunday in a small local church.

We were lucky enough to get seats, but later arrivals had to stand. Among them I noticed several grandmotherly-looking women with children. As I got up to offer my seat, I asked our nine-year-old son to do the same. To my surprise he walked over to a charming little girl about seven years old and grandly motioned her to his seat.

What could I do but beam my approval?

—M. R. R.

MY FATHER, to the consternation of my mother and sister, would never go to a doctor. His method was self-diagnosis—which meant he often purloined medicines intended for other members of the family. When he was in his 80's, my sister was suspicious that he was taking her tonic and she asked him about it. He admitted he was, and she thought to stop him by saying, "But it's for female trouble."

"Good," he said testily. "I've got plenty of that, too."

—AXEL LUNDSTROM

THE LECTURER addressing a group of parents was expounding the evils of television and its contribution to juvenile delinquency. "You turn on your set and what happens?" he challenged. "The worst kind of violence and crime, the most unspeakable degeneracy, brutality . . ."

At this point, a man in the audience remarked in a stage whisper, "And that's only the news!"

—E. G.

WHEN MY husband got a job with an American aerospace engineering firm I phoned my mother, bubbling with excitement.

"Just think, Mother," I gushed, "he'll actually be working on Saturn and Jupiter!"

"That's nice, dear," she replied. "Will he come home for week-ends?"

—EILEN CONGIFTON

A BLONDE young woman appeared at my cosmetics counter and asked if we had ponytail hair-pieces. I showed her our stock, selecting two that matched her hair. But she grabbed a brown one.

"This'll do," she said, then explained: "We've docked our horse's tail and the flies are driving her wild. I'm going to braid this in to her tail so that she can shoo them off."

—D. H.

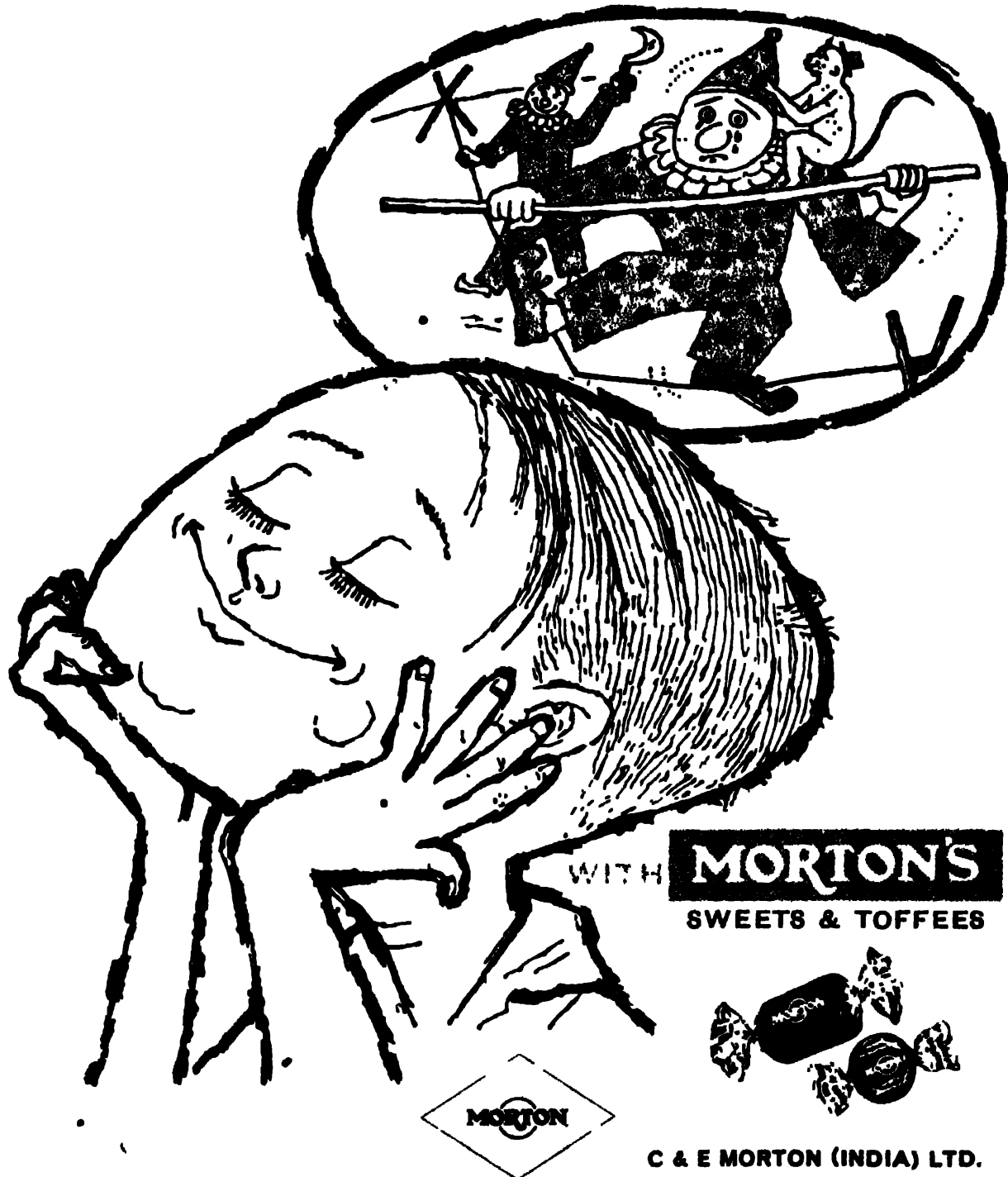
MY PARENTS have different religious beliefs and delight in arguing various points. The morning after a long and lively discussion I asked Mother who had won.

"No one ever wins," she explained. "After all, there are no definite answers. Your father could be as right as I am, or I could be as wrong as he is."

—MARILYN VRANCH

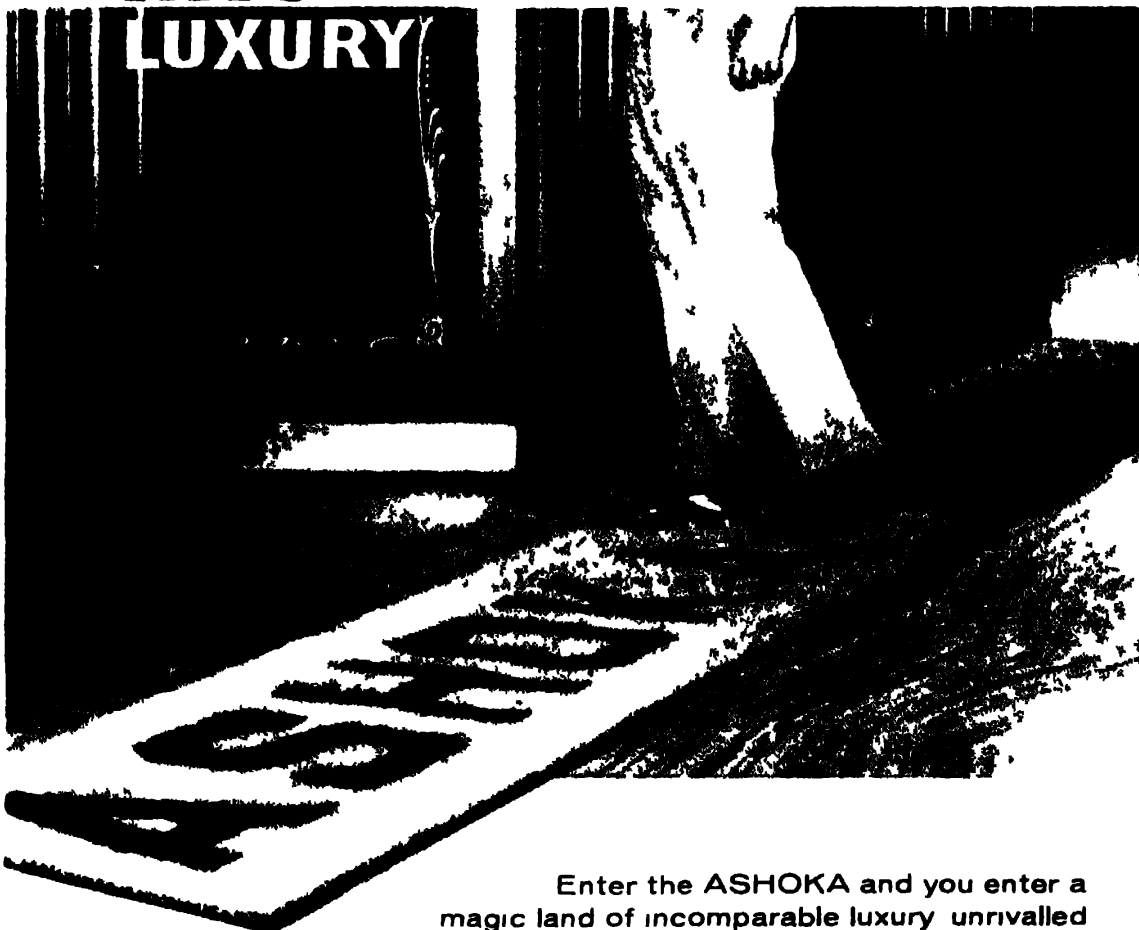
MOMENTS TO REMEMBER

ASP/M-3/65



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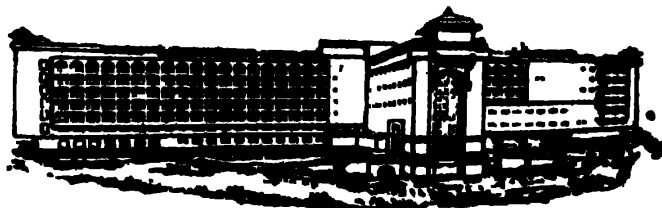
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Captain Bell R.N. v. "Graf Spee"



In the first December of the war the cruiser "Exeter," facing overpowering odds, led the attack that won one of the most decisive sea battles of all time

By JAMES STEWART-GORDON

THE MORNING of December 13, 1939, broke clear and almost windless off the coast of Uruguay. At five o'clock a thin wedge of light illuminated three small British ships, H.M.S. *Exeter*, 8,400 tons, and H.M.S. *Ajax* and H.M.S. *Achilles*, some 7,000 tons each, steaming slowly in line. They were hunting a far-ranging German pocket battleship which, in the past two and a half months, had sunk more than 50,000 tons of vital Allied shipping—and after each kill had vanished into thin air.

The Germans had three of these new and ingeniously-designed sea-wolves, *Deutschland*, *Admiral*

Scheer and *Admiral Graf Spee*. Built before the war in defiance of peacetime treaties, they were marvels of naval construction. They were fast, yet heavily armoured and armed; they could pour out half a ton of high explosive from their six 11-inch guns every ten seconds.

The British squadron did not know which German ship was their quarry. But Britain's supply of beef and grain from the Argentine was being choked off, and if the raider remained unchecked, heavy units of the Royal Navy would have to be detached to protect the flow of food and supplies. These ships were Britain's first line of defence against

Condensed from The Wave, the magazine of the R.N.V.R. Officers' Association

invasion, and if they left home waters the British Isles would be vulnerable.

Amazingly, Commodore (later Admiral) Henry Harwood, commanding the three British ships and aboard *Ajax*, had forecast the day and the place for meeting the raider. By a combination of seamanship, reasoning and available Naval Intelligence, he pinpointed December 13 as the day, and the Estuary of the River Plate as the place. His

conclusion was reached after studying the pattern of the raider's sinkings and estimating her speed.

In theory, the ships of Harwood's force were far too small and lightly armed to do more than spot the raider and call for help. But his standing orders were: "Attack at once, by day or by night."

As the dawn grew brighter there was still no hint that they were on the brink of one of the most decisive sea battles of all time. It was to be



the first major naval battle of the war—and the last major sea battle in which ships slugged it out without participation by aircraft

Exeter's Captain Frederick "Hookie" Bell—whose nickname had been given him at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, because of the heroic dimensions of his nose—left the bridge to go to his cabin. Tall, lean and tough, Bell was—and in retirement still is—one of Britain's most illustrious seadogs. He

joined the Royal Navy at 13 and took part in the Battle of Jutland at 19. In 1918 he was captured by a German U-Boat when his own submarine was torpedoed. In his 30 years at sea, he had seen action in Africa, Spain, Palestine and the Far East.

During the months of patrol, it had been Bell's custom to have a bath, shave and breakfast after Dawn Action Stations. On this morning of December 13, however, some sixth sense warned him that Harwood might be right and that this might be the day they would encounter the raider.

Suddenly, at 14 minutes past six, the buzzer in his cabin sounded. A voice came spilling out of the voice pipe: "Smoke bearing 324 degrees off the port beam."

Bell raced through the door to the bridge. Half hidden by the curvature of the earth was a brownish yellow heat haze. Soon Bell caught a glimpse of a warship's topmast. He signalled Harwood: "Enemy in sight. I think it is a pocket battle ship."

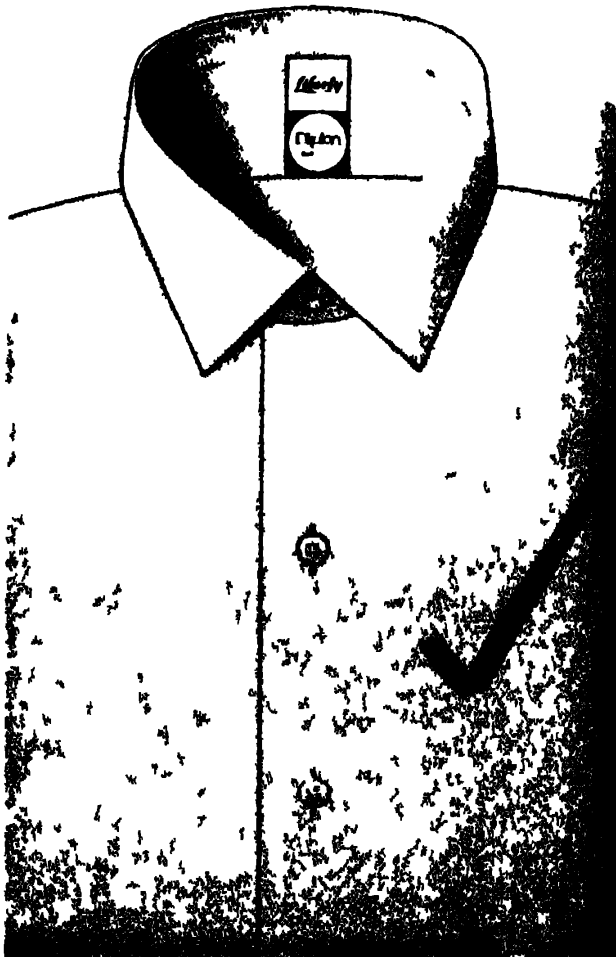
Bell could now see the enemy's superstructure. This ship, it turned out, was *Graf Spee*. Bugles sounded "Action Stations!" bringing the crew on the run from their quarters.

Harwood's battle plan had daring unconventionality. Instead of keeping his ships together and attacking

"Pursuit of the Admiral Graf Spee,"
painting by Norman Wilkinson,
C.B.E., P.R.I. (courtesy of the Trustees of
the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich)



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CAPTAIN BELL R.N. v. "GRAF SPEE"

the enemy in line, he had ordered a manoeuvre calculated to make the enemy divide his fire by fighting on two bearings. *Exeter* would break away and duel with the pocket battleship; *Ajax* and *Achilles*, moving together, would try to get close enough to launch their torpedoes.

This meant that *Exeter* was on her own, a lightly armoured ship with eight-inch guns tackling a relative monster with the capacity to blast out of the water any ship short of a fully-fledged battleship.

Three minutes after the German's first salvo, *Exeter* replied—at long range. The ships were now moving towards each other at top speed, closing the gap at a combined rate of nearly 50 miles an hour. At 6.23, one of *Graf Spee's* shells landed close alongside, showering *Exeter* with splinters of steel and killing most of the starboard torpedo-tube's crew. Moments later, another shell passed completely through the ship, killing as it went, but failing to explode. A sick-berth attendant, coming on the run with morphine sulphate to relieve the agony of the men hit by the first shell, was knocked unconscious by the shock and the bottles in his hands were smashed. Coming to, he plunged back into the smoke to try to locate more morphine from his wrecked stores.

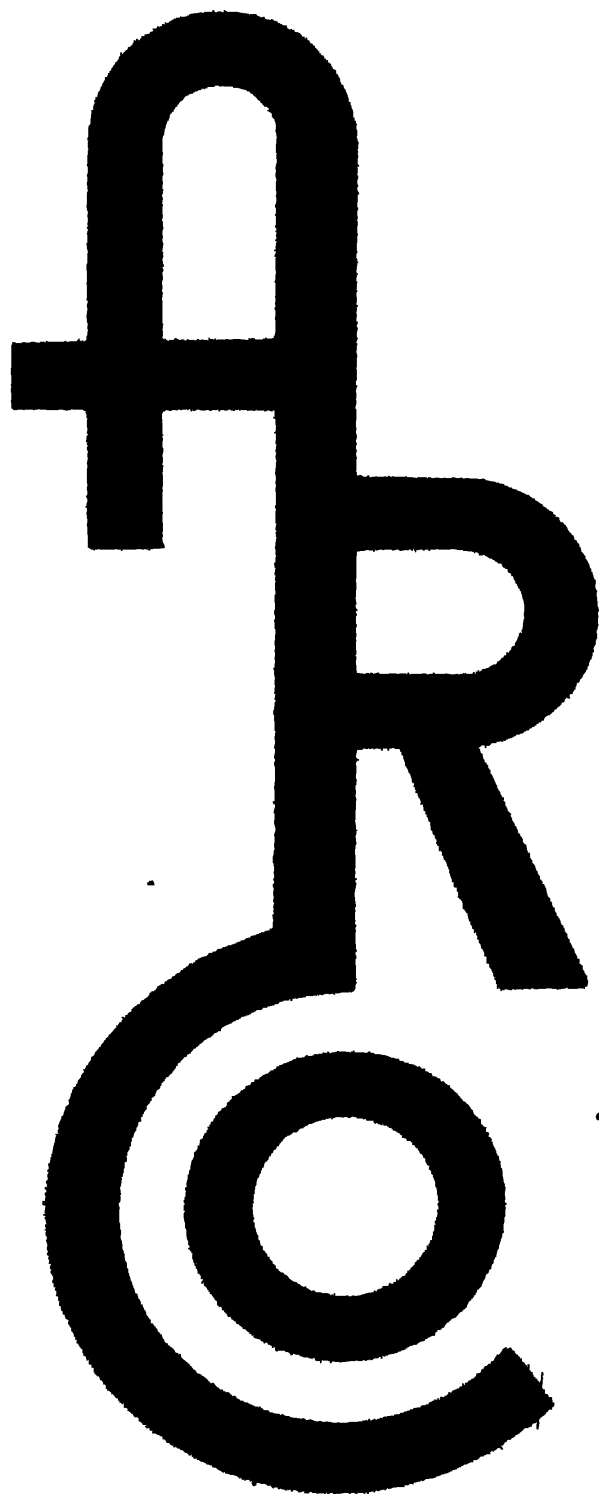
Six more salvos poured from *Graf Spee*. One shell landed dead centre on B-gun turret forward, killing everyone in it and spattering the

bridge with another wave of razor-edged steel fragments. The force of the explosion threw Bell back against the binnacle, and for a moment he felt as though he were caught in a tremendous vacuum. There was a sense of absolute silence. Then he revived and brought down his hands, which he had instinctively thrown in front of his face. He noticed, dispassionately, that they were covered with blood. Though he didn't know it, there was a splinter of steel in each of his eyes.

Peering through a mask of blood, Bell realized that of the 20 men who had been on the bridge, only he and two others were alive. The bridge itself was a shambles. All communications with the engine room had been destroyed; the wheel was no longer operative; the main gyro compass had been put out of action. With the main steering gear disabled and the engines running at full power, *Exeter* was out of control and turning slowly to starboard.

Groggily, Bell pulled himself together to command his ship. He had lost his cap, and his first action was to grab the gold-encrusted cap of Commander Graham, his second in command. "I want the men to know that their captain has not been put out of action," he told Graham. Then Bell clambered through the wreckage to the secondary command post amidships.

Below decks, a seaman had been ordered to man the emergency



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December

steering gear. Since no signal system was operating any longer, all orders from Bell to the helmsman had to be passed through a human chain of sailors and marines. This made it impossible for *Exeter* to respond quickly to *Graf Spee's* manoeuvres.

Still the action continued, with *Graf Spee* blasting away every minute and *Exeter* replying with the few guns she still had in action. By this time there were several fires aboard *Exeter*, and fire parties were fighting them desperately. The ship had also begun to list to starboard.

Now *Exeter* fired her torpedoes and in return received two more 11-inch hits, which put A turret out of action. Both her aircraft were secured just forward of Bell's command post, and they were riddled with shell splinters. A wind-driven spray of petrol from their tanks fell on Bell and his men. Y turret continued to fire, and to hit *Graf Spee* its guns had to fire forward through this area. Bell and his men were in danger of being set on fire by the flash from their own guns. To Bell's intense relief, *Graf Spee's* next salvo fell just short, and a great geyser of water rose from the sea and plummeted down on him and his men—nearly drowning them, but wetting them enough to remove the imminent danger of being burned alive.

By this time, fires were everywhere on *Exeter*. Damage control parties fought desperately to keep the magazines from blowing up. Only one turret was still in action

1965

and, with all gunnery fire-control equipment destroyed, an officer had to stand on the roof to direct the fire fighting while a rating, head out of the hatch, passed his orders down to the turret's crew.

Another hit by *Graf Spee* put the turret out of action altogether, but *Exeter* was still active.

"What do we do now?" Commander Graham asked Bell.

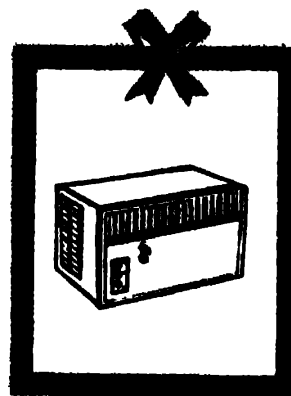
"If we get a chance, we'll ram the bastard!"

Later, in telling the story to his wife, Graham said: "Ram that big ship? I thought of you and the children, swallowed hard, and said, 'Yes, sir, of course!'"

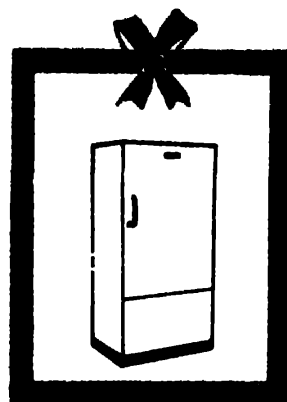
But there was to be no chance for *Exeter* to ram *Graf Spee*. Captain Hans Langsdorff of *Graf Spee* had had enough. From *Exeter's* headlong attack, he concluded that he had stumbled upon an advance guard of a large fleet sent to protect a convoy. His success as a raider depended not on engaging warships, but on destroying commerce and forcing the British to disperse their fleet. *Graf Spee* turned back, poured out a smoke screen and headed for neutral Montevideo.

Ajax and *Achilles*, although their guns could not hope to pierce *Graf Spee's* armour plating, now moved to the attack, hoping to get close enough to blast the German ship with their torpedoes. *Graf Spee* at once turned her 11-inch guns loose on them, knocking out two turrets on *Ajax*, and fled to safety.

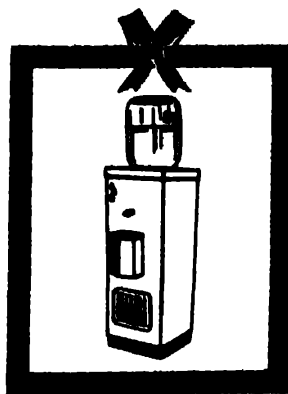
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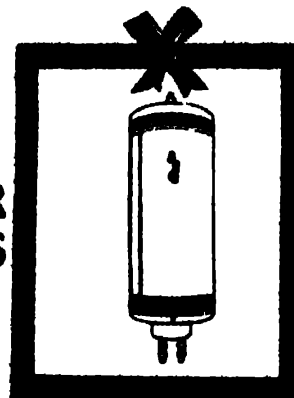


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In the sudden quiet following the action, Bell asked what time it was: the battle to him had seemed hours long. He was amazed to discover that it was not yet eight o'clock—the entire action had lasted only 86 minutes! Although his eyes had become an agony, Bell walked through his ship complimenting the men on their bravery.

A seaplane sent aloft from *Achilles* now circled the listing, burning *Exeter*. Its observer reported back that he had never seen a ship in that condition still afloat.

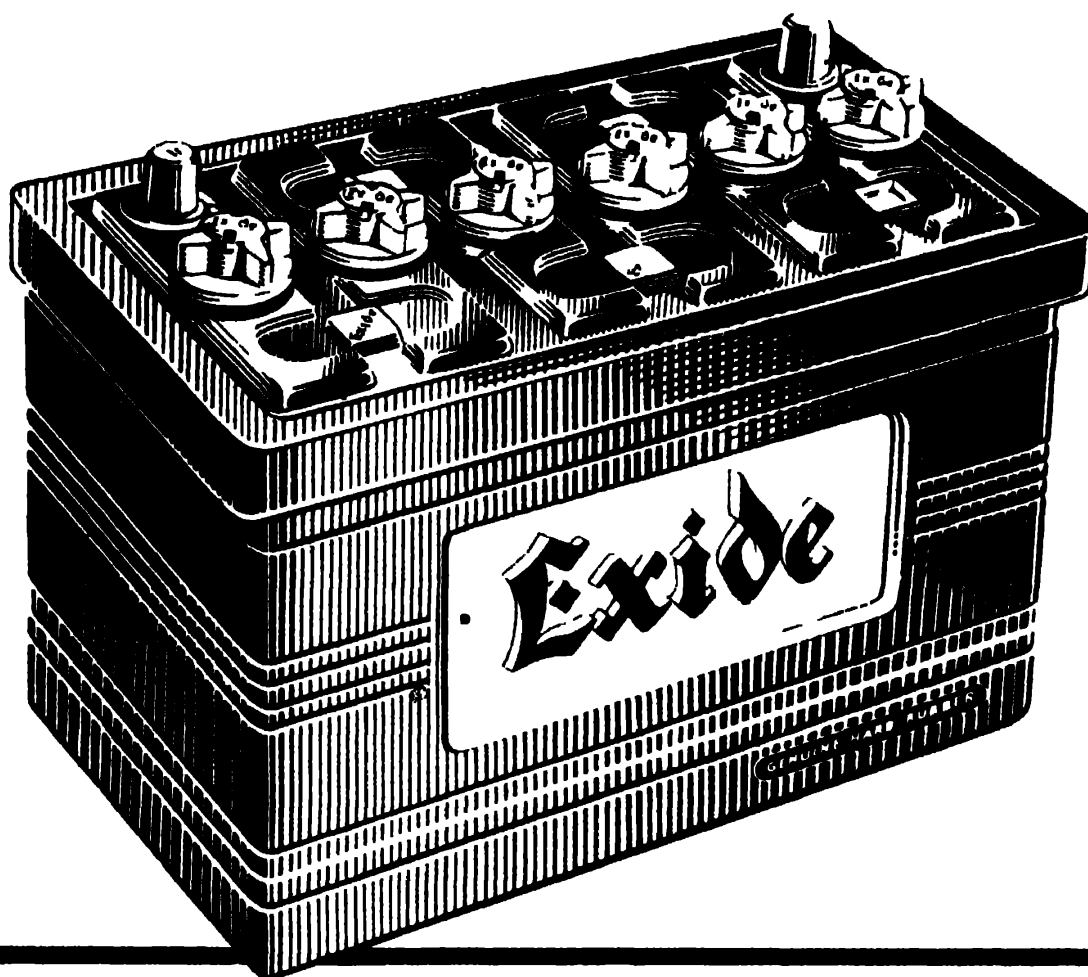
That evening the ship's doctor removed the steel splinters from Hookie Bell's eyes, and he returned to the bridge. *Exeter* had been ordered to proceed to the Falkland Islands for repairs.

Shadowed closely by *Ajax* and *Achilles*, which remained in the Plate Estuary outside Uruguay's territorial waters, *Graf Spee* docked at Montevideo and requested permission under international law to stay there until it had "repaired its damage and made itself seaworthy." This seems to have been a classic example of hyperbole. One of *Exeter's* shells had passed through the refrigerating machinery, releasing clouds of Freon. Another shell had damaged the pantry, making it difficult for *Graf Spee's* cooks to prepare hot meals. And a shot had penetrated her hull above the waterline. Beyond that, although she had been hit more than 30 times, the damage appeared to be negligible.

It has since been determined that *Graf Spee* could easily have sailed out of Montevideo, destroyed both *Achilles* and *Ajax*, and made her escape to Germany. Lying undiscovered in an unfrequented corner of the Atlantic was her supply ship, the infamous *Altmark*, ready to refuel and reprovision her.

What kept *Graf Spee* in check was a British Naval Intelligence coup. They created an imaginary concentration of warships, including the carrier *Ark Royal* and the battle cruiser *Renown*, lying in wait just outside the Plate Estuary. They did this by means of a complex combination of rumours, misleading wireless signals and deliberate channelling of false "secret information" into the hands of German agents. Already prepared to believe that *Ajax* and *Achilles* had heavy reinforcements, Captain Langsdorff and the German Embassy in Uruguay were completely fooled.

On December 15, Langsdorff received permission to bury his 37 dead in Montevideo. In the best tradition of the sea, the British masters of the ships sunk by Langsdorff, who had been held prisoner on *Graf Spee*, went to the service. They presented a wreath inscribed "To the memory of brave men of the sea, from their comrades of the British Merchant Service." At the close of the service, Langsdorff told one of the merchant captains, "*Exeter* was beaten, but didn't know it was beaten."



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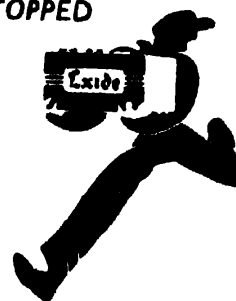
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You British are hard, very hard."

On the way to the Falkland Islands, *Exeter's* dead were buried at sea.

The final blow to Langsdorff's dwindling hopes fell when *Graf Spee's* gunnery officer spotted a warship through his high-powered binoculars. The ship, in fact, was *Cumberland*, which had raced up from the Falklands. But, to the gunnery officer's mind, the ship's distant profile agreed exactly with that of *Renown*, one of the few ships afloat powerful enough to sink *Graf Spee* and fast enough to catch her. Langsdorff made up his mind: *Graf Spee* must be scuttled.

Tugs were engaged to carry the crew to the Argentine after the scuttling. Explosive charges were prepared. And on Sunday, December 17, *Graf Spee* moved out into the Estuary on her last voyage. Meanwhile, steaming south, Hookie Bell and his crew were unaware of the amount of damage *Graf Spee* had sustained, and could not foresee the final act of the drama they had begun four days before.

Along the waterfront some 750,000 Uruguayans turned out in the hope of being able to see the battle between *Graf Spee* and its enemies. They were doomed to disappointment. Just outside territorial waters, the anchor chains rattled through the hawse pipes, *Graf Spee* came to a stop, and the scuttling party poured off the ship into the chartered tugs. Just as the sun

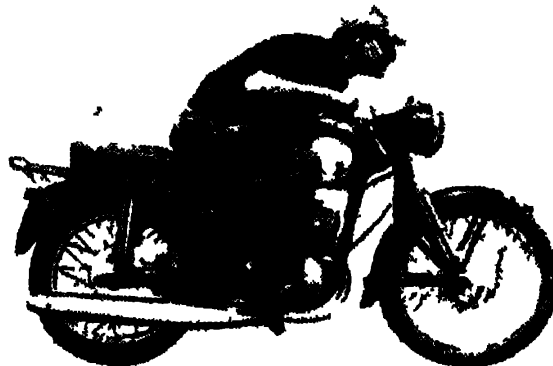
dipped below the horizon, there was a blast of flame and *Graf Spee*, with a mighty roar, blew up. Hearing the news over the radio, Hookie Bell's crew cheered wildly and flung their caps in the air.

Hours later, wrapped in the ensign of the old Imperial German Navy—not Hitler's Swastika—Langsdorff took his own life.

Graf Spee's destruction meant more to Hitler than the loss of one ship. In it were the seeds of failure for "Operation Sea Lion"—Hitler's plan to invade England, which first called for the dispersal of the ships of the Royal Navy.

In the Falklands, Captain Bell, although still suffering from his wounds, insisted on overseeing the repairs to his ship. With no armour plating available to patch up shell damage, tin sheets a fraction of an inch thick were formed round her turrets and battered hull and superstructure. Her guns were propped up as though they could be fired. Then, frail as an eggshell but looking battleworthy, *Exeter* set out on her 8,000-mile voyage to Plymouth.

There she was welcomed by Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Captain Bell and his crew were taken to London by special train for an investiture by the King and Queen. Later, in his private study in Buckingham Palace, His Majesty presented the gold-and-enamel cross of the Order of the Bath to the battered hero of the Battle of the River Plate.



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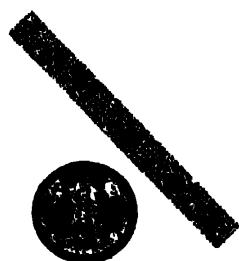
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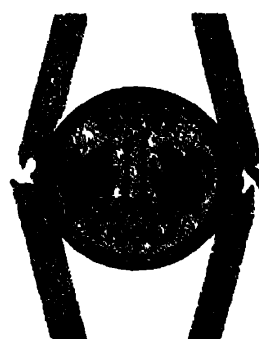
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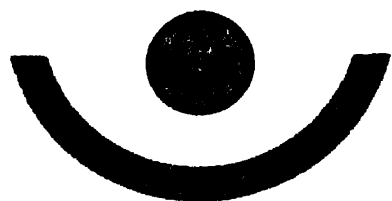
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'R U There, Madam?

A hilarious duel between an affronted woman and an implacable machine

By CONSTANCE MFLARO

August 17

DEAR MADAM,
Our records show an outstanding balance of 2.98 dollars on your account. If you have already remitted this amount, kindly disregard this notice.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD.
PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

August 19

Gentlemen,

I do *not* have an outstanding balance. I attached a note with my payment advising you that I had been billed *twice* for the same amount: once under my first name, middle initial and last name; and then under my two first initials and my last name. (The former is correct.) Please check your records.

September 17

Dear Madam,

Our records show a delinquent balance of 2.98 dollars in your account. Please remit 3.40 dollars.

This includes a handling charge.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD.
PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

September 19

Dear Machine,

You're not paying attention! I am NOT delinquent. I do *not* owe this money. I was billed *twice* for the same purchase. PLEASE look into this.

October 17

Dear Madam,

Our records show you to be delinquent for three months. Please remit the new charges of 13.46 dollars, plus 4.10 dollars. (This includes a handling charge.) May we have your attention in this matter.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD.
PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

October 19

Dear Machine,

My attention! You want MY attention! Listen here, YOU ARE

Condensed from Martin Levin's column, "The Phoenix Nest," in Saturday Review. This material also appears in Martin Levin's book, "The Bedside Phoenix Nest"

THE READER'S DIGEST

WRONG!!! I DON'T OWE you 4.10 dollars. CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? I also DON'T owe you the new charge of 13.46 dollars. You billed ME for my MOTHER's purchase. Please correct this statement AT ONCE!

November 17

Dear Madam,

Our records now show you to be delinquent for four months in the total amount of 17.56 dollars plus 1.87 dollars handling charges.

Please remit in full in ten days or your account will be turned over to our Auditing Department for collection.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD.
PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

November 19

Dear Human Machine Programmer—

Dear ANYONE Human,

WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE COMPUTER LONG ENOUGH TO READ THIS? I DON'T OWE YOU THIS MONEY!!! I DON'T OWE YOU *any* MONEY. *None*.

December 17

Dear Madam,

Is there some question about your statement? Our records show no payments on your account since August.

Please call DI 7-9601 and ask for Miss Gilbert at your earliest convenience.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD.
PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

188

December 18

. . . *Deck the halls with boughs of holly* . . . "Good afternoon. Carver's hopes you have enjoyed its recorded programme of carols. May I help you?"

"Hallo. Yes . . . My bill is . . . should I wait for a 'beep' before I talk?"

"About your bill?"

"Yes. Yes, it's my bill. There's a mistake . . ."

"One moment, please. I'll connect you 'with Adjustments!'"

Good afternoon and Merry Christmas. This is a recorded message. All our lines are in service now. If you will please be patient, one of our adjusters will be with you as soon as the line is free. Meanwhile, Carver's hopes you will enjoy its programme of Christmas carols . . . Deck the halls with boughs of holly . . .

December 26

Dear Machine,

I tried to call you on December 18. Also the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, the 23rd and the 24th. But all I got was a recorded message and those Christmas carols. Please, oh, please, won't you turn me over to a human? *Any* human?

January 17

Dear Madam,

Our Credit Department has turned your delinquent account over to us for collection. Won't you please remit this amount now? We

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Robbialac Value No peeling, no chipping, thoroughly washable year after year
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THE READER'S DIGEST

wish to co-operate with you in every way possible, but this is considerably overdue. May we have your cheque at this time.

Very truly yours,
HENRY J. HOOPER, Auditor

January 19

Dear Mr. Hooper,

You DOLL! You gorgeous HUMAN doll! I refer you to letters I sent to your department, dated the 19th of September, October, November, December, which should clarify the fact that I owe you nothing.

February 17

Dear Madam,

According to our microfilm records, our billing was in error. Your account is clear; you have no balance.

We hope there will be no further inconvenience to you. This was our fault.

Very truly yours,
HENRY J. HOOPER, Auditor

February 19

Dear Mr. Hooper,

Thank you! Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!

March 17

Dear Madam,

Our records show you to be delinquent in the amount of 2.98 dollars, erroneously posted last August to a non-existent account. May we have your remittance at this time?

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD.
PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE

March 19

Dear Machine,

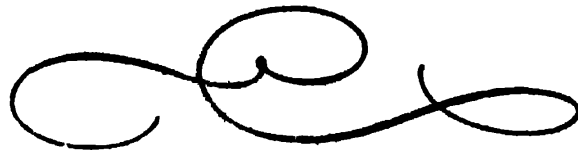
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—N.M.

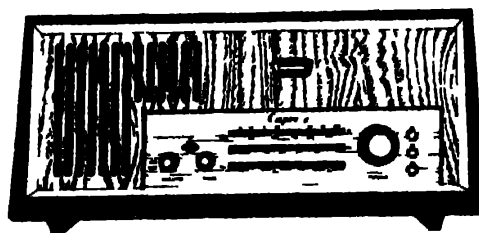
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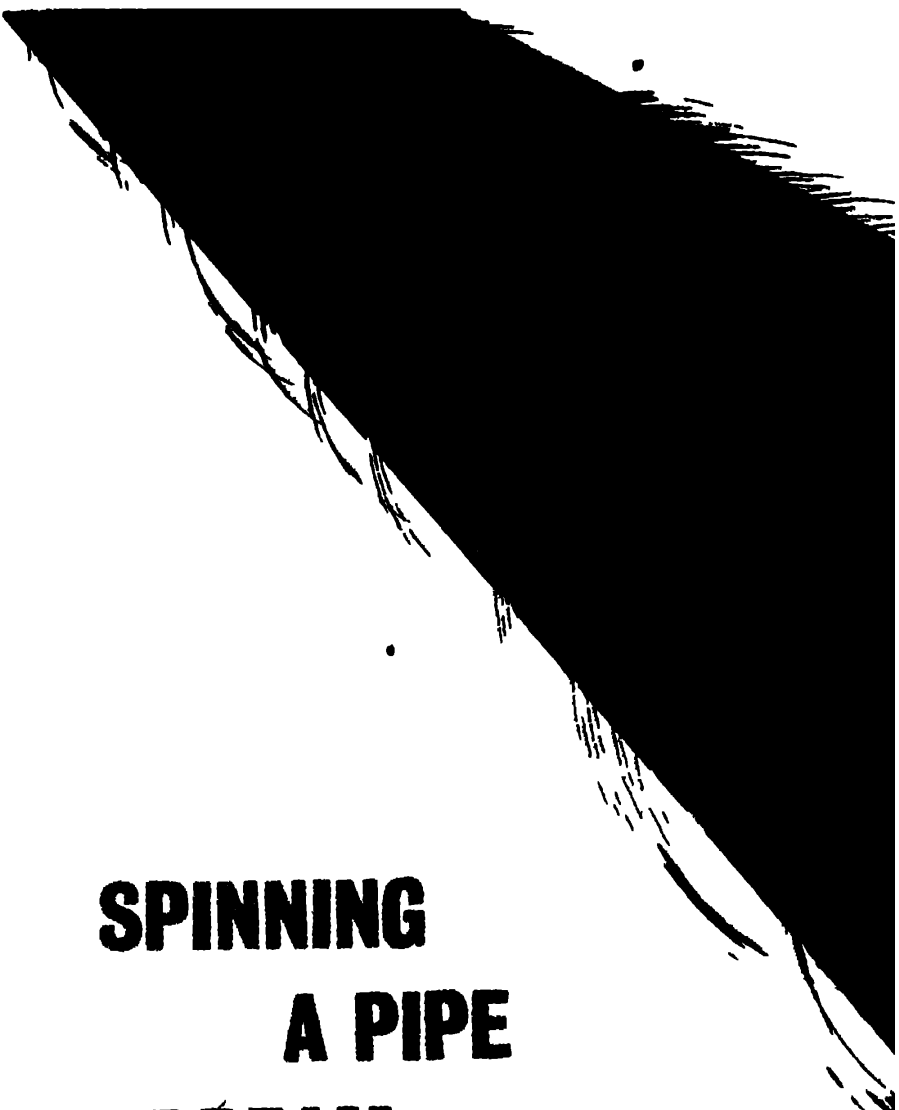
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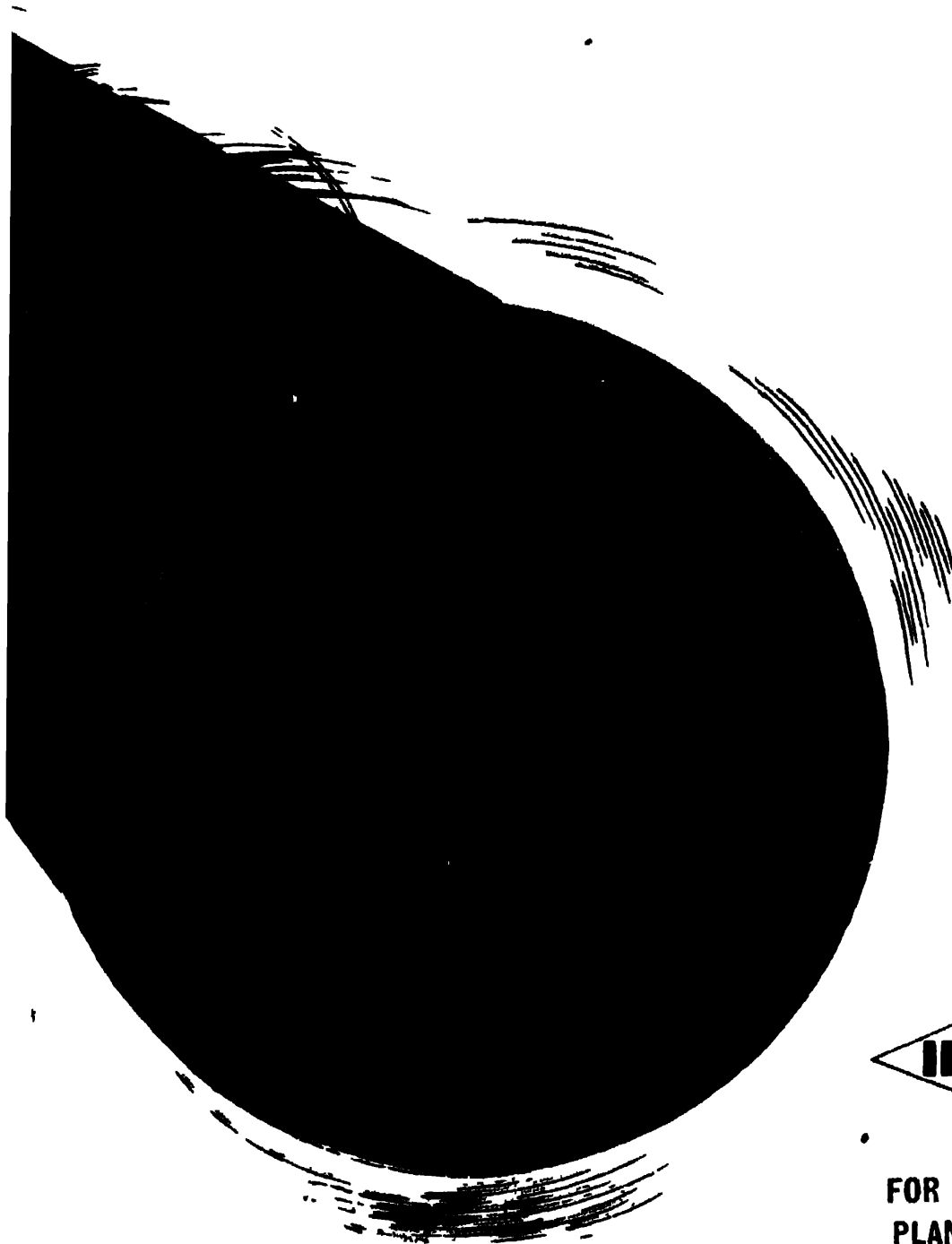
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The IMMORTAL LONDON of CHARLES DICKENS

*Many of the images
of the London scene
of the nineteenth century
of the time that so
it remains today much
as he described them
in his novels*

BY CHARLOTTE AND DENIS PLIMMER

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNOLD NEWMAN

ONE SNOWY midday we entered a cramped alley near the Bank of England and pushed open the door of The George and Vulture, probably London's oldest tavern. It was a scene from a nineteenth-century print: steaks and chops spluttering on the ancient grill, bowlers and furred umbrellas hanging from hooks, pewter tankards, curtained 'boxes' in which well-known people have lunched for generations. The most famous client of all, however, was a man who never existed except in the brain of his creator, Charles Dickens, and in the hearts of the reading public—Samuel Pickwick, Esquire, the rotund, bespectacled hero of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*.

It was here at The George and Vulture that Mr. Pickwick and his irrepressible Cockney servant, Sam Weller, stayed while awaiting the outcome of the uproarious breach-of-promise suit launched by Pickwick's querulous landlady, Mrs. Martha Bardell. And it was here in a chintz curtained room upstairs—still panelled with the same time-darkened oak—that Mr. Pickwick was served with a subpoena.

Dickens not only created Pickwick, he also created London. As Oscar Wilde said, "There was no fog in London until Dickens invented it." It might be said that

Dickens museum (his first house after he married) showing first editions, original manuscripts, etc.



there were no people either, and no places until Dickens' vivid strokes forced them before our eyes. When seeking out one of Dickens' London haunts today, it is not of Dickens, the man who was born in 1812 and died in 1870, that one thinks, but rather of Dickens' characters—the costermongers, the inn-keepers, the pitchmen in Petticoat Lane, the bewigged lawyers.

Though bombing and rebuilding have eliminated much of the great city Dickens knew, many of its nooks and crannies remain as he described them. On the south bank of the Thames, beside London Bridge, for example, a broad flight of stone steps leads down to the foreshore. Here Nancy, one of

Dickens' most poignant "good" bad girls, surreptitiously met Mr. Brownlow and Rose Maylie to help them penetrate the mystery surrounding the birth of the foundling, Oliver Twist. Except for the "ornamental pilaster" Dickens described, the scene is unchanged.

To Dickens the restless Thames symbolized the endlessly moving fates of his characters. One of his tragic but redeemed heroines, Martha, in *David Copperfield*, moaned: "Oh, the river! I know it's like me! I know that I belong to it. I know that it's the natural company of such as I am! It comes from country places, where there was once no harm in it—and it creeps through the dismal streets, defiled and miserable—and it goes away, like my life, to a great sea that is always troubled!"

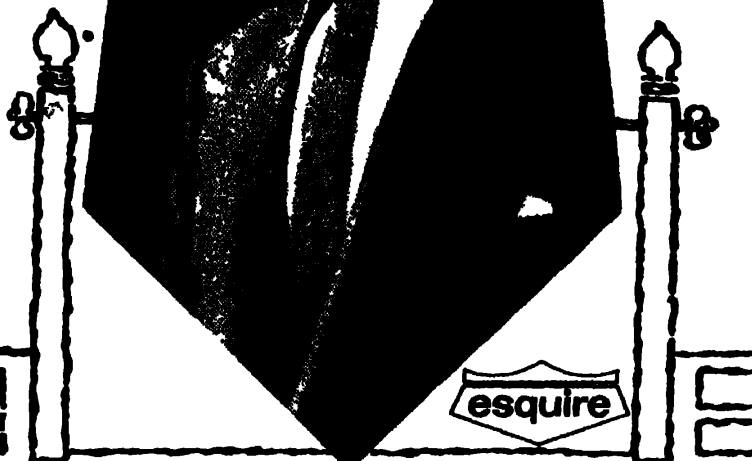
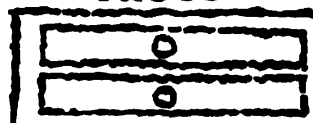
Beyond Nancy's steps and past cheerfully lit little shops is Lant Street, where in 1824 Dickens lived alone as a child while his father, the prototype of the ever-insolvent Micawber, was in jail for debt. It could have been John Dickens himself who enunciated the economic theorem that his son put into Micawber's mouth: "Annual income £20, annual expenditure £19 19s. 6d., result happiness. Annual income £20, annual expenditure £20 0s. 6d., result misery."

David Copperfield was Charles Dickens. The neglected boy of the novel worked in a rat-infested wine-bottling warehouse. The real-life



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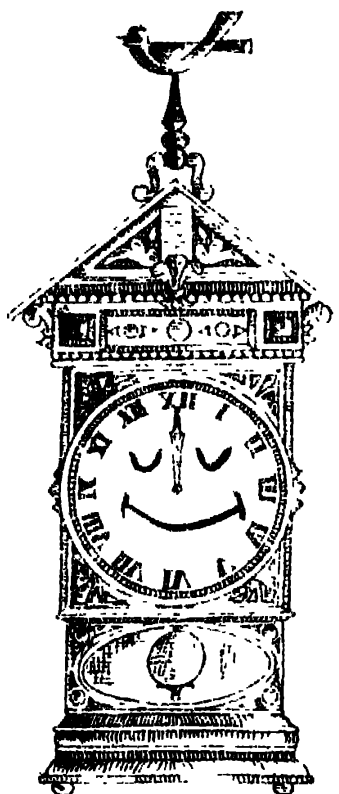
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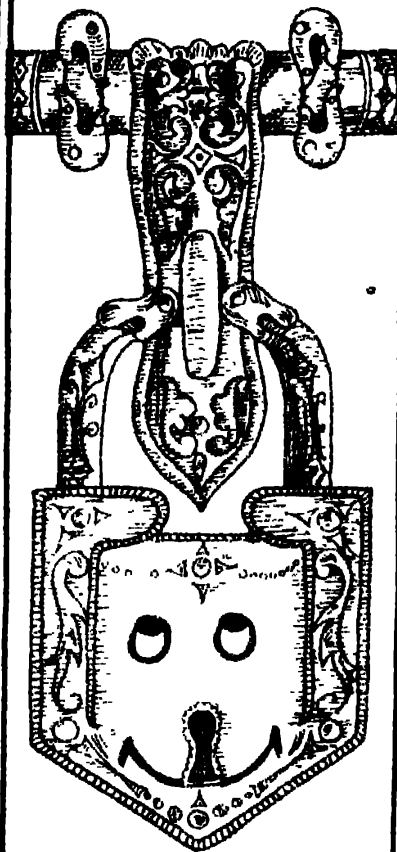
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THE IMMORTAL LONDON OF CHARLES DICKENS

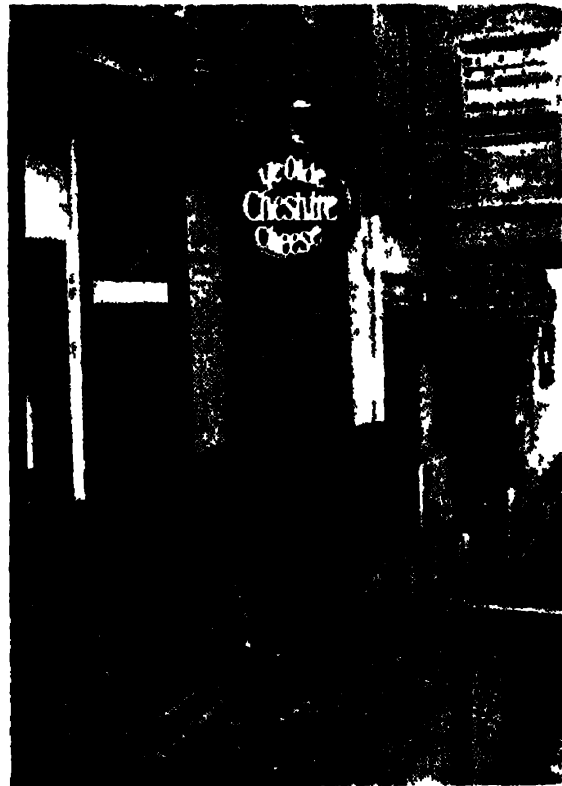
child worked, not far away, in a warehouse that made shoe-blackening. David labelled the wines, and Charles the blackening pots, for six shillings a week.

In Dickens' youth, the site where Trafalgar Square is now was a clutter of buildings, including a popular coaching-inn, The Golden Cross, where the author housed David Copperfield and his school-friends, and where that famous con-man, Alfred Jingle of No Hall, Nowhere, perhaps the most endearing rogue in English literature, first scraped acquaintance with Mr. Pickwick. Across a narrow lane from The Golden Cross, stood the noble church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The church is still there. On its steps David Copperfield found the bowed and weary Mr. Peggotty, almost at the end of his long search for "Little Em'ly," his adored niece.

In and out of the squares and alleys hereabouts Dickens' characters wandered. The brilliant drunken lawyer, Sydney Carton, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, led his double, Charles



Nancy's steps



Cheshire Cheese

Darnay, "down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street, and so, up a covered way, into a tavern"—the world-famous Cheshire Cheese. Not far off, in "the top of the last house in Garden Court down by the river" lived Pip of *Great Expectations*.

North of Fleet Street is Lincoln's Inn, which one can reach by the Tudor gateway in Chancery Lane that Esther Summerson used in *Bleak House*.

On a wintry afternoon the scene may look as it did to Dickens: lights "looming through the fog, in divers places in the streets. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time. The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, near that leaden-headed old

obstruction, appropriate ornament for the threshold of a leaden-headed old corporation: Temple Bar. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery."

This was more than ordinary fog. It symbolized "the law's delay," and lay suffocatingly, as G. K. Chesterton commented, over the High Court of Chancery and all those pitiable souls who were caught in its web.

Though Dickens was born in Portsmouth, and died in his house, Gad's Hill Place, in Kent, he lived most of his life in London—at 32 different addresses. One was a set of rooms in Furnival's Inn, a rookery



Tudor gateway, Lincoln's Inn

of the legal profession which stood in Holborn, a bustling thoroughfare parallel to Fleet Street.

Dickens moved in as a budding author, not yet famous in his own name but only as Boz, the pseudonym he had used for his best-selling *Sketches*. To Furnival's Inn in 1836 he brought his beautiful bride Catherine Hogarth, whom he married on the strength of his first big commission. The publishers had signed him to write a monthly series of humorous essays, to accompany illustrations by a well-known artist. But by the time the brash, self-confident Dickens, then only 24, dug into the job, he had high-handedly revised the publishers' idea and launched the first of the highly popular *Pickwick Papers*.

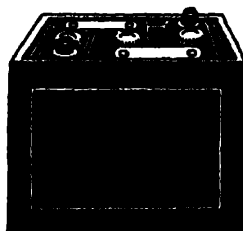
The newly-wed ménage included the bride's sensitive, intelligent teenage sister, Mary, who understood Dickens' genius as Catherine never did. After the first of Catherine and Dickens' ten children was born, the Dickenses, with Mary, moved to a 12-room house at 48 Doughty Street in quiet Bloomsbury, now a small Dickens museum. But tragedy came to Doughty Street. In May 1837 Mary suddenly collapsed. Dickens rushed to her side and she died in his arms. Her death inspired the death of Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

No matter where Dickens lived, Furnival's Inn remained the vantage point from which he surveyed

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the world. Opposite Furnival's is Staple Inn, dating back six centuries, whose crooked walls, half-timbered and bulging over the pavement, Dickens used in his last novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. A little to the west stands the entry to Gray's Inn where David Copperfield stayed when he visited his resilient school-fellow, Tommy Traddles, by then a barrister with chambers in the Inn.

Fagin's notorious school for child pickpockets was in a noisome alley, Saffron Hill, off Holborn. In the cold feeble light of evening, Saffron Hill still seems sinister. It is easy to share the terror of little Oliver as the Artful Dodger led him to Fagin's lair: "A dirtier, more wretched place he had never seen. The air was impregnated with filthy odours. There were a good many small shops, but the sole places which seemed to prosper amid the general blight were public-houses."

Holborn, like Fleet Street, leads to the City, London's financial centre, where dark little buildings, like the one where Scrooge had his countinghouse, still exist. And so do men who might themselves be Scrooge, hastening through the brickwalled passages, bemused by pounds, shillings and pence. But the City still has the kindlier mood, too, that Dickens evoked in *A Christmas Carol* when Scrooge, transformed by the gentling Yuletide influence, bought a great prize turkey for his poor clerk, Bob Cratchit.



Saffron Hill

Leadenhall Market, which used to be hung with holly at Christmas, is precisely the sort of jumbled cornucopia Dickens described.

Dickens once commented: "I suppose myself to know this rather large city as well as anyone in it." Ceaselessly exploring, he often wandered as far east as Limehouse, a region of seafarers and ships' chandlers, with wharves abustle and the lantern-lit riverside taverns crowded and lively.

All through London there are streets called after Dickens characters—Micawber, Steerforth, Copperfield. But each year the capital changes. It is gratifying that so many of Dickens' landmarks still endure.

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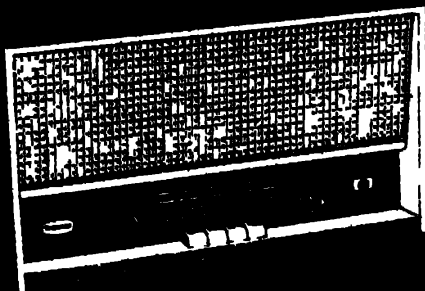
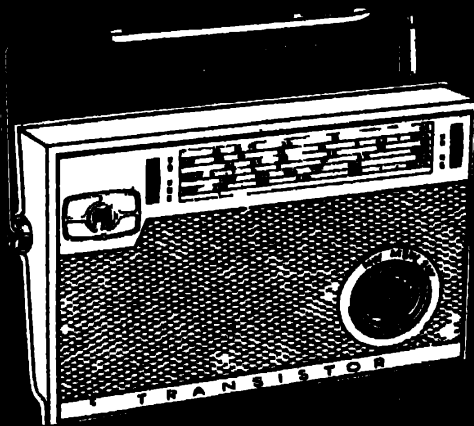
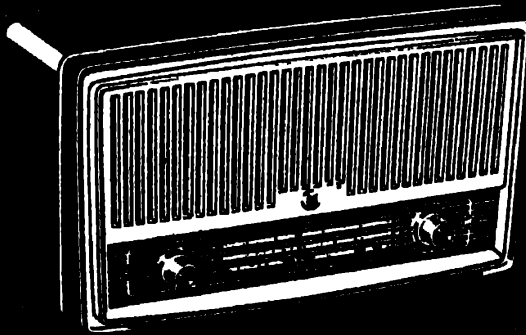
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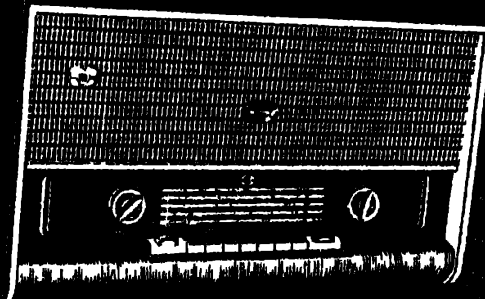
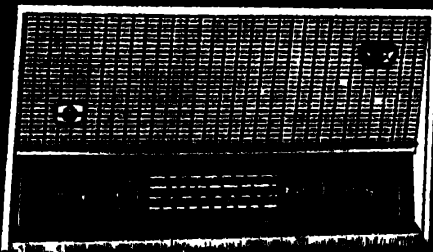
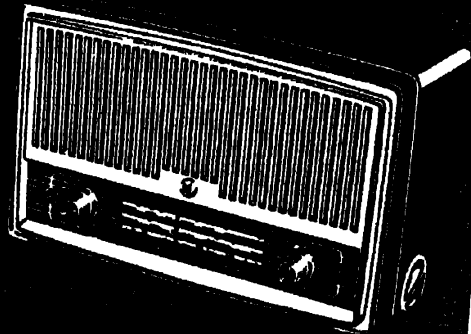
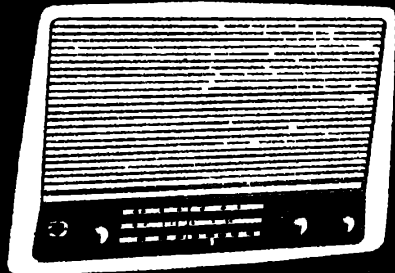




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A BOY CALLED "FUNNY FACE"

BY FLORENCE F. KIRK

"Out of all the millions of babies, why did *I* have to have one of the hopeless ones?" I cried

"TAKE HIM home and love him," the baby specialist at the hospital said, kindly leaving off the obvious ending—"while you still have him."

As I carried my 15-day-old son Jonathan home through the raw January weather, fears that had lurked vaguely in the shadows since his birth emerged to take tangible shapes.

From the start Jonathan had *looked* nothing like my first two normal, healthy children. Under the sparse dark brown hair, his forehead was too large, too square, his eyes too far apart.

Now I had just learnt that my new son's funny face was the least of our worries. Jonathan, the lady paediatrician had informed me, not only had a critical form of congenital heart disease, but other grave afflictions as well. If developments followed the usual pattern, he

would soon contract pneumonia. If he survived the first attack, others would follow until his weak heart failed. Later she also told me that Jonathan would almost certainly never be able to walk, or even sit up unaided — and probably he would be mentally deficient.

So, by the time I reached the surgery of the family doctor in our suburb near London, I was dissolved in self-pity and panic. "Why should this happen to *me*?" I cried. "Out of the millions of babies, why did *I* have to have one of the hopeless ones? *I wanted Jonathan so much!*"

Our doctor interrupted almost sharply: "Has it occurred to you what a fix a child like Jonathan would be in if he'd come to a mother who *didn't* want him? As for why this should happen to *you*," he said more gently, "I think perhaps Jonathan himself will provide your best

A BOY CALLED "FUNNY FACE"

answers." How wise and prophetic were those words!

Already I felt a fierce and protective love for my unlucky child. I vowed that with tenderest care—and with skills remembered from five years of nursing training—I would shield him from all the grim things that threatened. Yet, true to promise, and despite all the coddling, warm clothing, even temperatures, Jonathan developed pneumonia at five weeks of age. A slight cough scarcely worthy of the name was the first warning. Within a few hours, rushed to hospital and put under an oxygen tent, he was battling for his life with a tenacity that amazed the staff. "Bad heart or not," said an admiring doctor, "he's a real fighter."

But the specialist prepared me for the end. "You must realize," she said gently, "that your baby can't last much longer. Just try not to take it too hard. Remember that he could never have grown up to be normal."

My religion at that time might be described as the "fire-engine" type—to be used only in emergencies. Heeding a strong compulsion, I tore myself away from Jonathan for a little while and hurried to the home of some good friends whom I knew to be devout. We prayed together for my son. Back at the hospital, I realized that Jonathan's frantic gasping had stopped. He lay quite still. Perhaps he's dead, I thought, strangely calm. But his heart was still beating!

"I don't understand how he could

have survived!" the astonished specialist confessed later. I understand it though. I have never doubted that this was a miracle.

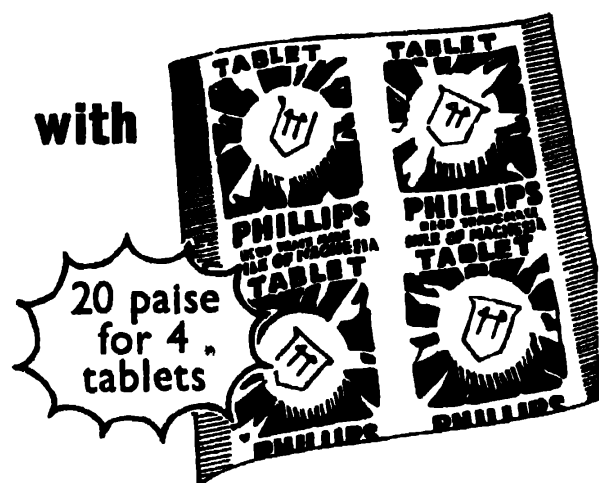
True, Jonathan's battle for life had left him worse off than before, with a weaker heart, an enlarged liver and spleen, and a double hernia. Eminent authorities held out less hope than ever for his future. Then why was my heart so thankful? Because, something inside me whispered, if the doctors have been wrong once, they could be wrong again.

At 12 months, Jonathan defied the specialist's predictions by sitting up without help. At two years, he was both walking unaided and making his wants known with a normal assortment of baby talk. "Nothing mentally backward about you!" I said, fairly bursting with relief. I was so encouraged by his apparent improvement that I persuaded our doctor to send him to one of London's leading medical centres to ask about the possibility of heart surgery. The verdict was shattering: "There's nothing we can do for him. You'll be fortunate to have him until he is three."

This time my tears flowed freely, for Jonathan was already a cheerful, affectionate, if odd-looking little boy whose big, comic smile was contagious. And already he was beginning to show enough grit and courage to endure his troubles without complaint. During his frequent bouts of insomnia he would seldom

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cry out or demand comfort; instead, he would steal about the house quietly collecting toys. Unafraid in the dark, he would entertain himself for hours, delighted that, while his elder brother and sister slept, he could play with their toys as well as his own.

I simply ignored the fact that Jonathan was scheduled to leave us by the age of three; and by the time he was four, the rapid advance of medical science came to our aid. Jonathan was admitted to London's Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children whose famous surgeons widened the constricted valve leading from the heart into the pulmonary artery and the lungs, thus correcting the main defect. Soon Jonathan was home again, looking a little wan perhaps, but smiling more broadly than ever. The time had come when he must learn to get on in the not-always-kind world of our neighbourhood.

"Hi, funny face, monkey face!"

The familiar, hated cries would ring out across the green, and I'd rush to the window knowing that children were tormenting Jonathan again. Conquering the temptation to charge out and bang their nice, normal little heads together, I would force myself to hold to my original resolution—to try to let Jonathan handle this problem on his own. After all, I couldn't always be around to protect him.

One day when the choruses of "Hi, funny face" chimed louder

1965

than usual, I heard the back door slam and saw a cross little boy stump upstairs to the bathroom. For a long time (as I peeped) Jonathan stood gazing thoughtfully at his reflection in the mirror. Satisfied at last, his grin firmly back in place, he clumped outside again to confront his tormentors. "Yes," he agreed, "I have got a funny face, haven't I?" There was a stunned silence. He was laughing with them; the zest had gone out of the game. The teasing ceased from that moment. And the incident taught me something, too. If Jonathan could take things in his stride, what was I all stewed up about? If there was no need to feel sorry for *him*, then I must be feeling sorry only for myself. I stopped doing that.

At five-and-a-half Jonathan entered the local infants' school. When summer came and he joined the other children in the school paddling pool, his enormous, deep scars (for he scarred badly) aroused genuine curiosity and comment. "What have you got *those* for?" one playmate challenged him. "Oh, those," said Jonathan casually unabashed. "Those are my special zip fasteners to let the doctors in and out easier."

There was only one thing that came close to getting Jonathan down—that he couldn't do P.T. with the others at school. Having to watch from the sidelines, while his friends raced about playing games, filled him with a longing that even his bravado could not conceal. "Of

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course," he would insist, "pretty soon I *will* be able to do P.T. and all the rest . . . won't I?" Somehow I managed to wriggle out of answering the question directly. For the truth was that even the short, measured walks to and from school were becoming too much of a strain on Jonathan.

Then I learned that there would have to be another operation—his fifth—to correct a severe narrowing in the aorta, the body's largest blood vessel. Though at first downcast by the prospect, Jonathan soon announced cheerfully, "Well, after this I'll be able to play all the games—rounders and cricket and football—the lot."

The operation pulled him down more than the previous ones, though he tried not to show it. He wrote me appreciative notes: DEAR MUM, THANK YOU FOR VISITING ME EVERY DAY. YOU ARE NICE. WITH LOVE . . . The pictures he drew of himself—Humpty-Dumpty-shaped caricatures with outsize grins and thumbs held high in a victory sign—amused everyone around him.

"You can tell Jonathan's back in the ward," one nurse said. "Everybody's laughing."

Even when the doctors ruled, "No strenuous games for him, ever," Jonathan continued to make the most of the things he *could* do. His conversational nightly prayers revealed the pleasure he got from simple things. "Thank you, God, for the nice weather before it rained

this morning, and for the lovely time we had at school today."

Not that Jonathan was any saint—far from it. By the age of nine, he was quite irrepressibly "all boy," capable of being reassuringly naughty. It had to be Jonathan who slid recklessly down the stairs in a cardboard box, who broke his collarbone tearing round on his younger brother's tricycle, who painted the brown gate white and decorated his sheets and pillow-cases with a ball-point pen.

One morning I was astonished to find that he had eaten 15 tea cakes I had baked the night before. I regarded my delicate plant doubtfully. Fifteen tea cakes—large ones. Could it be possible that this greedy schoolboy, who now looked fairly healthy and whose features were becoming almost normal, was the same one whose life was supposed to hang by the thinnest of threads? Yes, it was only too possible.

Several weeks before last Christmas, while talking to one of the consultants at Great Ormond Street, I was eagerly outlining some future plans for Jonathan's education. My doctor-adviser seemed strangely quiet and unresponsive. "Mrs. Kirk," he said, "I wouldn't go making too many plans for Jonathan's future just yet . . . that old damaged valve leading into the pulmonary artery has narrowed again. He'll have to have another operation, a very critical one."

The consultant softened the blow

all he could. Surgery would be performed by two eminent specialists assisted by Great Ormond Street's famous heart team. And we would have some of the latest types of heart-lung machines working on our side. But the task would be a most delicate one: to widen the constricted valve, a gusset made from a piece of Jonathan's own heart lining would have to be inserted. "I must warn you," my adviser concluded, "that this will involve much greater risk than the previous operations."

So once again we faced up to the inevitable. Jonathan's brown eyes were full of trust and the funny face very dear as he said, "I know I've got to have it if you say so, Mum. But," he added emphatically, "this really will be the *last* one."

With the dreaded event scheduled for late January, Christmas last year had to be extra special and gay. Jonathan, decked out in an old grey blanket and red settee cover, was the most convincing shepherd in the church nativity play. From our Christmas tree, the biggest ever, he beamingly dispensed the small gifts on which he had spent every penny of his pocket money—two handkerchiefs for me, a jar of hair cream for his step-father.

If Jonathan felt any disappointment at the indoor toys he got—the construction set and other things chosen to keep him from running about—he showed no twinge of it. The holiday mood continued through his tenth birthday. I confess

that for once I looked the other way for five whole minutes while he raced up and down stairs, banged doors, and generally tried to out-do his guests in terrible little-boy behaviour.

A fortnight later I quietly tucked him into a hospital bed. For once he was badly frightened. I'm certain that he realized, for the first time in his life, that he might die. To have to face this was a large order for a little boy of ten.

The next morning, when I was allowed to visit Jonathan briefly just before he went up to the operating theatre, he had been crying a good deal but I managed to comfort him.

"I'm not afraid any more, Mum," he said, squeezing my hand. "Really I'm not." After I kissed him and they started rolling him away, he turned on the bravest face he could muster.

The hours dragged by while my husband and I kept vigil in the small waiting-room. A fifty-fifty chance, the doctor had said, and he had meant exactly that. Slowly, like so many other parents, I steeled myself to accept and bear the worst of possibilities.

Into his ten brief years Jonathan had packed more courage and joy than some people show or feel in a lifetime.

We had been even luckier to have him in our midst. His frailties had made us more acutely aware of the preciousness of life. He had

jolted us out of our spiritual lethargy and helped us to find faith. He had made us ashamed to succumb to troubles and griefs that he, a child, had taken in his stride. Yet, I wondered, as the hours passed, what would it be like to be without Jonathan's smile, the fun, the cheer, the excitement he had added to our days.

The waiting-room door opened and there, mopping his brow and smiling, stood the surgeon, incredibly saying, "Well, I'm sure you'll be happy to know that it's all gone according to plan, and at the moment he's doing very well."

And so it came to pass that ten days later Jonathan received a new

kind of medical instructions—instructions not for a "hopeless" but for a "routine" heart patient. Last April he was able to make a strenuous trip to the zoo with his classmates.

In May, he started doing his beloved P.T. and playing the rowdiest games ("the lot" except football) with the same reckless abandon as other boys.

No need to remind him just yet that his heart will always be unpredictable. He would just turn on that wry, knowing grin and say, "Yes, but whose isn't?" No need, either, to tell anyone at our house that there's no such thing as a miracle. We all know better.



When Nations Differ

THE MEN who run international motor shows have developed an interesting philosophy in determining the nationality of show visitors. L. A. Iacocca, a Ford Motor Company executive, describes the system thus: If a visitor opens the bonnet and looks at the engine, he is German; if he examines the interior and the quality of the upholstery, he is British; if he is interested in the style and lines of the car, he is French; if he tries the horn, he is Italian; and if he checks the size and price tag, he is American.

—Dick Bruner

AN ENGLISHMAN marches to the altar because England expects every man to do his duty.

A Frenchman takes a wife so that he'll have a French cook.

A Russian gets married because misery loves company.

In Hollywood folk get married so that they'll have somebody to divorce.

—Harold Coffin

NOTICE to candidates for final examinations in medicine: London—candidates must write on only one side of the paper. Edinburgh—candidates must write on both sides of the paper.

—*The Lancet*

BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS

from the book by Bruce Barton



Christ awakening the Apostles

Illustrated with drawings by Rembrandt

A modern masterpiece, "The Man Nobody Knows" has appeared in translations all over the world since it was first published in 1925. It presents an unorthodox but compelling portrait of Jesus: as a buoyant, laughing, virile man, a leader of extraordinary personal magnetism. The book carries insight, conviction and inspiration - and is a totally absorbing reading experience.

IT WAS very late on a hot afternoon. If you would learn the measure of a man, that is the time of day to watch him. It is fairly easy to take a large view of things in the morning when the mind is rested and the nerves are calm. But the day is a steady drain of small annoyances, and the difference in the size of men becomes hourly more apparent. The little man loses his temper; the big man takes a firmer hold.

It was very late in the afternoon in Galilee. The dozen men who had walked all day over the dusty roads were hot and tired, and the sight of a village was cheering as they

looked down on it from the top of a little hill. Their leader, deciding that they had gone far enough, sent two members of the party ahead to arrange for accommodation, while He and the others sat down by the roadside to wait.

After a while the messengers returned, their cheeks flushed, their voices angry. The people in the village had given them blunt notice to seek shelter elsewhere.

The indignation of the messengers communicated itself to the others. This backwoods village refuse to entertain their Master? It was unthinkable! He was a famous



Christ healing a leper

public figure. He had healed sick people and given freely to the poor. In the capital city crowds had followed Him enthusiastically, so that even His disciples had become men of importance. And now to have this country village deny them admittance——

"Lord, these people are insufferable!" one cried. "Let us call down fire from heaven and consume them."

The others joined in with enthusiasm. Fire from heaven—that was the idea! Come, Lord, the fire . . .

There are times when nothing a man can say is so powerful as saying nothing. The lips of Jesus tightened.

His fine features showed the strain of the preceding weeks, and in His eyes was a foreshadowing of the more bitter weeks to come. He needed that night's rest, but He said not a word. Quietly He gathered up His garments and started on, His outraged companions following. It is easy to imagine His keen disappointment. He had been working with these men for three years . . . Would they never catch a true vision of what He was about? He had come to save mankind, and they wanted Him to gratify His personal resentment by burning up a village!

Down the hot road they trailed

after Him, awed by His silence. "And they went to another village," says the narrative—nothing more. No debates; no bitterness; no futile conversation. In the mind of Jesus the thing was too small for comment.

Other leaders in history have had this superiority to personal resentment and small annoyances, but Jesus infinitely surpasses all. He knew that pettiness brings its own punishment. The village that had refused to admit Him required no fire; it was already dealt with. No miracles were performed there. No sick were healed; no hungry were fed; no poor received the message of encouragement and inspiration—that was the penalty. As for Him, He forgot the incident immediately. He had work to do.

Exultation

FOR SOME, formal theology has diminished the thrill to be found in His life by assuming that He knew everything from the beginning. But let us forget all creed for the time being, and take the story just as the simple narratives give it. If we are criticized for over-emphasizing the human side of His character, let that offset the over-emphasis on the other side. Books and books have been written about Him as the Son of God; surely we have a reverent

right to remember⁶ that His favourite title for Himself was the Son of Man.

Nazareth, where He grew up, was a little town in an outlying province. In the fashionable circles of Jerusalem it was quite the thing to make fun of its crudities of custom and speech, its simplicity of manner. The Galileans were quite conscious of the city's contempt, but bore it lightly. The sun shone almost every day; the land was fruitful; life was easygoing. Boys laughed boisterously at their games and got into trouble with their pranks. And Jesus, who worked in the carpenter's shop, must have been a leader among them.

We are not mindful of chronology here but shall thread back and forth through the rich variety of Jesus' life, picking up this incident and that bit of conversation, and bring them together to illustrate our purpose. That purpose is not to write a biography of the vital Christ but to paint a portrait. So we pass quickly over 30 years of His life, noting only that somehow, somewhere, there occurred in those years the eternal miracle—the awakening of the inner consciousness of power.*

No one knows just when the consciousness of His divinity came to Him. But somewhere, at some unforgettable hour, the audacious thought filled His heart. He knew He was bigger than Nazareth.

Another young man who had

* The author used the King James Version of the Bible as his source. However, in keeping with his stated purpose, he has taken liberties with the wording of certain quoted passages—just as he has with the chronology.

grown up near by was beginning to be heard from in the larger world: His cousin John. At the capital, John was the sensation of that season. The fashionable people were flocking out to the river to hear his denunciations; some even accepted his demand for repentance and were baptized. We can imagine with what eager interest Jesus must have listened to the reports. A day came when He was missing from the carpenter's shop. The hour of decision had arrived: He had hung up His tools and gone to Jerusalem, to John, to be baptized.

John's reception of Him was flattering. "I have need to be baptized of Thee," exclaimed John, "and comest Thou to me?" During the ceremony of baptism and for the rest of the day Jesus was in a state of exultation. He was going to do the big things which John had done; He felt the power stirring in Him; He was eager to begin.

Then the day closed and the night descended, and with it came the doubts. The day of supreme assurance had passed; the days of fearful misgiving had come.

Authority

THE DAYS of Jesus' doubt are set down as 40 in number. It is easy to imagine that lonely struggle. He had left a good trade among people who knew and trusted Him—and for what? To become a wandering preacher, talking to people who had never heard of Him? What was He

to talk about? How should He find words for His message? Hadn't He perhaps made a mistake.

Satan, says the narrative, tempted Him, saying, "You are hungry; here are stones. Make them into bread." The temptation of material success. It was entirely unnecessary for Him to be hungry *ever*. He had a good trade. He could build up a prosperous business and acquire comfort and wealth. Why not?

Satan comes in again, according to the narrative, taking Him up on to a high mountain and showing Him the kingdoms of the world. "All these can be yours, if you will only compromise." He could go to Jerusalem and enter the priesthood; that was a sure road to distinction. Or He might seek political leadership. There was plenty of discontent, and He knew the farmer and the labourer: they would listen to Him.

For 40 days and nights the incessant fight went on, but, once settled, it was settled for ever. In the calm of that wilderness there came the majestic conviction which is the very soul of leadership—the faith that God had sent Him into the world to do a work which no one else could do, which—if He neglected it—would never be done.

The youth who had been a carpenter stayed in the wilderness; a man came out. Not the fully-fledged Master who within the shadow of the cross could cry, "I have overcome the world." He had still much

growth to make, much progress in vision and self-confidence. But the beginnings were there. Men who looked on Him from that hour felt the authority of one who has put his spiritual house in order and knows clearly what he is about.

We speak of personal magnetism as though there were something mysterious about it—a magic quality bestowed on one in a thousand and denied to all the rest. This is not true. The essential element in personal magnetism is a consuming sincerity—an overwhelming faith in the importance of the work one has to do. Emerson said, “What you *are* thunders so loud I can’t hear what you say.”

The hardened French captain, Robert de Baudricourt, could hardly be expected to believe a peasant girl’s stories about heavenly voices promising she would do what the Dauphin’s armies could not. Yet he gave Joan of Arc her first sword.

Most of us go through the world mentally divided against ourselves. We wonder whether we are in the right jobs, whether, after all, anything is as important as it seems to be. Instinctively we wait for a commanding voice, for one who shall say authoritatively, “I have the truth.” There was in Jesus supremely that quality of conviction.

Even very prominent people were moved by it. Jesus had been in Jerusalem only a day or two when there came a knock at His door at night. He opened it to find Nicodemus,

one of the principal men of the city, a member of the Sanhedrin, a high-court judge. One feels the dramatic quality of the meeting—the young, almost unknown teacher, and the great man, half curious, half convinced. Jesus might very naturally have said, “I appreciate your coming, sir.” But there was no such note in the interview. One catches one’s breath at the audacity:

“Verily, verily, I say to you, Nicodemus, except you are born again you cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” And a few moments later, “If I have told you earthly things and you have not believed, how shall you believe if I tell you heavenly things?”

The famous visitor never forgot the impression made by the young man’s amazing self-assurance. In a few weeks the crowds along the shores of the Sea of Galilee were to respond to the same power. They were quite accustomed to the discourses of the scribes and Pharisees—long, involved arguments backed up by many citations from the law. But this teacher was different. He quoted nobody; His own word was offered as sufficient. He taught as “one having authority and not as the scribes.”

Twelve Unsaintly Men

THIS BLAZING conviction was the first and greatest element in the success of Jesus. The second was His powerful gift of recognizing hidden capacities in men. It must have

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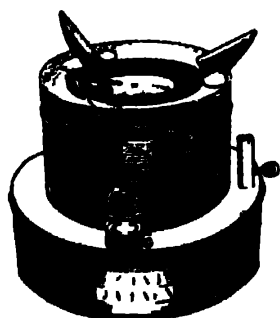
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amazed His friends when they learned the names of the 12 whom the young teacher had chosen to be His associates. What a list! Not a single person on it who had accomplished anything. A haphazard collection of fishermen and small-town businessmen—and one tax collector.

and resources poured out in an effort to create an understanding in them. Yet they never fully understood. In spite of all He could do or say, they remained persuaded that He planned to overthrow the Roman power and set Himself up as ruler in Jerusalem, and they never tired of wrangling as to how the



Christ calls Peter and Andrew

Having gathered His organization, there remained for Jesus the task of training it. And herein lay the third great element of His success—His unending patience. The Church has attached to each of the disciples the title of saint, but they were far from sainthood when He picked them up. For three years, day and night, His whole energy

offices should be divided. But Jesus never lost His patience. He believed that the way to get faith out of men is to show that you have faith in them.

Of all the disciples Simon Peter was most noisy and aggressive, always volunteering advice, proclaiming the staunchness of his own courage and faith. One day Jesus



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said to him, "Before the cock crows tomorrow you will deny me thrice." Simon was indignant. Though they killed him, he cried, he would never deny! Jesus merely smiled—and that night it happened. A lesser leader would have dropped Simon. But Jesus spoke no word of rebuke. Instead He kept His faith that Peter would carry on bravely. It was daring, but He knew His man. The shame of the denial had tempered the iron of that nature like fire; from then on there was no faltering in Peter even at death.

The disciples were untrained, simple men, with elementary weaknesses and passions. Yet, because of the fire of His personal conviction,

and because of His unwavering faith and patience, He moulded them into an organization which carried on victoriously. Within a very few years after His death, it was reported in a far-off corner of the Roman Empire that "these who have turned the world upside down have come hither also." A few decades later the proud emperor himself bowed his head to the teachings of this Nazareth carpenter, transmitted through common men.

"And He Waxed Strong"

To most of the crowd there was nothing unusual in the scene. That was the tragedy of it.

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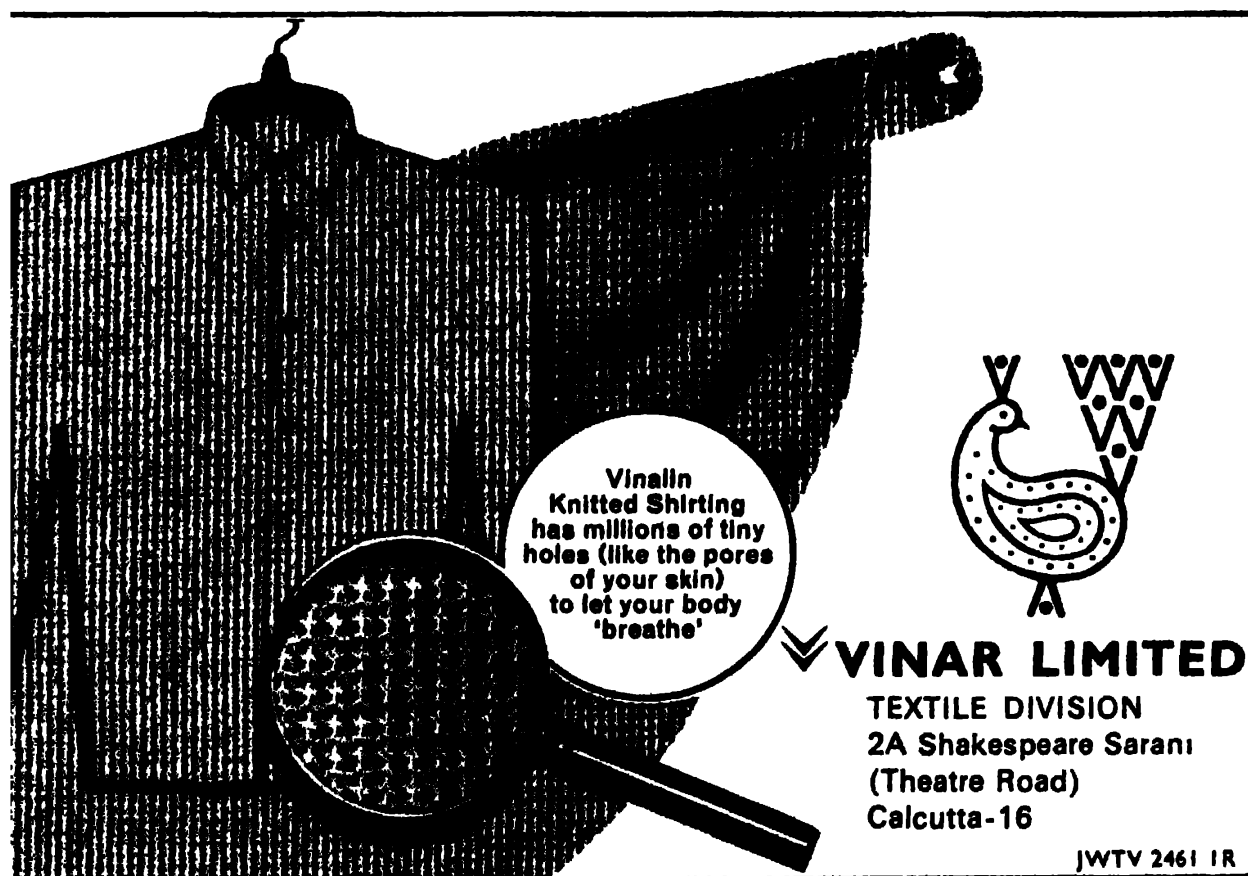
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of animals and human beings herded together. Men and women trampled one another, crying imprecations. At one side of the court were the cattle pens; the dove cages at the other. In the foreground, hard-faced priests and money changers sat behind long tables, exacting the utmost farthing from those who came to buy. One would never imagine that this was a place of worship. Yet it was the Temple—the centre of the religious life of the nation. And to the crowds, who jammed its courts the spectacle seemed perfectly normal.

But to the young man from Nazareth, here on a visit, it was no familiar sight. His cheeks flushed as

He faced the sordid reality. A woman's shrill tones pierced His reverie, and He turned to see a peasant mother protesting vainly against a ruthless exaction. A money changer leaned gloatingly over his hoard.

The young man's amazement deepened into anger. And suddenly, without a word of warning, He strode to the table where the fat money changer sat, and hurled it violently across the court. The startled robber lurched forward, grasping at his gains, lost his balance and fell sprawling on the ground. Another step and a second table was overturned, and another and another. The crowd surged around



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the young man, but He strode on, looking neither to right nor left. He reached the counters where the dove cages stood and with quick, sure movements released the occupants. He threw down the bars of the cattle pens and drove the bellowing animals into the streets.

The whole thing happened so quickly that the priests were caught off guard. Now, however, they collected themselves and bore down on Him in a body. Who was He that dared this act of defiance? By what authority did He presume to interrupt their business? The crowd gave way again; when it came to answering for the consequences they were perfectly willing to leave it to Him. And He was willing they should.

"*This is my authority,*" He cried. "It is written, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations,' but ye have made it a den of robbers."

Stung, His accusers hesitated, and in their hesitation were lost. The crowd burst forth with a cheer and this time bore Him out of the Temple.

It is a familiar story, much preached upon and pictured. But almost invariably the pictures show Him with a halo around His head, as though *that* was the explanation of His triumph. The truth is simpler and more impressive. There was in His eyes a flaming moral purpose, and greed and oppression have always shrivelled before such

fire. But with the majesty of His glance there was something else which counted in His favour. As His right arm rose and fell, the sleeve dropped back to reveal muscles hard as iron. No angry priest or money changer cared to try conclusions with that arm.

There are those to whom it will seem almost irreverent to suggest that Jesus was physically strong. They think of Him as a voice, a presence, a spirit. But remember the years of hard toil. Early in His boyhood Jesus went into the family carpenter's shop—and the practice of carpentry was no easy business in those days. Doubtless the man who took a contract for a house assumed responsibility for digging its foundations, for felling trees and shaping them with an adze. In after years those who listened and heard Him speak of the "man who built his house upon a rock" had no doubt that He knew what He was talking about. Some of them had seen Him at work, bending His strong shoulders and back to deliver heavy blows. So He "waxed strong," as the narrative tells us, a phrase which has rather been buried under the too frequent repetition of "the meek and lowly" and "the Lamb."

It requires only a little reading between the lines to be sure that the painters who have shown us a frail man, under-muscled, with a soft face, have misled us. This is not the Jesus at whose word the disciples

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THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS

left their work to enlist in an unknown cause. For proof of that assertion consider only three aspects of His experience: the health that flowed out of Him to create health in others; His lifetime of outdoor living; the steel-like hardness of His nerves.

His Miraculous Power

A MAN sick in bed for years had heard reports of His marvellous power and persuaded four friends to carry him to the house in Capernaum where He was teaching. It was too crowded to enter, but the invalid insisted until his friends carried him up an outside stairway and lowered him through the roof. So, in the midst of a sentence, the Teacher was interrupted. The sick man lay helpless at His feet.

Jesus smiled, and bent down, taking the limp hand in His firm grasp. "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee," He said. "Rise, take up thy bed and walk."

The sick man was stupefied. "Walk!" Was this some sort of cruel jest? A bitter protest rushed to his lips; but he looked up to the calm assurance of those eyes, the supple strength of those muscles—and the healing occurred! The man who so long ago had surrendered to despair now rose and gathered up his bed and went away—healed like hundreds of others in Galilee, by strength from an overflowing fountain of strength.

He himself was very reticent

about His "miracles." It is clear He did not interpret them in the same way that His followers did, or attach the same importance to them. He was often reluctant to perform them, and frequently insisted that the individual who had been healed should "go and tell no man." And on one celebrated occasion—His visit to His home town, Nazareth—the narrative tells us clearly that the miraculous power failed, and for a very interesting reason. The people of Nazareth were His boyhood acquaintances, and they were sceptical. Here He was just Jesus, their old neighbour, the son of the local carpenter. So of that visit the Gospel writers set down one of the most tragic sentences in literature. "He could do there no mighty work, *because of their unbelief.*"

Whatever the explanation of His miraculous power, it is clear that something big was required of the recipient as well as the giver. Without a belief in health on the part of the sick man, no health was forthcoming. No man could have inspired that belief unless his own health and strength were perfect.

Always the Master

ALL His days were spent in the open air—this is the second outstanding testimony to His strength. He walked constantly from village to village; His face was tanned by the sun and wind. Even at night He slept out of doors when He could—slipping away into the

healthful freshness of the Mount of Olives. He was an energetic outdoor man.

The vigorous activities of His days account for the third testimony to His strength—His nerves of steel.

In the last year of His public work the forces of opposition took on a form whose significance was perfectly clear. If He refused to retreat or to compromise, there could be but one end to His career. He knew they would kill Him, and He



Christ with Mary and Martha

knew *how*. More than once in His journeys He had passed the victims of the justice of that day, writhing, tortured beings nailed to crosses and waiting piteously for release. Sometimes they wilted for days before the end. The memory of such sights must have been constantly with Him; at every sunset He was conscious that He had walked just one day nearer His own ordeal.

Yet He never faltered. Calmly He went forward, cheering the

spirits of His disciples, striking blows against hypocrisy and oppression. And when the soldiers came to arrest Him, they found Him ready and calm.

The week of His trial and crucifixion takes up a large portion of the Gospels. For that week alone we can follow Him almost hour by hour; we know where He ate and slept, what He said and to whom; we can trace the gathering storm of fury which finally bore Him down. And this is the magnificent thing to remember—that through all the torture of imprisonment, court trials, midnight hearings, scourging, loss of food and of sleep, He never once ceased to be the Master.

Even Pilate felt it. The two men offered a strange contrast—the Roman governor who was soon to speak the sentence of death, and the silent, self-possessed former carpenter, bearing Himself as though He were somehow beyond the reach of man-made law.

Pilate faced Jesus, and from his lips burst a sentence which is a truer portrait than any painter has given us. The involuntary testimony of the dissipated Roman in the presence of perfect strength, perfect assurance: "Behold, the man!"

Joy and Laughter

THE ROMAN Lentulus, who succeeded Pilate as governor of Jerusalem, is reported to have described Jesus with the unfortunate statement: "Nobody has ever seen Him

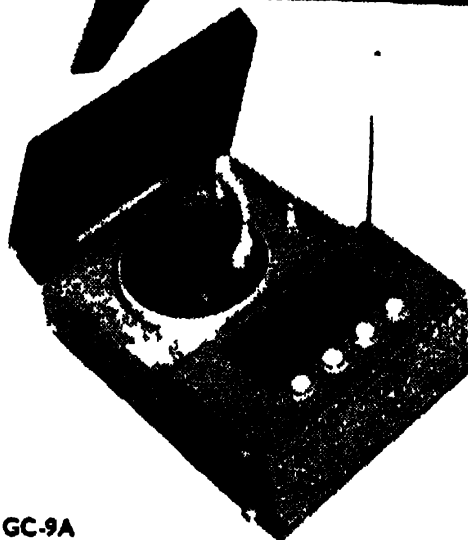
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His Master's Voice

laugh." The quotation is a forgery, penned by an unknown impostor in a later century; yet how persistently it has lived! And so the friendliest man who ever lived has been shut off by a black wall of tradition from those whose friendship He would most enjoy; the world has been robbed of the joy and laughter of the Great Companion.

The Bible contains full account of the weeping which attended the crucifixion; only John remembered the laughter amid which the first miracle was performed. It was in the little town of Cana, not far from Nazareth. Jesus and His mother had been invited to a wedding feast. Often such a celebration continued for several days. Everybody was expected to enjoy himself to the utmost as long as the food and drink lasted—and it was a point of pride with the bride's mother that food and drink should last a long time.

Enthusiasm was at a high pitch on this occasion when a servant whispered to the hostess. The wine had given out. Picture the poor woman's chagrin! This was her daughter's wedding—the one social event in the life of the family, for which they had made every sort of sacrifice. Now, at the very height of success, the wine had given out.

Most of the guests were too busy to note the entrance of the servant. But the mother of Jesus understood and confided the message to Him: "Son, the wine is gone."

Well, what of it? He was only

one of a score of guests. There had been wine enough; the party was noisy and none too restrained. Let them quiet themselves, say good-bye to their hostess and get off to bed.

Did any such thoughts cross His mind? If they did, we have no record of it. Instead He sent for six pots and ordered them to be filled with water. When the contents of the first were drawn, the ruler of the feast lifted his glass to the bridegroom and the bewildered but happy hostess: "Every man setteth off first the good wine," he cried, "and when men have drunk freely, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

This first miracle is often omitted from the comments on His life, or passed over hastily. But to us who think first of His friendliness, it seems gloriously characteristic, setting the pattern for the years that were to follow. "I came that ye might have life," He exclaimed, "and have it more abundantly."

Jesus loved to be in the crowd. Apparently He attended all the feasts at Jerusalem not merely as religious festivals but because He had an all-embracing fondness for people. There was a time when He was quite the favourite in Jerusalem. The story of His days is dotted with these phrases: "A certain ruler desired Him that He should eat with him." "They desired Him greatly to remain and He abode two days." Even after He had denounced the Pharisees as hypocrites



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THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS

they still could not resist the charm of His presence or the stimulation of His talk. Close to the end of the story we read that a "certain chief of the Pharisees desired Him that He would dine at his house."

No other public figure ever had a more interesting list of friends. It ran from the top of the social ladder to the bottom: Pharisees, fishermen; merchants and tax collectors; cultivated women and outcast women; soldiers, lawyers, beggars, lepers, publicans and sinners. What a spectacle they must have presented trailing after Him through the streets! He loved it all—the pressure of the crowd, the clash of wits, the eating and the after-dinner talk.

Once He told a story which must

have outraged the self-righteous members of His audience. He said that a certain man had two sons. The elder, a perfectly proper and perfectly uninteresting young man, worked hard, saved his money and conducted himself generally as a respectable member of society. But people were gloomier rather than happier when he came round.

The younger son was a reckless ne'er-do-well, who took his portion of the estate and went into a far country, where he led a wild life and presently was penniless and repentant. In that mood he worked his way back to his father's house. The father saw the boy coming, ran to him, threw his arms round his son's dusty shoulders, kissed his

The departure of the Prodigal Son



forehead and bore him in triumph to the door. "Bring a fatted calf," the father cried. "Make a feast; call the neighbours in to celebrate. For this my son which was gone has come back."

There were high doings in that house that day, and everyone enjoyed them except the elder son. "I work and save and have never had a good time," he exclaimed. "This irresponsible youngster has had nothing but good times, and now when he has spent his money, they give him a party. It's wrong."

The father did not defend the younger son, but he rebuked the elder. That was what hurt the smug members of the audience to whom

Jesus told the story. The implication was too plain. "There are two ways in which a man may waste his life," the story said in effect. "One is to run away from his responsibilities, causing sorrow to his parents and hurt to his associates, killing his finer nature. That is wrong, and a man must repent of such conduct and change his life if he is to be received again into his Father's house."

"But the other is equally wrong. They who neither laugh nor sing are out of tune with the Infinite. Those who find no pleasure and give none offer God a constant affront. However precise their conduct, their spirit is an offence."

This was His message—a happy

BOROLINE

SO SMOOTH, SO SATISFYING, SO SUBTLY

God, wanting His sons and daughters to be happy. No passages in all literature are more scathing than Jesus' denunciations of the cheerless, self-righteous Pharisees. He proclaimed that life is a gift to be enjoyed, not a penance to be served.

Wherever He went children swarmed round, climbing on His knees, tugging at His garments, begging to hear more of His stories. It was all highly improper and wasteful in the disciples' eyes. But Jesus commanded, "Suffer the little children to come unto me!" And He added one of those sayings which should make so clear the message of His Gospel: "They are the very essence of the Kingdom of

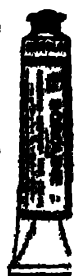
Heaven. Unless you become like them you shall in no wise enter in." Like them... like children... laughing, joyous, unaffected, trusting implicitly, with time to be kind.

For three years Jesus walked up and down the shores of His lake and through the streets of towns and cities, trying to make the people understand. Then came the end, and, almost before His flesh was cold, the distortion began. He who cared nothing for ceremonies and forms was made the idol of formalism. Men hid themselves in monasteries, tortured their skins with harsh garments and cried out that they were followers of Him—of Him who loved the crowd, who



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gathered children about Him wherever He went, who celebrated the calling of a new disciple with a feast in which all the neighbourhood joined! "Hold your heads high," He had exclaimed. "You are lords of the universe . . . only a little lower than the angels . . . children of God."

His last supper with His disciples was an hour of solemn memories. Their minds were heavy with foreboding. He talked earnestly, but the whole purpose of His talk was to lift up their hearts, to fill their spirits with a conquering faith.

"My joy I leave with you," He exclaimed. "Be of good cheer," He exclaimed. Joy, cheer—these are the words by which He wished to be remembered.

JESUS WAS, as we say, many-sided, and every man sees the side of His nature which appeals most to himself.

The doctor thinks of the great Physician whose touch never failed, who preceded modern science in a knowledge of the relation of the spirit to health. The preacher studies the Sermon on the Mount and marvels that truths so profound should be expressed in words so clear and simple. The politically active man remembers His courage in opposing the most powerful elements in His community, and is awed by His capacity to speak honestly without loss of loyalty.

Lawyers have written in praise of His pleading at His trial; and the literary critics of every age have acknowledged His mastery as a story-teller.

I am not a doctor or lawyer or critic but an advertising man, concerned with the art-science of bringing others to one's own point of view. I propose to consider some words and deeds of Jesus which persuaded—and still persuade—men of the wisdom and justice in His teaching.

A Dangerous Idea

JESUS, in His sublime audacity, was the successor, and the surpasser, of all the prophets who had gone before. Moses was one of the majestic intellects of history, whose understanding transformed humanity. His great truth can be contained in one short sentence: *There is one true God*. What an overwhelming idea, and how magnificent its consequences!

Moses died, and eventually there arose another prophet, Amos. To Moses' idea Amos added, "God is a God of justice"—a stupendous conception, which has become such an elementary part of our consciousness that we are almost shocked by the suggestion that it could ever have been new.

Years passed and another prophet, Hosea, stood up before the nation. With burning zeal he proclaimed a God capable of forgiveness towards erring human beings



Calvary

—so strong that He could destroy, yet so tender that He would not!

One God. A just God. A good God. These were the three steps in the development of the greatest of all ideas. Hundreds of generations have died since then, and the thought of the world on almost every other subject has changed, but the conception of God which these

three ideas achieved has dominated the religious thinking of much of the world down to this hour.

What was there for Jesus to add? Only one thought—but more splendid than all previous ideas. It altered again, and even more surely, the current of history. He invited frail, bewildered humanity to stand upright and look at God face to

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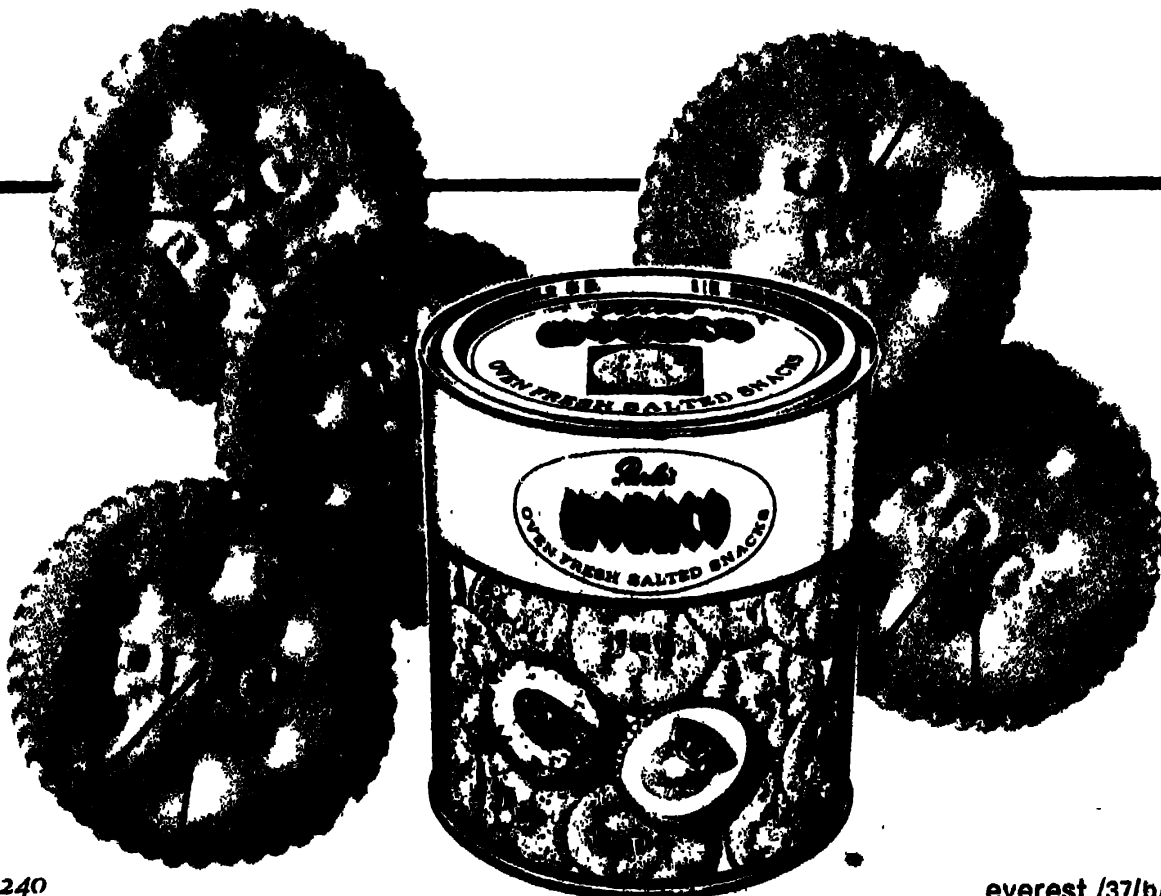
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face. He called on men to throw away fear, disregard the limitations of their mortality and claim the Lord of Creation as Father. This is the basis of all revolt against injustice and repression, of all democracy. For if God is the Father of all men, then the commonest is as precious as the king. No wonder the authorities trembled. They were not fools; they recognized the implications. Either Jesus' life or their power must go.

This was the Gospel Jesus wished to send "to all creation" through the instrumentality of His 11 men. What, then, were His methods?

The Teacher

HE WAS MAKING the journey back from Jerusalem to Nazareth, after His spectacular triumph in cleansing the Temple of the money-changers, when He came to Jacob's Well and, being tired, sat down. His disciples had stopped at one of the villages to purchase food, so He was alone. The well furnished the water supply for the neighbouring city of the Samaritans, and after a little time a woman came out to it, carrying her pitcher on her shoulder. Between her people and His there was a feud of centuries. To be touched by even the shadow of a Samaritan was defilement, according to the strict Code of the Pharisees; to speak to one was a crime. The woman did not conceal her resentment at finding Him there.

A difficult, perhaps dangerous

situation. How could He meet it? How to give a message to one who was forbidden by everything holy to listen? Silence prevailed. As the woman drew closer, Jesus made no move to indicate that He was conscious of her approach. His gaze was on the ground. When He spoke, He spoke quietly, musingly, as if to Himself.

"If you knew who I am," He said, "you would not need to come out here for water; I would give you living water."

The woman stopped short, set down the pitcher and looked at the stranger. What did He mean? She started to speak, checked herself, and burst out impulsively:

"What are you talking about? Do you mean you are greater than our father Jacob who gave us this well?"

Dramatic, isn't it? Triumph achieved with a single sentence. And, following up His initial advantage, He began to talk to her *in terms of her own life, her ambitions, her hopes*. When the disciples came up a few minutes later, they found the unbelievable—a Samaritan listening with rapt attention to the teaching of a Jew.

He prepared to go, but she would not allow it. She ran back to the city to summon her relatives. "Come," she cried, "and see a man who told me all things ever I did." They followed her out to the well—prejudiced, reluctant. Suspiciously at first, but with steadily ascending interest, they listened to His talk.

As the afternoon shadows lengthened, other citizens swelled the audience. When He prepared to go they would not hear of it. "They besought Him to abide with them, and He abode there two days."

This incident helps us to understand the great mystery—how a religion, originating in a despised province of a petty country, could so quickly carry round the world. It conquered not because there was any *demand* for another religion but because Jesus knew how, and taught His followers how, to catch the attention of the indifferent, and translate a great spiritual conception into terms of practical self-concern.

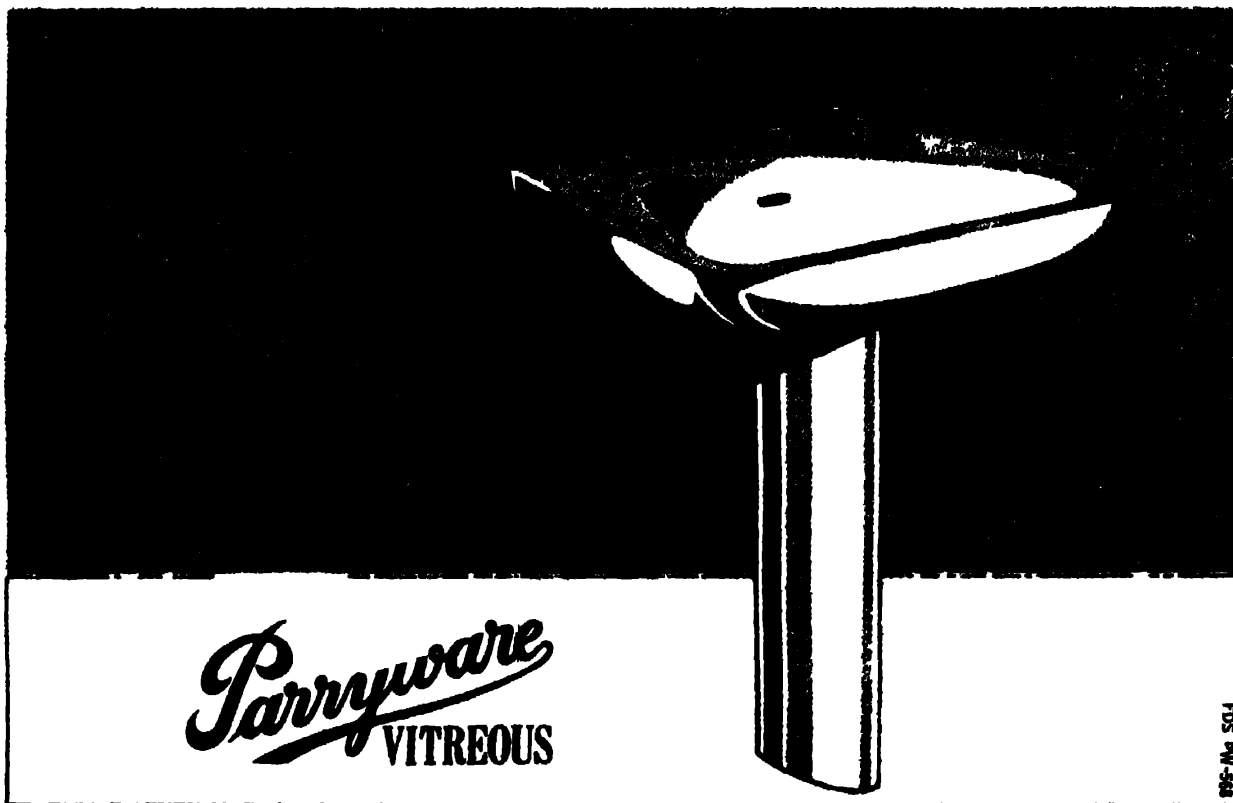
Every one of Jesus' conversations,

every contact between His mind and others, is worthy of attentive study. Passing along the shores of a lake one day, He saw two of the fishermen whom He wanted as disciples. Their hands were busy with their fishing nets, their conversation was about conditions in the fishing trade. What was Jesus' approach?

"Come with me," He said, "and I will make you fishers of men."

Fishers—fishers of men—that was a new idea. What was He driving at? It sounded interesting.

He sat on a hillside overlooking a fertile country. Many of the crowd who gathered round Him were farmers. "A sower went forth to



sow," He began, "and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside and the fowls came and devoured them . . ." Were they interested . . . *were* they? The thievish crows—so this Teacher knew something about the farmers' troubles, did He? Let's hear what He has to say . . .

Test of Wits

JESUS also knew very well how to meet an objection, though He seldom argued. On some occasions He won His case with a single question—one of the best weapons in the whole armoury of persuasion.

The Pharisees had set a trap for Him. One Sabbath day they hunted

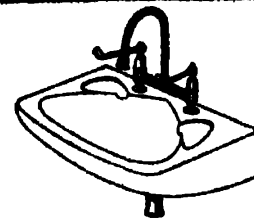
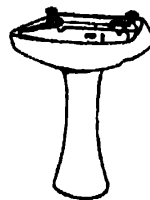
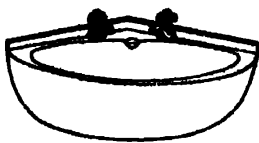
up a man with a withered hand and deposited him in the Temple where Jesus would be sure to pass. Then they waited. If Jesus healed him, it would be a breach of the Code, which forbade any activity on the Sabbath. Jesus sensed the test and met it without hesitation.

"Stand forth," He said to the poor chap.

The formalists pushed in close. This was their moment. They had dug the pit cleverly, and now He was about to fall in. But then the soft light went out of Jesus' eyes, the muscles of His jaw grew tense, He looked "round on them with anger," as He demanded:

"Is it lawful on the Sabbath day to

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do good or to do harm? To save a life or to kill?"

He waited for an answer. What could they say? If they replied that the law *forbade* a good deed, their answer, repeated all over town, would bring discredit on these proud defenders of the law. The Pharisees recognized that. They "held their peace" and sullenly slipped away.

In all the three years of His public work there was not one moment when He failed to be complete master of the situation. He was accessible to anybody—in the market-place, in the Temple and on the main streets. It became quite a recognized sport for the keen and clever to match wits with Him. Pharisees tried it; scribes tried it; "a certain lawyer" tried it. Jealousy and anger drove them back again and again; and every time He was too much for them. In the very last week the Pharisees and Herodians gathered together a picked delegation of sharp wits and sent them to Jesus with what looked like an absolutely foolproof bomb. They started in with flattery; after all, He was a fellow from the provinces—they would catch Him off guard.

"Teacher, we know that you speak the truth," they said, "and that you don't care anything about the authority or office which a man holds. You treat them all alike, and speak your mind bluntly because you get your thoughts direct from God. Now, tell us, is it lawful to

give tribute unto Caesar or not?"

Clever, gentlemen, very clever. If He answers that it isn't lawful, you will have the record of His reply in Herod's hands in an hour and He will be under arrest for propagating rebellion against the Roman power. If He answers that it is lawful, He will lose His popular following—because the people hate the Romans and dodge the taxes at every turn.

He looked at them with frank contempt.

"Somebody lend me a coin," He exclaimed.

An eager listener dug into his purse and produced it. Jesus held it up where all could see.

"Whose picture is here?" He demanded. "Whose name?"

They began to be uneasy. The shrewdest suspected that the path was leading towards the precipice, yet they must answer. "Caesar's," they replied.

"Very good," He said. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's."

Another repulse for the best legal talent in the city, another good laugh for the crowd, another story to tell in the taverns, in the Temple court, in the market-place . . . wherever the common folk crowded together. In describing the defeated questioners three of the Gospels say: "They marvelled at Him." And a little later, "And no man after that durst ask Him any question." Every trap had been sprung on the

fingers of those who had set it. No argument was left for the objectors except the final one, which is always a confession of failure. They had brute force on their side. They could not stand against His thinking, but they could, and did, nail Him on the cross.

Not in time, however. Not until

work. The "blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church."

The great Idea prevailed.

Master of Words

LIVING healthily, He spread health wherever He went. He expressed Himself in words of great beauty. But He also fed the hungry,



The raising of Jairus' daughter

His work was finished. Not until He had trained and equipped a force which would carry on with double power because of the very fact of His death. By promising them obstacles rather than picturing rewards, He tempered the soft metal of His disciples' natures into keen hard steel.

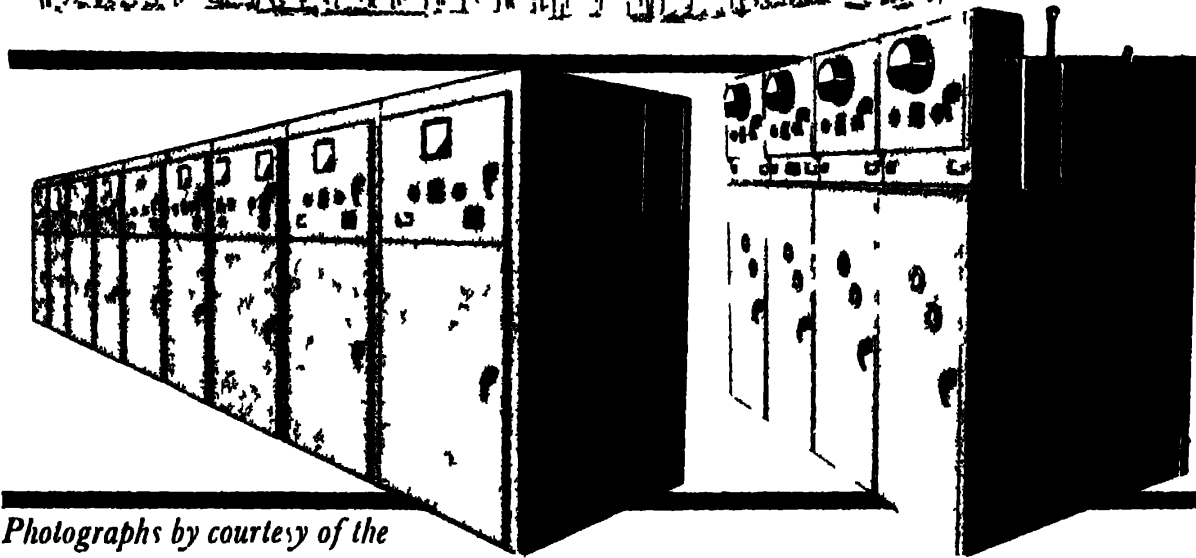
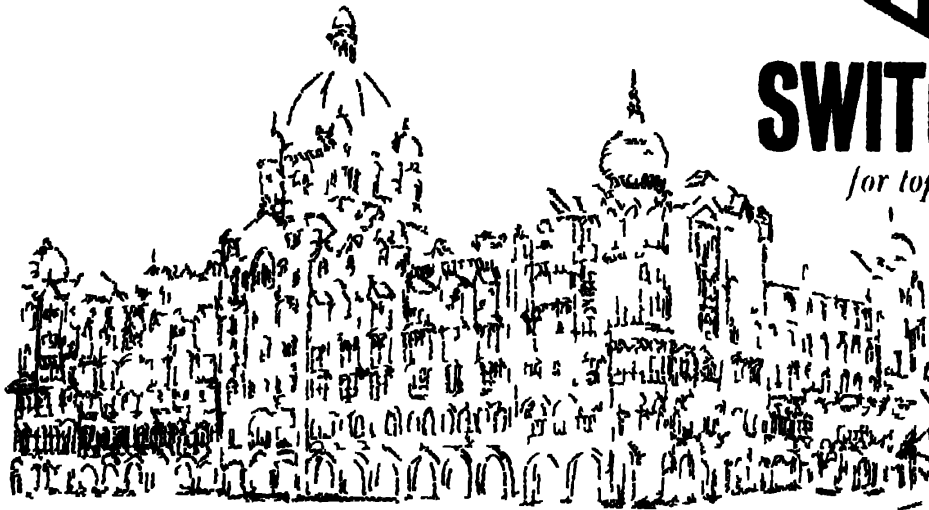
The Master's training did its

cheered the poor, healed a lame man, gave sight to a blind man. A child whom the doctors had abandoned for dead sits up and smiles when He takes her by the hand! "The fame thereof went abroad into all that land," says the narrative, and no wonder. He was known by His service. On only one occasion did He deliver a long discourse and



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that was probably interrupted often by questions and debates.

One of the most revealing verses to those who would understand the secret of the power in His "preaching" is this: "All these things spake Jesus unto the multitude in parables; and without a parable spake He not unto them." Wise in the laws and habits of the human mind, He told them stories—stories about people—and let the stories carry His message.

He might have said, as other teachers have: "When going about your business, be thoughtful of the other travellers on the highways of life. Look for those who have fared less fortunately; lend them a helping hand whenever you can."

But no. Instead He painted this striking picture: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. They stripped off his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead . . ." and the whole world knows what happened. The parable of the Good Samaritan condenses the philosophy of Christianity into a half-dozen unforgettable paragraphs. Generalities would have been soon forgotten. But the story, with its roots in everyday human experience and need, will live for ever.

Take any one of the parables, no matter which—you will find a perfect example of the way a new idea may be presented. Always a picture in the very first sentence; crisp, graphic language; and a message so

clear that even the least interested cannot escape it. Every man who wishes to know a little more of Jesus should study the parables, school himself in their language and learn the elements of their power. When He sought to explain the deepest philosophic mystery, the personality and character of God, He said, "A king made a banquet and invited many guests. God is that King and you are the guests; the Kingdom of Heaven is happiness—a banquet to be enjoyed."

Many noble prayers have been sent up to the Throne of Grace—long, impressive utterances. The only prayer which Jesus publicly commended was uttered by a poor publican who cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." A seven-word prayer, and Jesus called it a good one. The prayer which He taught His disciples consists of 58 words and can be written on the back of a post-card. He said it contained all that men needed to say or God to hear.

His language was marvellously simple. There is hardly a sentence in His teaching which a child cannot understand. His illustrations were all drawn from the commonest experiences of life: "a sower went forth to sow"; "a certain man had two sons"; "a man built his house on the sands"; "the Kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of mustard seed."

Jesus used few adjectives or qualifying words, and no long ones.

Recall the Lord's Prayer: almost entirely words of two syllables or one, most of them one. Sincerity illuminates His every word. It was the way Jesus looked at men, and the life He led among them, that gave His words transforming power. What He was and what He said were one and the same thing.

The thoughts which Jesus had to give the world were revolutionary, but few in number. "God is your Father," He said, "caring more for the welfare of every one of you than any human father can possibly care for his children. His Kingdom is happiness! His rule is love." This is what He had to teach, and He knew the necessity of driving it home from every possible angle. So in one of His stories God is the Shepherd searching the wilds for one wandering sheep; in another the Father welcoming home a prodigal boy; in another a King who forgives his debtors. Many stories but the same big Idea. Because the stories were unforgettable, the Idea lived.

The Road to Success

Jesus had a special fondness for James and John, whose ungovernable tempers, energy and noisiness had given them the title of "Sons of Thunder." One afternoon they came to Him to ask where their enterprise was heading and just what there would be in it for them.

"Master," they said, "we want to ask what plans you have in mind for us. You're going to need strong men

round you when you establish your kingdom; our ambition is to sit on either side of you, one on your right hand and the other on your left."

Jesus answered with a sentence of great poetry. "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister," He said, "and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all."

Grand-sounding, yes. But isn't it contradictory, if not utterly impractical in a common-sense world? Be the best possible servant and you will occupy the highest possible place. What does it mean?

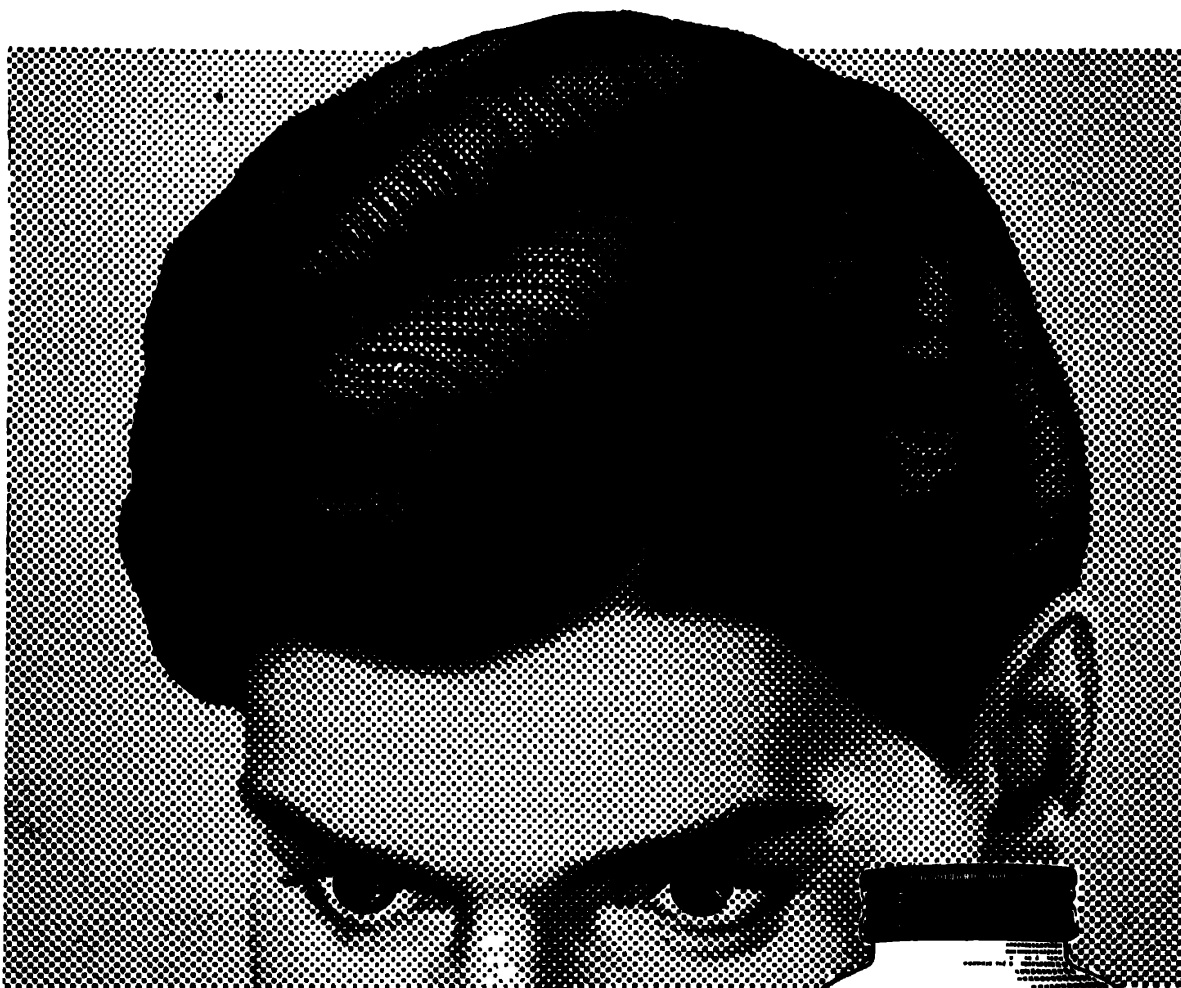
One afternoon on a train I listened to a wise man who certainly understood what Jesus meant. "I am amazed by some of the young men who ask me to use my influence to get them better positions," he said. "Such an attitude shows an absolute failure to understand fundamentals. I spent many years with one company. I never once asked what my salary or title was to be—none of the men in that company ever wasted time over such questions. We had a vision of extending our company's service throughout the world, of making it the finest, most useful institution of its kind." True, the company made this gentleman rich. My conviction is that he thought of service, not of gain.

"The man who loses his life," Jesus said, "shall find it."

Because He was a religious teacher, because it's printed in the Bible, does it fail to apply to a man's



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work? What did this man on the train mean if it wasn't that he and his friends buried themselves in a great undertaking, literally lost their lives in it? And when they found their lives again, they were bigger and richer than they had ever supposed they could be.

Work is Worship

REMEMBER the words of Jesus when He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Another principle, which seems equally impracticable. Is a man a fool to let them be a guiding influence in his life?

One day I asked a great historian: "You have viewed the whole panorama of human progress. What heads rise above the common level? Among them all, what half a dozen men deserve to be called great?"

He turned the question over for a day or two, then gave me a list of six names with his reasons for each. An extraordinary list! Jesus. Buddha. Asoka. Aristotle. Roger Bacon. Abraham Lincoln.

Think of the thousands of emperors who have battled for fame. Yet Asoka, who ruled in India centuries before Christ, is the only emperor on the list—and not because of his victories but because he voluntarily abandoned war and devoted himself to the betterment of his subjects.

Think of all those who have struggled for wealth. But no millionaire is on the list, with the exception again of Asoka.

Who sat on the throne in Rome

when Jesus of Nazareth hung on the cross? Who ruled the hosts of Persia when Aristotle thought and taught? Who was the king of England when Roger Bacon laid the foundations of modern scientific research?

The historian, when he seeks for something that has endured, finds the message of a teacher, the dream of a scientist, the vision of a seer. "These six men stood on the corners of history," the historian said. "Events hinged on them. The current of human thought was freer and clearer because they had lived and worked. They took little from the world and left it much. They did not get; they gave."

Somewhere in his *Essays*, Emerson has a sentence to this effect: "See how the mass of men worry themselves into nameless graves, while here and there a great unselfish soul forgets himself into immortality." It is a fine thought, finely phrased—but Jesus thought it first.

The same sound principles of serving and giving apply to *every* walk of life. It was not simply to preach that Jesus came into the world—nor to teach, nor to heal. These are all aspects of His "Father's business," but the business itself is far larger, more inclusive. For if human life has any significance, it is this—that God has set going here an experiment to which all His resources are committed. No single kind of human talent or effort can be spared if the experiment is to succeed. The

human race must be fed and clothed and housed and transported, as well as preached to and taught and healed. *All* work can be worship; *all* useful service prayer. And whoever works wholeheartedly at any worthy calling associates himself with the Almighty in the great enterprise.

Why Not Be King?

JESUS spoke of crowns and talked of His Kingdom, and died on a cross.

What then constitutes achievement or "success"?

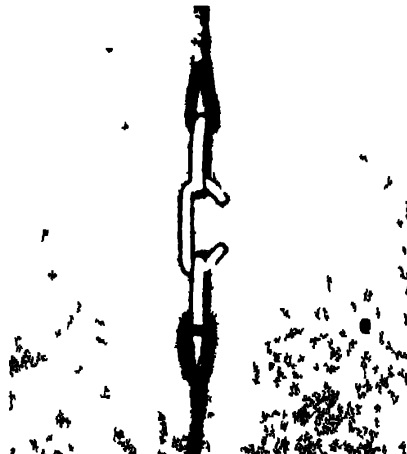
"He was in all points tempted like as we are," says the Epistle to the Hebrews. We have read it often,

but have never believed it, of course. But let us now make the effort. And, touching on one great episode in this most exalted story, let us consider the perils and crises of success.

Jesus was not at all sure where He was going when He laid down His tools and turned His back on the carpenter shop—unless we can believe this, His struggle ceases to be "in all points" like our own; for each of us has to venture on life as on to an uncharted sea. But after He had gone to John to be baptized, and after the 40-day crisis of doubt in the wilderness, His first success was swift beyond all expectations. Out of the Temple, shrieking and



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cursing, went the money changers, while the crowd cheered. When He went back into His own north country, crowds flocked to hear Him talk; news of His healing travelled ahead of Him everywhere. His vision of His work began to take definite shape. He would restore the self-respect of the people, abolishing the rule of formalism, and establishing a fresh, glorious conception of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

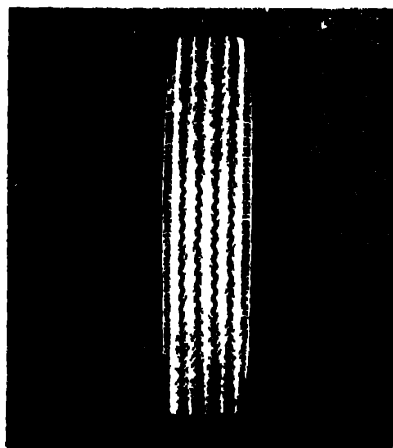
The year or year and a half that followed, there in the warm sunshine of Galilee, was filled with the joy of increasing reputation and achievement. But there were people in Jerusalem with whose private

affairs His ideas would seriously interfere. Opposition crystallized; the time was coming when He must compromise or fight. And with this realization He faced a second, and greater, crisis.

He had crossed the lake one day in a little boat to get away from the crowds, but they hurried round the end of the lake, gathering recruits as they went, and waited for Him at the landing place—more than 5,000 strong. He was tired and wanted a chance to rest and think. But here were the people, pathetically eager, and He "had compassion on them." So He went on with His teaching until the day was almost over. Then, at last, the disciples



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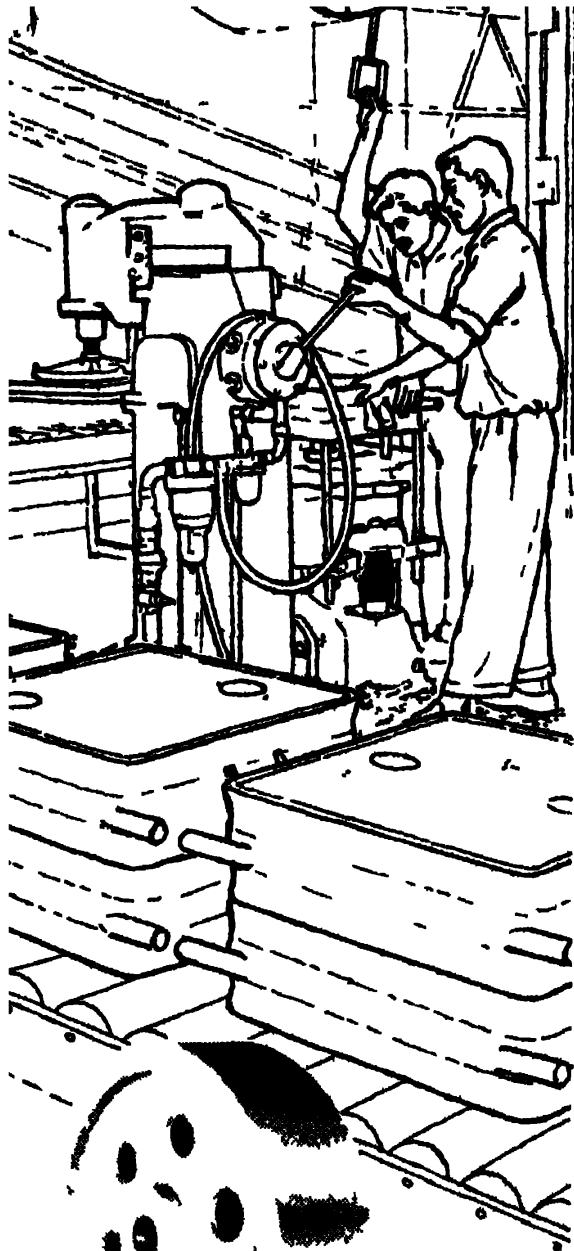
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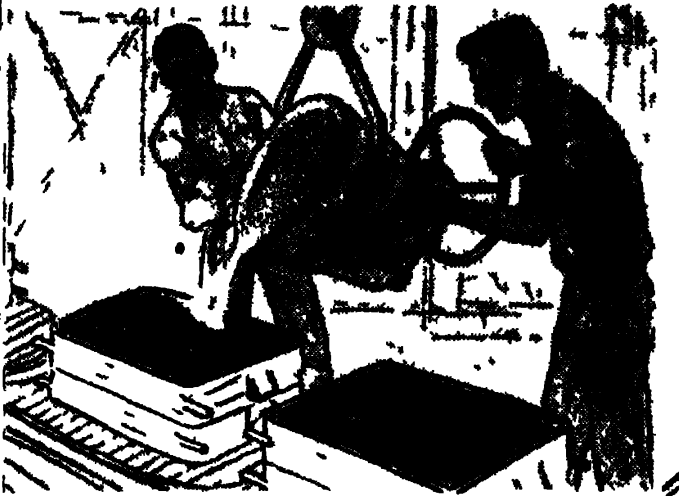
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THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS

came and demanded that He send them away.

"But they have made a long trip and have been with us all day without food," he replied. "We must feed them before they go."

The disciples regarded Him with amazement. "Feed them — on what?"

"Have them sit down," he commanded. "Gather up whatever food you can find and bring it to me."

Doubtingly, the disciples did as they were told. They arranged the crowd in companies of 50, collected the little supply of food which the more prudent had brought. He lifted His eyes to Heaven, blessed the food, ordered it redistributed — and somehow the people ate and were satisfied.

Just what happened in the moment when the food was laid before Him is a mystery, but there is no doubt as to what took place afterwards. It was the event for which the people had waited, the unmistakable sign! Moses had fed their fathers on manna in the wilderness; now here, surely, was the son of David, who would overthrow the rule of their conquerors and restore the throne to Jerusalem!

Joyously they shouted the news back and forth. Their enthusiasm carried them to their feet; in groups of 50 they were already organized like an army! Right there on the field they were enough to outnumber the Roman garrison in Jerusalem; but they were only a nucleus

of the host that would gather, once their southward march was formed. A wild enthusiasm seized them. Shouting His name, they surged forward towards the little hill where He stood.

And then —

He had foreseen their purpose, and doubt raged through His spirit. Why not be their king? Solomon had been king, and a great spiritual leader; David had been king, and had written the nation's highest ideals into his Psalms. He Himself was better balanced than David, wiser than Solomon — why not?

It was a splendid picture to stir the pulse of an ambitious man. For an instant Jesus allowed His eyes to rest on it. Then He saw the other picture — the vast dumb multitudes of men, His brothers and sisters, the blind being led by the blind, their souls squeezed dry of vision and hope by the machinery of formalism. He saw generations born and die in spiritual servitude which nothing could end except the Truth that He had come to declare. To be king of the Jews would mean giving His people a semblance of national life, temporarily; but the Truth was capable of continuing its work of emancipation throughout the world as long as time should last. In a flash He made His decision. Even as the multitude surged forward, He gave a few orders to His disciples and disappeared.

The Gospel story puts the dramatic climax into a single sentence:

"When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take Him by force, to make Him a king, He departed again into a mountain Himself alone." (John 6:15)

So there is no mere theorizing in His words. If He says that a man's work is more eternally important than any title, He has a right to speak. He Himself refused the highest title. If He says that there are things more vital than merely making money, He speaks as one who was handed the wealth of a nation and handed it back again. Idealist He is, but there is nothing in the whole hard world so practical as His ideals. "There is," He says, "a success which is greater than wealth or titles. It comes through making your work an instrument of greater service and longer living to your fellow men and women."

The Master

SO WE COME to the final tests of man's living . . . How does he bear disappointment? How does he die?

For two years it seemed almost certain that Jesus would prevail. Men competed for the honour of being His host, there was friendliness in His audiences that made almost anything seem possible. If you read the story carefully, you can see how His tone and manner grew in confidence. In hours of exalted communion He felt Himself God's Son, knew that He could lift the hearts of men as no other had ever lifted them. "I am the Way," He cried,

and He called on His friends to free themselves, to believe more, rejoice more, *expect* more of God.

Those who listened were impressed. Even the most callous yielded grudging admiration. "Never man so spake," said they.

Then came the change.

His home town was first to turn against Him. "Jesus of Nazareth," His world called Him, linking its name with His. He had lifted the despised little village out of obscurity. And now, in the height of His glory, He was going back—a visit He must have planned with some enthusiasm, only to be met with cynicism.

At the synagogue, a crowd was waiting with much whispering and craning of necks. He made His way to the front of the room, picked up the roll of the prophet Isaiah, turned towards them and began to read: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,

"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord." (Luke 4:18-19)

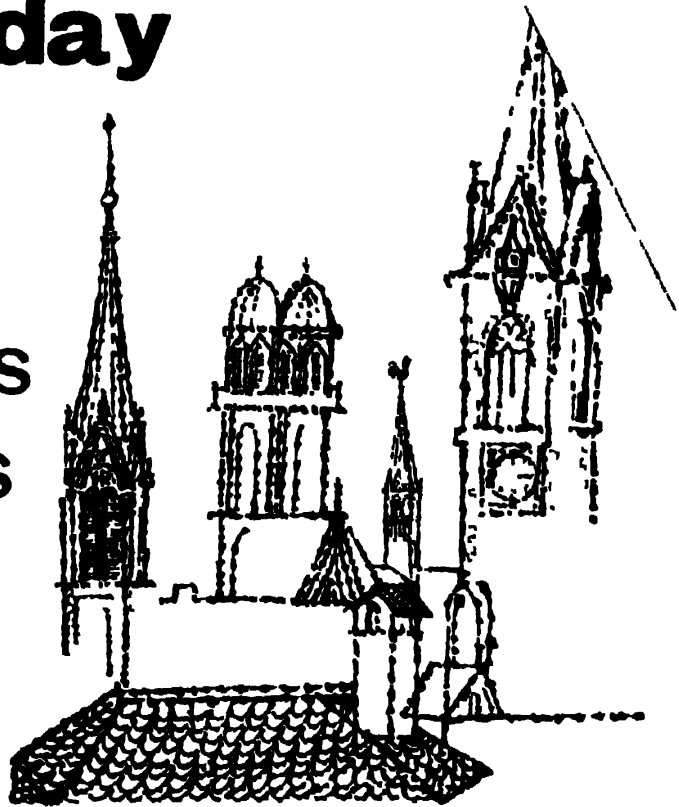
He closed the book. "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears," He said simply.

There was an ominous silence in the synagogue. "And the eyes of all . . . were fastened on Him." He knew what they were thinking:

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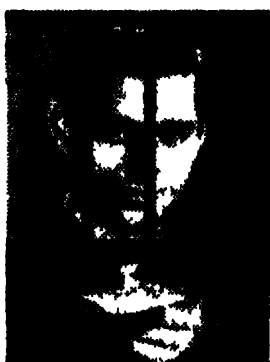
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THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS

"You may have caused a stir in Capernaum, but we know you. You're no prophet; you're just the son of Joseph the carpenter, and you can't fool us!" They wanted Him to exhibit Himself, to try to do some such mighty work as He had done elsewhere. But He knew that scorn and ignorant self-sufficiency were miracle-proof. "No prophet is accepted in his own country," He said to them sadly, and turned to leave.

Then the storm broke. All the pent-up envy burst out. The townsmen roared and surged forward, hurrying Him through the main street to the edge of a precipice where they would have thrown Him over. But when He turned and faced them they shrank back, suddenly impotent, and before they could reform their purpose, He had passed "through the midst of them" and was on His way. From henceforth Capernaum became "His city." He had come unto His own, and His own received Him not.

His brothers deserted Him. The close relatives of any great man must be always a little mystified by the world's worship. The brothers of Jesus had been witnesses of His defeat, and were left behind to bear the ignominy of it. The sneers were bad enough, but the reports that came back from other towns were frightening. It was said that He made seditious speeches; He would get Himself into gaol, and His relatives with Him. Hence, the members of His family spent their energy

in the effort to get Him to go farther away from home.

"For neither did His brethren believe in Him." (John 7:5)

The people deserted Him. They had been cheering His name beside the lake, seeking to force Him to be their king, when He retired to the mountain to think and pray. It must have been a dramatic moment when He reappeared. But "I am not come to restore the kingdom to Jerusalem," He cried. "Mine is a spiritual mission: I am the bread of life. What I have come to give you is myself, that by knowing me you may know your Father."

They could not have been more stunned. Hadn't they seen the signs that He was the leader, so long promised, who would rout the Romans and restore the throne of David? And now, when the hour was ripe, when they were ready to march, why this senseless talk about "the bread of life"?

It was sacrilege or nonsense, one or the other. In either event it proved Him an unsound leader. Silently the people began to slip away, and afterwards they denied that they had ever had anything to do with Him.

The tide had turned. He realized it clearly and sought to build up in the 12 an increased sense of their responsibilities. He must "go into Jerusalem," He told them, "and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed." All hope of a revived and

regenerated nation was gone; Jesus' one chance now for permanent influence was in welding His little group closer together and sealing their union with His blood.

Three Final Scenes

HIS LITTLE GROUP of friends were still groping for a clear vision of message and purposes when for the last time He led them down to Jerusalem and the final feast. That last week of His life began with the triumphant shouts of "Hosanna"; it ended with the bloodthirsty cries of "Crucify!" Between the first morning of triumph and the last hours of mortal agony, it witnessed His finest verbal victories over His opponents. Never were His nerves more steady; never was His courage higher, His mind more keen. Deliberately He piled up the mountain of hatred, knowing that it would crush Him, but determined that there should be no doubt through the ages as to *what* He had stood for and *why* He had to die.

Scene 1. On a cool, quiet Thursday night, the 12 gathered for their last supper. Jesus knew this was the end. His relatives, His home town, and the people had turned away from Him; His enemies were about to triumph. Already one of His disciples had slipped away to betray Him, and that very night the soldiers would throw Him into prison. The priests and Pharisees would taunt Him. He would be harried through the streets.

All this He anticipated, yet what was His attitude? See, He rises in His place. He lifts His head, this proud young man who had refused to be a king and now is to die, and in tones whose splendour thrills us even now He speaks:

"Let not your heart be troubled."
(John 14:1)

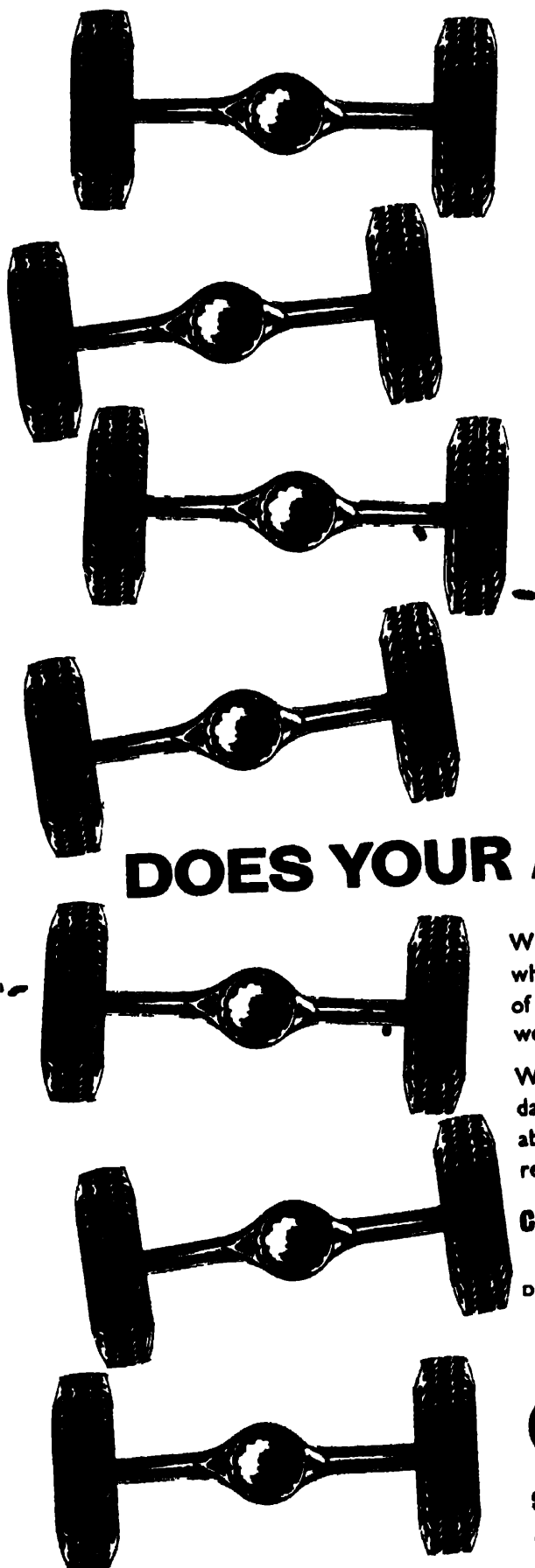
"Be of good cheer; *I have overcome the world.*" (John 16:33)

There is nothing in history so majestic!

Scene 2. They went out into the garden where many of their happy hours had been spent. Even then it was not too late for Him to save His life. Suppose He had said: "I have delivered my message faithfully, and it is no use. Judas has gone to bring the soldiers; they will be here in half an hour. Why should I stay and die? It is only 18 miles to Jericho. We can reach our friend Zacchaeus' house by daylight, rest tomorrow, cross the Jordan and do useful work the rest of our lives.

It was all perfectly possible. The rulers in Jerusalem would have been glad to be rid of Him on such terms. It was the last great temptation, and decisively He dismissed it. When they came to a quiet place, Jesus left the 11 while He went away for His last hour of high communion with His Father, God.

His spirit was torn with agony. He was young, 33. He cried out to God that the cup might pass from His lips, that He might have time to sweep away the charges of



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blasphemy and evil His enemies had heaped on Him, time to build up the fragile stuff of His little band on whom the whole future of His message must depend. So He prayed in agony, and in a little while returned to find them sleeping. Even so short a vigil had proved too much for their feebleness.

Again He withdrew. Now the courage which had never deserted Him throughout the three years was clearing His soul, steadying His nerves. "If it be not Thy will that this cup pass from me," He prayed, "then, Father, Thy will be done."

He went back and found the disciples asleep. For the third time He went a little way off. Now, with the calm peace of the conqueror, He could make ready for the end.

On rejoining them this time, He startled them all wide awake with the ringing word that the crucial hour was at hand. The soldiers were already at the entrance of the garden. From the side of the hill He could mark the progress of their torches across the brook and up the path. He waited until the armed men stumbled into His presence and then rose and stood before them.

"Whom seek ye?" He demanded.

Awed, they could only mumble His name. "Jesus of Nazareth."

"I am He."

Such calm, such dignity, went

beyond the boundaries of their experience. Involuntarily they gave way and, rough veterans that they were, some of them "fell to the ground."

"I told you," He repeated calmly, "that I am He." And then His thoughts turned at once to those who had shared His triumphs and His sacrifices: "If therefore ye seek me let these others go their way." But he had no need to think of the disciples' safety. Already they had made their swift escape—the last of the deserters:

—first His home town.

—then His relatives.

—then the crowd.

—finally the 11.

All had gone. He was left to face his fate alone.

Scene 3. On a barren hill beyond the city walls they nailed His body to the cross. Two robbers were crucified with Him. It was over. The rabble sickened quickly of its revenge and scattered; His friends were hiding; the soldiers were busy casting lots for His garments. There was nothing left of those external influences which fire men's imaginations.

Surely the victory of His enemies was complete.

And yet——

The lasting victory was His.

"The man who loses his life,"

Jesus said, "shall find it."

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